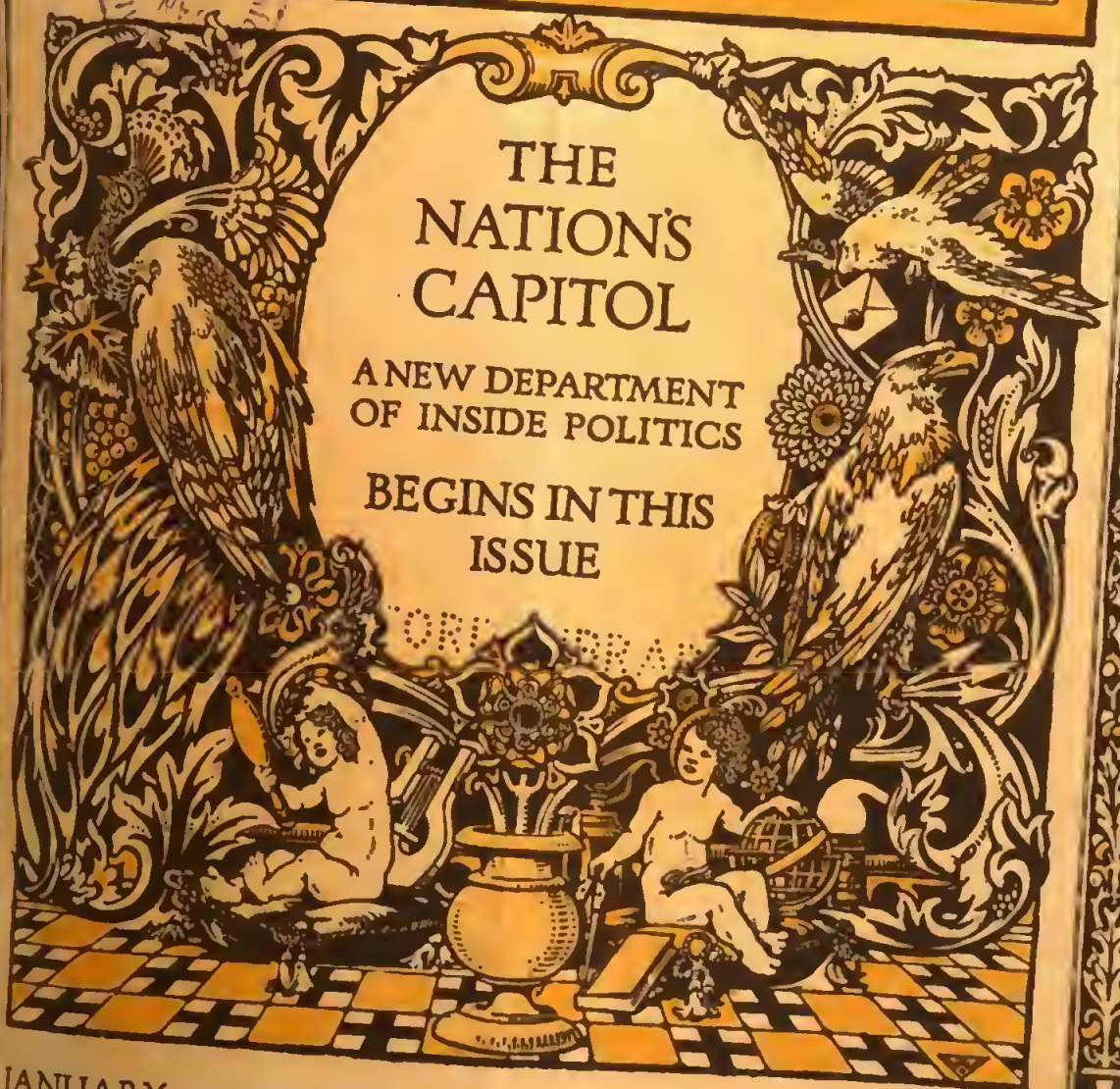
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



JANUARY 1 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

OUR TRUE INTENT

is all for your delight. If we offend . . ." But this page was not set aside for quotations. It was meant for a declaration of intention, significant to you and all other agile-minded people.

OUR NEW COVER

which enfolds this issue, designed for us by Edward Everett Winchell, typifies the spirit of progressiveness and civilization that will always be the bone and marrow of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Cherubs are in the design; and fruits and garlands and all manner of allegorical conceits that symbolize the varied arts, sciences, pleasures, sorrows, philosophies and follies of our time. From which you can guess that HARPER'S WEEKLY will be henceforth a magazine of many facets.

POLITICS AND AFFAIRS OF STATE, at present uppermost in the American mind, will be dealt with by Mr. Hapgood, from Washington. With this issue he inaugurates "The Nation's Capitol"—a department that will touch tersely on the big questions of a big year.

THE WAR, instead of being described battle by battle, as a narrative, will be covered from the far more important viewpoint of its effects on our own country and institutions.

DRAMA AND LITERATURE will be represented every week by reviews and unusual photographs with news interest. Plays and books will only be mentioned if they are successes in the popular sense, or from the standpoint of real art.

FICTION will be published only occasionally. Unless a story is very, very good, it will have to seek admission elsewhere.

PICTORIALLY HARPER'S WEEKLY will be rich. New and interesting photographs will rub elbows in it with the best cartoons and sketches of America's most alert draftsmen.

ESSAYS on civic movements, business, travel, suffrage; and light satire on timely subjects by pens dipped in a not-too-corrosive acid will be regular features of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

OUTDOOR LIFE—sports of all kinds, including motoring, shooting, racing, yachting, aviation, golf and tennis, handled by people qualified to write of them, and profusely illustrated.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

—that is the aim of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It will not mirror life photographically, detail for detail, but rather enter into and become a part of it. It will show the pleasant things. It will show the unpleasant things. But in the latter case it will try at all times to be constructive and to suggest practical methods for improving the conditions it criticizes.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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THE NATION'S CAPITOL

CHINA, JAPAN AND AMERICA

SINCE the new Chinese monarchy has brought a warning from Japan, it is appropriate here to observe that the United States had more to do with softening Japan's demands on China a few months ago than is realized by any except a handful of men in the three countries. What we did to help China then will be an honorable chapter in the history of this administration. It does not need to be boasted about now.

SOUTH AMERICA'S FRIENDSHIP

WHEN the President read his message to Congress the heartiest, most spontaneous applause heard anywhere came from a group of members of the various South American legations. To a greater extent than our help of China what we have done to reach closer relations with South America is known, but it is not all known by any means.

THE TAX SITUATION

IT IS settled that on the question of direct taxation the party in power will stand firm. It is recognized that special taxation of the well-to-do, in addition to those taxes that fall on everybody, is a fundamental democratic principle, and hence it is believed that the old question of high tariff will be to the front next summer, as the most fundamental difference between the two parties. The only mystery is why the Democrats are afraid of an inheritance tax. The answer usually given is that some states have inheritance taxes and that the federal tax would then cause double taxation. As it is admitted to be the most just of all taxes, especially where it is collateral inheritance or where it is above a reasonable support, this objection carries small weight. What really holds it back is its novelty. Established ideas have not yet begun to feel at home with this newcomer.

CLOTURE IN CAUCUS

THE Democrats were too shrewd to let cloture come to a vote in caucus. As a matter of fact the northern and western Democrats were strongly for it. It was a solid block of about a dozen Senators from the south who opposed it. They gave a salient example of the conservatism of the south. Their argument was that the country would go to the devil if the will of the majority should prevail.

PRESS GUESSWORK

THE newspapers nearly all announced that Mr. Lynch was the administration's choice for Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Which shows the value of gossip and guesswork. That entity called the administration is an imaginary entity in such matters, but it has too much sense to want for chairman anybody unsatisfactory to Mr. Bryan. Its ideal, not easy to fill, is a man liberal enough to satisfy the western Democrats and sound enough to satisfy business and the east. Several such men have been discussed. They are so far men who would not take the place.

TAMMANY'S PLANS

PRESIDENT WILSON will be enthusiastically (or rather, energetically) supported by Tammany in the campaign next summer and fall. The Republicans are slowly learning the reason. Several straws have been understood by a few of them.

For instance, why did Tammany fly to the assistance of the Mitchel administration during the Brown Committee's attack on home rule? The plan was for the Barnes brigade, led by an old Barnes war horse, to cause all possible embarrassment to the present non-partisan administration in New York City. Suddenly Tammany had a change of heart.

Also, why did Tammany ask various high-class independent Democrats to run for district attorney? These men refused, and Murphy had to be satisfied with the colorless Swann, but he wanted a better man.

The reason in both cases, and in other cases, is the same. There is nothing big for Tammany to try for now. Therefore it means to let the peanuts go and lay its plans for large supplies later on. It calculates that the best way to do that is to be able in 1917 to point to a very big Democratic vote right in New York City in November, 1916. It reckons that good behavior now and very successful work between June and November will be the best road to complete power in 1917. So don't expect any Tammany sulking this year, for there won't be any

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EDITORIALS

ENGLAND'S SECOND WIND

THE success of Lord Derby's enlistment plan is one aspect of British waking-up. Another is that England now has her factories in such order that she is probably manufacturing more munitions than France. She had already been furnishing most of the money for at least three of her allies. She had swept the seas, solved the submarine, put her own submarines on the offensive in the one place where Germany had any sea trade left. Now she comes along and gives the final proof that England can raise all the millions of men she needs without conscription. The bulk of English liberalism hates conscription principally because it hates the idea of a machine-ridden, official-ridden state. It hates a civilization in which officialdom is never out of sight, and it fears that conscription, once introduced, would remain and inflict on her that tiresome machine. England has made fearful errors, but her second wind is one of the most formidable forces on the earth. There is little excitement visible in England today. There is the inevitable criticism and complaint that really settled down into calm, to remain until the finish. And Canada, if necessary before she is through with it, will send a million men. Without Great Britain's interference to reclaim Belgium and save France, the German plan of surprise would have worked, and the Kaiser today would be a great man, exercising his will through steel and iron and long planning. Can we wonder, therefore, at the bitter sincerity with which the Germans cry, "God punish England?"

LIGHTHEARTED

"FROM this day there begins for the ministers and me a great responsibility; we accept it with light hearts." That was the phrase with which Emile Ollivier, Louis Napoleon's prime minister, announced the Franco-Prussian war—*le coeur léger*. Frenchmea applauded Ollivier at the moment; when the war had revealed France's unpreparedness, and the nation descended from defeat to defeat, disaster to disaster, Ollivier became a man hated more heartily in France than Bismarck or Moltke or Frederick William. Will history repeat itself with the Kaiser? He did not, to be sure, decide with a light heart, but he decided, and on him is the responsibility forever.

THE DANISH VIEW

AN INTELLIGENT traveler, just back from a stay in Denmark, has given us an attractive picture of that country's state of mind. It dislikes Germany, not only on account of Schleswig-Holstein, but because it has an antipathy to officialized civilization. Nevertheless, it does not wish to be in the war, not merely from fear of Belgium's fate, but because of a strong positive philosophy of peace. It is the philosophy that Georg Brandes explained to Clemenceau. It made Denmark, after Schleswig-Holstein was taken away, turn calmly to make good through greater development of what remained to her. It is an actual, constructive belief in peace, disbelief in war, even if the outcome were victory and return of whatever was hers. Denmark is ethically the most modern of nations.

TRENCHES AT GOROWITZ

THE difficulty the Italians have had in taking Gorowitz seems to be due to the nature of the soil. It is so stony that trenches cannot be dug in it. The Italians, therefore, are precluded from short advances. They have to make very long charges across the open. If there had been ordinary soil the place would have fallen long ago. The military lessons of this war are so many and so important that the world will be discussing them for centuries. The trench will play a far larger part in the story than probably anybody, even in Germany, dreamed in July, 1914.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

THE magazine called *Prosperity* undertakes to express the opinion of the Republican party leaders. It says:

> Being President of the United States is really a rather matter-of-fact job. There is no constitutional requirement that a President shall undertake to regulate the universe, make the earth over into a Utopia, or impress his own academic ideas of citizenship as static conclusions of civilization.

In other words, no ideal rubbish. Just sane old Mark Hanna common sense.

How about the standard-bearer to fit such a banner?

"He may hail from New England": Weeks.

"From New York": Wadsworth.

"From Indiana": Fairbanks.

"From Illinois": Sherman.

And so on. Who shall he *not* be?

No "has been": Root or Taft.

No "mighty hunter": T. R.

No "cannonized saint of unaccomplished political reform"; nobody from "the highest political court": Hughes.

This all fits in well with the Bourbon tone of the Republican National Committee's meeting in Washington. So does the urgent plea that the party agree upon its candidate "before uncertain and, perhaps, ill-advised preferential primary action complicates direction of choice"!

The leaders, in short, want a red-blooded stand-up fight, with these slogans:

To hell with ideas.

To hell with reform.

Let the poor man pay for preparedness.

Let the poor man pay for everything.

Up with the tariff on food and clothing.

Down with taxes that hit the well-to-do.

Down with government shipping.

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The following things they would like to add, but may not dare:

Down with the Currency Act.

Down with the academic policy in China.

Down with the patient principle in European affairs.

Down with the Mexican mollycoddleism.

On preparedness they will have to wait to see if they can catch an opening.

To carry out this program they want a man who is docile, reasonable, not addicted to the vice of individual decision. Hence, even if they could get him (which they couldn't), no Hughes; even no Roosevelt. There are plenty of fit men. Among all the swans we favor Fairbanks.

THANKS

SO MANY letters are coming, giving information about the forthcoming series on Jews in our schools and colleges, that we beg leave to thank the writers collectively. On these letters will the series to a considerable degree be founded. First we publish two other articles on aspects of the Jewish question, as announced elsewhere in this issue.

LOOKING AHEAD

A PROFESSOR in a southern business college calls our attention to an article printed in *The Progressive Farmer and Southern Farm Gazette*. Here is a part of it:

> "Point out WHICH of our patent medicine ads are fraudulent," says an agency handling advertising for these nostrums. We might reply by saying that so long as this agency handles advertising of such obvious and outrageous frauds as "consumption cures" and "cancer cures," it convicts itself of stupidity or insincerity in making any such request. . . .
> The sale of patent medicines can only be justified on the ground that any man is capable of diagnosing his own ailments, which is absurd.

Incidentally the *Progressive Farmer* deserves the free advertisement we are giving it.

NERVES



THE leader of the feminist movement is not lacking in sturdiness either of personality or of judgment. She speaks of "that want of consideration," that lack of self-control, which people of the present day designate and excuse by the elastic expression, "nerves." Occasionally what we call nerves are something else, but in nine cases out of ten they are mainly what Ellen Key so contemptuously calls them.

WISDOM AND COURAGE

THE rationality of old people, says Rahel, is seldom wisdom, but usually only lack of courage. One might say, also, that the courage of youth is often merely strength of impulse and lack of control. The best courage is that which helps us to do what our wisdom, our fullest insight, bids us do; and the truest wisdom counsels neither prudence alone nor desire alone; true wisdom counsels economy and caution in ordinary details, but prodigality and daring when great occasion bids.

ANTICIPATION



PROPHECY has always been a perilous trade. It is as dangerous when dealt with in terms of nations and popular institutions as when football scores, baseball series, and prize fights are in question. In the Congressional Library at Washington there is cherished a manuscript letter addressed to Thomas Jefferson by the French Consul-General at New York. The Consul-General was named Saint-John de Crèvecœur. He had lived in New York and New Jersey as a farmer for many years before the American Revolution; was an intimate friend of Rousseau's Madame d'Houtetot, and her circle; and wrote one of the two best books produced in eighteenth century America: *Letters from an American Farmer*. Crèvecœur's letter of October 20, 1788, addressed to Jefferson, runs in part as follows:

> But the demon of war is spreading it from nation to nation; who knows but ere long the echo of the guns which Paul Jones has fired on the black sea, will be heard in the channel and even to the East Indies. If this conflagration is not smothered this winter, it must unavoidably become general; and then farewell all hopes of improvements and reforms in our great monarchical chaos; and then there lurks close by the danger of a general Bankruptcy.

Crèvecœur was right about the conflagration becoming general, though he could not foresee the emergence of a Napoleon. He was only partly right about the "general Bankruptcy": republican France repudiated the debts of the Bourbon kings, but in spite of the costliness of her Napoleonic wars, Great Britain marched on to a more and more notable commercial supremacy, without the repudiation of one dollar of debt. Crèvecœur was most mistaken of all in supposing that Europe's "general conflagration" of war would destroy all hopes of liberalism and governmental reform in France and elsewhere. Today the woods are full of prophets about the new and emergent Europe; the political and economic and social status that is to follow the signing of a world-peace at Berne or at Madrid in 1916, 1917 or 1918. Will our generation of prophets hit it any better?

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WRINGING IN THE NEW YEAR

BY G. S. KAUFMAN

HOLD on, New York! The rules of civilized warfare have got to be observed this year. No poisonous gases. No dumdum bullets. No battle-axes. No butcher knives—unless obtained from thoroughly reliable butchers. It is time that this business of celebrating New Year's Eve was standardized—time that it was run along conservative business lines. Laxness in the past has resulted in the springing up of various techniques. South of Forty-second street it has been considered quite all right to strike a fellow-celebrant over the right ear; north of it the left is favored. The need for standardization is pressing.

Right from the jump it must be admitted that the annual celebration is aptly enough named. Wringing in the New Year, it is called, and the latest five-star sporting extra of the funkandwagnalls defines Wring as follows: "To cause torture to; to distress; to force a way; to squeeze." If you doubt the pertinence of the definition go thou into Broadway this year and mingle with the bunch—mingle and be mingled, mangle and be mangled. Suffer the great horned night owls to blow blasts on their great horns an inch or thereabouts from your ear; suffer the clanging of cowbells and the raucous rasping of a dozen demoniac devices; suffer the feather-duster humorists to waylay you; suffer the confetti hurlers, with infinite speed and control, to throw packages of the stuff down your throat; suffer the bladder swingers to swat you; suffer the onslaughts of the flying wedge of hilarious stewedents of Screechumbia, '19; suffer and support the Fraternal Order of Metropolitan Pickpockets; suffer to move only north on the east side of Broadway and only south on the west; suffer the trampling under foot of a six-dollar derby (yours); suffer the renting of your garments; suffer to be pushed and pulled; suffer.

New York's first step toward a safeandsane New Year's Eve must be the abolition of the mass formation. Germany has discarded it on the western front, and there is no reason why Broadway should be less safe than the Battle of Ypres. Also, it might be a good idea to make confetti a bit more palatable. It could be published, for example, in chocolate, strawberry and vanilla flavors.

Yes, New York's New Year's Eve could be celebrated in accordance with the principles of humanity—but it won't. For the Gothamite and the man from Des Moines or Rutherford want a high old time, and they have been raised in the belief that the only way to get it is to be nearly murdered and entirely fleeced. As usual, there are indications along the Incadescent Avenue that those who start out for a high time this year will be rewarded. The stress should be put upon the "high."

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THE BRITISH ARMY AFTER THE WAR

BY COSMO HAMILTON

On the editorial pages in this issue we give our own view of England's prevailing attitude toward compulsory military service. For fairness we give the other side in this same issue.

IT MAY be that the political party system of England, which has been the sole means of all the mistakes and weaknesses in the conduct of this war, so clearly apparent to the people of America, will muddle through without that form of compulsory service which was so eloquently advocated by Lord Roberts since the day that he returned from South Africa. It may be that the members of the English Cabinet who stand deliberately in the way of all the desires of their countrymen will carry the war to a conclusion under the existing so-called voluntary system. If they succeed in doing so, which is very doubtful, it will in fact be by a system of compulsion which is called voluntary only by those people whose consciences can be trifled with by empty terms and whose political bias blinds them to the truth.

Every man who has been in England since the fourth of August, 1914, and who has observed the formation of what is called by the newspapers "Kitchener's Army," but which is, as a matter of fact, the army of King George, must have seen how little voluntaryism has entered into the matter. After the first great rush of men to join the colors was over,—men who, whatever their conditions in the social scheme, married or single, were forced by a magnificent spirit of patriotism to take up arms; after the reservists were called in and were made the nucleus of new battalions, the voluntary system, as such, ceased to exist. The streets of England were plastered with posters of the most humiliating character which brought a sense of shame to the heart of the nation and drove a vast number of men over military age, with wives and families dependent upon them, into the recruiting offices,—men who would not have been called upon under a frank and honorable compulsory service until the very last moment. Upon the younger men, single and without responsibilities, these posters had a deterrent instead of a compelling effect. They resented deeply the word "slacker" which was frequently applied to them, and putting their backs against the wall, stated that they would only go if they were fetched. They very naturally resented the underhand manner in which the government endeavored to obtain their services and waited anxiously for a compulsion bill to be passed through Parliament which should affect all men equally and make it impossible for great employers to threaten their men with dismissal if they left their work to enlist.

To say, therefore, that England has carried on this war with a voluntary army is untrue in every sense of the word, because the voluntary party has stood at the back of the nation with a metaphorical pistol pointed at its head, and the whole scheme of voluntary enlistment has been carried out with a Chadbandism which is horribly characteristic of English radicalism, and if it were needed once more to prove how little politicians as a whole understand the character and the spirit of the people whom they are supposed to govern and represent, one has only to look back upon the way in which Englishmen have been treated. War, of course, makes utter chaos of a nation's daily routine. Commercial life is upset in a far greater degree than is social life. Employers of labor are faced with the problem of dislocation, and from selfish reasons endeavor even in the face of a national calamity to carry on business as usual. It is these men, therefore, who make the success of a voluntary service impossible because they endeavor to maintain at full strength their staff, whether in factory, bank, insurance office, mining works, *et hoc genus omne*. It will thus be seen, further, how fundamentally unfair the voluntary system is in time of war, because patriotism is made to lie under the heel of commercialism, and the man keenly desiring to give up all that he has worked for to serve his country in the field, is told that he will lose his position and see it filled by an unpatriotic man who is untouched by the nation's need and gladly steps into his place.

When America reads in the foreign cables published in its newspapers that recruiting in England has fallen off and that the phlegmatic Englishman is failing to do his duty, she is much misled as to the true position of affairs. The men of England have done their duty nobly and with a great unselfishness, and all those who have not gone into khaki are merely waiting for a form of compulsory service to release them from the tyranny of their employers. That is the truth baldly stated, and I think it puts the last nail into the coffin of voluntaryism. Be that as it may, it is very clear that if the horrible story of this war is not to have its sequel in another, compulsory service is bound to come, and England, like France, Russia, Italy and other nations, including America, will only be able to maintain peace by being prepared for war. That is as logical a deduction as any one of those which Euclid ever demonstrated, and no mere peace talk can make any other deduction of the hideous punishment which has been served out to the nations which refused to prepare.

THE recent history of the English army is a sad one. Conducted on voluntary lines its efficiency and strength have been continually interfered with by a series of inexpert civilians placed in complete control of the War Office. One after another these ministers have cut down the army grants, done away with regiments and batteries of artillery, hampered generals by the formation of petty rules, maintained the standard of payment of officers in so niggling a spirit as to make it difficult to find them, and almost undermined the usefulness of the Territorials, as the old volunteer corps are now known, by leaving them unsupplied and uncared for. It is a shameful story, and it could have happened only to a nation which is under the heel of party politics.

It is, however, with the future of the army that I now wish to deal,—a future in which I see the fulfilment of the cherished dream of the English middle class. The form of compulsion or national service which must be adopted eventually will draw men from all classes of society to the colors for an initial service of two years, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one. Among the men thus serving there will be many who, having tasted the joy of outdoor life led simply and strenuously, will continue in the profession of arms rather than go into the cities and work over a desk as clerks in banks,

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merchants' offices, insurance institutions and the like. In order to do so they will have to fit themselves for promotion, and from them will be made up a very valuable list of officers. Their pay will not be any larger than that of the officers of today, but it will be more than the paltry wage of the mostly inexpert men who crowd into the city offices. It will be enough to live upon, because after the war the officers' mess will be shorn of all its extravagances, no longer being the happy-hunting-ground of rich men. What will happen to those men who care to serve only for the necessary two years will be this: They will go back to civil life all the better mentally and physically for their training in the army, all of them imbued with that full sense of discipline which has been noticeably absent from and increasingly lacking in the community. They will be required to put in yearly a month, two months' or three months' training, according to the class to which they belong, and the age at which they have arrived. Employers will, of course, be constrained to fall in with this altered condition of things and to give a guarantee to the government that all the men used by it will have their places kept open for them.

The supply of officers will be maintained in many ways. All public schools will have their cadet corps, universities their officers' training corps; Sandhurst, the "West Point" of England, will undergo a course of drastic simplification and will be thrown open to the sons of men of limited means. In this way the army of the future will not be the pastime of the rich, but the profession of the middle class, and a very glorious profession too. By this means a great and efficient army will be maintained and will form the backbone of the nation. Class distinctions will go by the board and the best men will come to the top without favoritism, family influence or a large bank account. Promotions will be made automatically from the ranks in the cases of men whose fathers are not in a position to send them to the public school or the university. That there will be no friction between the officer who has risen from a private and the officer who has joined as an officer, has been definitely proved once and for all by the fine spirit of all ranks in the present war, which has utterly killed snobbishness and class distinctions.

IT CAN be said, therefore, that the youth of England may thank Germany for two great changes in the constitution,—one is the fine spirit of democracy which has been brought about, and the other the formation of a new and splendid profession. To those few people who falsely imagine that peace can be maintained in the world by the waving of the olive branch, these optimistic words of mine will come as a shock. They will shudder at the thought that England, being "free," is to be in the grip of militarism, and raise their hands in horror at the sounds of the fife and drum bands which form an undercurrent to my prophecy. Let them, however, consider the sanity and the wisdom not only of preparedness as an antidote to war, but the many good things which will spring up out of the compulsory service, which is not necessarily militarism in its Prussian sense. To those who know England the establishment of a Potsdam party is absurd and impossible. Britishers are incipient athletes—exercise to them as necessary as is food. They will welcome a form of compulsory exercise, of compulsory athleticism, with an almost pathetic eagerness and joy. They will delight in being enabled to build themselves up into strong men and get away from the office desk to which they have been born, and will take to their compulsion willing hearts and that keen intelligence and receptiveness which has been much lacking in the voluntary system under which men go into the army who cannot get other employment. The whole



Once they tried to smash the Lord Mayor's windows; now they're drumming up recruits for England.

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"Don't be a slacker!"—But the lad is hanging back.

nation will benefit unspeakably, and the sense of duty and discipline which that ill-used word "free" has so long kept out of the make-up of English youth, will lift the country out of its recent rut of commonplace and slipshod unrest and give to its future a tone and a body which it has not had since Nelson died.

I go so fnr as to say that the mental strength of England in the future is dependent entirely upon the physical and numerieal strength of its army, and I ean see beyond the lnnging mist of future years a new race of square-shouldered, keen-eyed men, of patriotie citizens, made all the more peace-loving by their fitness to fight. No pacifist ean appreciate or desire peace more truly than the man who understands the horrors of warfare. To educate a nation to the arts of war is to breed a race of pacifists, and there is no better menns of bringing about the true democracy of a nation than by instituting a system of national service.

SUFFRAGE FOR DOGS

BY HARRIET MANNING BLAKE

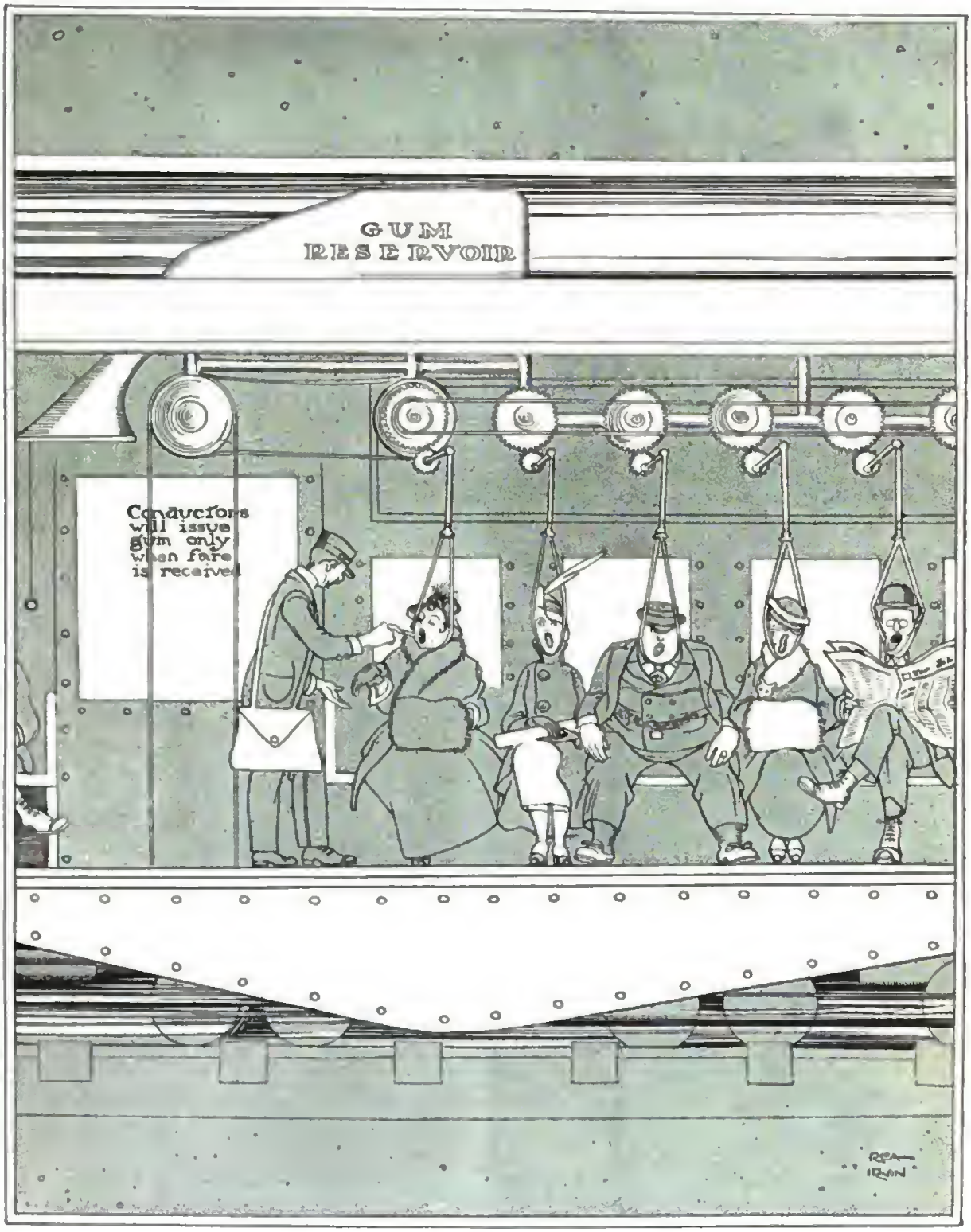
A MAN'S character is reflected in his dog. It is remarkable how often a dog bears a personal resemblance to his master, but the likeness is often more than skin deep. Your dog may be nervous or fearful, courageous, sentimental, according to his human associates. There are exceptions to the rule, of course. I know one dog of a most purposeful mistress that has no character at all to speak of, and another dog that seems quite crazy; he had an unfortunate youth. On the other hand, the sense of humor of A's fox terrier is a reflection of his own, except that the little terrier can scarcely laugh at himself. I know one dog as perpetually childlike as his middle-aged mistress,—face of the uninitiated, legs awkward, no joy in the world like a well-filled stomach. I know another with a look of inquisitiveness so intense as to remind one in a moment of the old man that owns him.

A dog reflects the mensure of his master's love of power. I could never see why a man eares to brenk the will of his companion, change him from the dog he would be to a thing that is not dog. Obedience in dogs, as in children, is a necessity; without it they are unendurable; but in order to make a dog obedient one need not turn him into a creature without will or desire or independence. I shudder nt the dogs that are made up of fear and devotion, nll doglike desire gone, all power to take the initiative broken, all interest in the world merged into desire to please.

> And much it grieves my heart to think
> What man has made . . . dog.

Why not let your dog be free? Let him choose his own friends and go a-roaming with them, lead his own life, enjoy the great world of wonder for dog or man. Let him have his business, as you have yours, run into dnnger as you yourself meet it, chase eats and miss them, find doors shut to him nad others open, gain experience. When night comes he will return to you ready for a mighty dinner and a comfortable bed, and your shelter and love. We know that you can use your power over him if you like, but why do you care to wield it? Why is it so difficult for those in power to grant the suffrage even to a dog?

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HIGHER ECONOMICS

Sectional view of simple device whereby power for rapid transit is furnished by subway gum chewers.

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THE RUSSIA OF TOMORROW

BY E. J. DE MARSH

RUSSIA today is doing what men never expected she could, holding her own, in more cases than one, against German efficiency. Why? Because to her have come hope and emancipation; hope because of what the future promises, and emancipation from moral slavery and degradation. It is too early yet to claim much, but give Russia a generation or two of clean living, industrial thrift, and political tolerance, and she will show the world what she can do.

True, her troops do not always stand up at the crucial moment, but they try hard, and failure comes about only because back of them lie centuries of self-indulgence, poor living, and lack of ability freely to think and act. You cannot tread on a man and his forbears for generations and all at once have him all you would. Within the Russian peasantry, as within the peasantry of almost every country of Europe, lie the same possibilities which have made of the inhabitants of America men strong and self-reliant, men who could build and uphold nations. When she freed her slaves Russia gained; by refusing longer to debauch her people for gain, she wins still more; and when she shall do away with intrigue, open wide the doors of religious and political tolerance, put manhood above power, then shall she fulfil the destiny which has long awaited her.

Downtrodden masses react upon the state which produces them. Not wealth and power in the hands of a chosen few, but a decent living for all, makes for national strength and greatness. That "The Little Father" should find himself alone in a hospital with his wounded soldiers, as he recently has, at his own request, goes far to show the change that has come over the country. Once he would not have cared, once he would not have dared attempt it, and even had he dared, he would never have been permitted. But Russia is awakening. She understands that neither the life nor the death of any one man, to any great extent, makes or mars her destinies.

Men have long felt that were Tsar Nicholas to have his way, many changes would come to pass; that at heart he was a kindly man and ready to live up to all the light he had, the only trouble being that both ignorance of real conditions and circumstances beyond his control deprived him of opportunity. Strangely enough, a world disaster has opened to him the door of opportunity.

Russia has long seethed with the revolutionary spirit. Today her peril has shown her the need of cooperation and unity, and her children have sprung gloriously to the rescue. Even her boys and girls are running away to serve in field and hospital. Concessions have been wrung from an unwilling aristocracy. Russia knows where her interests lie, and she will not go back on her word. What is good in war times will prove too valuable for her to forego in times of peace. Something has stirred in the humblest breast that not all the forces of anarchy or oppression can ever crush. Hereafter Russian peasants will fight in the light, because there will be no need of darkness. Their country has recognized them, and they will work with her. The maddest of them never was against her. It was things they fought; the weapons they used were such as they believed they must. With a better light before them, their work will fall into truer, saner lines. Never again will Russia know anarchy, unless she herself paves the way for it. Not a pledge must she forfeit; rather must she make more and more of them. Times have changed, and the "Iron Hand" brings its own destruction.

WE HAVE heretofore conceded that there were great Russians, like Tolstoy for example, that there were wealthy and powerful men in the empire; but somehow we were of the opinion that the country as a whole was a little behind the times, that the masses were "the great unwashed," "mere clods of earth," and lacking in capacity. I wish we might all read the opinions of them recently expressed in some of our leading magazines. You who have heard George Kennan speak know that he is a man of keen perceptions and capable judgment. No one outside of Russia herself, perhaps, is better qualified to express an opinion, and he believes in that same "great unwashed"; so does Stephen Graham. Russia may have her wild and savage moods, but too she has her moments of rarest tenderness, and starved and crushed as they have been in the past, her peasantry would pluck themselves bare for her sake. To me there is infinite pathos in the way they vie with more favored peoples in ministering to their comrades on the field and in the hospital. I was especially struck by this when reading the account of a poor old woman who had nothing to contribute to the relief fund save one towel. She gave that, then called to the collector to come back and get the two and one-half cents she had saved for oil, saying she could sit in darkness. Could a German, a French, or an English matron have done more? Russia is not heathen by any means; she has merely been awaiting the hour when she might live her own life. "The whole world is kin." Ahs! that rivers of blood alone could teach us that.

Have you read, I wonder, of the old man who carried a basket of socks and other soldiers' comforts one hundred miles and insisted on distributing them with his own hands? Evidently, he and his neighbors had had experience with one side of human nature. "Graft" is indigenous to no country or place, and methinks the poor man in Russia has had all too much cause to be suspicious. Let us hope that is one of Russia's dying evils.

Russia has resources almost beyond the dreams of avarice; she is rich in men, and hereafter she is going to appreciate them and help them to aid her in being richer, greater, stronger, nobler. Once all her dreams were of exploitation. No longer will she exploit. Now all her efforts will be toward conservation and development. She is coming to understand that as a country deals with her people, so shall be determined her status before men. You cannot one moment crush a man and the next depend on him. In times of need his willingness and your commands will avail little. Stamina and hope alone are productive of fortitude and endurance, and to produce stamina, long-continued right living and right thinking are absolutely essential. Russia, as at present constituted, cannot be wholly free, but she may be tolerant; tolerance permits room for growth, and with growth comes, inevitably, development.

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ZIONISM IN THE WAR

BY SAMUEL ROTH

Since the European War began, the burden of carrying on the Zionist movement has fallen on the American body. This has resulted in a better understanding of the movement in this country than had prevailed before.

DYNAMITE is in the air and at the foundations of the mightiest pillars of our international world. Many a column that has stood out grand and imposing in the light of our civilization will, before the tempest has subsided, totter, crumble and mingle in the dust of obscurity with the ashes of Babylon and Assyria. There were such storms before our time. Greece fell before one of them; Rome fell before another. Of the great triumvirate of the ancient world Judea is the sole survivor.

But Judea will not fall. Before the Jews dreamt of the immortality of the personal soul they conceived of the immortality of the Jewish people. Before the Jews gave thought to the matter of individual justice they conceived the doctrine of national rights. A nation built on such a foundation cannot fail to fulfil her best promises—and the best days of our people are yet to come.

But that Judea will not fall implies a tremendous struggle on the part of those who believe and live in its being and permanence. The faithful sons and daughters of our people must once more ascend the elevation of strength, wisdom and discretion from which they have held up the troubled head of Israel on previous occasions. This is not figuratively put. When a crisis comes Jewish manhood and Jewish womanhood alike buckle up spirit and armor. *No one stays at home.*

Ours is the greatest task that has ever confronted one generation of Jews. Like the Maccabees and the colleagues of Jochanan ben Zakkai, we are the last fighting garrison of the Jewish people. But in our task there is a greater immediate end to be achieved. The Maccabees fought the Jewish national battles in the twilight of our first lease of national life when internal strife and confusion veiled the promise of our people. Jochanan ben Zakkai and his comrades defeated the immoral purpose of Rome and ultimately Rome herself. But in our hands is the rebuilding of Judea for a work of civilization the extent of which even the most far-sighted of us cannot hope to perceive. The promises that the Jews brought back with them from Egypt and Babylon were trifles compared with what we bring back with us from the mines of European culture and turmoil. On our consciousness beats the promise of spiritual empire.

We and the work we are doing constitute our greatest fort. We no longer rehearse that we are the children of the Maccabees—those sturdy Israelites who blended so skilfully the sword of steel with the sword of the spirit. The Jews of America who are today devoting their best energies toward the creation of a great Jewish national movement that will be capable of making itself morally responsible for the national and collective destiny of the Jewish people are no less important than those ancient heroes of our race.

This is a period of battle. All the great peoples of the earth are struggling for possession and glory. We Zionists have our battle to fight, our empire to guard. Our battle is for a strong Jewish national organization, our empire is in those millions of people caught in the huge traps of modern warfare whom we must save if Israel is to survive; our field of work is Palestine, where the home of the Jewish people will be built. Let there be no doubt or hesitancy. The Jews of the war will emerge in the end good material for the beginning of a nation. The war in Europe has singled out every individual in it and has lit a spark in his brain. The terrible fires that heave in the spirit of Europe can light up only one path for its constituent nationalities: a greater and more comprehensive national career. It is impossible that the Jews who are bearing the greatest hardships of the war should miss the supreme lesson.

I have faith that as this great war cataclysm will continue to roll on to its supreme culmination, there will be a stiffening in the limbs of Judea and a general falling in with the great purpose of the Jewish people. The Jews of America must surrender themselves wholly to the gigantic task of Jewish national organization, which is the only noble account they can give of themselves to their posterity.

The two series on Jewish questions which we have recently published have aroused much interest. The third series will begin in a fortnight. Meantime, in next week's issue we shall publish "The Case for Intermarriage." Mr. Hapgood's series on the Jews in American schools and colleges will begin in the issue of January 15th.

THE CHOSEN SONS

THERE is a land of wind-swept wastes,
A land of an iron will,
That blends the blood of a hundred climes,
In the grist of her stubborn mill.
Only the wise will she welcome,
For the miles of that barren land
Are freighted full with wisdom
For those who can understand.

None but the strong may win her,
For her heart is hard and cold.
Her white soul holds no pity—
Just the greed of her hidden gold.
Just the wise and the strong may venture,
And hope to return from the trail.
The white drifts blot out the home-road,
For the foolish and weak who fail.

—CHART PITT.

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These small trench cannons assist in the general carnage by throwing, not shells, but hand-bombs. This one is being loaded by a French lad still in his teens.



Archduke Joseph of Austria decorates his soldiers. The Archduke himself, it would seem from a glance at his breast, stands in no dire need of further decorations.



An Austrian anti-aircraft gun. The observing officer at the left is directing the fire against an aerial enemy.

GUNS—AND AN AUSTRIAN DECORATION

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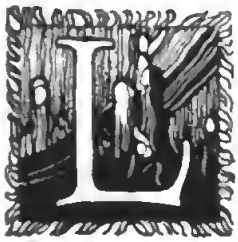


Karsavina and Nijinsky in "Le Spectre de la Rose,"—an original interpretation by a young French artist whose conceptions of the Diaghileff Ballet are well known upon the Continent.

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A DEMOCRATIC IMPERIAL BALLET

BY CORNELIA STERRETT PENFIELD



ET us recall the ballet proper, as once we knew it,—the ballet most proper, commended only by its propriety,—a company of woodenly smiling dancers whose only claim upon the interest of an apathetic audience was "toe-dancing." The musical accompaniment was unimportant, the scenery negligible, and the performance of slight moment except to wide-eyed little girls who went home and stealthily tried "to walk on their toes," and found they couldn't.

The classical ballet germinated in the formal gorgeousness of the fifteenth century *ballets du cour*. Transplanted to France by Catherine de Medici, it flowered magnificently in the hothouse conventionality of the Valois and Bourbon courts. The fourteenth Louis himself took part in many of the elaborate productions, for during this period the ballet was more strictly a pageant, combining music, poetry, dance and fantastic costume in a gorgeous spectacle that represented a moral theme or a mythological incident. The steps were those of the stately court dances, and the participants were usually courtiers, although with the introduction of mechanical contrivances (that for suspending certain characters in the air during the performance, for example) professional dancers were given the more uncomfortable or hazardous rôles.

Little by little the theatre encroached upon the court, until about 1661 was founded the *Académie Royale de Musique et de Danse*. Thereafter developed the French ballet, which, in common with those of most other Continental theatres, gradually became a mere adjunct to the national opera. The male dancer was soon lost sight of, the characteristic costume (Carlyle's despised "muslin saucer") was assumed, and by the mid-nineteenth century the over-emphasis of technique deprived the dancer of any opportunity for individual interpretation of a theme. The *danse sur les pointes* (or toe-poise), instead of being one dainty note, became a sustained and conscious effort. The taint of an unwholesome artificiality was upon even the most talented *danseuse*, and the audience, recognizing nothing vitally original in the ballet, accorded it slight interest.

Then came the Diaghileff Ballet to Paris in 1909,—a superb organization, colorful, alive, sweeping aside all precedent in the sheer joy of creation. Technique, while thoroughly mastered by the dancers, was subordinated to expression. The theme of the ballet was conveyed not only by the artist-mime, but also by the music, by the setting. Instant recognition was won from the most critical audience of the world,—that of the French capital; and Paris glanced back over a century or two of history to learn more of this iconoclastic company.

A GERMAN periodical claims for the Fatherland the distinction of having introduced the ballet into Muscovy,—a claim substantiated by the fact that in 1673 the Tsar Alexis, for the pleasure of his young consort, erected theatres at both his summer and winter residences for the occupation of a troupe of German actors which included an orchestra and a ballet of sixty children.

The first notable performance presented was *Orpheus and Eurydice*, of the old order of court ballets, preluded by some laudatory verses in German addressed to the Tsar, and introducing "a *pas de trois* and two pyramids." Alexis expressed his appreciation by generously rewarding the director of the company and establishing the troupe as protégés of the court.

Following the fashion set at Moscow, the nobles organized ballets of the peasant children on their estates. Peter the Great during his progressive reign encouraged both theatre and the dance by ukase and example, and the Empress Anna Ivanovna in 1735 founded the School of the Imperial Russian Ballet.

The cosmopolitan character of a ballet which has ever been enriched, not overpowered, by alien influences, was indicated in the very genesis. A Neapolitan, Francesca Areja, was appointed official composer, and the French Landé assumed the position of ballet-master.

Apart a little from the rest of the Continent, the Russian school did not adhere rigidly to the traditions of the Milanese principles upon which it had been founded. The male dancer was never discarded, and by an education of the pupils of the academy in subjects broadly cultural as well as technical, the ballets of Moscow and Petrograd have merited preeminence.

Possibly the greatest stimulus came during the directorship of Didelot in the early nineteenth century. He had been with Noverre (whom Garrick named "the Shakespeare of the Dance") and was an excellent, if tyrannical, master. He established as a law of the Imperial School his theory that the successful dancer must be a clever mime. During his day and that of Marius Petipa, who assumed control of the Ballet in 1847, mimetic art was made the distinguishing trait of the Russian school.

The Russian dancer adopts the ballet as a life profession. The members are as much under imperial control as is the soldiery. From the moment of admission to the academy (at an age usually less than nine years) to the day of death, the imperial dancer is in the service of the government. For eight years of training, for eighteen of actual membership in the Ballet, and for the rest of life (during which a liberal pension is granted) the dancer may not leave the country without imperial consent nor outstay a leave of absence without incurring heavy penalties.

STRANGE to note, it was not from the Imperial Ballet directly that the Nouveau Ballet Russe of the twentieth century sprang into being. Without the school, however, the art of Nijinsky, Karsavina, Miassine, and the scores of other dancers would have been perhaps lost to the world.

There was in 1907 in Russia a coterie of artists, musicians, and dancers who conceived for their nation a greater future in art. Of them, Michel Fokine was assistant ballet master of the Petrograd Opera, a director of great genius, hampered by the conventional restrictions of his position; Léon Bakst, Alexandre Benois, and Serge Soudeikine were colorists whose fame had already over-

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leaped the frontier; Waslaw Nijinsky, a mere boy, was a dancer of marked originality at the Mariansky Theatre: all were young, insurgent, and friends of a wealthy dilettante, Serge de Diaghileff. He had financed the Salon Russe of 1906,—the exhibition thnt had startled Paris with the revelation of real Russian art,—and be it was who realized how much of Russia was still unknown to the Continent.

By abrupt inspiration, from this nucleus the Nouveau Ballet was formed,—an organization to harmonize painting, musie, and choregraphy witb the skill of the most gifted modern dancers.

To make possible the project required the whole-hearted cooperation of every member,—the setting aside of every petty personal ambition; and nowhere save in the atmosphere of the Russian art of today would probably be found the unselfishness wbich marked the inception of the Diaghileff Ballet. It is an axiom of the Russian Imperial School that each member is a star with the potentiality of a Karsavina or a Fokine: hence have developed Karsavina and Fokine. It was upon the shattered "system of stars" that was builded the marvelous unity of the Nouveau Ballet. Every member is working for tbe success of all.



Waslav Nijinsky, as seen by Montenegro in his startling dance in the ballet "Scheherazade." Nijinsky portrays the favorite of the Sultana Zobeide.

It was in 1909 tbat Paris welcomed the new organization at the Châtelet, immediately establishing the Saison Russe as an annual feature upon tho French stage. The following year the sacred portals of *l'Opero* swung open to the Diaghileff Ballet; and London critics soon after were given opportunity to acclaim the "Something New" for which criticism ever yearns.

The secret of the harmonious whole is blended from many component secrets. The Diaghileff dancers are recruited from the talent of the Petrograd and Moscow ballets,—a superlative from a superlative. The music is the work of well-nigh a score of composers, the scenery and costumes the labor of a *dizoine* of such artists as Bakst, Golovine, Roehrich, Soudeikine, and Korovin, while Fokine, tbe nominal choregraphie director, is assisted by Diaghileff, Nijinsky, and Miassine. Youth is gladly served. Miassine, who created the part of Joseph in the spectacular *Legende de Joseph* in 1914, is only sixteen. Nijinsky, himself, who worried all Paris a few years before, and lost Rodin* bis lodging by a somewbat too original interpretation of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, is scarcely twenty-five. Diaghileff, the *regisseur*, is yet a young man. In short, the autocracy of age and experience has no place in the organization, which seeks the best in Russian art wherever it is to be found.

An example of the scope of genius devoted to one ballet,—and that perhaps the least serious of the numbers presented,—is found in *Le Carnaval*, which is included in the repertoire of the American season. The musie is founded upon the *Miniature Scenes* of Schumann. Surely the composer expressed an unfulfilled foreboding when he said after a recital: "Although many things in it may charm certain individuals, yet the musical moods change too rapidly to be easily followed by a whole audience which does not care to be startled every moment. My amiable friend [Liszt] had not taken this into consideration, and although he played with such sympathy and talent that it could not fail to strike a few, the masses were not moved."

The masses, however, *hove* understood and loved *Cornavol*. Even a captious French critic who protested against the orchestration of music intended for the pianoforte, was foreed to make exception of Schumann's work so ably arranged by four of the Russian composers, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadoff, Glazounoff, and Teherepnin.

The quaint setting, so piquing the mood of the audience, is by Bakst, who also designed the demure crinolines of the Victorian ladies who make *Cornaval* a fair background for tbe loves of Columbine and Harlequin.

Thus are presented in one ballet, when danced by Karsavina, Nijinska, Nijinsky, and Bolm, the harmonized arts of not less than ten craft-masters.

Perehance we of America may learn something of true democracy from these Russians who have gladly merged individualism in their zeal for the artistie expression.

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* Gaston Calmette directed a storm of criticism in *Figaro* against Nijinsky. Among the many who defended the Russian was Rodin, who at the time occupied apartments in the Hotel Biron, property of the government. Forthwith the question of Rodin's position as a tenant of the republic was raised, with the result that, due to the doubtful publicity focused upon the Hotel Biron, it was converted to ministerial use.

A TALE OF TWO EARTHQUAKES

BY ELON JESSUP

SIX years after the great San Francisco earthquake—your pardon, loyal San Franciscans—the Fire, I walked down Market street looking for the remains of a city that had been. It was a very wonderful and modern city that I found. Could some one show me evidence that the great catastrophe had really occurred? After walking some distance up Nob Hill we came upon a vacant lot in which old bricks lay scattered about. I was satisfied; there has been a devastating fire.

Two months ago I was in Messina, Italy—six years after the great earthquake. Along the waterfront were a few wooden shacks, the temporary offices of steamship companies; in the harbor was much shipping; back in the bills were many houses. The city of six years before was non-existant; it lay in a heap of ruins as it had fallen. The catastrophe might have happened the day before our arrival. And then I thought of the San Francisco I had seen six years After.

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Two views of our President.

OPTIMISM FROM A BELGIAN

BY A. H. GLEASON

WE HAVE heard all sorts of theories about war and "the war." War is debasing; it is energizing; it is preventable; it is a biologieal necessity; it is the end of socialism; it will result in a social revolution. War is all things to all men. It lets loose what is inside a man. War is like life—it brings out secret weakness and unsuspected strength. One of the clearest statements about it eame to us in this letter from a Belgian professor, now living in Washington:

"I am afraid that one of the results of the war will be a great tory reaction, also a religious revival all over Europe, or, more exactly, a revival of religious fanaticism. When the war is over you will find all over Europe a lot of writers and 'philosophers' who will show and explain that war is good. Now, of course, among the results of a great calamity like this, there are some that are obviously good. In that sense it is true that war is good—but it is not better than cholera or any other plague. I prefer cholera: it offers as many occasions for heroism and moral revival as in a war, and there is no fratricide. If some thousands of men have to be killed to 'save' the others, I prefer that they be killed by Nature herself rather than by fellow-men.

"If a plague devastated the State of New York for a year or two, there would certainly be some people ready to see in it a good, a cleansing, moral as well as material. They would make sermons upon original sin. But sensible people, instead of believing that the plague proves the existence of original sin, would simply show that it proves the non-existence of proper sanitation.

"Don't throw the helve after the hatchet. After the war internationalism, social consciousness, all advanced movements, will be more necessary than ever. This war is an immense failure. It proves only one thing, which we already knew, that European civilization was far less advanced than it appeared to be. It was nothing but a varnish. We had illusions about it, but the progress of mankind was a progress only in the domain of science and industry: there was no adequate moral and social progress. A civilization as unbalanced as this was certainly unsafe. Our duty will be to make it safer, and not to be downhearted."

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HITS ON THE STAGE



THE WEAVERS :

THERE are two Garden Theatres in New York: one is a Paradise for wearied business men; the other is an Eden for lovers of good stuff. Saturday afternoon at the Winter Garden, Saturday evening at the Madison Garden—and you have run the gamut of theatrical New York.

In the Madison Garden Theatre, with cat shows on the south and prize fights to the north, Mr. Emmanuel Reicher has given New York a new production of Hauptmann. Many people see the cat shows; many more see the prize fights. And a few drop in on Mr. Reicher.

Those who do, see the most artistic performance of the present season—and in many ways, the best. Mr. Reicher is seeking to found a civic theatre. The fundamental requirement, he says, "is not a building, a cast or an endowment, save as a means to an end. Rather it is an organized audience, with a membership relation which would be equivalent to insurance; an audience at the same time homogeneous enough, or with enough of significant interests in common, to exert a real directing influence upon the policy of the theatre."

Mr. Reicher has made a long step towards securing this organized audience by producing *The Weavers*. His first effort was Bjornstjerne Bjornson's *When the Young Vine Blooms*. That play has its merits, but a public bred on pink tights and blond wigs could see no more in it than an unpronounceable author. *The Weavers* is different. It is one of the few plays of intellectual merit which has any chance of competing with the conventional musical comedy and the unconventional sex play. And the reason is, that Hauptmann has built upon the one great passion—hunger. Hunger is just as real and just as possible in New York today as it was in Silesia in 1840.

The Weavers is an epic of misery. It has epic broadness and epic treatment. It treats of all ages and all lands,—but always of suffering. Single figures are lost. There is no gladness, no joy. Just a gaunt picture of human agony. The devotees of boxing, in the neighboring arena, see life in a sunnier aspect. Compared with *The Weavers*, a battered face is joy itself.

Hauptmann has made the mob his hero. He has emphasized individuals, given them character; but only to give character to his mob. A pack of wretched weavers exists by working at starvation wages for Dreissiger, a fustian manufacturer. Dressiger himself lives in a great house on the hill, and has plenty to eat and drink. He is not the melodramatic villain, flaying his workmen with stage abuse. He is worse than that: for he is the every-day tyrant, confident that his laborers' sufferings are fanciful—the result of fanatical leadership.

A CHORALE

His weavers live in hovels, and starve. They are simple people asking only to be fed. Among them there are a few radicals: Becker, the red-haired blacksmith, and Moritz Jaeger, a discharged soldier. These men urge the weavers to rebel. Life owes every man a decent living. More conservative leaders—Old Hilse, for one—counsel patience and submission. But there is a limit to all patience; and at last even the rugged Old Ansorge is aroused. "We'll stand it no longer!" he cries. "We'll stand it no longer! Come what may!" Led by Becker and Jaeger the weavers rebel. They drive Dreissiger from his home, and wreck his house in their fury. They arm themselves with clubs and stones, and storm the factory. Then Dreissiger calls for the militia. There is a riot. And Old Hilse—Hilse, the reactionary—is accidentally shot. There is irony in the futility of it.

With such material the stage manager becomes paramount. He assumes the importance of the impressario. The mob being the hero, it is of great importance that the mob be well handled. It was here that Mr. Reicher was particularly capable. He played the part of Old Ansorge with some power, but he did his real work as a producer. The mob starred. On the stage it did not run in aimless circles, shouting meaningless monosyllables; it swore and swashed with real vim. Off the stage it clamored with a very real effect. It was the keynote of the play, the melody of a woeful chorale.

Though individual opportunities to feature were lacking, there were several fine pieces of acting. Adolph Link had a complex problem in the rôle of Old Baumert, but he gave a remarkable performance. Robert Barrat and Rupert Harvey made two effective mob leaders. And Edith Randolph stampeded the audience with a melodramatic piece in the last act. Many of the members of the cast were recruited from amateur ranks. This in itself is a virtue. Anything that tends to introduce brains into American acting is a godsend.

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HORSES, MICE, AND VOTES FOR WOMEN

BY HAROLD GODDARD

YESTERDAY, while walking in the country a mile or more from my home, I witnessed, right in the middle of the muddy road, one of those little scenes that, in their sudden illuminating power, occasionally raise a scrap of pure nature to the level of well-nigh perfect art. The persons of the play were three: a girl of ten or twelve, a boy of eight or ten, and a great gray work horse. The dialogue consisted of two speeches, one by the boy and one by the girl. But brief as the performance was, it condensed into such a startlingly concrete and vivid symbol one of the vital questions of the hour, that, hurrying though I was to reach home before the twilight was gone, I stopped in my tracks and gazed after the retreating figures of the two children and the horse as if they had been visitants sent from some supernatural region.

I had been watching the trio for several moments before we met. They were proceeding very slowly, for the horse limped badly with one of his forefeet. The girl, who was leading him, was holding the bridle with one hand, while with the other she was doing her best to ward off the boy, who, with an ugly looking stick, was trying to urge the horse into a run.

"Aw, make him go!" cried the boy, just as I passed them.

"I won't!" retorted the girl, sharply; "his foot is lame."

I wheeled about and looked after them, and it flashed over me that here was an epitome of modern civilization. The horse, the lame horse: that was this old world of ours. The boy: he was the men, trying to drive that old world at top speed regardless of the pain it brings. And the girl: she was the women, saying, You shan't do it so long as it is lame.

What is and always has been the curse of civilization? What but this: that the men in power want to make the thing go, regardless of the cost, the human cost. *Results, regardless of the cost.* That is the masculine slogan. The war across the water is bringing this home to us in fearfully spectacular form; but it has been just as true, all the while, of our industrial world. And you can't blame the man entirely for his doctrine. Thousands of generations have bred into his blood, in the hunt and on the warpath, the instinct to track down his prey, to get it, regardless of everything else. But it is not so with the woman. Thousands of generations have bred into her blood a sense of the reality of pain, of the immeasurable value of the individual, of the need of counting the human cost. Can a civilization, then, that is almost at the breaking point because of its practise of the abominable doctrine of results regardless of the cost, afford to bar out of the councils of government precisely that half of humanity which is awake to the value of the individual life? It certainly cannot. That little girl who protected the lame horse must have a vote when she grows up. If she had it now, she would use it more intelligently than many of the men.

It must not be inferred, however, from the assertion that men are for results and that women are to help save us from that heresy, that women are unduly conservative or impractical. Quite the contrary in fact. And on this aspect of the matter too, by a strange act of fate, on the very evening when I witnessed my little roadside drama, I was vouchsafed a second revelation. It came, indeed, only an hour or two later, but this time in the bosom of my family.

We had had dinner, and my wife and I were in my study, she sewing, and I (in the practise of an atrocious habit that I have) striding up and down the room declaiming poetry. It happened on this occasion to be a passage from Walt Whitman—one of his resounding indictments of unbelief—ending with the magnificent exclamation: "A *mouse* is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels!" I brought out the line with all the sonorousness at my command, and pausing, looked at my wife. She is hardened to these things and generally pays no attention. But on this occasion Whitman's power had gripped her, her sewing had dropped in her lap, and, lost in thought, she was gazing upward. I fancied even that I detected a trace of rapture on her face, the result perhaps of her attempt to compass in imagination that sweeping conception of "sextillions of infidels." I waited for her to speak. And when at length she spoke, this is what she said (her eyes still lifted): "How on earth are we going to get rid of those mice up in the attic?"

WE MEN have not begun to conceive the fearful practicality of women. We spout Whitman's sentiments on mice (or do something equally histrionic) and the sound evaporates like steam into thin air. Our wives hear Whitman's sentiments on mice and straightway they go out to buy mouse-traps and cheese.

Perhaps when we get a few women in our senates we may have fewer filibusters and briefer *Congressional Records* (for feminine loquacity is of another kind). But perhaps there will be fewer mice (not to mention rats) polluting the attics and cellars of the state.

No; women are the opposite of impractical; they love results even more, if possible, than do men. It is results purchased at too high a human price that they can be counted on to condemn.

When that gray horse gets over his lameness, that little girl will be quite as glad to make him run as will the boy.

NIAGARA · ON · THE · LAKE

I heard them march and drill,
Canadian men and boys:
Around a cross upon a hill
I heard a martial noise.

O shall I never know,
But do as I did then?
When Rome commands me, must I go
To mock my God again?

—By Witter Bynner.

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'TWIXT EARTH AND SKY ON A "DANISH AEROPLANE"



Ski-jumping has been gradually spreading over the east. It is not a dangerous sport when the amateur is not too ambitious. Its stronghold, of course, has been in the logging region of the Northwest hitherto. For the beginner the take-off should be trifling, so that in the early stages his flight will be only fifteen or twenty feet.

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A BOOM IN WINTER SPORTS

BY HERBERT REED

WHAT to do with one's out-of-doors' time in the winter is a serious problem for most men. It is in a fair way of being solved, as it turns out, not merely for this, but for years to come, by the golfers, those energetic sportsmen who seem to have something bordering on the genius of organization. Not so long ago the golfers discovered that it was a tremendous pity to sit indoors when the ground was covered with snow so deep that it would bury a red ball, and a few of them only last year set about taking up the famous Scottish game of curling. It is true that before that many clubs had installed toboggan chutes and skating rinks, and a few had even gone in for snowshoeing, but it is only recently that the idea of organization seems to have gotten its grip on the general run of golfers so deeply as to promise far-reaching results.

As this is written there are in process of organization at least two hockey teams made up entirely of golfers, the one being a New Jersey combination, led by Max Marston, the other a Boston seven, captained by Francis Ouimet. It is only necessary to go to Princeton to scare up plenty of good hockey players who are all-round sportsmen, but the idea of having a combination team in two sports, the one a summer pastime, the other a winter affair, seems to be brand new. The wonder is that no one seems to have thought of it before.

There are those, perhaps, who will be prone to laugh at the idea of the golfers on the ice, but these forget that hockey stars like Hobey Baker of Princeton and Hicks of Harvard are expected to appear with the golf-hockey teams. With the possibility that Philadelphia and Chicago will be stirred into turning out combination teams of the kind, and the golf clubs of the country supporting the game by establishing rinks on their frozen water hazards, or perhaps flooding a part of the course, it would seem that the game already so popular when played by the famous club teams in New York and Boston on artificial ice, might spread rapidly out of doors, where it really belongs.

Hockey belongs to the younger element, of course, but it is to be hoped that the older golfers will not readily abandon their plan to spread the game of curling over the country. Curling ought to appeal to your true golfer, for it has its laws written and unwritten, and its moments of solemnity no less remarkable than those of golf.

Skating is to have a big boom this year, as any one with half an eye, who has watched the styles, can easily tell. One misanthrope recently remarked that he believed the skating revival was due entirely to a cunning campaign on the part of the furriers and the importation of the famous foreign skaters who made the Berlin rink one of the wonders of the traveler in the days when traveling was more popular and less risky than it is now. But fur or no fur, fancy costume or no, this year's revival was on the cards, and was foreseen by many close followers of the winter games a year or more ago. No doubt the chance to see the best of the foreigners on the ice, coupled with a decline in the dancing craze, will influence a lot of people to take up figure-skating, and there is hardly any better exercise for young or old. Skating calls into play practically every muscle in the body, and to that extent is matched only by swimming.

Hotel proprietors in many cities have been quick to size up the winter prospects, quicker indeed than other representatives of the capital that goes into amusements, for in New York and at least three other large cities some of the hotels have had large rinks constructed, generally on the roof. One of the newest in New York was opened only the other day, and judging by the first day's attendance will suffer no lack of patronage. Thus no one need abandon skating for lack of ice.

Your real, strenuous, outdoor man, however, ought to find skiing to his liking. There is just enough danger in it to appeal to the young and vigorous, and yet on a gentle slope there is no reason why older people, and women especially, should not go in for it. The equipment is simple, the sport itself requires nothing but practise, and the steeper hill can be tried after the ski runner becomes proficient.

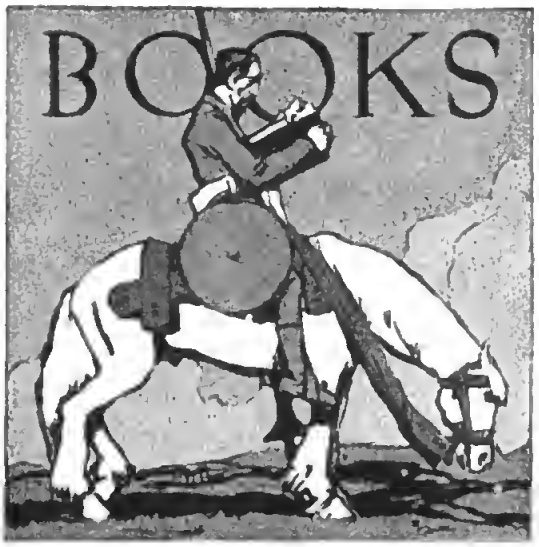
THE sport of jumping on skis is not for the beginner, as said beginner will readily understand if he will study the accompanying picture, but there is no reason why the proficient should not have a try at it in moderation. The beginner will need a pole to steady himself and keep out of trouble, and the beginner at jumping would do well to pick out a nice soft drift in which to land. Attempts at the record for distance may well be left to the professionals and the very experienced amateurs, who care not how far below them they leave the earth so long as they get distance.

Ski running originated of course in the Scandinavian countries, but it has flourished in the northwest for years. Certain of the New England colleges were the first to take up the sport in the east, largely because plenty of snow could be counted upon, and today there are ski jumpers at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, who could safely appear in almost any company. Cornell, situated in a hilly country, and also blessed with white winters, was another institution to take up the ski at a fairly early stage, but the sport has been hardly as well organized there.

Snowshoeing we have always with us. There is perhaps less exhilaration in it than in some of the other winter sports, and it provides plenty of hard work, but it has a long and honorable history. Skate-sailing seems to be on the increase this year in common with skating itself, and there never was any doubt about the popularity of the "scooter." The iceboat season in the east is all too short, and for some years there has been little of this sport on the Hudson, most of the racing being confined to the Shrewsbury river. For some reason or other there is hardly as much ice in the Hudson year in and year out as in the old days.

To the average man and woman going in for any form of winter sport this year, one word of advice. Keep your feet warm and comfortable. I think shoes with skates attached are by far the best for the skater. In no other way will he or she achieve absolute comfort. And whether one wear boots for skating and skiing or moccasins for snowshoeing, let them be high enough to be a real protection to the ankle. In the case of the moccasin I believe also in an added ankle support. Accidents to ankles are about as mean as any there are.

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CRITICISM EN MASSE

Do you remember the cabby in *Pickwick*, who drove the old horse and the cab with the big wheels; how he took the peace-at-any-price Pickwickians for informers, how he "knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then dashed into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half a dozen seconds?"

To be sure, Charles Dickens penned the passage some years ago, but it is hard to believe that he didn't somehow foresee George Jean Nathan when he invented his pugnacious cabby. Mr. Nathan, too, without any warning starts an affray and in not more than six seconds knocks off Mr. Granville Barker's spectacles, plants a blow on D'Annunzio's nose, gives Maeterlinck one in the eye, and Pinero one in the waistcoat, not to mention dashing all the breath out of such smaller fry as Augustus Thomas, Alfred Sutro, Stanley Houghton, Owen Davis, *et al!*

An amusing book, this *Another Book on the Theatre* (the title is sheer modesty, as the thing is unique)—written with Mr. Nathan's usual combination of satire, shrewdness, and impudence. Not a dignified book, for the author eschews all critical dignity, remarking that he once saw a man at a country circus in a silk hat and Prince Albert. Not a constructive book, in any sense. Mr. Nathan turns his attention to what he deems the shams of the contemporary theatre, whether in Broadway musical comedy, Henri Bernstein, or a Greek play in the Yale Bowl. He is, however, willing to give enthusiastic praise to Frank Craven's *Too Many Cooks*. An absurd book, yet well worth reading.

Another Book on the Theatre, by George Jean Nathan. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $1.50 *net.*

A GENIUS AND A "GENIUS"

The Genius is a chunky little volume of some seven hundred pages, detailing mostly the amours of one Eugene Witla, painter, poet, and business man. Mr. Dreiser, chronicler of vulgar American types, has failed dismally with his genius. To be sure, one does not expect a genius to go always about, like an animated Roman candle, shooting off epigrams in every direction,—but somewhere, one fancies, the divine gift must come to light, in a flash of poetry, a touch of wit, if only the slightest. Mr. Witla is about as witty as an operetta librettist, and not half as poetic. "Nix" is his favorite negative, and his "line of talk," an expression he himself would relish, fills me with a sort of yearning; it is so like the conversation I used to write in "English 12" stories.

Mr. Dreiser's book, apparently intended as the subtle interpretation of the "love life" of a man of temperament, is only the bald, passional record of a man as intemperamental as he is intemperate. Mr. Dreiser has powers. No one who has read *Sister Carrie* or *The Financier* can doubt that . . . but they are not subtle powers. I sometimes think of him as a sort of denatured Zola. His grasp on reality is powerful, brutal, never fine.

There are traces of Mr. Dreiser's better manner in *The Genius* enough to make it passably worth reading. Some of the earlier, less sophisticated women are admirable studies, and a scene of child birth towards the end is terrible . . . but on the whole, one gets an impression of misguided efforts, wasted powers. I might add that the book is disfigured throughout by traces of carelessness, including vulgarities of diction.

The Genius, by Theodore Dreiser. The John Lane Co., New York. $1.50 *net.*

DAVID GRAYSON AS A NOVELIST

About this time numerous critics are turning over new leaves,—only to write that David Grayson's novel, *Hempfield*, is full of an "elusive charm." In a way, it is the familiar "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain" type of story that is always with us, with the usual sweet and girlish heroine, the usual bright young man from the city, and the Civil War veteran, who snorts and has a heart of gold. But Mr. Grayson, in a small way, is a magician, and he has thrown a charm over the story,—his own. No one can be sincere with such sincerity as he, blend kindly humor, old-fashioned sentiment, and mild poetry with such perfect taste and tact.

Hempfield, by David Grayson. Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. $1.35 *net.*

THE KNACK OF PICTURING

Another worth-while story is Stewart Edward White's *Gray Dawn*, a vivid piece of writing. Mr. White has a knack at picturing, and he has done the San Francisco of the fifties with skill. The bustling, tawdry city, with holes in its streets, and mahogany in its bars, its optimistic, lawless population, scornful of justice and decency, but childishly ticklish about its honor, all this is historical fiction of the informal sort, at its best. To be sure, the story is perfunctory, wholly inferior to the setting,—but that is not infrequently the case with Mr. White's work. One forgives him his wavering plot and conventional characters, for the vivid sense of life and activity that goes with them.

The Gray Dawn, by Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. $1.35 *net.*

AN ATTEMPT AT BARRIEISM

Mr. Walpole refuses to write another *Fortitude*. *The Golden Scarecrow* is a story of childhood,—a delicate fancy, but worked out in a manner over-solemn and minute. Children refuse to be treated with realism. They demand Barrieism, and Barrieism is not among Mr. Walpole's gifts. His story is "interesting,"—as people say of anything obviously well meant, obviously serious but boring.

The Golden Scarecrow, by Hugh Walpole. The George H. Doran Co., New York. $1.25 *net.*

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ARMY INCREASE

THE OPINIONS OF A GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE

OF THE many schemes proposed to increase our army, not one is sound, except that to increase the regular army. Some of our great men give their approval to some of these plans; but no such plans should receive public indorsement for that reason. In all the talk about raising a large army, no mention is made of the ways and means of raising it. Soldiers cannot be made by magic. So much prominence is given to getting more officers and enlarging West Point, that one feels instinctively that this cry of a larger army is but an excuse to provide more good places for favorites. All plans have the same basic defect, namely, they involve either organization or reorganization in case of war, which should be designated disorganization, for that is what it means. Let us have done with tin soldier armies. We should not yet have forgotten the Spanish-American war, and the sad spectacle of converting the militia into a volunteer army. Had we then been at war with a virile nation, nothing but disaster would have resulted from this bungling method of going to war. Yet today great men are advocating plans for arming the nation which are but slight improvements on the old one. The foreign plans which we are advised to adopt or copy have the same elemental defect as our militia system, that is, a certain amount of organization in case of war.

What we want is an army which is ready to move at all times at the President's command. All the units must be well organized, and officers and men should be familiar with their duties. This does not require that the army in time of peace should be on a war footing. Every unit can be so constituted as to permit of an expansion, in case of war, to two or three times its size on a peace basis without changing the units in any way. A captain who is accustomed to commanding 100 men can exercise the same command over 200 or 300 men, without trouble. All that is necessary is to organize our army on a peace basis, with provisions to increase it, in case of war, to two or three times its peace size. The present tactical organization of the army is good. Only the size of it is in question.

How much of an army, then, do we want? I suggest one of 200,000 men on a peace basis, with first and second reserves. We now have a small army, and it is impossible to keep it recruited to its full strength. Why? Soldiers enlist for all sorts of reasons. Some are without money; some are too lazy to work; some are broken hearted; some are romantic and adventurous; some wish to travel; some are attracted by the uniform, the march, the camp, the parade, etc.; but few if any enlist for the pay of a soldier. These many reasons will not cause a sufficient number of soldiers to enlist to supply a large army. Yet we find many able men who argue the raising of soldier's pay as a means of enducing men to enlist. Trying to induce men to join the army by offering big pay is to burden the nation without cause. Why impose this burden upon us when there are better means of inducing men to enlist? How then shall we recruit this army in spite of the efforts now being made to dissuade men from enlisting? I propose what in my opinion are two real inducements to enter the army.

First: Prefer for civil service appointment all soldiers who have served three or more years in the army, and have been honorably discharged. As a matter of common decency, all places in the classified service should be given to soldiers, provided there are soldiers to fill them, and that they are fit.

Second: Appoint all officers of the army from the ranks, instead of from civil life, through West Point. Army officers instruct cadets at West Point, and there is no reasons why the same officers cannot give the education of an officer to young soldiers at certain central posts. This would make an officer's commission the reward for faithful service to one's country. Officers thus occupied will be benefited. A spirit of study and ambition would prevail in the army. The education which a young officer would thus obtain would be better than that which he gets at present.

These two principal inducements, with the main reasons for enlisting cited at first, should be ample to recruit the army to its full strength of 200,000 men. Upon being discharged from the army after three years' service, all men should pass to the first reserve for another three years, whether they go back to civil life or enter the civil service. Then, and finally, they should pass to the second reserve. All members of both reserves should be assigned to certain organizations to which they shall report when called out. This would provide a war army of about 500,000 men, which would be sufficient to answer our needs.

Should a larger army be desired, such as 500,000 men or more, peace footing, then I would suggest one-year enlistments, with a ballot-inducing scheme of service. Let us provide that no man shall have a right to vote for a federal officer without first having served one year in the army, unless excused by duly constituted authority. This would not be obligatory service. If a man prefers to lose his vote rather than to serve his country then he should not have it.

ONE year's service in the army, or even three years, is not an economic loss. We all have 52 Sundays and 12 or more holidays during each year, which, for an average life, amounts to 9 or more years, and yet no one speaks of it as a loss.

It is proposed by some to give military training to boys at our public schools. This means more tin soldiers. Instead of sending our army to the public schools, why not take the school to the army, and give a chance to studious soldiers to obtain an education and an officer's commission?

It is idle and foolish to talk of training our men and boys in the art of soldiering, let them scatter, and then to rely on them to form an army to defend the nation when war comes.

We should abolish the obligatory salute of an enlisted man to an officer, except when reporting on duty or addressing an officer. This obligatory salute is a sign of caste distinction which should not obtain in the American army. After joining the army, an American feels degraded when he realizes that he owes this sign of caste to his superiors so often that it seems like rubbing it in. As an invitation to the public to make a soldier the butt of ridicule, it is about the limit. It is the cause of desertions, and, no doubt, militates against enlistments.

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AN ART OF POLITICS

BY JOHN MERRIMAN GAUS

PERHAPS no word save poetry arouses such mingled feelings of scorn and ridicule, contempt and scoffing as the word "art." This, of course, among only the Great Majority; for there are those who, despite the hundred conflicting definitions of the word, do find in it their real life. But the most of us are brazenly unintellectual, mentally dormant.

Coexistant with this attitude toward art there has been an attitude toward politics noticeably similar in its exterior and even more deadly in its results. Of late this has somewhat been dispelled; and an educated man may now adorn political positions on terms almost equal to those of the brewer, the employer of children, and other radical constructionists of the day. Imagine, then, the horror at the combination of art and politics!

Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson has said that art is "a certain perceptiveness . . . coupled with a certain power of expression, and imaginative gift which can raise a large fabric out of slender resources . . . " Assuming this for our definition of art, is it possible to discover in politics a field for its labors? Is the politician to be an artist in a better state? I believe that a realization of this fact is of worth to us.

A long time ago our political theorists began evolving their ideas from the actualities and institutions about them. The king performed certain duties, parliament others, judges others. To preserve the liberty of the people, said certain thinkers, there must be this separation of powers.

Recently, however, a new school has arisen, a school which contains men like Wallas and Wells in England and Lippmann and Poole in the United States among others. These people are asking, "What do people think? Why do they think that way?" And when they have their an-



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swers they formulate their theories.

Do you realize what this means? We have a group of intellectual leaders who are approaching our political needs from a new point of view. Conscious of the need of a better state, they are concerned with the attitude of the citizens who are to compose that state. In an age of democracy they are prepared to meet the needs of that democracy, to educate it, to study it, to measure its almost infinite resources, capabilities, its hopes, its fears. And not merely in cold and unfeeling analyses do we have their results; rather in living, human searchings of the soul do they bring us answers.

The new politician, then, will be first of all apperceptive. He knows of his people; their passions and emotions flood through his sympathetic personality. But is he merely negative, impassive, receptive?

The new politician is a builder. Grasping the threads which seem so weak, but which are steel itself, he will weave a fabric of a better state. Standing upon the basis of his knowledge of his fellow men, he creates his world not alone and unaided, but calling upon those resources which he has measured and tried, making his people the sharers in his dreams as he shares in theirs, dramatizing their desires and ideals. Immediate needs he will bind to ultimate and bigger aims and ideals of his race. Crowd instincts, love of home and children, pride, ambition, selfishness, these are some of his materials; no passing gusts of popular whim, but those enduring phases of the life of soul and mind and body.

The time and the event demand men who can analyze, criticize, perceive; but it demands as well men who can comprehend, construct, remodel, grasp in a large way many minute factors. Society and the state throb with a million crosscurrents of life, each calling for some one who can grasp not only its own meaning but the total of all the units.

Who, then, would deny an art of politics? Broad and deep sympathy; understanding of men and events; these are the threads from which the new fabric must be formed. "Out of slender resources," yes. But enduring, and like steel! And who shall not acclaim this builder of the new republic an artist?

Where are those musical children of yesterday whose musical education was complete when they had learned to play "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Monastery Bells"?—*Life*.



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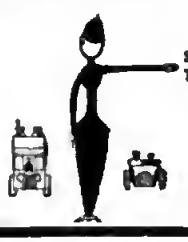
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MARKETING THE MOVIES

BY E. LANNING MASTERS

A MOTION picture salesman arrived in a little Nebraska town one night and found that the manager of the local theatre had jumped his contract because he could not make the proposition pay. A feature film was lying at the depot, awaiting reshipment. The salesman got on the track of the owner of the theatre, and succeeded in convincing him that the feature at the depot, if properly advertised, would make money for him, manager or no manager. Taking off his coat, he seized a megaphone and commenced to advertise. So well did he succeed that the box office, that night, showed a profit of more than fifty dollars for the day.

The moving-picture distributor today is far-sighted enough to see that the marketing of entertainment is no different than the marketing of shoes, soap or any other commodity —that the same scientific merchandising methods that apply in the commercial field, apply to the sale of a moving-picture exhibitor's seats; and that it is just as essential for the photoplay producer to help the exhibitor make a profit on those seats, as it is for the breakfast food manufacturer to help the dealer move the goods off his shelves.

Mr. Walter W. Irwin, who handles the distributing interests of one of the largest moving-picture concerns in the business, the V. S. L. E. Company, says: "Our duty is only half performed when we have sold our goods to the exhibitor. The other half, equally important, is to see to it that he resells them to his own substantial advantage." In order that this may be accomplished the V. S. L. E. Company demands that an exhibitor spend as much for advertising as he does for film, and that he must show the feature at least three consecutive days.

The experience of an exhibitor in a southern city is an illustration of the way in which these principles work out. This city has always been a "daily change" town, until the apostles of the new methods struck it. After much persuasion the manager of one of the theatres was prevailed upon to run a feature for a whole week. Extensive advertising was done in the newspapers, and much bill-board space was also used. The run attracted the largest attendance ever recorded in that city, more than six thousand seeing the feature on the last day it was shown. Weekly runs are now the rule at this theatre.

TABULATED, the result of this experiment in dollars and cents as compared with the returns from the daily change program were about as follows:

OLD SYSTEM	
Average receipts per day per week	$300 00
Film rental per day	$25 00
Advertising per day	50 00
Overhead expenses per day	100 00
Total expenses	175 00
Net profits per day	$125 00

NEW SYSTEM	
Average receipts per day for week	$550 00
Film rental per day	$50 00
Advertising per day	100 00
Overhead expenses per day	100 00
Total expenses	250 00
Net profits per day	$300 00

In other words, the net profits for the week were $2100 as compared with the net profits of $875 per week under the old system, or a gain of $1225.

IT WILL be noted that while the cost of the film and the advertising expenditure were both doubled, the receipts were nearly tripled. Experience has proven that this works out in almost every case. Under the modern methods, the margin of profits increases in direct ratio or more with the margin of expenditure—which is not always the case in other lines of endeavor. For instance, the overhead expense of the merchant is so much irrespective of his advertising expense. If he wishes to increase his business, and adds $1000 to his advertising appropriation, his gross sales during the period increase $2000. He loses $500 if his profit is twenty-five per cent, and he breaks even if his margin of profit is fifty per cent.

In the film industry, however, under the proper merchandising plan, the exhibitor who increases his advertising appropriation $1000 and whose receipts increase $2000, makes $1000 clear profit, because what he sells costs him nothing additional. As a matter of fact, even though he increases his advertising appropriation, it costs him relatively less than it did before, because he has concentrated that expenditure upon one subject instead of scattering the fire over seven different features, seven different days of the week. This gains for him the full cumulative effect of that advertising, as well as the word-of-mouth advertising brought by the continuous run of the feature. Under the old plan, it was obviously impossible for him to capitalize upon any one day's advertising for more than one day.

All this in indicative of the new tendency in the moving-picture business. Chaotic and reckless at the start, it is fast being put on a safe and sound basis. In a business as well as artistic sense, the "movies" are on the rise.

NEWS IN DAKOTA

Sportsmen are scarce this year, due to the cold, damp weather during hatching season.

—From the Aberdeen (S. D.) *News*.

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ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

BY IRVING BENNING

THE sea of manuscripts which the editor of today is asked to pass his opinion upon evidently dwindles down to the insignificance of a millpond when considered by the unknown would-be contributor. He cannot understand why, if his manuscript is returned, that it should not be accompanied by useful criticism and expert advice. He is not acquainted with editorial procedure and business insight; consequently he unjustly criticizes the editor. But be this as it may, there exists in this country a wide chaos in the method in which the unknown contributor makes his début.

The editor—sapient creature he is supposed to be—sits in his chair surrounded by what is looked upon as expert advisers. He is the judge who sits at the trial of the unknown contributor. If he be an editor of many years his wide experience with the world as it is supposed to be, or as he supposes it to be, and his early training are his mental equipment which he uses to estimate the value or lack of value of the MS. in question. He is lying awake nights scheming and planning as to how he can obtain strictly *new* material to tickle the ever-hungry curiosity of his heterogeneous subscribers.

Since the reading public has been sentenced all these years to read only accepted manuscripts, would it not be a rather clever innovation to publish a strictly new magazine only of rejected manuscripts? Thus the reader would be allowed to be his own judge as to the merits or demerits of the contents.

The editor ought not to deceive himself into thinking that he is the final arbiter of what constitutes useful and valuable reading matter. He is the judge of what is published and may be a success from a financial point of view in giving the public what he thinks they want or ought to want, but obviously when it comes to true literary or intellectual value the reading public, or that portion of it which is fitted, is the final judge of literary worthiness.

Can you write? never becomes obsolete to any writer, be he among the most prominent or among the unknown. Literary taste and judgment, if they are to maintain a high standard, can never be measured in dollars and cents even if the time does come when literature worth while heads the best sellers. The mere fact that it would be a financial success obviously would have nothing to do with its value as literature.

This is all very true, you say, but the man engaged in literary pursuits must live, of course. If only the people of discriminating taste would only realize it. There may be something to the old saying that a genius to perfect himself must suffer starvation in a greater or lesser degree; but those who have attained genius in this manner have attained it not because of it, but in spite of it.

With apologies to a writer of natural history, one might suggest for a subject to an old writer of long experience, "Wild Editors I Have Known." That might be interesting provided an editor of equal experience would write about "Wild Authors I Have Known."

MATTERHORNING ON BROADWAY

BY PAUL WING

I DO not like these steep balcony aisles in your New York theatres. I do not think they are safe. If I live until I die, and go to a theatre every night of my life, I shall never overcome the sense of fear that possessed me last night when I was poised on the top step of a balcony aisle, looking down two thousand feet, I think, to where a frail brass rail separated the balcony from black oblivion beyond. And I shall never forget how awkward, calf-like and ungraceful was my descent.

Out in the four-a-day vaudeville town from which I hail, our opera house has no perpendicular balconies. There is no toboggan-slide aisle for me to descend when I buy a seventy-five cent seat in the first row, second gallery. In fact, there is no second gallery. And there are no seventy-five cent seats. The first six rows in the parquet sell for fifty cents a chair, even during the Literary Society's Lecture Course.

I make this explanation so that you will sympathize with, if not understand my feeling of horror when, last night, I found myself on the brink of a yawning chasm in one of your Broadway theatres.

Day before yesterday at the box office when, with thought only of economy, I exchanged seventy-five cents for a little piece of blue pasteboard which did not appear to be worthy nearly what I paid for it, I thought that it merely entitled me to watch the show. I did not suspect that, to reach my seat, I should have to descend the steepest side of the Matterhorn without an alpine-stick or a rope around my waist.

Imagine, if you can bear to, the thoughts of utter dismay which were born in my boiling brain, only to be boiled to death before they became mature thoughts, as I took my life in my hands and began my precarious descent.

I pitied the unsuspecting tired business man in the parquet below. What if I should make a misstep and, hurtling through the frail brass rail, land on one of their heads! What, indeed? Think of the widows and orphans I might create!

And I thought of other things: What if I should land in the parquet aisle? How ridiculous I would appear. What if my toe should catch on the first balcony and I should hang there, upside-down, for all eyes to gaze upon? I shuddered, for I hate publicity.

When I had barely started down the aisle I remembered, gratefully, my accident insurance; and I decided to double it. Just as I reached my seat I again remembered my accident insurance, and I decided to apply for five times as much as I am now carrying.

I will never go to another of your theatres until I have great wealth and can afford to sit in the parquet. This will be a long time, for I am an enemy to great wealth and shall remain so until I possess it.

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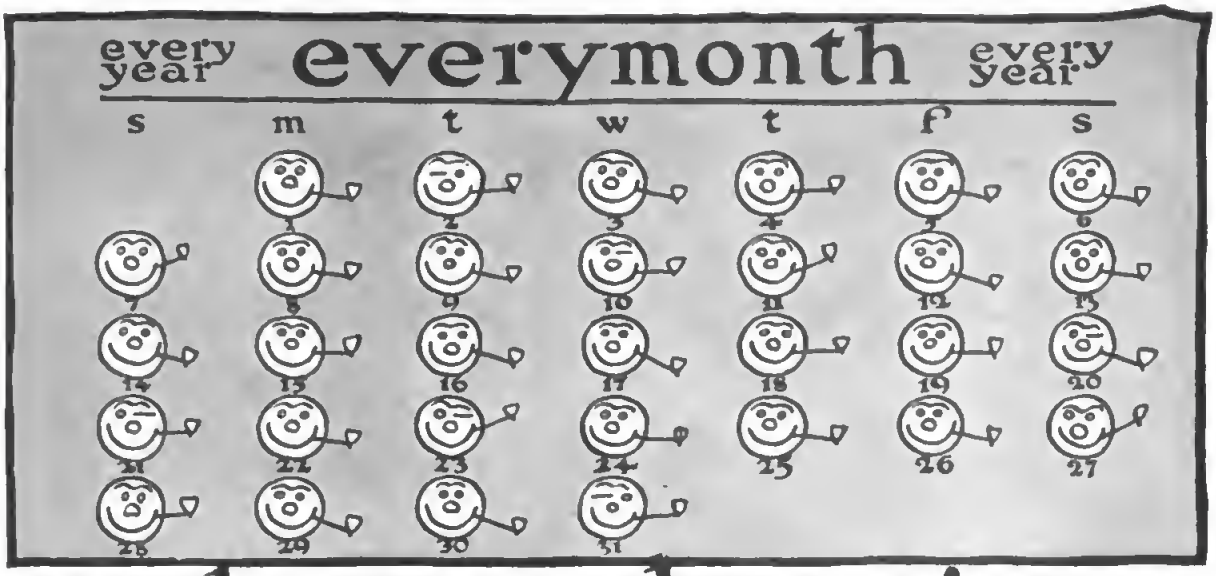


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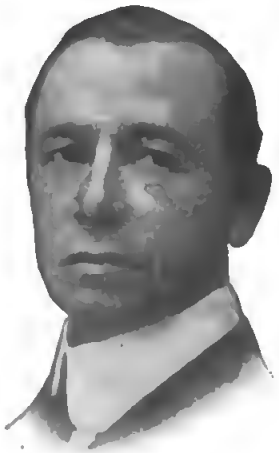
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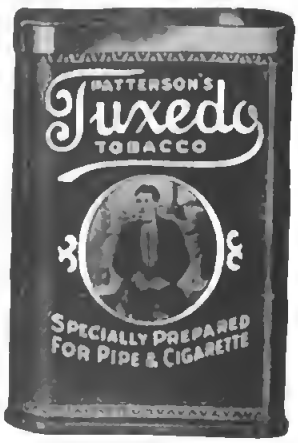
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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THE NATION'S CAPITOL

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

MANY things are done quietly in Washington to avoid friction. Such a thing is the attempt to select the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. Mr. Whitlock has been more seriously discussed of late by insiders than any one else, but it is not likely he will be nominated. One reason is that his attitude toward the suppression of vice, when he was mayor of Toledo, would put him on the defensive and would not be easy to refute to a large and important element.

A POSSIBILITY

ANOTHER man connected with Belgium has been quietly mentioned for Vice-President. Since the war began he has shown amazing ability in organizing and administering the complicated relief work. He has shown at least as much ability in diplomacy, his secret negotiations with the German and British governments having been complicated, difficult, and successful. First of all perhaps has been his financial skill. Most people think of Belgium as fed by charity. She was fed mostly by clever finance. The man who has done these things is in his forties and comes from California. His name is Herbert C. Hoover. The objection that he is not popularly known is of little importance, since he would be well known a week after the nomination. A more serious objection is that he has never been in politics. He has, however, given strong indications that he is a statesman. One advantage of having the nomination for the presidency settled is that the vice-presidency will not have to be settled without thought at the end of a tiring convention. There is some real intention this year of selecting somebody who, if called to the task, would be strong enough for the presidency.

A SURVEY OF OUR COUNTRY

SECRETARY LANE'S report has characteristically broad and refreshing features. For example, under the general heading of "The Foundations of Power" it has these subheads: Minerals, Fertilizers, Climate, Waterpower, Public Lands, Alaska, the Desert, Scientists, Inventors, Children. Next comes a history of "the Era of Splendid Giving," which begins: "We have given of our resources as no people ever did before or ever can again. Within fifty years we gave in subsidies to our railroads public lands that exceeded in size a territory seven times as large at the State of Pennsylvania." It is a brilliant and sympathetic picture that follows, about the giving of land to the old soldiers, to the pioneers; about its dramatic value in our life; about possibilities of the future. The whole report, indeed, reads like a well-written high romance, and Americans would be made into more understanding and enthusiastic citizens by using it. The secretary pleads for two bills that will help to make this future just and glorious. Such bills were beaten last year for reasons that cast no credit on Congress and offered sufficient ground for criticism of a coordinate department. Whether they pass this year depends on the public interest that is aroused as well as on whether competing bills are fought for, as herrings across the trail. The private interests are always on the job. We shall return to the bills in detail, and many times at that. Meantime, the report has the classic quality of much of what Mr. Lane writes.

ABOUT SETTLED

IT IS pretty clear that a shipping bill will pass. Certain modifications have been suggested and have helped to reduce the opposition. The bill, whatever it may be in its final form, cannot be beaten, as was last year's bill, by delay, as this session is unlimited. The strongest hope of those irrevocably opposed to any bill lies in the size of the budget that is likely to be caused by preparedness and the consequent attempt to cut out any possible item. The answer to that, however, will be that the navy is our first line of defense, and that the shipping bill is necessary to the efficiency of the navy.

A COUPLE OF COLONELS

AS COLONEL BRYAN now leads the pacifist party, and Colonel Roosevelt the militarist party, it seems a fair time to tell how Colonel Roosevelt gave to some scholars his opinion of Colonel Bryan. The Colonel was giving a lunch to three men of high distinction, one in politics and philosophy, one in history, one in classic learning and literature. One of them asked Mr. Roosevelt what he thought of Mr. Bryan. Mr. Roosevelt pounded the table ferociously with his fist and showed his teeth. "Mr. Bryan," he seethed, "has a brain of three guinea-pig power"—he paused slightly—"and when I say three, I exaggerate!"

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EDITORIALS

THE LINE-UP

PERHAPS the already famous Gary dinner will never be understood. History may rank it as a mystery, or forget it in the mass of other things. Meantime the Colonel is playing his game with a good deal of his old skill. The cards, to be sure, do not run as well as they once were accustomed to run, partly because he never had as effective a player as Mr. Wilson on the other side. The Colonel now has the militarists lined up, but they are not numerous. He has some of the Catholics, but he is playing a dangerous game in raising that issue, as he has been shown within the last year and a quarter in Illinois, New York, and Massachusetts. He has Mr. Hearst, but there are disadvantages as well as advantages there. He has considerable big business backing, notably steel, for historic reasons. On the other hand he has no issue. He wants to let the tariff and the currency alone; there is nothing left of Armageddon; and it is going to be extremely difficult to frame up a slogan on extreme preparedness or on the European war that will appeal to the west. Imagine the American farmer, even under the Colonel's exhortation, voting for universal military service. If you can do it, you have a strong imagination.

STATESMANSHIP

IF ANY of our readers wishes to get a vivid impression of how a large part of the time and interest of Congress is taken up, he might send to the Public Printer for the *Congressional Record* for December 7th, read page after page given up to the introduction of private pensions or the requests for the increase of private pensions already established, and then if he has nothing else to do he might spend a few months investigating them and finding out what percentage of those pensions are actual payments for loss suffered in the service of the country, and what percentage represent unmitigated graft. It is to be said in mitigation, however, that many of the bills are never intended to be passed. They are merely to show the good intentions of the introducer. On the list of philanthropists we judge that Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania stands at the top.

A TERRIBLE EXPRESSION

ENDLESS joy and endless pain is this our life. Endless, for example, is the joy and pain of language. A while ago we emitted a loud wail over "I know what I am talking about." Now comes Julian McCoy, of Dalton, Georgia, and says he has no trouble whatever in selecting the worst. It is "in this day and time." Bring on your favorites. There are hundreds.

A FARMER

A GREAT man was Arthur Young, British agriculturist and eighteenth century traveler. He was a correspondent of Washington and Jefferson in America, and George III. had at least sense enough to listen to his advice on farming matters. The King also wrote letters to Young's farm paper, that were signed, of course, by a lesser name. Though England and France had been at hardly interrupted war for almost a hundred years, Young was a friendly observer, and realized, more than a hundred years before the forming of the Entente, how Britain's interests were France's. In his *Tour in Ireland* (1780) Young says of a possible attack on France:

> If ever the fatal day comes when that exertion is to be made, all her neighbors would feel it their common interest to second and support her. It would appear that France should have directed all her attentions to her army, and Britain to her navy. . . . But from whatever quarter dangers may arise to Great Britain it much behooves her, while other powers are arising so incredibly in force, to take every means that Providence permits to strengthen herself; and the most secure and solid way of doing this is by carrying all the arts of cultivation in both islands to the highest pitch of perfection that is practical.

Obviously agriculture has receded in Great Britain and Ireland since Young's time, but his view about the joint interests of England and France is striking indeed now after 135 years. Horrible and wasteful as the war is, it is to be doubted whether one Englishman in twenty regrets that his country refused to stand by and see France crushed. England's own safety and Belgium's plight counted enormously, of course, but the feeling about saving France from ruthless damage is one of the deepest of the war in thoughtful Englishmen.

GUESSING

IN 1896 the Duc de Broglie published in the *Deux Mondes* an article headed "Twenty Years After." The good Duke was "exercised" (New England's phrase) over the menace of French colonial expansion. "Our fear," he wrote, "was that of seeing France letting herself drift into scattering over widely separate points of the world those forces and resources of every description which a superior interest commanded her to concentrate on one, and to bring to a focus (*rassembler*) in herself." Had not Bismarck smiled upon France's colonial aspirations, and was it not obvious that Bismarck would favor no French policy except the French policy which he conceived would ultimately weaken the republic? Broglie remarked, apropos of Algiers, France's oldest colony, that after sixty years she was of no benefit to France, and added:

> Even those who are best satisfied cannot pretend to foresee the day when we can draw from our new possessions either a recruit for our army or a receipt for our budget.

"Twenty Years After" is the title Due de Broglie gave to his article. And twenty years after what have her African colonies not done for France! Morocco, it is true, continues to require a formidable army of occupation. Morocco is the newest of French colonies, and still requires the ministrations of Doctor Lyautey. But of

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how much value to the French army, so soon to face the terrific tests of 1914 and 1915, was the experience of officers and men alike in the Moroccan campaign! It was Indo-China that developed Joffre.

LINCOLN AND OTHER MEN

THOUGH American journalism is rich in horrible examples, Greeley is the horrible example *par excellence*. Greeley is one of the minor figures in W. R. Thayer's fine memoir of John Hay. Here is a notable passage from that notable book:

> From his editorial chair in the *Tribune* office, it cost him no more effort to tell Grant or Farragut what to do than to discuss the pumpkin crop with an up-state farmer.
>
> A list of Greeley's misjudgments, from the days when he supported Douglas for the presidency and upheld peaceable secession, down to the summer of 1864, when he labored frantically to stop the war, would serve as a warning against the deteriorating effects of journalism upon even a ready intellect and a well-developed conscience.

Superficially, Lord Northcliffe, publisher of the London *Times*, the London *Mail*, and scores of other British newspapers, affords in 1915 some parallel with the Horace Greeley of our own war. There is no British Lincoln, however, and no French or Russian or German Lincoln, either. Aristide Briand, now serving once more as France's premier, though not a Lincoln, is perhaps the most competent, energetic and courageous statesman of the Entente. A friend calls General Joffre the French Grant. Joffre's problems have been vaster than Grant's, and he has handled also a great many more troops. Reputations to emerge from the war, whether in political office, the army, or in private walks of life, will probably have to wait until the war is ended.

THE WORLD AND OURSELVES



JEAN PAUL RICHTER wrote to a friend: "You treat life poetically, and consequently it treats you in the same way." Fate is usually generous to the generous, petty to the petty, drab to the unimaginative, beautiful to those of lovely nature. In the words of Coleridge, we receive but what we give. In the main, character is destiny.

THE COOLING SUN

LIFE on this planet will end in glacial chill within two million years, says M. Verronet, mathematician. M. Verronet's prediction is less generous than some of his fellow scientists' estimates, at least one of which allows us a hundred million years more of work and play, love, make-believe, murder and carnage. Even if our mathematician has his figures rightly calculated, two million years is long enough to serve a great many purposes. But who knows what supplements we may yet discover for this sun of ours—that now serves as heating and lighting plant? Who knows all the secrets stored for us in radium, in electricity, in forces and elements unregistered and unsuspected? Prophecy is diverting, but this world is a large place.

MEGALOMANIA



AT A dinner to George McAneny, retiring President of the New York Board of Aldermen, Job Hedges observed: "When a man comes to view himself as a moral and political necessity he has begun to decay." At any rate he has become ridiculous. It is said that insane persons are always without humor. Certainly they are frequently afflicted with an exalted conception of themselves. Men of first class ability have often been egotists, but not egotists in the particular line of thinking themselves irreplaceable. That is a most unintelligent form of egotism. Goethe struck a pleasant note without false modesty and without conceit, when, in Tieck's vogue he said, "I am as much superior to Tieck as Shakespeare is popular to me." Lincoln's lovableness is in part composed of his humility. The world will never forget the answer of Socrates, when the oracle declared him the wisest man in Greece: "It must mean that I am the only man in Greece who realizes how little he knows."

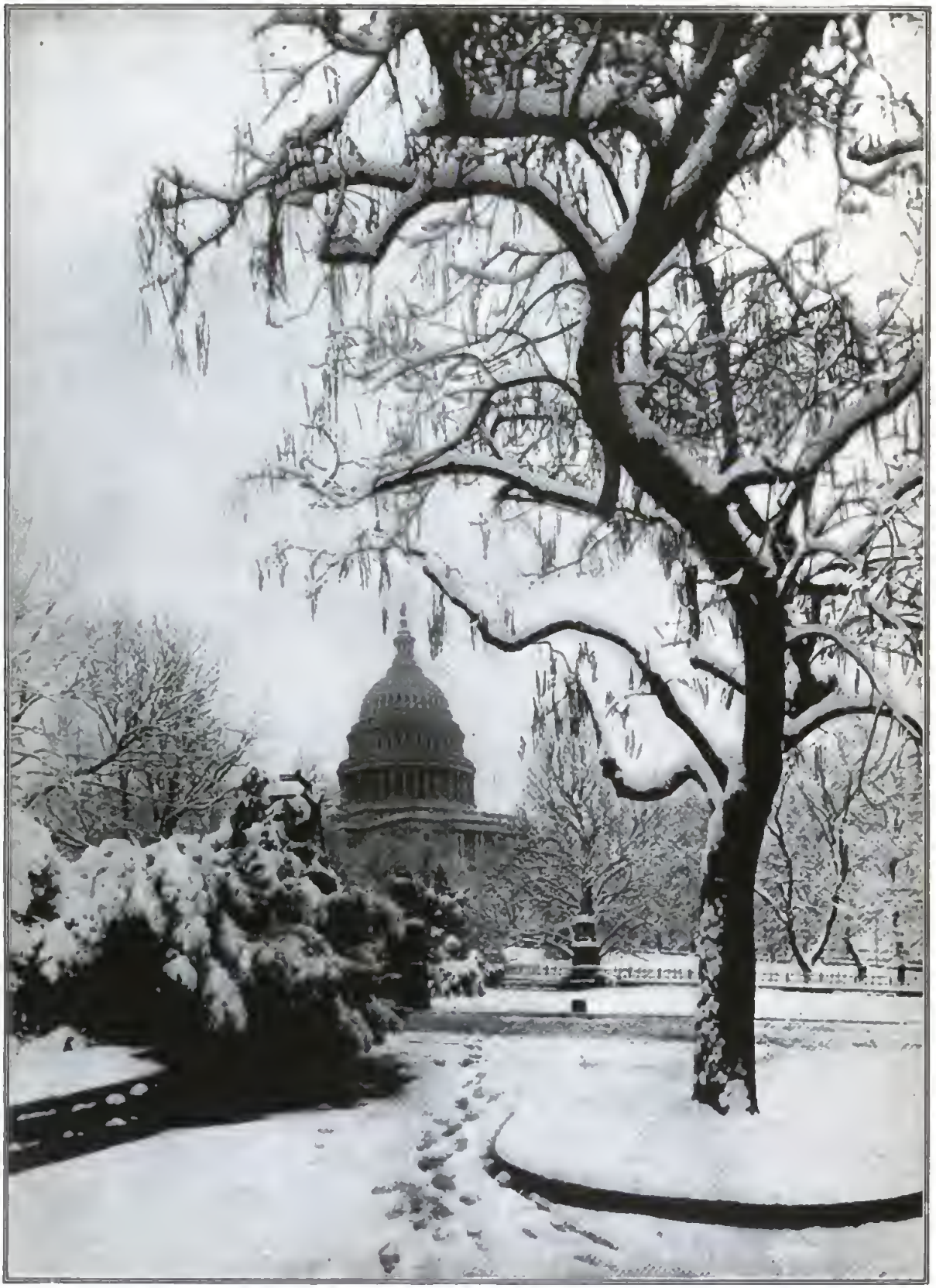
SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS

A CHURCH service is worth more (other things being equal) than the Sunday newspaper—even though the sermon be not so good as the leading editorial. Sunday golf or Sunday baseball builds better than long-drawn-out Sunday newspaper reading. Old-fashioned people who see little of the world often have some of their relatives or best friends in for Sunday dinner or Sunday supper; which is likely to produce more individuality than spending half a day over Sunday newspapers. The trouble is not at all that the papers aren't good enough. Undesirable results are the development of rubber-stamp language, rubber-stamp conversation, rubber-stamp mentality.

MASTERY

"A REAL WOMAN," said Goethe of Rahel Varnhagen, "with the strongest feelings I have ever known, and complete mastery of them." What praise! And how like Goethe, to couple the mastery with the feelings themselves. The usual way of getting credit for strong emotion is to be its slave rather than its master, and the easiest way of appearing self-controlled is to have nothing to control.

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"THE NATION'S CAPITOL"

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THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON AMERICAN NATIONAL LIFE

BY HUDSON MAXIM

During the last year HARPER'S WEEKLY *has published articles on various aspects of the war by many prominent Americans, with differing points of view. We now publish, with pleasure, an article from Mr. Hudson Maxim, because it represents so clearly the extreme militorist point of view. This, of course, is far removed from our own standpoint, but the purpose of our series was to give it as wide an expression of opinion as possible. Among those who have already contributed to the series are: Lindley M. Garrison, David F. Houston, William B. Wilson, Franklin K. Lane, William Kent, William C. Redfield, Albert S. Burleson, and David Starr Jordan.*

IT WOULD be of exceeding great value to us Americans if we could arm ourselves with foreknowledge of the effects which the great European conflict is destined to have on American life. Pope said,

> Oh blindness to the future! kindly given
> That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven.

It is my opinion, however, that if we Americans could only foreknow all the urgent need that we are going to have for adequate means of defending ourselves when the present great conflict is over, there would be such a call to arms in this country as was never before voiced by a people. Personal and party policies and jealousies would be forgotten, individual and local interests would be submerged, and stingy fingers that never before parted with a cent for patriotism, charity or religion, would turn pockets inside out to help supply the sinews of war.

As I have said in my book, *Defenseless America*:

> Pacifism has ringed the nose of the American people and is leading them, blind and unknowing, to the slaughter. War is inevitable. It matters not that, if this country could be roused, it might be saved. When it is impossible to vitalize the impulse necessary to the accomplishment of a thing, that thing is impossible. So, I say, war is inevitable and imminent. The American people could not now be roused sufficiently to avert the impending calamity even by a call that would rift the sky and shake down the stars from heaven!

Consequently, in our prognostications as to the effect of the European war upon our national life we must take into account, first, that when it is over we shall be called upon to take our stand against the veteran legions of an invading host, armed to the teeth, and that we shall be unprepared. The result will be that some of the initial effects on American life will be a large amount of American death, and the American death rate will be in exact proportion to our defenselessness. Large areas of our country will be overrun and they will have to be ransomed by rivers of blood and tons of gold.

Many of the young men who read this article will help supply the blood, and wives, sisters, sweethearts will be compelled to play genial hostess to the invaders within their homes.

None but the brave deserves the fair, and the favors of fair women are a large part of war's plunder. American wives, sisters, sweethearts, willy nilly, will mother thousands of war babies, whose fathers have slain the male members of the family and taken possession of the home.

The attack may come from the east, and it may come from the west. The dogs of war, mad with the mangling of one another in the present great struggle, with their fanged mouths flecked with blood and foam, will not be long held in leash.

If the blow be struck upon the Atlantic seaboard, most of our factories where our munitions of war are made will immediately be captured by the enemy, and we shall find ourselves far less able thereafter to prepare to repel the invader than will be the enemy to hold his position within our gates, operating our own factories with American workmen.

We shall have to weigh out the gold as the citizens of Rome weighed it out to Brennus, the Gothic chieftain, to withdraw his barbarian horde, and our conquerors will throw the sword into the scales as he did, with the same remark, "Woe to the vanquished." The sword is always weighed with the gold of ransom, and there will be no American Camillus to say nay to the procedure, and redeem the country with the sword. We shall have to pay the ransom, and it will be a big one.

If we could only have the foreknowledge that we are doomed to pay it, and that the price will run into the billions, we would not begrudge the expenditure of the few hundred millions which would be necessary to pay the premium of national insurance by military preparedness. A tenth part of what it is going to cost to ransom us would be amply adequate so to prepare us against an invasion that no foreign foe would dare to attack us.

Therefore, the chief effect on American life will be the result of the invasion which will follow the present war. The theft of our gold will teach us to lock our doors.

I know that many will think that I am overdrawing the picture. I do not think that I am. If the picture does not have the effect to rouse every reader of this article to a proper sense of our needs, then I have failed to paint the picture dark enough. The reader can judge of the sufficiency of what I say by the extent of his own conviction that I am right.

DURING the past quarter of a century we have been told by the pacifists that old Mars was in his dotage, and was declining rapidly, and that he would soon pass out. But they deceived us. We know it now. Never before in the history of the world has the God of War been so strong-armed and so fearful a fighter.

The pacifists have, for the past quarter of a century, assured us that human nature has improved so much under the beneficent influence of modern institutions and modern civilization, and that international brotherhood had become so dominant, that the last great war of the world had been fought.

The pacifists have assured us that even should a general European war come, the belligerents would meet and fight one another in a brotherly way, with pity and tenderness in their hearts, and that they would do the thing gently, with tear-streaming eyes and upwellings of over-soul in their being.

But nothing of the sort has happened. On the con-

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trary, things have happened of such cruelty as to make the shade of old Attila grow green with envy and the fossil part of him turn in his grave.

We have learned that all of our veneer of civilization and brotherly sentimentality is instantly ripped off by the edge of the sword as soon as war is declared. We have learned that for all practical purposes human nature is constant—that the human nature of today is the same that it always has been—the same that it was in ancient Rome, ancient Persia, ancient Egypt. It is the same that went down under the sea with prehistoric Atlantis, and the human nature of ten thousand years hence will be essentially the same as the human nature of today. It is a human nature that has written every page of history in blood.



THE DESTRUCTION OF MADISON SQUARE

"We shall be called upon to take our stand against the veteran legions of an invading host."

It is strange how many of the last wars of the world have been fought during the past twenty-five years. And yet the pacifists assure us that the present great war is verily the last, and after this the millennium.

Nothing can daunt their sanguine hope. If facts do not bear out their predictions they blame the facts and not their own lack of foresight.

Such teachings are harmful. The hare may run from a thousand false alarms to every one that is real, but it is the thousand false alarms that keep him so alert, vigilant and so prepared that he is able to save himself when real danger comes.

If I am an alarmist, so be it. It cannot do much harm. A thousand alarmists like myself could not do the harm that a single pacifist can do.

AFTER our ransom the people of this country will have learned a very useful lesson. It will be a most costly lesson—a lesson of very sad experience—the lesson that a wealthy and populous nation must be prepared to defend itself in proportion to its wealth and population.

A wise man has said, "Experience is a hard school, but dunces will learn at no other."

The American people at the present time are dunces on the subject of national defense. The pacifists have made them believe falsely. The people cannot help it. They are not to be blamed for it, nevertheless they will have to pay for it.

By our great humbling and our ransom the American people will be taught that war is not of necessity an intrinsically bad thing any more than fire is of necessity an intrinsically bad thing; that war must be qualified by an adjective before it can have either a good or a bad meaning. They will then know that there are good wars as well as bad wars—that a war of defense against bad warring is good warfare.

War, like fire, is both a very good servant and a very bad master; like the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead, when war is good it is very, very good, and when it is bad it is horrid

In fact, old Mars, the god of war, has a dual personality. There are two kinds of him—the one a Dr. Jekyll, and the other a Mr. Hyde. When Mars is Mr. Hyde, he is a war demon. He deliberately plans wars of aggression, conquest and plunder, and arms and equips himself and trains his men for that purpose. In times of peace he sends spies into the territory of a friendly people to find out all about their plans and ability to defend themselves, and to find vantage points of weakness. His spies survey the country and get accurate information about topography, localities and distances, the character of the roads, the width and depth of streams, commanding positions for mounting howitzers and field artillery. Worst of all, the emissaries of the old war demon find out those who possess pacifist propensities, the peace-at-any-pricers, laudation lovers, and lead them out into the limelight and work with them with open money-bags and eloquent tongues in their peace propagandas.

THE bad Mars realizes that every gun and every fighting ship and every pound of gunpowder that he can prevent being made, and every soldier that he can prevent being enlisted, saves him the exact equivalent in his own preparation for war.

In the face of the bad Mars posing as a pacifist there is a cave of the winds who loads the air with eloquence from platform and pulpit throughout the land. He is cheered to the echo, and his women hearers shed tears

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of sympathy when he pictures the horrors of war, which he claims that he is trying to avert, but which, as a matter of fact, he is doing everything in his power to bring down upon them.

After the war comes his mask of hypocrisy is thrown aside, and he stands, stark in his satanic majesty. He no longer pretends to pour oil upon the troubled waters; he pours chlorine upon the troubled wind, or shoots bombs charged with life-extinguishing fumes, and the dear ladies, who contributed their coin and their tears when they were his auditors, shed rivers of tears for their own woes, and they contribute their virtue, most unwillingly, but most generously, to a savage soldiery, and many of them become camp-following harlots.

YOUNG Americans led prisoners through the enemy's lines will, when we are invaded, find sisters, sweethearts, wives, with virtue gone, exposed as merchandise on the market for any old thing, from a glass of beer to ten shillings.

All this has actually happened in Belgium, and it is going to happen to the people of this country unless we adequately prepare, and we are not likely to do that.

When the god of war is Dr. Jekyll, he is the physician of war. Before war comes, he tells the people that the hot air emitted by the pacifists is laden with the pestilence of war, and that they must quarantine against it as they do against any pestilence. He tells them that they must insure against the fires of war just as they insure against any other fire. He tells them that they must fortify themselves with military hygiene to forfend themselves against war, just as they must forfend themselves with hygiene against susceptibility to disease. He tries to instil into their minds the knowledge that a rich and populous nation which is defenseless is a transgression against the laws of man and God, and that the way of such a transgressor is very, very hard indeed.

But his warnings are unavailing; his words fall on deaf ears.

After war comes we find the good Mars, who is Dr. Jekyll, in the hospital, working for the wounded till he falls of weariness; we find him, with a red cross upon his arm, on the battlefield, facing death with the soldiers to save all the lives he can. Dr. Mars the good fights only in self-defense, and then he fights hard. He never kills for conquest, never for plunder, but only and always as a savior of somebody or something.

Albert the Great, Albert the Noble, King of the Belgians, is a good Martian. His battles have all been fought for the good Mars.

When this country is invaded, our destiny will be in the hands of the good Mars. He will be the only physician who can give us hope of cure for our ills. He will prescribe large doses of gunpowder, numerous pills in the shape of bullets; he will prescribe lots of blood-letting, but it will be too late for him to save us from our great humbling. The proud head of Uncle Sam must be bowed to the dirt, for there alone can he find the needed wisdom. He cannot be induced to prepare adequately to defend himself until after that has happened.

We Americans must put on sackcloth ashed in the embers of our burning homes before we can find wisdom, and we must pay the great ransom in blood and gold. After our humbling, and after our ransom, American life will still be in the hands of the good physician, Dr. Jekyll Mars.

Then we shall listen to our Doctor. We shall take his advice and his medicine; we shall convalesce, and after a while we shall be strong, and very strong. Uncle Sam will become an athlete of Samson strength. His liver will be no longer white. Milk and water will no longer be good enough for him. He will eat a man's food and drink a man's drink.

One of his first acts will be to scuttle the *Piffle* and send her down to Davey Jones' locker. In recent years Uncle Sam has not had in his veins red blood enough to blush for shame even when Old Glory has been used as a doormat. The American Eagle is laughed at as a joke.

But some day he will have the red blood for blushes, and the willing blood to spill, if need be, to defend his property, his home and his female folks from violation. Then he will have the sense and the sand to walk in the middle of the road of righteousness and make his path straight. He will wear guns in his belt, and while he will not use the hair trigger, he will yet be quick on the trigger. No one again will be able to get the drop on him.

After the war of invasion is over, the old American Eagle, phenix-like, will creep out of the ashes of our desolation, shed her pacifist feathers, and will thereafter wear beak and talons in keeping with her scream.

Lest we forget, in this trying time of war, what we ought not to forget, let us charge our minds anew with good sense and the great truth that while there are bad men and bad women, and bad combinations of men and of women in every country, yet no great people is ever bad.

Let us remember that the great breach in international fellowship made by the present war must some day be closed. Let us try to keep it from getting too wide, and let us Americans remember that Uncle Sam is Englishman and German, Frenchman and Austrian, Italian and Russian.

IMPRESSIONS

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

THE THEATRE CROWD

Oblivion or life? Both youth and age
  Pass brilliant-eyed within the playhouse door;
  And from it turn with echoed laughter; or
In pensive mood, if life had crossed the stage.

A STREET CROSSING

Like hunted game, now darting here, now there,
  They cross in haste the traffic-glutted street;
  Amidst the maze of cars and cabs their feet
Go pitter-patter, hasting ever—where?

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WHAT THE HIGHBROW WILL WEAR

BY BONE ASHE

(Edited by Oliver Herford)



Notty lounge suit —in two or more pieces.



For evening wear. Note extreme length of onkle fray—and luster of knees.



Note ventilation operture at instep.



Note extreme width of collar, permitting free access of towel to neck.



Sporty sporting shoe.



Nobby five-button top coat. A note of originality is supplied by pendant thread motif in place of sixth button.



Suitable for guest or waiter ot social function. Cost of hire will be furnished to subscribers on opplicotion.

Everyone who wants to be anyone at all must have some idea of dress befitting the station of life in which Providence (or his bank account) has seen fit to place him.

What then of the Highbrow? Is not the depth of his trouser-fringe, the bag of his knee, the width of his collar-fray, just as important to him as the number of pleats in his shirt bosom to the *Parvenu*, or the color of his necktie to the Angora Poet?



The openwork sock.



Evening vest— with exclusive egg pattern.



The Hyphen Combinotion underwear and night dress.



The "Dickey" may be worn over sweoter or pajamas for evening dress.



For afternoon wear. Note kitten effect of knap.

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THE CASE FOR INTERMARRIAGE

BY ARMAND SCHREIBER

In any discussion of the future of the Jews, the question of intermarriage must play an important part. Our views have been expressed, and will be expressed again in the forthcoming series on schools and colleges. Meantime, we are glad to print this energetic plea for intermarriage.

SOMEHOW Christ's alleged curse of the Jew for his irreverent scoffing seems to me very real and very cruel. As if to be a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth were not enough, the Jew was condemned to live forever. The punishment is more cruel than it appears on the face of it; for it is a well-established fact today that nature had decreed the death of the individual as well as the nation for their own good. So, when in view of that fact, the Jew, instead of trying to ineffectuate that curse, is working with all his might and main to preserve it, one is inclined to conjure Frederick the Great out of the realms of the shades and urge him to crack his whip and repeat his famous scolding with which he ordered his grenadiers to face the withering fire, "Ihr Lumpen wollt Ihr den ewig leben."

Lumpen (vagabonds) is a very apt term for describing those who are possessed with the selfish desire to live forever. Instinctively we are all vagabonds; we all fight bitterly to stave off the end that brings in its train dissolution, and then, through an endless mixture, the rebirth of a stronger, healthier, better individual is effected. It seems to the writer that the devouring of the mythological mother by her children is but a parabolic description of the fate that awaits us all. For the elements that go towards our making are needed to feed the next generation, and it is but through dissolution that nature can accomplish her task. For a race to live forever is an attempt to interfere with nature's set purpose; it is vagabondage, and the punishment meted out to the offender is a constant whipping at the pillory; very much like the one Frederick the Great administered to his cowering grenadiers.

The history of the Jewish people amply proves that a tendency for an eternal life carries with it a retribution that is hardly commensurate with the doubtful honors of being called an ancient people. For what did we gain? We have become a weary, footsore wanderer on the face of the earth. No nation, no matter how well we serve her, wants us. At one time in our history we stood on the crossroads and then we have elected to live forever. In order to accomplish this we had to keep separate from our neighbors, and thus we were the real creators of all the Jewish disabilities; the ghetto, the Jewish gabardine, the special oath, were but outside signs of a condition of our own making. We have elected to live forever: our eyes were turned east, hoping to reach our ancient home so called, and thus we were strangers by our own admission, and therefore the oppressive toleration taxes. We have elected to live forever: we were waiting for the call of the Messiah who would lead us back to the country of our very remote ancestors; what then were we but guests who have abused the hospitality of the various Gentile nations? And then came the crowning catastrophe in our lives: we were denied the ennobling privilege of loving our own country; our neighbors, with whom we had everything in common, accused us of being traitors, scheming for the downfall of our own, real, and only native hearth.

And all this suffering was to no purpose. Since the second destruction of the Temple at no time were we really anxious to return to that home, which, I believe for own good, ceased to be our home. We are essentially a European people; our cradles were rocked in the same regions where the Aryan race was born. The fact that in the itinerary from our birthplace we made a stopover in Asia does not make us Oriental; for we arrived in Europe closely upon the heels of the Aryans. There we lived for over two thousand years, and during this time, suffering terrible persecution, humiliating abuse, degrading restrictions, we never made a serious attempt at regaining our "country," though opportunities were not lacking.

What the Zionist movement now claims to itself is to create a new state and thus relieve the sufferings of the persecuted Jews. Why are the Jews, after so many centuries, still persecuted? Let us be frank. Nobody seriously contends that Anti-Semitism is religious intolerance; it is purely a racial animosity. And when accounting for the racial animosity it will never do to raise the finger of scorn and point out the Gentile as the only cause for our suffering. This would be but a very simple device of hiding our own guilt. Though I do not for one moment admit that the absurd charges of the Anti-Semitic propaganda are true, yet I freely concede our guilt to the extent that living among Gentile nations, we, on the theory of being the chosen people, the Simon Pure people, have scrupulously kept up our isolation. Of course our separateness had been imposed upon us by the powers that were, but not before we were given the choice, and we choose to chant every Attonement Day, "Next year in Jerusalem."

BUT this separate existence of the Jews among the Gentiles, enforced upon us at first by the laws, and at present by prejudice on both sides, had become intolerable. Although the legislative barriers, like the ghetto, has been outlawed, to all intents and purposes they are still with us. In order to remove the extremely irritating conditions, the Jew has resorted to dishonorable means. He has become notorious for denying his race; the conversion of a Jew is looked upon as an imposition, and it is seldom, if ever, a matter of conviction. The Jew has been casting slurs upon his coreligionists, in order to curry favor with the Gentiles, this being a very unpleasant feature in the upstarts of the race.

Even the most ardent Zionist doubts the possibility of persuading even a respectable minority of the Jews to return to their ancient home. In what way then would the creation of Zion mitigate the evils complained of? Those that would remain would still be strangers in the midst of their neighbors. To point out the Irish, the Slavs, the Italians as suffering no social disabilities because they have a country of their own, is a mistake. These people, save for sporadic cases of religious bigotry, freely intermarry and are practically of one race, while with the Jew, even where there is no religious objection, there is the ineradicable racial antipathy.

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However, the prospect of creating a Jewish state in Palestine is very small indeed. The Jews, when a nation, were never great as state organizers, were never great as warriors, were never great as economists; and these are the props upon which a modern state rests. What justification is there, then, for Zion? The only justification for a separate existence that I can see would be a demonstration of the evils attendant upon an everlasting life. But if that is our historic mission today, it would seem that we had better stay among the nations, so that the demonstration should be more accessible to those in need of it.

Of course, I willingly concede that if our Jewish capitalists would pool their expenditures in philantrophy they could buy the barren lands of Palestine, and as a good measure they could buy even independence, whatever such an independence would be worth. They could go even further: they could have that independence guaranteed by the European powers, who would be thus relieved of the very troublesome and impossible task of getting rid of their Jewish subjects. But the glory that would await Zion would hardly be worth the expense. The best they could hope for would be a putrified state like Egypt, Morocco, Abyssinia, the people of which are all descendants of ancient peoples. In that case what would save Zion from becoming a football in the hands of the strong European powers? Not their ability, or their numerical strength to resist, nor the debt that Christianity owes to Judaism. For the Christian nations are very bad payers, as Egypt, to whom Christianity owes quite a great deal, proves.

Even if guaranteed our independence, who can tell that Zion might not become a Belgium-like obstacle to Germany's onward rush toward the Persian gulf; who can tell that Russia's hold on Constantinople might not depend upon an extension of her sphere of influence over Palestine? In that case the future battles of the nations will be fought over and in Palestine. And, judging by the experience of Belgium and Poland, to be a war-ravaged country is not an enviable position. History may repeat itself, we may experience another destruction of the Temple, we may again be scattered all over the world, and begin anew the agonies of the centuries.

Why the Zionist movement now, when again we stand on the crossroads? In the humble opinion of the writer, the movement, being another manifestation of the age-long instinct to live forever, ought to call forth Frederick the Great's historic reprobation. There is no real need for our living forever, we have no special message to deliver to the nations, showing them a happier, truer, better way to solve the problems confronting them. The Bible tells us we were a chosen people; we were God's first born; we were selected to proclaim to the nations the message, "Hear oh Israel the God our Lord is the only God." The nations, with more or less modifications, accepted our teachings; they have made the message their own; and now, after work well performed, a rest is not only due to us, but, in justice to other nations, it is our duty to take it. Yet we cling desperately to the world stage, notwithstanding that such actors as Athens, Rome, ancient Babylon, Assyria, Carthage, who also had great messages to deliver, had long ago made room for younger nations, so that they may tell of their experiences and add all to humanity's store of knowledge.

Is it worth while to face dangers and travail for the possible glory of creating a state like Egypt, Greece, Abyssinia? It may be argued that these states have lost their historic continuity, while the Jews are still tenaciously clinging to their ancient ideals. In proof of this assertion it may be cited that Judaism has produced many geniuses. However, I am inclined to believe that in producing the Jewish geniuses, the countries in which they were born not only share in the honors but carry away the better part of them. Russia, with the largest Jewish population, has not produced as many Jewish geniuses as Germany with a comparatively small Jewish population. But aside from that, your imagination must be strained to the breaking point to picture a Disreali within the narrow limits of Zion. Heine in his tastes, in his ideals, in his yearnings, in his choice, was essentially German. There is nothing of the gloomy Orientalism in Mendelssohn's spring song, or his wedding march. Offenbach's music pulsates with the French joy of living, and you are at a loss to trace any Jewish antecedents. Marx's philosophy, embracing all humanity, is entirely out of harmony with the provincialism of traditional Judaism. And the student, searching Judaism in the works of Bergson, Schnitzler, Brandes, Lombroso, Spinoza, and even Max Nordau, is put to an impossible task.

NO ONE believes that the Jews should remain a separate people and create a new state because they are a chosen people and a special fate awaits them. And if there be one who is actuated by that crude and childish belief, it ought to be discountenanced for the sake of the Jews. We were no more chosen than other people. We may have originated the one God theory, and it might be a considerable service to humanity, but no less deserving were other nations in the service of humanity. Rome created a model state organization, Athens taught the love of the beautiful, Phenicia gave commerce to the nations; Egypt, Babylonia laid the foundation upon which the civilizing nations build their monuments. It cannot be seriously contended that humanity could have done quite as well without the contributions of these nations.

And what has been the fate of these great teaching nations? Egypt is still living, but what a pigmy has the towering mountain born. Greece is an endless mixture of Slavs, and even so the Greeks of today are by no means worthy descendants of their great forbears. Rome died, but she lives a glorious life in her offspring. She has sacrificed herself for the sake of her children, and her children by devouring her have grown strong, beautiful, generous. She has created medieval Venice, Genoa, Florence, and through them she has given to the world the Renaissance; she has created France, and through her she has made a good beginning in the reign of justice and continued the Renaissance of Italy; she has shaped the destinies of England, and with her she has planted in the human breast the love of liberty. She has contributed towards the making of Germany, and on the latter's blood-soaked battlefields she helped the reformation in religion and liberty of conscience blossom forth. Is not Rome's career more glorious, more enviable, more beautiful than the career of Judaism? Would not humanity be a great loser had Rome elected to remain a homeless, despised, footsore wanderer on the face of the earth?

Again we are on the crossroads. What does the future holds for us? Are we to perpetrate our clannishness, or are we to enrich the world as Rome did? The growth of intermarriages would prove that the end is in sight.

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YPRES

Etched for HARPER'S WEEKLY *by J. Paul Verrees. Mr. Verrees made the etching shortly after his recovery from a wound received in defense of the town.*

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THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

"Every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it."—Cartlett's Unfamiliar Quotations.

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"JUST FOR A RIBAND—"

BY HENRY GROFF DODGE

"IN THE name of the President of the Republic, and by virtue of the powers conferred upon me, I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

There is magic in these words. They sound cold enough in print, it is true, but if you have heard them ring out before the waiting line of heroes stiffened to attention, while the stone-arched arcade of the Invalides still echo with the roll of the announcing drums, and have seen the proud smile and misty eyes of the little private as his general fastens the cross to his tunic, and have felt the religious hush of the spectators massed about you, you will realize their magic. Every man and woman who hears them goes away a greater patriot than before. The little private, as he feels the sword touch his shoulders and returns the clasp of his general's hand, almost forgets the empty sleeve at his side, or the crippled leg, and is happy. He forgets the mud and monotony of the trenches, the inferno of the artillery duel and the agony of the jolting ambulance, and only remembers that he has honored his country, as his country is honoring him, and that he is wearing the Cross of the Legion. The French soldier really feels this. To him, the ribbon and the gratitude of his country go a long way towards compensating him for the price he has paid.

The ceremony of conferring the decoration, in the courtyard of the Hôtel des Invalides, is worth going all the way to Paris to see. Its pathos, its superb picture of loyalty and pride, will be kept alive in the memory, long after one has forgotten greater events.

The huge stone-paved court was flooded with autumn sunshine and on all four sides the arcades and the galleries overlooking the court were packed with people, a crowd thrilled into silence by the scene. There were old men, many soldiers, and many, many women. Around the edge of the court stretched a hollow square of troops, three deep, motionless in their blue-gray uniforms, presenting arms. At one end, the drums corps and the buglers, and, a little apart, the flag with its guard. "*Honneur et Patrie*" was emblazoned on its folds and on the heart of every one who bared his head as the colors were raised.

Within the hollow square, at one end of the court, were two captured German Taubes, their wings riddled with bullet-holes, and in front of them a group of famous "75's". These guns, after having gone through all that heartbreaking retreat from Belgium, had turned at the Marne, and thundered forth their message which told the invaders that they could come no farther. They will never be fired again. Their carriages are wrecked and their barrels spattered with bullet marks, and the sheathing of one of them is almost ripped away. They find their last resting place here on the spot where so much of France's glory is celebrated, and which still houses the living veterans of other wars. And on the most



"Some on crutches, some with empty sleeves, many in wheel chairs"— "Honneur et Patrie!"

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mutilated of them hangs a sign which says, "*Un de nos glorieuses mutiles*"—"One of our glorious cripples." Paris loves that gun as she loves her soldiers.

BUT the troops, the crowds, and these heroic relics were only a background. In the centre of the court was the picture we had come to see. Some on crutches, some with empty sleeves, many in wheel chairs, some even lying on stretchers, and but a pitiful few erect and unwounded, a hundred soldiers were drawn up before General Galopin and his staff. There were Parisians, Bretons, and men of the Midi. There were baggy-trousered Zouaves, Hussars in their pale blue, artillerymen and infantrymen of the line. There were privates and officers up to the rank of colonel. There were two who wore the arm band of the Red Cross, and one of these was a priest in his cassock.

I had seen soldiers enough in the last year—smiling soldiers marching away, in clean uniforms, with flowers in the barrels of their rifles, and wounded soldiers suffering the agonies of gas gangrene in the hospitals. I had seen dead soldiers huddled behind haystacks and sprawling in ditches on the sodden, rain-soaked fields of the Ourcq and the Marne, and boyish, laughing soldiers, home on a fourlough, kissing their sweethearts openly, before an indulgent and understanding public, in the Tuileries Gardens. But this was something new. These were more than soldiers. I found myself saying, "Why, these are all heroes, and have suffered for it." Of course, thousands had suffered just as cruelly, but that did not detract from the fact that almost every man in this particularly glorious hundred was suffering for his exceptional heroism. Have you ever seen a hundred men together each of whom had done something especially heroic? Not simply the risking of their lives for their country, but something signally and unbelievably brave? Have you ever felt what I felt as I watched them? If you have not, be assured that it was something to see and something to feel.

THERE they waited to be received into the Legion of Honor, almost within the shadow of the dome under which the ashes of the first Napoleon rest,—their Little Corporal, who himself founded the Legion, and made the Tricolor which they were serving a flag to follow and to love; and over beyond the roofs towards the west reaching up into the blue Parisian sky, was the lacy spire of the Eiffel Tower, with the Tricolor whipping in the breeze from its summit, as if put there for this particular observance, in honor of these hundred men. My neighbor in the crowd, an old man, saw me looking at it, and pointed out over the roofs. "It will always be that high, monsieur," he said, "as long as we breed men like these."

"In the name of the President of the Republic, and by virtue of the powers vested in me, I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

The general had advanced, and was pinning the cross to the tunic of the first man in line, a colonel of dragoons. The drums rolled and the bugles spoke with the stirring notes of the call that marks the creation of a new Légionnaire. The candidate's shoulders were lightly touched with the sword and the general grasped his hand as he gave the *accolade*, the kiss on both cheeks which is so integral a part of the ceremony to the Frenchman, and so scoffed at by us. Then he passed on to the next in line while the colonel's shoulders went back and his head went up, as he tried to look straight ahead as the manual required, instead of down at his breast where the cross glittered.

Before each decoration was given, a staff officer read aloud the particulars of the act that had earned it. This one had been cited in the order of the day of his regiment for bringing in a wounded comrade under fire. That one had held a position with a machine gun after all the others of his squad had been killed. Another had been cited in the order of the day by the division commander for conspicuous bravery, a coveted honor; and so on down the list. The names, the individual acts of bravery, seemed not to matter—to be lost in the whole. What we were looking at, and what was impressing us, was heroism in the mass, and the realization that men without an arm or without a leg were being compensated by a bit of ribbon and enamel.

The throng around me under the arcades did not cheer, but a wave of hand-clapping would greet each man as he received his cross. It was not an enthusiastic crowd, but one of whose intensity of feeling you were very conscious. Every one of them was feeling a distinct thrill Every one was a little uplifted by patriotism, even though most of them had soldiers of their own, fighting in the trenches, or perhaps buried in other trenches in the rear.

FINALLY, as the general passed down the line, he came to a little *fantassin*, a mere boy, surely not over twenty years old. He had lost both legs at the knee, and was in a wheel chair. There was not a sound from the thousands who watched, but as the ribbon was pinned to the poor grimy tunic, every civilian in that crowd lifted his hat and every soldier stood at salute. And then there happened a thing which made the pathos of all that had gone before seem stale and unmeaning. Not far from me, at the balustrade of the balcony, stood a soldier, a middle-aged reservist, beside a woman. As the hats were lifted and the hands raised to the salute, the woman stepped closer to her soldier's side, took off his ragged cap and raised it over his head. His shoulders squared and his head went up, but he did not salute. And then I saw that both sleeves were empty. And he had no decoration. He was just a casualty.

"I NAME you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor." It is not always before a thrilled public, with a background of troops and glittering bayonets, and with an accompaniment of drum and bugle, that you hear the magic of these words. You hear them spoken in the hospitals with no martial music and no guard of honor, as the commanding officer with his staff, passes down the row of white beds, and, pausing before one, whispers the healing formula to a poor torn body, swathed in bandages. The dim, suffering eyes light up and fix themselves upon the face that is bending over, and I do not doubt but that pain is eased and even death made more bearable. There are few in the escort of officers and doctors and nurses who do not feel the solemnity and beauty of the ceremony, and not all of them are dry-eyed. And as the staff move slowly and reverently out of the ward in silence, the face on the pillow looks less anguished and more resigned to enter, if need be, the ranks of that greater Legion of the God of Battles. The tired eyes close again and the soldier smiles as a thin hand reaches for the place where the cross is pinned to the coverlet, and you see that another debt has been paid and another loss compensated.

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HITS ON THE STAGE



THE RETURN OF PETER PAN

WITH a fine sense of the dramatic, Peter Pan returned to New York just four days before Christmas. Peter would have been welcome at any season of the year, but coming as a sort of concrete Santa Claus he seemed doubly so. With its characters chiefly children the play has a Christmas tang to it.

One of the few happy stage combinations is that one which links Miss Maud Adams and Sir James Barrie. Considering the way things go, in the theatrical contract line, it is remarkable that Peter Pan is not being played by Miss Ethel Barrymore or Miss May Irwin. Maud Adams expresses Barrie's spirit better than any other actress in this country. Consequently, it is a wonder that she is not in musical comedy. There are few triumphs on the American stage so complete as her productions of J. M. Barrie comedies. The depressing fact that *Peter Pan* was to stay "for three weeks only," was atoned for by the announcement that Miss Adams would go on with *The Little Minister* and other Barrie plays.

"Charm" is a dead word. People have long since kicked the life out of it. But "charm" is the only word for *Peter Pan*. "Grown-ups," the press agent will tell you, "enjoy the play as much as children." And why? Not because there is anything dramatic about it. Not because it solves any underworld problems. Not because it rises to great heights. But just because it is charming. There are people who will go on until doomsday trying to explain the moral lesson that *Peter Pan* teaches. Thank Heaven it can't be done!

CATERING TO THE INFANT

"IT IS only the big men who can be treated as children." So says Bernard Shaw in *Major Barbara*, which Miss Grace George is producing at the Playhouse. Sir James Barrie must be unduly optimistic. At any rate, he practises what Shaw preaches.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES

CHIN CHIN has departed. After a remarkable run it leaves New York for fresh fields, chiefly around Boston and Chicago. All that a musical comedy should be—clean, tuneful and entertaining—its departure is almost a tragedy. From now on the Globe Theatre will be given over to Mlle. Gaby Deslys.

DRAMA A LA CARTE

THE Théâtre Français—which has high aims and considerable success—produced four plays in the course of Christmas week. All of them were vigorously if not artistically presented. Our foreign theatres are always imbued with a good deal of agreeable enthusiasm, and in these war times it borders on patriotism. The French players are relentless. They tackle big jobs with vim and have given New York a number of excellent performances.

Of the four plays produced during Christmas week, *Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier* was the most interesting. Written by Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau, it has been a favorite in the repertory of the Parisian Théâtre Français for more than fifty years. It is one of the money-bags *vs.* titles group, and has been held up by a number of critics as "the model modern comedy of manners."

The younger Dumas' *Denise* has not so interesting a pedigree; but it gives a chance for sprightly acting. *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon* and *L'Abbe Constantin* were the other two plays on the Théâtre Français bill.

SUBTLE DISTINCTIONS

COMPARATIVELY speaking — and without attempting to assign a cause—the musical comedy seems to be losing its grip on New York. There are few attempts, and fewer successes. The "problem play" is on the wane, too. *The Eternal Magdalene* and *Common Clay* are the only Simon Pure survivors. In place of these erstwhile favorites we have a host of comedies and farces. On January first, over half of the current plays in New York belonged to one of these groups.

The comedy, compared with the farce, is supposed to have a certain dignity. Theoretically, a farce is distinguished from other comic composition by the slightness of its thought and its extravagant and ridiculous self-abandon. As a matter of fact, it is not always easy, by setting such a standard, to separate the sheep from the goats. *Hobson's Choice* and *Major Barbara* are unquestionably comedies; *Fair and Warmer* and *Lord Dundreary* are just as surely farces. But who is to determine whether *Rolling Stones* is comedy or farce? And *Abe and Mawruss?* And *Our Mrs. McChesney?* With laughter on the rise, a new field of debate is opened for the critic, amateur and professional.

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OVER A CEMETERY WALL

A group of Italian volunteer cyclists leave their machines and follow a band of Austrians. The marks which appear to be scratches are barbed wire.



LORD OF A SMALL DOMAIN

King Albert is walking on a strip of beach that is still left to Belgium. With him is General Jacques. The King has discarded his blue uniform for the khaki.



HOW MANY CANDLE POWER?

This huge searchlight is being used by the Germans in Flanders, for the purpose of directing their night fire.

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EVERYBODY'S ICE-BOAT

The skate sail, one of the most attractive developments of winter sport, is a good preparation for the man who aspires to get into the ice racing game some day with a more complicated equipment.

COLD WEATHER SAILING

BY HERBERT REED

WHO discovered the possibilities of combining a sail and a steel runner perhaps no one will ever know. Perhaps some youngster once spread out his overcoat and let the wind propel him at a time when the main idea was to skim the edge of a dam as closely as possible. Most sports are discovered or invented by youngsters, anyway. They get to be scientific later.

While evidence is lacking, there is more than mere rumor to the effect that the credit in this case belongs to a Hudson River youngster. Ice-yachting, it seems, is rather an older sport than one would imagine. In New Jersey the ice-boatsmen have already celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the sport, and along the Hudson it is said to date back to a period before the Civil War. To Mr. Herbert L. Stone, who has gone into the subject with particular care, I am indebted for the following statement by Mr. Archibald Rogers concerning the sport on the Hudson:

"The early yachts of the Hudson were constructed a good deal on the lumber-box order. They were heavy, hard-riding, and hard-headed, too; generally jib and mainsail in rig, the mast set up over the runner plank, and not some distance ahead, as prevails at present. They had short gaffs, long booms, moderate hoists, and big jibs. This stepping of the mast over the runner plank gave the boats a bad balance—that is, it brought the centre of effort too far aft, and also the weights; consequently the tendency in beating to windward was to luff, and this had to be avoided by keeping the boat's head off. The weight of the mast being far aft; also brought additional pressure on the rudder. All this unnecessary friction caused a proportionate loss in speed, especially to windward.

"This type of yacht reached its greatest development in *Icicle*, the largest ice-yacht ever constructed. She was built in 1869, and was improved and enlarged until she measured 68 feet, 11 inches in length, with sail-driving area of 1070 square feet. She was unquestionably the fastest in 1879 of any of the yachts on the river. It was not long, however, before an improved type of rig and construction made its appearance, and this was accomplished by stepping the mast about three and a half feet farther forward, or ahead of the runner plank. This necessitated shortening the jib, making it more of a balance-sail than before. Main booms, too, were cut off, and gaffs lengthened, bringing the sail more inboard, thus placing the centre of effort in more proper relation to the centre of resistance. Side rails and cockpits gave way to wire with adjustable turnbuckles, and small, elliptical boxes for the helmsmen."

Plainly to be seen the ice-boating is quite as technical a matter as any other sport and quite as deserving of careful study. The principal question that will be asked by the man who wants to "get aboard" doubtless will be, "Is it true that on an ice-boat one goes faster than the wind?"

The answer must be in the affirmative, although it hardly follows that an ice-boat will beat a gale. It is seldom that conditions are ideal even for short distances, albeit it is over these short stretches that the ice-boat has made its reputation. In the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie, in the old days, it was not unusual for an ice-boat to race with a railroad train either above or below the big bridge, with the result that the train was generally beaten. It is true that the train can still be beaten; but it must be remembered that conditions must be absolutely right.

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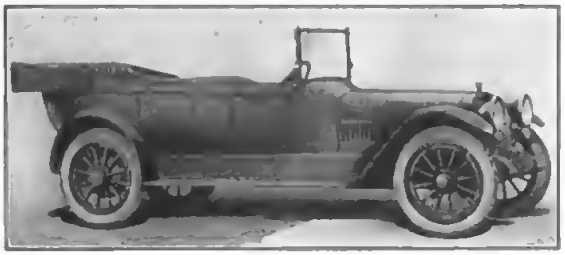
MOTOR CARS FOR 1916

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

You will find this department in every issue of *Harper's Weekly*. Write to Mr. Hilder for the answer to any question regarding motor cars, their accessories and their makers.

CONSIDERING the youth of the automobile industry, and the fact that today it ranks among the most gigantic in the world, it is not surprising that almost every season shows marked differences of opinion as to certain phases of design, and that a constant war is being waged between the experts.

A few years ago the issue at stake was the relative merit of the six as opposed to the four. Much ink was shed, and the question is still but partially decided. Last January saw the blossoming of the eights, followed in the summer by a twelve cylinder car. The season of 1916 ushered in by the exhibits at Grand Central Palace and the Hotel Astor, is rich in promise of a battle royal between the eights and twelves on the one hand and the sixes on the other; with the fours plodding along dispassionately, somewhat in the manner of noncombatants.

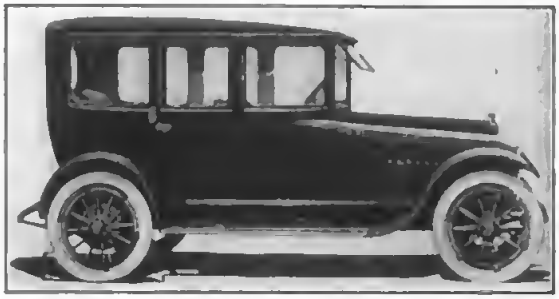


The new Winton—a balanced, conservative model.

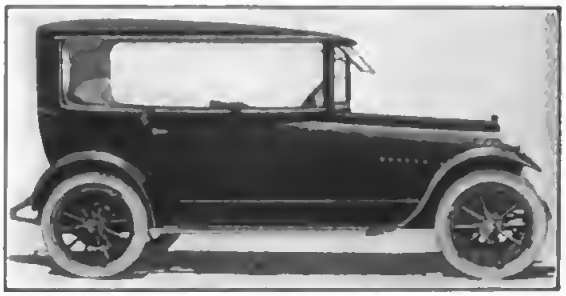
People who contemplate the early purchase of cars would undoubtedly like to know beforehand which variety of motor will prove the most satisfactory. Not being divinely gifted in the matter of clairvoyance, we are forced to join the little band of watchers who are seated on the fence. But there are certain things to be said regarding not only the twelve and the eights, but also the sixes and fours. For instance:

The four cylinder motor was a great advance over the single and double cylinder motors, because it produced a smoother application of power. Instead of one or two heavy explosions, followed by intervals of inertia, during which no power was being applied, the four cylinder motor gave milder explosions in quicker succession, thus reducing vibration to a large extent. Then came the six; first as big brother to the four, and later as a rival of the four, even for small car use. Makers of six cylinder cars claimed for them an increased smoothness, flexibility and power, and by delving scientifically into the problem of construction, were able to overcome the obstacles of weight and an added number of working parts. Sixes became the rule for a time and the fours were considered hopelessly out of it. But recently the four has regained a little of its old prestige, largely due to the influence of foreign engineers who have always believed in it.

If the theory on which the eights and twelves have been designed is logical, they should eventually prove



The Hudson Super Six Sedan—as a closed car.



The Hudson Sedan with windows and sashes lowered.



The Apperson chummy roadster enables the tonneau passengers almost to face each other.

better for pleasure cars than the motors with fewer cylinders. That theory seems to be that the multiplication of small cylinders gives a more even balance and still more reduces vibration and the strain of the explosions. But before buying an eight or a twelve there is this to be considered:

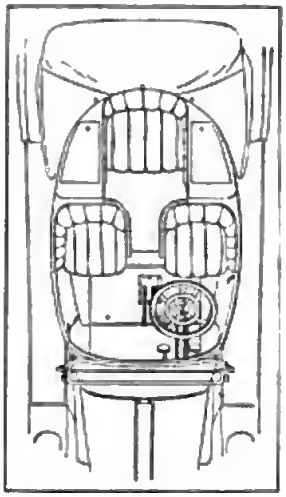
Four and six cylinder cars have been through long and exacting tests. They have been studied and refined and improved year after year. They are no longer experiments. Eights and twelves, on the other hand, are still in the experimental stage. That they have done remarkably well in the short time they have been on the market is not to be denied. But while one can get 76

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horsepower out of a highly developed light six, it may be well to wait watchfully until the multi-cylindered cars have survived their baptism of mud, bad roads, and chauffeurs.

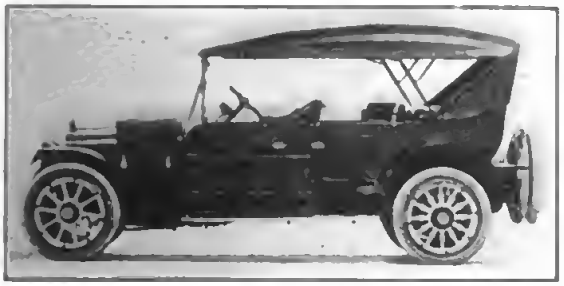
Though we advise caution in the choice of a motor, from the cylindrical view-point, we can unreservedly commend the newest form of body, to wit, the sedan.

This combination of touring car and limousine is one of the most practical inventions of the age. Two excellent views of such a body are shown on the opposite page. As you can see, the car may be entirely closed for use in bad weather, or it may be partly open. All one has to do is to remove the windows and their sashes. In this form the car may be used on long runs with little regard for what the heavens may pour forth, for it already has a roof, and the windows are easily replaceable. In summer, when the top is no longer a necessity, it may be completely removed in a few minutes, transforming the machine into a smart touring car. The sedan body is now to be found among the models of almost every make.



The ingenious plan of the Marmon 41 roadster.

During the past year there has been an increase in the number of cars featuring custom-made bodies. This may perhaps be explained in two ways. First, that the taste of the average motorist has ascended to a higher plane than that upon which it has navigated in the past; secondly, that the makers of motor cars have at last come to realize that their products offer unbounded possibilities to real artists. The aim of manufacturers nowadays is to impress purchasers with the pleasant thought that mechanical details need no longer be a source of worry. "Don't look on our car as a piece of machinery," they say. "Think of it rather as a migratory residence. The plumbing is perfect. All you have to do is to choose the wall paper and furniture." And the result is that we see better bodies everywhere.



Packard Twin Six, with special luggage equipment.



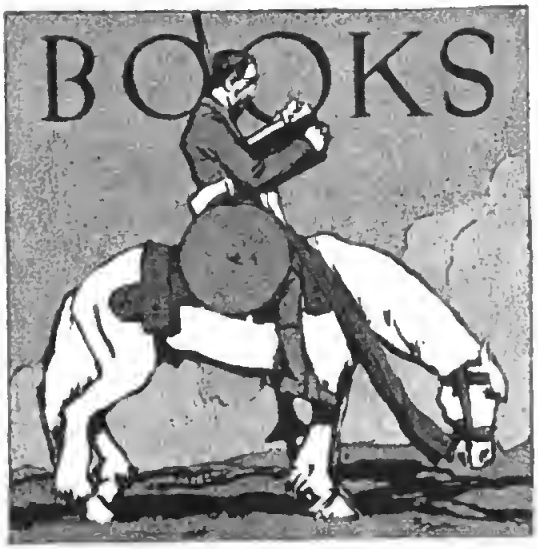
The luggage above, showing its capacity.

Another point of excellence in the trend of present day body building is the increasing elasticity of seating arrangements. It has taken an unconscionably long time for designers to break down the barrier between passengers in the tonneau and those on the front seat. Under the old régime the man at the wheel and the man next to him were virtually outcasts. This difficulty was solved about two years ago, with the advent of the divided front seat which provided a passageway leading from the tonneau into the driver's compartment. That was a step in the right direction. But even that did not alter the fact that the passengers were all compelled to sit facing one way. This year cars are being shown that offer opportunities for sociability. The roadster on the other page, for instance, has exaggerated corners on its rear seat, so that the passengers may sit almost facing each other. Another model of the same make presents a swivel front chair that enables its occupant even to turn his back on the driver if he feels so inclined. The phaeton-landaulet, of which a portion is pictured below, has folding seats that can be turned to face the road, or turned to face the rear of the car. This also is good. It all helps to free motor cars from the influence of the ancient horse-driven vehicles which has for so long dominated the minds of designers of motor bodies. If there had ever been a good reason for placing seats in a car in one particular way we should not wish to cavil. But after all there is no particularly good reason for making people face in any one direction. So long as the driver is held rigidly to his post, why not let the rest of the party sit in comfort on folding chairs round a table in the tonneau? If the scenery were below par they could then play bridge.



The extra seats in this Locomobile phaeton may be made to face in two directions.

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MANY of the major English novelists seem engaged in saying the same thing over and over. In *These Twain* Mr. Arnold Bennett says his say for the twentieth time—going by the list in the front of the book, and including only the novels. Counting the *Plays*, *Pocket Philosophies*, and *Miscellaneous*, it would be the thirty-seventh time.

As the list grows longer, Mr. Bennett's characteristic merits persist, but with each book his characteristic weaknesses become more apparent. It is the characteristic weaknesses which stand out in *These Twain*. Of what small things does Mr. Bennett seek to make his greatness! He is a sort of inverted Midas whose least touch makes the most solemn thing trivial. And his calm assurance, his journalistic trick of writing—how unbeautiful and commonplace they are, after the tactful art of, say, Joseph Conrad or John Galsworthy. He writes, and always has, with a sort of sophomoric glibness, a horrible knack of avoiding the obvious in the most obvious way. For him, a maid is a "natty, deferential wench," an ideal house, one "in which inexhaustible hot water was always positively steaming, so that if a succession of persons should capriciously desire hot baths in the cold middle of the night, their collective fancy might be satisfied"; a wife (Clayhanger's) one who had "fine wide nostrils and the delicate lobe of the ear, and that mouth that would startlingly fasten on him, and kiss the life out of him." The truth is that Mr. Bennett, instead of having mastered language, has been mastered by it.

These Twain settles the mystery about that queer woman, Hilda Lessways,—proves that there was no mystery at all, that she was merely a common, rather silly, rather catty woman. In his latest book she turns her attention to bullying Edwin Clayhanger, and the story is mostly a record of their rather pitiful squabbles. The last section is entitled "Equilibrium"—but it is the equilibrium of a tight-rope walker who has fallen to the ground. We leave them in the end, disillusioned, reconciled, perhaps, but still the same pair—I almost said, the same worthless pair.

Around this conjugal theme is woven the usual Five Towns atmosphere. What Mr. Bennett would be as a serious novelist without his Five Towns is difficult to say. Hypocrisy, provincialism, narrow-mindedness, stupidity, all the smallnesses of small people, are qualities in whose portrayal he revels and excels. No one could deny that his picture of life as lived in the Five Towns is depressingly real—and it is at its realest in *These Twain*. In that sense, perhaps, the book is remarkable, but in a larger sense, I think, it is only one more proof of Mr. Bennett's essential unimportance.

MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON has chosen as foundations for his latest story, Irish dialect, Irish poetry, and Irish superstition. The result is *The Passionate Crime*, a fearful and wonderful book, indeed. It is the story of a young man, Anthony Sorel by name, a poet and mystic, who takes a hut in the hills, where he proposes to live with nature and free his soul from the trammels of the flesh. There enters a wild young woman, a beautiful and lonely patrician of the neighborhood, who discovers in poor Anthony just the type of man she has always been looking for. She pursues him relentlessly. He falls madly in love with her, but, true to the traditions of all heroes of his type, feels that he cannot save his soul and his love both, and decides to escape her. Before he accomplishes this, however, either she or a fairy in her likeness, or some one else who was afterwards metamorphosed into her (I could not make out quite which), appears on his threshhold one wild night (the scene of the story is that portion of Ireland where every night is a wild one)—and he weakens and takes her in. In the morning he revenges his soul by stabbing the woman to death, and is shortly afterwards hung for murder.

Being too honest to criticize what I do not understand, I offer the summary.

THE first thing I happened to turn to, on opening *Beltane the Smith* was a lovely picture. It represented a young woman, clad in the flowing robes affected by heroines of the middle ages, sitting on a horse and gazing soulfully at a youth who leaned against a tree. The young woman, though drawn with rather a red nose, was obviously meant to represent the most ravishing type of medieval beauty, and as for the youth, he was just that perfect type which combines delicate, poetic features and the need for a size sixteen collar. Underneath the picture I read: "Now did she look at him, 'neath drooping lash, sweet-eyed and languorous." For all critical purposes I need have looked no further. With such a starter, any experienced reader can imagine the book for himself. Beauteous but haughty maiden, noble youth who is somebody's son all the time, wise and ancient hermit, wicked usurper, a profusion of "thou's," "thus's," "smote's," "waxed's" "whereupon's" etc. That is what he will imagine, and he will be quite right. I can only add that for that sort of a book, it is well done. . . . There are five hundred and seventy-two pages of it.

A MAJORITY of the writers of war books in these days have nothing to offer but sincerity. This is the case with Mr. Kipling's *France at War*. It is a passionately sincere book. The story of heroism in the trenches, of ruined cathedrals and dismantled homes, has been only too thoroughly told. As far as the war can be described by noncombatants, it has been. Wonderful and terrible writings of actual participants are yet to come.

BOOKS REVIEWED

THESE TWAIN — *By Arnold Bennett*
George H. Doran Company, New York — $1.50

THE PASSIONATE CRIME — *By E. Temple Thurston*
D. Appleton & Co., New York — $1.30

BELTANE THE SMITH — *By Jeffery Farnol*
Little, Brown & Co., Boston — $1.50

FRANCE AT WAR — *By Rudyard Kipling*
Doubleday, Page & Co., New York — $.50

JEWS "ADMISSIBLE"

AN EDITORIAL in the Hartford *Times* makes clear the excellent service Mr. Norman Hapgood is doing by his Jewish articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Mr. Hapgood, instead of indulging in the usual flub-dub where the Jews are concerned—and most Jews can reel off the typical pro-Jewish address delivered by visitors to Jewish gatherings,—instead of this Mr. Hapgood is taking stock of the Jews and their position in America. Thus he wants to get at the position of the Jews in colleges. Now The Hartford *Times*—being published near a university city—having facilities for knowing, tells us that the fraternity "barriers, however, seem to have been let down a good deal in the last few years."

We have never regarded the anti-Jewish prejudice of college fraternities as of importance; indeed, the fraternities have not been in the good graces of those who believe in democracy, but still it is good to know that in circles where privilege and snobbery are minor gods, the opposition to the Jews is weakening. It is the kind of straw showing that the wind is coming from a better quarter.

—*The Jewish Advocate.*



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125 Million Food Cells In that Grain of Wheat

Many sorts of food cells—about all we need.
But some valuable elements which we can't do without lie mostly in the outer coats.
That's why food experts advocate whole wheat.

Those food cells must be broken to digest.
That's why wheat is cooked or baked. And, to break more cells, you toast it.
But toasting, even, hardly breaks up half.

Now We Explode Them

That's the fault which Prof. A. P. Anderson corrected by steam-exploding wheat.
Each food cell, he found, holds a trifle of moisture. So he puts the wheat kernels in guns. Then revolves those guns for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. That converts all the moisture to steam.
The guns are then shot, and the steam explodes. Each food cell is blasted from within. Thus every element in every coat of the grain is fitted for easy, complete digestion.
Puffed Wheat is whole wheat. But, more than that, it is whole wheat made wholly available. That was never done before.

Puffed Wheat 12c
Puffed Rice 15c
(Except in Far West)
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

Puffed grains derive from the fearful heat a most fascinating taste. The puffing makes them bubbles, eight times normal size. The walls become thin and fragile, ready to melt in the mouth.
The grains are flaky bonbons—food confections—seemingly too dainty to be eaten by the bowlful. But they are only grain.
Serve them as your morning cereals. Serve them in your bowls of milk. Mix them with your fruit.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
(1155)

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TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE—

those who own motors and those who expect to—will be interested in the Harper's Weekly Motor Contest.

If you own a car, or if you expect soon to own one, look for the prize contest announcement in the next issue of Harper's Weekly, dated January 15th.

The New 1916 MOON Six-Thirty

$1195

$1195 buys more car quality this year than ever before—because the production of all parts has been so increased that manufacturing cost is decreased. Your money has a greater purchasing power than formerly—it will buy more equipment of the same quality, or the same equipment of better quality.

The 1916 Moon Six-30 sells for $1195. The $100 or $200 difference between this and the price of many other cars buys for you in completeness of equipment and high quality of materials a sum total much greater than is represented by this slight difference in price. This statement is supported by earnest *fact* and illustrated by these

Extra Quality Features

A BIG ROOMY SIX

Powerful new Continental-Moon Motor, six cylinder, 3¼x4½, cast en bloc with new type removable cylinder heads.

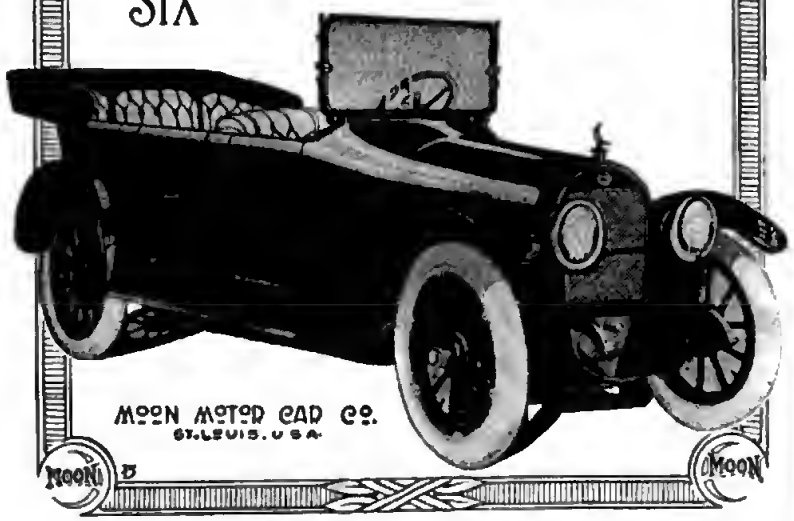
New 1916 Delco starting, lighting and ignition system—ammeter on dash.

And we haven't skimped on length—long and roomy—118-inch wheelbase.

Genuine tan Spanish leather. New cowes side body Stewart vacuum gasoline feed—gasoline tank on rear. Stewart speedometer. Silk mohair one-man type top.

See the Car

Our dealer in your town will gladly show and demonstrate it. Should there be no Moon dealer there, write us.



MOON MOTOR CAR CO.
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

BOOSTERS

BY J. L. SHERARD

THE boostiag habit finds its most congenial home in America. It has developed into a fine art or iato a deadly disease, the point of view depending oa whether some artistic maaipulator who feeds upon a diet of cast wiad has boosted dollars into your pocket or boosted them out. If you have been victimized, it is, of course, a disease to be elassed with typhus fever and the hubonic plague. If you have heen entered on the list of income tax payers as a result, you eannot be blamed for swelling your ehest aad speaking of it as the supreme accomplishment in human art.

There is ao middle ground in the art—or the disease—of boosting. It is either upward or downward. Perhaps it is nearer the truth to say that it is all upward—at first. A skyrocket goes up brilliantly enough, leaving a trail of glory in its wake, but it can't manage to stay up very long. The hrilliance fades all at oace, there is a spurt of hlue smoke, then the rocket turns tail aad comes scootiag to earth, leaving nothing but a lingering smell.

The harmful booster is a human skyrocket. He goes up in a blaze of glory and comes down with an expiring sigh like the dying gurgle of a discharging bathtuh. He springs up like the hoppergrass and is cut down like the peppergrass. He is a big man while he lasts, but when he quits lastiag he has about as many friends aad ndmirers as aa Armenian nt the sublime porte of the Sultan.

The true booster is like the lark—as long as he refraias from going on one. He rises with a soag on his lips, and when he goes up he stays up as loag as he wants. When he comes down, it is only for the purpose of giving fresh courage and iaspiration to weaker brethren before he takes another flight. He knows where to find solid earth, and he keeps one good eye on it while the other is looking up iato the sky.

Cities are built hy boosters who emulate the skylark rather than the skyrocket. Solid boosting is the modern architect and huilder of the city that ahides, but foolish hoosting is a hlast of evil wind that will cause the walls of any modern Jericho to fall in ruins.



Automobile Accessories Worth Knowing About

Trouble-Proof Tires for Doctors

The Woodworth Trouble-Proof Tires have a leather strip in them which makes them puncture-proof without making them at all stiff or hard riding. They are guaranteed against punctures or blow-outs for 5000 miles and on light machines they generally last 10,000 to 15,000 miles. Woodworth Trouble-Proof Tires are carefully hand made from the very best materials obtainable and will not only give trouble-proof service but will last so much longer that they are much cheaper to use than ordinary tires.

Send for our new booklet entitled "TROUBLE SAVERS FOR TIRE USERS."



Woodworth Tire Overshoes

A light weight tire covering, completely enclosing the tire, fastened to the rim. Made of leather that is absolutely water-proof and guaranteed not to stretch when wet. The Overshoes are finished on the inside with a special finish which makes them adhere to the tire, preventing friction and wear on the rubber. They are puncture-proof: protect the tires from all outside injury and road wear and do away with the bother of chains for wet and muddy roads. They are very low in price, and will save much more than their cost besides doing away with punctures and skidding.

Woodworth Overshoes are excellent for retreading and strengthening old tires or for protecting good tires on bad roads. They are also very valuable for use over spare tires on demountable rims, protecting them from the action of light and air and providing a non-skid tire that is quickly and easily applied



Easyon Chains

are individual chains fastened to the spokes with leather covered fasteners that do not injure the paint. The cross chains are of special design that do not cut or wear the rubber. If you carry EASYON CHAINS you can be sure you will not get stuck in any place where the car has power enough to drive it. Instead of wearing out your tires and chains by using them continuously in wet weather, you can run with bare tires and put the chains on after you find they are needed, thus saving a great deal of wear on the tires and chains. EASYON CHAINS are packed with a set of 8 in a bag, 4 for each rear wheel, enough to give traction on any roads.

Made in three sizes:—Size 3½ fits 3in. or 3½in. tires $2.60 per set
Size 4½ fits 4in. or 4½in. tires $3.50 per set.
Size 5½ fits 5in. or 5½in. tires $4.50 per set.

Sent express prepaid on receipt of price to any part of the U. S. or Canada with the understanding that if they are not satisfactory you may return them at our expense and we will refund the full amount paid.



No-Stretch, No-Slip Ford Fan Belt



The most satisfactory and most durable Ford fan belt on the market. Sold at very reasonable prices.

Spring Oiler Straps

Fit all makes of springs. Very easy to attach: unbreakable: very low in price. Woodworth Overshoes, Easyon Chains, No-Stretch, No-Slip Fan Belts and Spring Oilers will be sold by all the first-class dealers in automobile supplies in 1916.

Send for our 1916 *catalog telling about these and other goods that you will be glad to know about.*

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Protect Your Car!
and protect yourself. Keep your garage as warm as your home! No more shivering! No more numb hands. Order a
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Burns either natural or artificial gas. Insures your car against frozen radiator, etc. "REO" guaranteed safe. Explosion Feature Burner. Clean, modern and Fireless. Perfect vacuum absorbing safety. "REO" is 30 in. high, 16 in. wide. Connected ready. Connect all ready to put into your garage. Order now. You'll be glad you did.
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Send In Your Order
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Specializing on this low makes possible this offer of 3 DURO Guaranteed Shirts and handsome silk tie sent prepaid by parcel post on receipt of $2 bill, with name and address of 3 friends. Money back if not pleased.
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SNOBS

BY J. L. SHERARD

DID you ever start on a stroll of a fine morning, in the free and easy manner of a plain, decent American citizen, and meet one of those fellows who looked down on you with coldly arched eyebrows and then bit off a frozen word or two as he passed his greeting? You may have known him as intimately as one possibly could since you played together at the mud-pie stage of your childhood, and you know that his demeanor toward you is in no wise due to the drubbing you gave him that day down on the "crick" when he insulted you with some supercilious remark about your folks.

Since you've grown up and attained the age of partial discretion—no man ever reaches the full measure of it, as some wiseacres would have you believe—you've learned the plain, unvarnished truth. The poor fellow can no more change his manners or his opinion of others than a chameleon can regulate his hues. You feel more charitable to him on that account, although you can't help a sneaking disposition to take hold of him and shake him as a terrier does a rat.

Do you ever, in a moment of weakness induced by the applause of your friends for something unusual you have done, find yourself thinking that you are just a wee bit finer clay than other folks? Honestly now, do you? Well, if you have committed that deadly sin, you have set your foot in the path that leads straight to Snobland, and you'd better reverse the machinery of your common sense and take the back track as rapidly as you can before it is everlastingly too late.

Henry van Dyke has expressed the spirit of true Americanism when he said that "democracy means not that I am as good as you are, but that you are as good as I am."

Remember that a snob, unlike a poet, can be made by training and environment. But, like the poet, he is usually born to his sad fate. Turn the searchlight of truth into your own life and see what the dark places will reveal. If you can stand up, honestly and sincerely, in the fear of God with van Dyke, you can cheerfully dismiss from your mind all fear about yourself. You're no snob, bless your soul, and you haven't a taint of the breed in you.

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In Bottles and Splits All Good Dealers.
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Keeps Contents Icy Cold 72 Hours or Steaming Hot 24 Hours
Every home has need of an Icy-Hot. You will find many uses for it day and night—indoors and outdoors. A necessity in nursery and sick room—indispensable when traveling or on any outing. Keeps baby's milk at right temperature or invalid's hot or cold drink all night without heat, ice or bother of preparation. And every Icy Hot is as beautiful as it is useful
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No. 515. Carafe—nickel. Qt. $4.50
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No. 370. Lunch Kit with enamel plat bottle, $1.75
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All Icy-Hots are thoroughly protected against breakage. Asbestos pads prevent vibration of inner bottle, eliminating breakage at neck. Thickly padded spring at bottom and thick rubber ring at neck absorb all shock. Absolutely sanitary—liquids touch only glass. Instantly demountable—easy to keep clean and sweet.
Look for the name Icy-Hot stamped on bottom. If your dealer cannot supply you, accept no substitute, but write us and we will supply you at above prices, charges prepaid. Write for catalog.
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A Remarkable Combination of High Quality, Large Size and Low Price

IN those few words, you have the story of the Grant Six.

And you also have the reason why the Grant Six is enjoying unheard of popularity.

It explains why we have never been able to build enough cars to meet the demand. Why,—even ***on the basis of nine thousand cars a year,*** this season's program, we have been unable to keep pace with orders for immediate delivery, even with greatly increased facilities.

It has always been the Grant idea to make its product the literal expression of the utmost in motor car value.

We were the first to build a high quality six-cylinder car priced below a thousand dollars—and it is our sincere conviction that the Grant Six still leads in Quality, Size and Power for its price.

This car has marvelous flexibility. It throttles down to one and one-half miles an hour on high gear—and it speeds up to fifty miles. It has power to spare. Moreover, it is economical,—goes twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline (some owners say twenty-eight miles) and 900 miles to the gallon of oil. Of course, it is easy on tires.

And its true cantilever spring suspension makes it ***easy riding*** on any road. We emphasize this feature of the Grant Six because it deserves emphasis.

Consider the facts mentioned and you will quickly realize why the Grant Six looms large on the horizon of value.

There are three models, all built on one chassis: Five-passenger Touring Car $795; Three-passenger Roadster $795; Three-passenger Cabriolet $1025.

Send at once for the latest Grant literature.

GRANT MOTOR COMPANY, FINDLAY, OHIO

We Will Exhibit at New York and Chicago Shows

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Become Wonderful in Health---Wonderful in Vitality and Wonderful in Efficiency for Your Own Advantage Through Conscious Evolution.

Cells are wonderful beings. They are the creators of the plants, the trees, the fruit, the vegetables. They create the corn, the wheat, the apples. They are the creators of the rose, the lily, the violet and other flowers---they are the creators of everything living in the sea---they are the constructors of whales, sharks, porpoises and all fish. Through the activity of cells, the coral beds of the ocean are made. They are the creators of all animal life---they are the creators of you. They create your organs and the foundation of your mind.

Billions of cells are within your body working for you. They are remaking your heart, your lungs, your nerves, your digestive system, your muscles, your brain---in fact, they are busy constantly reconstructing your entire body. You will be a better human machine---possess a better body and mind if you cultivate these cells---if, in other words, you give your cells greater energy and a greater opportunity as well as a better and more persistent reason for improving every tissue, every organ and every part of your body.

Is not corn better when cultivated? Does not the farmer improve his wheat through cultivation? Is not fruit improved through culture? Are not flowers made more beautiful through conscious effort? Do we not have better horses and even better pigs through cultivation?

Since all of these things are true, it is also true and much more important that you can easily make yourself better through improving the individual units or cells of the body.

The Swoboda System, through applying the principle of Evolution to the cells of the body, produces new human beings, new and better hearts, new and better lungs, new and better organs, new and better nerves, new and better brains, and, therefore, keener and more efficient mind.

My new copyrighted book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It also explains my new and unique theory of the body and mind. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you, as an intelligent human being, have, no doubt, always wanted to know about your body and your mind.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS and AFTER EFFECTS OF EXERCISE and EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions, and how to overcome them.

I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for anyone to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, fraud-proof, and just as any honest person would naturally desire it to be.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars today before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

If you have reached your present stage of evolution without conscious effort, consider what your possibilities are through an intelligent and conscious use of the principles of evolution. My booklet will make you think.

What Others Have to Say:

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men of 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."

"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious Evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world, it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it. I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."



"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my crowing and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 20 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible; my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

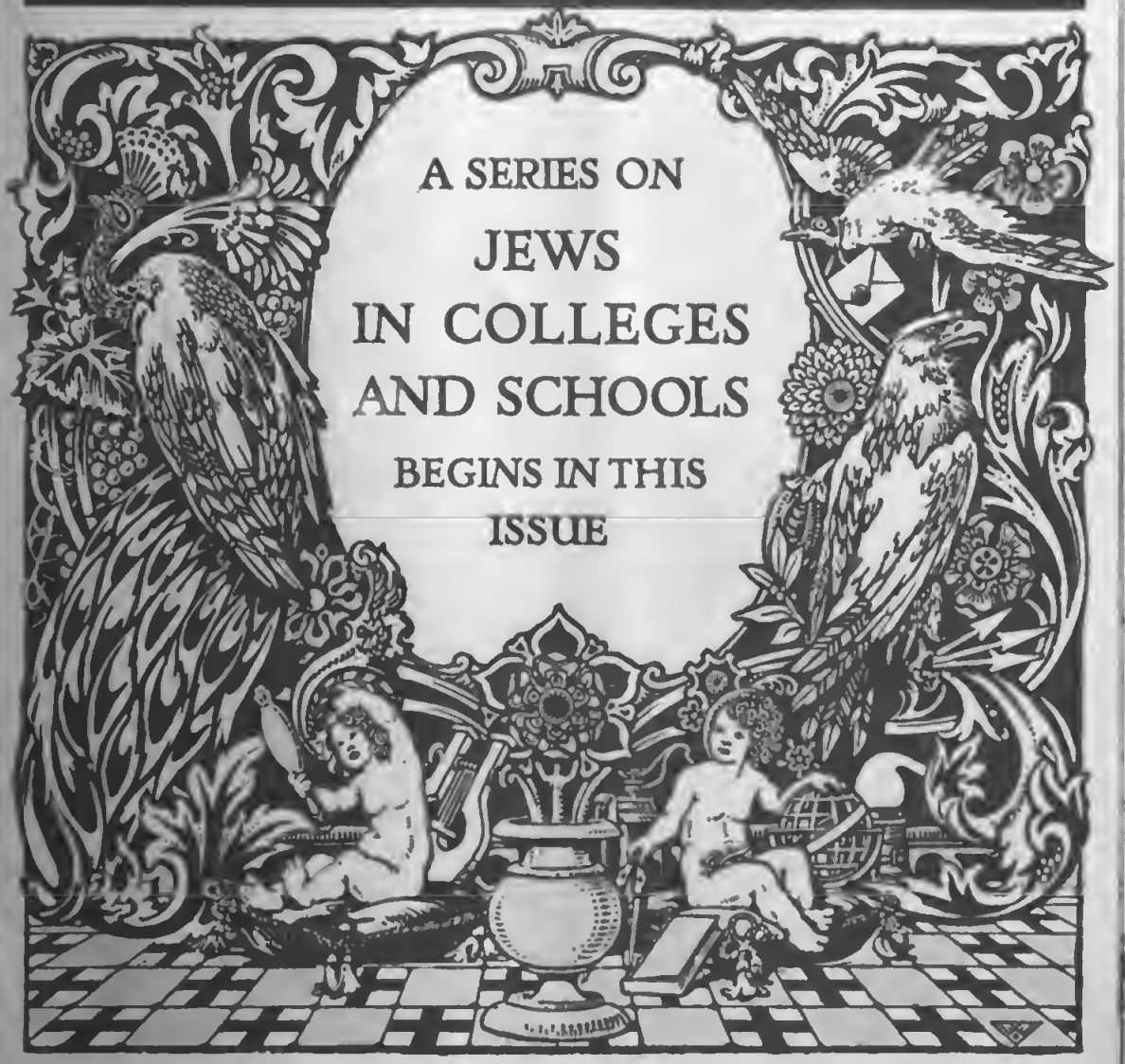
"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1367 AEOLIAN BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y

What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in HARPER'S WEEKLY is too good to be true.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



JANUARY 15 1916 PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD



PREMISES AND PROMISES

Pluck six people from the sacred privacy of their homes and assemble them in one room. Introduce them to each other—so that they will not feel as if they were waiting to see the dentist—and leave them. Then listen to their conversation through the keyhole.

Nine times out of eleven, if the people you have chosen are any but social gangsters, you will hear them start discussing the weather, then the war, possibly preparedness but finally the stage. They will boast of the plays they have seen. They will set up their idols and fight for them. They will take sides for and against problem and war plays and musical revues.

To enable people to talk intelligently and up-to-dately about the drama, HARPER'S WEEKLY is going to publish picture pages showing portraits and snapshots of players who are in the public eye. These pages will appear in conjunction with the regular weekly critical revues. You will like them.

You must know, however, that HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue to be preeminent in other than theatrical fields. Norman Hapgood's series on "Jews in Colleges and Schools" and "The Nation's Capitol" are two features you should by no means miss, not to mention his editorials. David Starr Jordan, Richard Le Gallienne, Granville Barker, Owen Oliver—all these will be in the next two numbers

OF

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A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Vol. LXII
No. 3082

Week ending Saturday, January 15, 1916

$5.00 a year
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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

TAXING WAR PROFITS

OBJECTIONS to the suggestions for raising emergency funds made in the President's message will be made by certain Senators and Representatives who wish to raise practically the whole amount from war profits. These men, objecting to taxing gasoline, telegrams, and checks, for example, ask why the needed funds for emergency purposes should not come out of profits created by the situation. When the Du Pont Company charges the government 53 cents for powder, and makes a profit. It charges the Allies $1.05 and $1.10. Suppose an excise tax of 25 cents a pound, or 10 cents a pound, were put on powder, what objection could there be? It is answered by some timid Democrats that the Republicans would call it a tax on prosperity. The answer to this argument is simple, that a tax on prosperity to the extent of taking 25% of a 75% special profit is about as fair as anything in this world can be. If we could easily have taken $100,000,000 from the Du Pont Company alone, and still left their war profits several times that amount, why tax checks, used freely not only in business but by the miner's wife, who in some places pays even fifty cents by check; or telegrams, where the tax annoys so many; or gasoline, where the Standard Oil Company may meet a one cent tax with a four cent raise, at the expense of the farmer and his gas pumping engine? The President spoke for the principle of pay-as-you-go and for the principle of taxing those who could afford to pay, rather than the disguised tax that falls on the consumer. If the munition tax is put on the consumer, it is almost entirely the foreign consumer, and as he is now being charged not a just sum but as much as pirate hearts have the face to charge, there is a probability the price would not be increased. Also the other objection, that the revenue would be temporary, liable to sudden stoppage at the close of the war, is not serious, since there is no reason for overlooking the advantages of one method of raising money merely because another method may have to be substituted later. The real consideration holding back the administration is connected with the ethical ideas of a considerable part of the community. Many feel that it is immoral for the United States to grow rich out of the bloodshed of Europe. As long as the government has no part in it, however, it remains an established right of private persons to trade in war as well as in peace. If the government should take a large part of the war-profit itself it would be subject to a criticism not altogether easy to answer.

Another difference of opinion on the revenue situation is this. One point of view is that the defense program should be settled first; that we should know how much we need to raise before deciding how to raise it. The opposite standpoint is that we are sure to need more money than we shall be willing to raise; that we are in the peculiar position of mapping out not the defense program that we think we need, but the program that we are willing to pay for. These two related questions are the most pressing and important subject that the party leaders have at present to agree upon.

A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY

INFORMATION is in our possession, the source of which cannot be revealed, that convinces us that an extraordinarily profitable trade treaty between Russia and the United States could be arranged at the present moment if we had a skilful diplomat in Russia, either as ambassador or as special agent. Russia wishes to arrange, while the war is on, to give to us the trade the Germans had formerly. So much does she wish to do it that, in the hands of the right man, the Jewish difficulty on our side could be removed; Russia would make concessions on that point also.

PRESIDENTIAL GOSSIP

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S chances of forcing the Republicans to nominate him are considered in Washington very good. It is realized that he is not desired by the politicians who supported Taft at the convention of 1912, but those politicians have to take orders from big business, and T. R. is thought willing to take ground on tariff, taxation, trusts, and defense that is satisfactory to people who drive with Judge Gary. It is recalled that as far back as 1912 an astute observer said: "In 1916 Wilson will be the radical candidate and Roosevelt will be the strongest hope of the Tories."

Apropos of Colonel Roosevelt's recent claim that Mr. Wilson takes all his sound ideas from him, a former supporter of the Colonel, who expects to vote for the President in November, said: "The Colonel thinks God gives him a new idea every morning, while He is shaving him and blacking his boots. The Colonel is fair about it, however. He gives Him a tip in return."

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EDITORIALS

THE BRITISH MIND

UNDER the Asquith Government the British Empire has accomplished more in the war than the wildest optimist thought it could. Yet because it has not organized its whole industry without a hitch, and because it has lacked officers for its vast new army and has consequently made mistakes, the British bark away as if it had done nothing. The control of the sea, the solution of the submarine problem, the financing of five belligerents, the raising by volunteer system of millions of men, the manufacture now of more ammunition than France, all this means nothing, because of what is still undone. Perhaps in the long run the kicking makes for progress. Imagine what would happen in Germany if a large number of journalists and members of the Reichstag scolded away all the time because Russian strength had been overrated at first and so France saved; because the Grand Duke had been able to escape; because the Germans, at terrific cost, had gone some two hundred miles east of good communications in Russia without accomplishing anything; because the submarines and Zeppelins had not done what was promised; because had judgment about poison gas had accomplished little and alienated the United States and other neutrals and inflamed the hostile soldiers with fury and increased fighting spirit; because food had been allowed to become scarce and high; because the censor was strict and the papers full of lies. That is what the Germans would be saying, if they were built like the British.

TWO KINDS OF CONSCRIPTION

IN TRYING to understand the British point of view, especially the liberal point of view, it should be remembered that no limited conscription has the same danger as general conscription. Conscription of a special class, such as bachelors of a certain age, has no possibility of becoming a permanency after the war; and it is a system of universal military service after the war, with the consequent effect on ideas of right, habits of living, and type of civilization, that the more liberal elements are determined to avoid at any cost. The British do not mean to be Prussianized by the war, though they will no doubt learn from Prussia much about willingness to work, efficiency, and study of laboring-class needs.

THE OTHER SIDE

AMERICANS generally sympathize with Britain's desire to preserve those traditions which express her conception of liberty. They do not take much interest in Germany's argument that a better liberty can be obtained by having the individual turn over his mind and conscience to the state. They can readily understand, therefore, why the British so strongly object to universal military service as a subtle threat to what they value most. There is, however, another side that must be considered, even if it is rejected. Germany is waging war on a far more economical basis than England. A German does not go to war because his family will be better off, as many English and Irish do. Germans are living on necessities only. The laboring classes in England are living better than ever before and complaining because they fear they are not getting as much out of the war as the capitalists. The prosperous classes are riding in motors, attending house parties, and eating far more than they need. England is hardly likely to be beaten, but if she is it will be because of wastefulness and self-indulgence.

GENEROUS CRITICISM

IN HATING Mr. Wilson the Boston *Transcript* and the New York *Tribune* are within their rights. There is no reason under the sun why they should not rake his policies fore and aft six or seven times a week, this being the United States. Their partisanship, however, need not be childish. Consider two recent specimens:

The *Transcript*, having regretted at some length our "having lost our national honor, . . . ignored our obligations to France and Lafayette, . . . bent the craven knee and bowed the servile head" (whatever all that may mean), announces:

> Brand Whitlock, kicked out of Belgium by a Prussian boot, arrives in New York today.

Since this particular sample of misinformation was thoughtfully disseminated, Mr. Whitlock has returned to Belgium in accordance with his original program.

The *Tribune* observes:

> Mr. Wilson is no more the prophet of the true America than was Caillaux the genuine expression of France. We shall repudiate Mr. Wilson and all his works, as completely as France repudiated Caillaux, *and for the same reason.*

Horace Greeley, in all his assaults upon Lincoln, never overshot the mark so flagrantly. Most Americans remember Caillaux's name—if they do remember it—because of its connection with a trial for murder in 1914, a trial in which the slaying of a great newspaper proprietor was only one feature of the show. Probably they do not realize that Caillaux is regarded by very many Frenchmen as a traitor to his country, that he has been courtmartialed during the present war, that he is a politician whose financial operations have been regarded by some of his compatriots as hardly less scandalous than the murder of Gaston Calmette. The *Tribune*, therefore, strikes a noble and generous note in accusing Mr. Wilson of murder, pecuniary dishonesty, and treason.

POLAND

DISCUSSION, of which uncertain word slips through from Berlin, Vienna and Budapest, of the reconstruction of Poland and its relation to the Austro-Hungarian Empire throws light on how faint are hopes of a permanent peace should the Central Powers be victorious. The so-called Austrian solution of the future of Poland is that Russian and Austrian Poland (mainly the province of Galicia) be joined together into an autonomous kingdom under Austrian control. That Germany would accede to this at first seems improbable. She would agree only at the price of Austria-Hungary joining in the com-

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mercial union, the *Zollverein*, which she probably thinks would soon enable her to take over the Austro-Hungarian Empire (at any rate practically), Poland and all. She might hesitate to do it literally, on account of giving the Catholics the majority vote. Hungary is eager for this solution of the Polish question. The propaganda comes from Hungarian sources, and from Austrian sources which are in accord with Hungarian views. Self-preservation demands that Hungary control the empire. The cession of the province of Galicia would so weaken Austria proper that Hungary could do this. She could count on Austria for oppression of the northern Czechs, Slavs and Croatians, in accord with her own policy of oppression of the southern Slavs. On the other hand if the Austro-Hungarian Empire is enriched by the Slav provinces of Serbia, the combination of the Czech and other Slavic races may be too strong for the Magyars. They would be subjected to the rule of the Slavs, their bitter antagonists.

THE BIRTH RATES

THE vital statistics of London during the third quarter of 1915 show a reduction in the birth rate of 3 6-10 per 1000 of the population, from 24 9-10 in the same period for 1914 to 21 3-10. The birth rate for 1916 will probably show a greater decline. The *New Statesman*, London, of November 27th says of this: "It must be remembered that, however great his ultimate value, a child is only an economic burden upon the community until he become a producer. If the birth rate should decline from 24 to 18 per thousand it means that though future generations may suffer from this unfortunate form of economy, the community is immediately relieved of the expense and effort to rear some two hundred thousand children a year." *Harper's Weekly*, in a series of articles, has recently discussed smaller families among the extremely poor, with better health and care for the offspring. But this remark of the *New Statesman* presents a new angle on the subject, as far as our thinking is concerned. The point made is true, but grewsome.

WE MAKE OUR WORLD

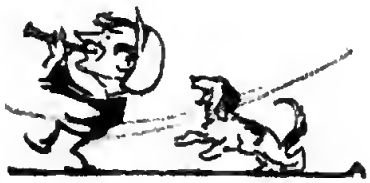


A JAPANESE proverb says, "When you take poison, don't lick the plate." How much happier a place the world would be if that advice were taken. The principal reason the higher animals suffer less than man is that they do not think about their sufferings.

SALVINI

THE foremost Italian actor shared with Sarah Bernhardt the first place among the actors of his time. His greatest attribute was power: the volume and force of his personality were terrific. Passion swept over him in billows. His voice was extraordinarily tender. He was very simple. The writer of these lines has talked with him in Italy, and will remember the gentleness and modesty of his words and bearing as long as he remembers the sweep of his rage against Iago or the despair of the outlaw. He said in that conversation that German and French actors had more of this quality, or that, than the Italians, but none had so much genius; and what he said of his race was actually true of himself. His greatness was a gift, unconscious and beyond analysis.

CHEER AND WORTH



BEERBOHM TREE tells of a friend of his who asked of a gypsy, "How do you decide where to go next?" The gypsy replied, "I turn my back to the wind." In our own civilization, among our own friends, there are some who do that, charming souls, occasionally combining that sunniness with responsibility. Alas, that the usual rule should be that the carefree are irresponsible, do not pull their full weight, and that those who pull the best oar are seldom quite as heart-easy as the gypsy. There are four classes of humans:

1. The useless and tense.
2. The useless and carefree.
3. The useful and tense.
4. The useful and carefree.

The last group is by far the smallest. As to the members of the first three we hesitate to commit ourselves. As personal choice we prefer the types in the inverse order of their appearance on the list.

BROWNING'S QUALITY

AN ELABORATE new edition of Browning reminds us that that poet, although no longer a fad, maintains steadily his strong hold on intelligent and enthusiastic youth. Why youth especially? Because formless vigor, chaotic aspiration, contemporaneousness of mood, intellectualized sentiment, and sentimentalized intellect form a highly vitalized mass that fills the needs of the best modern type of youth somewhat more than it does the needs of the best type of age. Browning is far away from the classic, from Greek choice, from perspective, from Wordsworthian clarity and poise (when Wordsworth is at his best). Youth, especially modern youth, cares more for fulness, abundance, excitement, than age does, and more for the accent prevailing at the moment than cultivated age does. Read Browning's last volume, *Asolando*, and you will have hard work to imagine it the work of an old man. Read, on the other hand, "When I have Fears that I may Cease to be," remembering that Keats died at twenty-five, and you find a note that Browning never touched,—the ultimate classic perfection, equally apt for readers of all ages, and, indeed, for readers of century after century.

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THE TOWER

A magic symbol urging goals unwon,
'Round which the rushing shadow falls;
There profit lures, dreams dance, ambition calls,—
Bagdad, Golconda, Camelot in one.

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JEWS AND COLLEGE LIFE

BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

THERE is something silly, no doubt, about a college fraternity; the secrecy, the solemnity, the snobbishness. After all, however, it represents the prevailing opinion, among the students, of what is desirable. It represents undergraduate public opinion. Also it stands for sociability, and is likely to have leadership in many things that represent college life, such as class offices. Even in athletics it has been known to count, although the desire for efficiency has reduced that influence to almost nothing. If we are trying, therefore, to see whether there is a prejudice in a college against a certain group, the fraternity test will be unavoidable. Other tests exist, such as elections to certain college newspapers, or to dramatic and musical clubs, but there again technical efficiency comes in to some extent to limit the working of the social rule.

This series, on the Jews in our Schools and Colleges, is the result of the keenness of interest shown in two preceding series. It is to be in a sense largely documentary. That is to say, it will consist less of the surmises of the writer of the series than of reports to him, both from Jews and Gentiles, of what they have themselves experienced. He has many Jewish friends, and his own opinion is that, while some of them feel the social barriers that exist, the majority would not have them removed if the removal could only be procured by the sacrifice of the distinctive racial point of view. There are exceptions. A number of Jews have written in, protesting against the discussion altogether, on the ground that American Jews are merely Americans, and that harm is done if any separateness is taken for granted and commented on. If that were the opinion of the wisest and most progressive this series would never have been written. The wisest and most progressive want to see the question of the most desirable rôle of this ancient people thought out in the open; they want to see the Jewish ideal, in its relation to modern conditions, studied deeply from every point of view. No aspect is more significant than the atmosphere of our educational institutions.

When this series was announced, the Hartford *Times*, in an editorial that gave proof of much thought, presented the following general view of the situation:

"The Jews, as a whole, stand exceptionally well as students. At Yale, where they have been coming in in large numbers during the past ten years, they have formed a goodly proportion of the Phi Beta Kappa members, and at Columbia, where their proportion in the student body is usually high, they have done equally well, if not better. In secondary education, there is the example of the Hartford high school, for instance, where many of the prizes go annually to students of Hebraic descent. University scholarships, as well, have been annexed frequently by Hartford high school graduates of Jewish parentage. Particularly do they stand forth in mathematics, though a goodly proportion of them have made their mark in the study of the languages.

"As to Mr. Hapgood's second question, the answer is a bit different. By the 'societies' he refers undoubtedly to the American college fraternities. Some of the older of these, formed during a period of anti-Semitic feeling stronger than anything known in recent years, passed rules distinctly excluding all Hebrews. Others instituted religious tests, so a Hebrew could not conscientiously take their vows and go through their ritual. These barriers, however, seem to have been let down a great deal in the last few years. Judaism is no longer a bar to membership in the best fraternities in our colleges, and the club or society for Jews only, always a bad thing for the student community, as is any undergraduate organization based on similarity of race or religion, is rapidly disappearing.

"It is recalled that the most exclusive senior society at Yale, members of which are known to enjoy reciprocal privileges with the Queen Club of London, took in some seven years ago, a Jew, not only because he was captain of a 'varsity team, but because he was a gentleman who measured up to its stamp. The captain of a recent Princeton football team, though a Jew, did not fail of making his upper class club. It was a Jew, furthermore, who took hold of Dartmouth dramatics, brought them out of a rut, took his student company to Broadway for a performance decidedly successful, and worked up undergraduate interest in the drama until Dartmouth now has its own college theatre. When he was offered an election to one of the oldest Greek letter societies, what was his response? 'You know what my race is, don't you? I don't want you to make any mistake; I am a Jew.' 'We know it,' replied the profferer of the pledge-pin, 'and it doesn't cut any ice with us. Come on!'

"Perhaps Mr. Hapgood's third question might strike a snag in the answering, were one to consider the smaller colleges, many of which are under the control of sectarian bodies; but one does not like to think so. In the schools, there are, of course, those private preparatory institutions a *sine qua non* of entrance to which is the absence of Hebraic blood; but the more democratic of our fitting schools, Andover, Exeter, Hotchkiss, and others, place no obstacle in the path of the Jew who is willing to take his chances along with his fellows, to live their life and conform to their best standards of achievement and character."

IT HAPPENS that another of the reports that have come to us, also from an extremely competent observer, covers to a considerable extent the same ground. It differs in some particulars, not so much on the facts as in emphasis. It was submitted by a very recent graduate of Yale, well known in the college and very popular, who speaks partly from direct observation and partly from what he has been told by other graduates, Jew and Gentile. There were twenty-seven Jews in his class. This amounted to about ten per cent of the entire class. By the time the class graduated fully two-thirds of the class had been elected to the different Junior fraternities: Psi Upsilon, Zeta Psi, Alpha Deta Phi, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Beta Theta Pi. Only one Jew was among the entire number; and, as a matter of fact, this was a large percentage. Since 1900 there have been over two thousand men in the Junior societies of Yale. *Out of this entire number there have been nine Jews.* Similarly this observer has never known a Jew to be in a Glee or Dramatic Club. He did know of a Jew, who, though leading the competition, was cut off from a college periodical because of his race. That the barrier exists is recognized in many

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"He hungered after the better class of literature such as the rest of the students read only when it became necessary."

ways. A Christian classmate, for instaace, went to the above mentioned Jew ono evening and said: "Your aame was brought up for consideration for our fraternity this evening." Then, *in a whisper,* he added "And somo one said that your graadfather was a Jew!" The young man replied that as both his grandfathers and grandmothers, as well as his father aad mother, were Jews, there was more thaa a fair chance that he also was one.

Further illustration of the recognition of the barrier is found in the fact that to mention the word Jew before a Jewish classmate is considered ia the light of a social error. A Jewish Yale student was walking aeross the Yalo eampus one day with a Christian. The latter said: "See that fellow over there? I found out the other day that he is a Jew." After saying this he changed the subject very hastily aad with much embarrassment. And that evening, when the Jew was studying in his room, the fellow eame to him and *apologized* for his "thoughtless" remark during the afternoon.

While we are on Yale, let us quote one prominent New York minister who said, in a religious meeting at Yale: "This agitation to abolish compulsory chapel is misdirected. Don't you know that compulsory chapel is the only way by which you can keep the Catholic and the Jew out of Yale?" This is not a typical comment, but it indicates the extremes to which a number go.

Here is an example of extreme action from another institution. Three or four years ago the *Alpha Delta Phi fraternity took the charter from its City College of New York chapter because that chapter was accepting Jews among its members.*

A Princeton graduate of last year tells us that the percentage of Jews to be elected to Priaceton clubs, Triangle, Cottage, Colony, etc., is just as small as the percentage at New Haven.

At Harvard the barrier seems to be less marked. This iaay be partly Harvard's general liberalism. There are a aumber of promineat professors there who are Jews and popular. President Eliot was entirely without race prejudice and put his stamp oa the institution. Also there is another reason: fraternities couat for little in Harvard life. Even college officers can be elected against them. Therefore, it is natural that Jews are lumped ia with the large crowd who do not stand any chiance for The Hasty Pudding, The Institute, and other clubs.

A NUMBER of Jews and Gentiles have writtea that they thought the prejudice was less in the west. For oxample, from a prominent state college in the middle west a Jewess graduate and teacher sends in aa accouat, in which she declares that in the main the treatment she received, and receives, is satisfying. In this university, she says, "To man or womaa, rich or poor, black or white, to Gentile or Jew, the same opportunities supposedly are offered. As one who has had to earn her own way through college; and still further, as the daughter of a Russian Jew whose whole life was devoted to study though narrowed by the Russian Pale to that only of Hebrew, I believe that your articles can be of servico to the aoa-Jew as well as to the Jew.

"I spent five years at a university where expenses are comparatively small because we are a state institutioa. My first year I earned my board and room by doing housework. The next two years I earned all my expenses by doing clerical work in the offices of the university. At the end of my third year I received a B. A. degree (with Phi Beta Kappa honors and with still a few months in my teens). The next two years I held the Greek Fellowship, receiving my Masters Degree in the Classics. I then spent five years in New York City working with my own

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people in the East Side—one year in a settlement house and four years in the Juvenile court. This year I returned to the university, where I am taking some graduate work in the department of sociology, and am also in the services of the university as Secretary of the Alumni Association.

"Although I have met with individual prejudice that was both unreasoning and preposterous in its attitude, on the whole I have had more than ample proof that a western university has the nucleus of social democracy. I was both poor and a woman, a Jewess at that, when I came here; neither stood in the way not only of my procuring a higher education, but what is even of more value, of my forming those friendships and relationships which bring a meaning into life nothing else can equal.

"But why do I write of this? For two reasons. First, my experience is possible for many others of my race. And I would urge young men and women of my race to come west, and avail themselves, or at least make it possible for their younger sisters and brothers to avail themselves of this opportunity of a higher education and of a fuller life. Secondly, my experience is not possible for many of my race, and this not wholly of their own making. Thus I want to appeal to my non-Jewish brethren. From my father's family I inherited an intense thirst for knowledge which made it possible for my scholarship to bring me many friends. From my mother's family I inherited red hair and features which but slightly stamp me as a Jewess, so that the multitude rarely recognize me as one, and thus if I have not their friendship, at least I have not their enmity. Not every striving student of the Jewish faith has two such assets.

"Recently a young teacher, not knowing that I am a Jewess, told me of the 'typical' Jewish student in her class. When I asked for the description of the 'type,' she responded, 'He was a liar and a thief.' I might go on with even more damaging examples. *But I believe they are more and more the exception and not the rule,—in the west. I feel very certain, however, from my own experience, that the rule is reversed in the east, that justice is the exception in the east.* I want to make a plea for the young Jewish girls and boys of the East Side in your great city and elsewhere. They have not been as fortunate as some of us in removing the stamp of the Russian Pale; yet, though they have not acquired the outward signs of culture and good breeding, their hearts and heads are, many of them, of the finest sort, worth encouraging and preserving. I write as one who will be eternally grateful for what non-Jews have meant in my life; and I want to repay them by helping the less fortunate of my race to the possibilities of experiencing a like gratitude."

Naturally prejudice is less in technical institutions. Here is an account of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. It comes from a man who confesses race prejudice in himself, but found none in the institution. One reason may possibly be in the small number of Jews in attendance. Our informant's class was typical. It was made up of the well-to-do, middle class and the poor boy who was gaining his education in hours stolen from recreation and sleep. There were five Jews in the class.

The first was a Russian who came to this country with his parents when he was about twelve years old. He was not of the athletic type and never made any effort to figure in any school sports. He never aspired for any of the class offices. In his work he would rank far above the average, probably in the top quarter. He was likable and was sought after by his classmates. He was very well informed in most subjects. He hungered after the better class of literature such as the rest of the students read only when it became necessary.

The second was a Roumanian Jew who has been in this country since he was about fourteen years of age. Athletics did not interest him, but in his school work he was always eminent. He and the Russian both earned their way through school.

The next was an American. One year he was president of his class. His entire four years he was a credit to the track team besides being manager of the football team two years. His last year he was editor-in-chief of the weekly paper published by the students. During the two previous years he had held various minor offices on the paper.

THE remaining two must also be classed as American Jews. One of them was out for the football team his entire four years and played many a good game at end during the latter two. The other was neither prominent nor secluded in school affairs. The standing of both was good.

They were well liked by the student body with the exception of one. It was not because of his ancestors but because of his own disposition. He belonged to those Jews usually referred to as "kikes."

Not one of those described ever suffered any setback either socially or scholastically during their school course. They took part in the social gatherings, because they were wanted. It would be hard to read the officers' names on any of the school activities without finding at least one Jew on each board.

New York, having so many more Jews than any other city, inevitably shows more feeling on the subject. For fifteen years the Jews have struggled for representation on the board of trustees of Columbia University, and the Jewish students are not always happy in that institution. President Butler has the reputation of being anti-Semitic, whereas Seth Low had the opposite reputation. There are so many Jews in Teachers College, New York, that the opinion of the Jew who is teaching there has much experience behind it. He was emphatic that it was largely a personal question. He did not like the type of Jew who went to Columbia, said he was too eager for a quick return for his outlay, wanted quantity rather than quality of teaching, had a tendency to make himself conspicuous, and hesitated to contribute to the corporate life of the college. He thought that at Harvard and Princeton a totally different type of Jew was to be found. He explained that distinction of type as being the result of the fact that the Jews who go to Columbia were eager only to get on; those at Harvard were a more genuinely studious and social kind. He thought that much might be done to improve the Columbia difficulty if the abler instructors would convey gently to the apt pupil the truth. What the instructor does is to make a stinging remark in private and the rest of the class sets its teeth accordingly. "It is kindness and firmness they mainly need," this observer says. Solutions, however, belong to the other articles. This one has been concerned merely with presenting the atmosphere of some of our leading colleges.

Mr. Hapgood's article next week will be called "Schools, Colleges, and Jews."

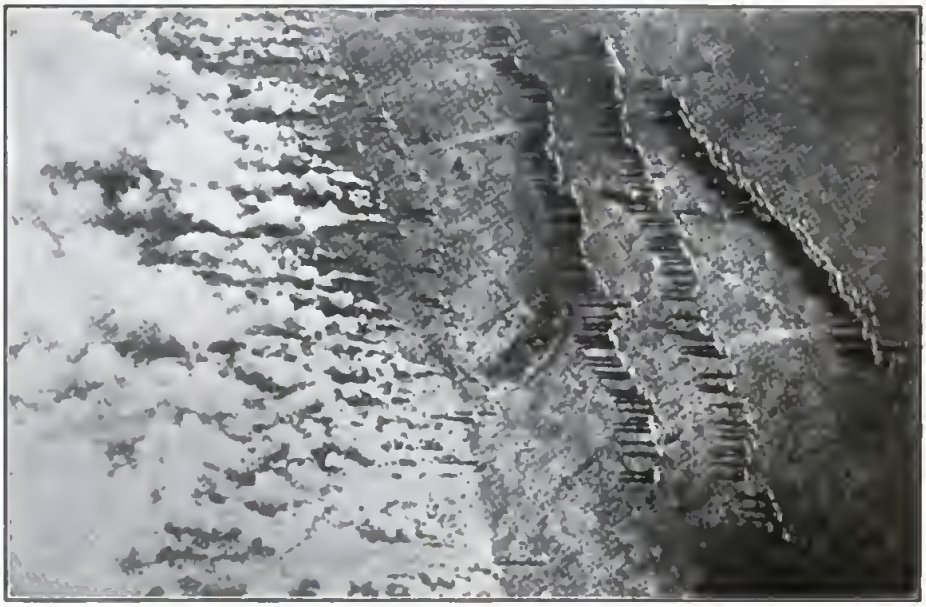
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SIDE-LIGHTS ON WARFARE



One of the most remarkable achievements in war photography that has been brought to our attention is the picture reproduced below. It shows the Germans commencing an attack on the Russian lines. The scattered soldiers in the centre of the picture have just opened their gas cylinders and sent a cloud of poison floating toward the Russians. At the right, waiting for the gas fumes to prepare the way, are three lines of German troops, drawn up for a massed attack. The picture was taken by a Russian aviator, flying over the battlefield, in an attempt to discover from just which quarter the attack of the German troops is coming.

Knights in armor—waiting for the trumpet call! The photograph reproduced above recalls the halcyon days of King Richard, when helmets were supreme, and dum-dum bullets as yet undreamed of. Swords and wire hoods are for sport, rather than for any protection in battle. Being sent on a charge is not the pleasantest of occupations, but the soldiers grow bored waiting for the word to come. To banish the ennui these Canadian troopers are staging a sham battle. Horses and men alike have been padded and hooded for the fray.





"Bringing home the war suffering" is so familiar a phrase that it has lost most of its significance. But if the average American had to get out of a warm bed, walk two or three miles, and fish his breakfast out of an icy pond with a clothes-pole—perhaps he'd have a better realization of the discomforts of war. These Russians are securing food; and that occupation is more of a pleasure than a hardship.

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THAT-A BOY

BY PATRICK SCARLET

PORK and Beans and Heroism, one might have entitled this paper, and so have set the words down in a mid-Victorian hand and with a sort of skittish superiority. Observe that the fighter is not wholly admirable in the eyes which see him at shortest range. The fighter's promoter loves him not disinterestedly, but as the herder loves the sheep. And the ringside fan loves him little better, his affection tempered with envy and fear. The fan too often is one whose only exercise is vocal. He may be a beer-soaked oldtimer or a fagged-out clerk wearing a fourteen collar and a moss-agate ring, and he tells the fighter what to do. As for us others, our ideal is a good customer and some one who will hold still to be loved.

There is a difference between the present game and the old-time games of the arena in that they were witnessed by the Vestal Virgins from ringside seats. Maids of the Sacred Flame, they were the fans who watched the lovely contests of their naked brethren. It is of the gravest importance that women should be familiar with the idea of men fighting, that she should respect the fighting-edge of her own will and of man's, where her interest is not only political but biological. In her respect for that sacredness of the will lies her guardianship of the future. If conflict as we know it is not good enough for women it should be made better. And if woman is not hardy enough to witness sweat and blood with reverence, then let it be said at once that she is too old to vote and much too modern for the ancient squalors of childbirth.

Meanwhile we take the game as we find it. The King Arthur of the ring is Stanley Ketchel, dead but yet alive, girded, taped, gloved, in some ghostly Avalon; whose memory the men look back on with a caress in their eyes, and I have heard women who knew him say his name as it were a little prayer. Only the lion's breast has honey in it—gleeful and magnanimous, mighty and unafraid!

But it's a poor, cheap way of making a living, you suggest. Alas, every way is a poor way. Were you ever in a rolling-mill, or a lawyer's office? No living is dignified until after its making.

As the chemist's boy hopes to become a doctor, so the publican's son, the delicatessen woman's, the gambler's, and the ward boss's son hopes to become a champion. In general he is the fittest bodily of his gang. And he begins sparring for the chance to show his trunks, these from the cloistered needle of Nance, his lady, and by her fitted reverently with a gee-string. Then he does a bout for three bucks and finally he may fight for thirty thousand. And for a wife and children and a house and lot and a business like his dad's.

On any of these frivolous occasions when you see him waiting in his corner he may get a tin ear, or a broken jaw, split lips, broken knuckles, a dislocated neck. His nose is already broken too flatly for further breaking, every trade having its sunnier aspects. He may take the count at last and lie senseless an hour or two. Paddy Mills was knocked down some thirty times in ten rounds and at the hospital he drank his broth through a straw. Listen, we want to whisper something to you, Nance and I: He may learn the last Secret of all endeavor there beneath the spotlight on the rosined floor. Luther McCarthy and John Young, pals of ours both, they perished in lawful combat.

He may be a Celt or a Jew, a Yid as we say, for this is the common stamping-ground of Israel and Erin. He may be a Wop or a Cholo, a Greek or a Finn, but anyway his name is Irish. It is not done otherwise. Tonight he looks like a dissolute Liberty, as the Goddess of the dollar might look if she had been up all night and out all day. And waiting in his corner, with a towel to cover him, for the Terrible Dane, or Step-out Flinn, or Sailor Hill—unrefined persons all—he yawns. His bulbous fists are outstretched along the ropes, his face lowered toward his armpit the while he drops some drowsy pleasantry into the impressario's ear. And he yawns. It is like the Greeks combing their hair before Thermopylæ.

Well, we would not yawn. We experience a rather sick feeling just previous to standing up at a dinner. That-a Boy—he's a fine fellow, is the fighter! He has fortitude, endurance, and that opportune, rare anger which goes with sound wind and a good digestion. He has quiet nerves and he is signally brave.

His manager, his trainer, his sparring partner comprise the fighter's usual party. On the manager he depends for guidance in temporal matters. The manager gets his matches, arranges terms, buys railroad tickets, says in which corner of the suit-case one's gloves shall be packed, strives for publicity and is always right. Similarly the fighter's jokes are always humorous. His sparring partner can never retort effectively; he is the clown of the quartet. Humor proceeds toward but never from the sparring partner. He is apt to mislay things and miss trains. He is the object of the trainer's unsleeping suspicion, who leaps upon him from ambush, crying, "Hey, you! D'yuh want to bust His ear? Gimme that medicine ball!"

IN COMMON with all athletes the pugilist is subject to a kind of artistic temperament. He requires to be noticed. Sometimes when he has gotten licked badly, his manager or the sparring partner finds him in bed weeping under the quilt. This is the sparring partner's hour, a kindly enough hour probably. They send out for a cake with thick frosting and for ice cream. And they play fan-tan across the foot of the bed. They have that human way with them quite commonly, the fighters.

The Spartan morality of circus performers is often the subject of eulogy in our illustrated prints, often with more enthusiasm than regard for fact. In general any man is continent and sober whose livelihood depends on his continence and sobriety. The pugilist's morality is about what the college athlete's would be if the latter's training season were all the year round. Hygiene in some measure accounts for his buoyant spirits, his peaceful gregariousness. The average fighter does not indulge in casual fisticuffs, as the usual prima donna does not trill cadenzas on the public square: he doesn't fight for charity. Perhaps too it is hygiene that determines his attitude toward women. Chastity in a training camp does not proceed from dogma nor from idealism; with the skip-rope and the pulleys it is common and useful—like the cash register in a restaurant.

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"Step in, Tommy, jolt him in the jaw!" . . . Whop! "That-a Boy!" From the painting by George Bellows.

The fighter's courage is immediate, simple, direct, utilitarian, of the sort than dares show itself against a vigorous opposition and apart from the herd.

And the fighter's function, what is it but the drama in its first form? Or what he does is oratory to an audience of one, demanding a similar poise, alertness, skill, force, abandon?

Nay, rather he engages with his opponent in debate? Here we have it: The prize fight is argument in the universal language, in that form most widely prevalent, primeval and everlasting. The one fighter reasons with the other fighter in the lowly philosophy of the cave-age, in the newest way of diplomacy, in the only valid form of arbitration.

"Half the people at a fight come to see your opponent win," a pug tells me. "The other half come to see you get knocked out. An' believe me, they coax fer it!"

They hoot, jeer, curse, hiss, hurrah, boo, hurl painful jests and orange-peel; they groan, shriek, bawling scorn and admonition; they stamp on the floor and pound the platform. They want to see a knockout. They urge that peace materialize before them on that squat scaffold in guise unmistakable, the victor's arm unlifted and the vanquished prone. Well, they are wiser than we, for they perceive the virtue of the thing. They suspect its means and despise its agents, but each has paid his four bits to honor the truth. They divine the victor is right by reason of his victory.

In the dewy path of Prohibition Russia has become our pacemaker, as only the Little Father could with the inquisitorial machinery of his police spies. And Japan, where prostitution is respectable and promiscuity is seen to have its uses, Japan's divorce rate is higher than ours. But in condemning and despising the manly soul, the fighting edge of men—in our abhorrence of that by which men live, America is paramount.

With a senatorial dignity we make concessions to our own individual cowardice and avarice and ineffectiveness, as Rome voted corn to her beggars, oodles of loving kindness, flub-dub about Universal Brotherhood, mush and twaddle about the millenium. Call it any pretty name we please, must it be set up for us to worship—shall Submission be forced upon us? It was most edifying to see the nations taking tea at the Hague. It was ethical and ladylike, and there was nothing coarse, unless it had been the amount of Mr. Carnegie's subscription. But those hussies were not the dehumanized spinsters they would have appeared: Lo, each had her *menage!*

The nation which does not love her fighting men, which is not wedded to her army and navy, must needs at last have in a bully to defend her. Let her neglect and deface the virile blade of her youth, let her go a-whoring to Peace Congresses and in time she'll come home with a Mercenary. It is not conflict that brutalizes; it is non-participation—submission.

Those roughs at the boxing match, human ordinary, they are wiser in their rowdyism than we in our ethics. How should they perceive that to strive and to be steadfast is everywhere and always honorable, when all their days they have been assured that the prize fight, even that semblance of conflict, is disgraceful!

And you, Professor Feathertop, rearing impracticable

altars to tinsel gods; and you, Mistress War-bride; and you, Citizen Grape-juice—yours is a rowdyism more nebulous, trailing clouds of glory, but Hooliganism still. You stand on the curbing to watch the boys march by with flags and drums and rumbling guns. Your eyes fill and your faithful lips are a-tremble. Why, citizens? Is it brass buttons you revere now at this hour of the hours? Surely it is not the Boy-heart that you discern, that fighting heart which but just now, in the ring and in the barrack and in the sailor dive, you despised. Poof—guzzle the porridge and curse the spoon, calling yourselves Idealists. But Nance our sister is wiser. She knows, loving the boyish arms and scenting the memorial fragrance of the victor's heart!

There by the arena in the dust from the milling feet and the mist from forgotten cigars, her pulse timed to the laborious breath of the boxers, her wisdom surpasses ours—that person's in the sport-shirt who nibbles a peanut looking up at the prize fight. In the gloom of the upper benches a fat man strikes a match. It is remotely like the Star of Bethlehem, but Nance is not distracted. Her attention is rapt, practical, tender. "Step in, Tommy, jolt him in the jaw!" she advises. *Whop!* "That-a Boy!"

What insight has she, why does she care so much? Because that spirit of the ring is the same spirit that mans all the armies of the world. It is in the firemen of all cities, in the coast-guard of all strands, in the stalwart divers of the sea, in the spider weaving steel up twenty stories. The soul that makes them different from philosophers and women. For all the orange-peel and flapping towels, the grimy sponge and empurpled mouths, for all the smug frowns of respectable sots like you and me—that is what she sees and knows, the spirit of soldiers and sailors, of them who widen the map and put heroic lines into history. Wonderful and holy, adorable and forever heroic—even the fighter's heart!

THE SAILORS WITH A RIFLE

BY A. H. GLEASON

MOST of the belligerent nations are appealing enough, but they don't make the spectator envious of their lot. Austria seems like a rather elderly and very stout man, who thought he was in for a debate and finds it is a bloody fight. Each time we have a glimpse of him he is retiring to catch his breath and adjust the court-plaster. England is interesting as an exhibit of a democracy continuing to exercise all its peace rights of free speech and personal liberty at a time when the underpinning is sagging and rocking. But even her friends grow worried when each day develops a new crop of individualists who want their drink, or slack their job, or whack Kitchener. The taste of Belgium is bitter in the mouth of Germany. And the fate of Belgium itself is too poignant to afford pleasure to spectator or victim or perpetrator. Our own rôle is doubtless the only one we are fitted to play, but it is not heroic. It is that of a spectator, who can't swim, at a drowning.

The one nation that has emerged serene and clarified by this war is France. Tributes have accrued to her from all the others. Captured German officers have borne gallant witness to the mixture of dash and endurance that has enabled her to hold the decisive battleline. Poets of England have turned from the home muddling to that unity. France herself has not been voluble on her costly sacrifice. Her men of letters have lent a hand somewhere on or behind the five hundred mile line that goes from the Channel to the German forts.

One of the few books that have come out of France at war, is that of Charles Le Goffic. He calls it *Dixmude—un Chapitre de l'histoire des Fusiliers Marins.* These sailors with a rifle held Dixmude for over three weeks, till the whole Yser position was consolidated. They were almost wiped out, because the odds were heavy against them. Since last November they have held Nieuport, the extreme northern end of the west front.

"They came ready for their work. The sea is a perpetual battlefield, and one doesn't fight any less on a ship than in a trench. Community of danger creates community of hearts."

The author says that the particular grace that made the affair possible was a veritable spiritual brotherhood between men and leader—higher than efficiency and discipline. A wounded private writes how his lieutenant came to him, and asked,

"Here, little one, what is the matter?"

"Oh! lieutenant, I am wounded, and I'm not able to move."

"Well, well, climb up on my back."

"And he carried me to a house, and said this to me which I shall remember forever:

"'Rest here, little one, till they come for you. I'll go and get the ambulance ready.'

"Then he went back into battle, the brave man."

Instances of clear sight are given. That of the lieutenant ordered to the outpost.

"He reads clearly his fate—'It is my death,' he says. And he went to the death which had made its sign to him."

Once a captain said to these men,

"My poor children, you have done your duty. There's nothing more to do except give up." And for the first time, disobedient to their captain, they replied "No."

"It wasn't night nor yet day, in Dixmude. It was red."

The account of their work has some of the same accent as the Greek Anthology. These *marins* were boys who died gladly, believing they were saving their country. They have shown to the modern world, which holds most things lightly except personal security, that it is not human life that is sacred—it is the flash of spirit. The very qualities that come to brightness under danger, the price of which is sometimes death, are alone the qualities worth keeping alive. It is not the carcass of a man that needs safeguarding, but the virtue and gesture which may only be called out by the last moment of all.

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Europe: "He may help a little, after all."

AT REST

BY H. L. KINGERY

SKY of brass and sun of blazing fire; beneath, a boundless prairie brown from drought. On a low, treeless swell of ground stood a farmhouse, a mere shack of two unplastered rooms with no neighbor in sight in all the level sweep of the horizon. There were order and cleanliness within, but sweltering heat and swarms of flies, for door and window were unscreened. On the bedside sat a haggard, hollow-eyed woman, still young and evidently once beautiful, fanning the heat and insects from the flushed face of a sick baby.

Presently her husband entered. "Hullo, Maggie! How's the kid? Dinner ready?"

Moving listlessly she set the table and soon all was ready. He ate ferociously, she hardly at all.

"Matter, Maggie? Aren't you well?"

"No, Will."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. I'm starving, starving for human society. Since our marriage two years ago I haven't seen twenty people. The novelty of it the first year helped, and baby was coming. Last year baby and the housework kept me occupied, though my strength was overtaxed. Now I have all that on my hands, with baby sick and another child coming—"

"Why, Maggie, you never talked this way before. Don't brood over things. Forget it all."

"If I only could forget!"

"I am sorry you feel so, Maggie, but what can we do about it?"

"I don't know! That is where the utter hopelessness of it lies. Sometimes I feel tempted to end it all. The deep hole in the Kissawa, with its clear, cool water, seems to beckon me and sometimes I can hardly resist."

"Don't talk so, child. You never could be so wicked. I must go now and finish that cultivating—though God knows whether it will do any good in this infernal drought."

He was not unkind, only unimaginative and undemonstrative. A healthy animal himself, he could not understand her feelings, considering them signs of a womanish weakness that was to be corrected.

"Oh, baby, baby!" she cried when left alone. "What can we do? He doesn't understand or care. Oh, the endless days and nights, the merciless heat, the plague of insects, the increasing pain, the loneliness, the hunger of my very soul! Shall we go, baby, and rest in the river, where it is soft and cool?"

"So', coo'," echoed the uncomprehending infant.

So it came that Will, kindly enough but unsympathetic, returning at evening missed his wife and baby, recalled with sudden terror her wild speech, and found them—at rest.

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HOW NORTHCLIFFE SUCCEEDED

BY CHARLES E. WHITTAKER

ALFRED CHARLES HARMSWORTH, who sits in the English House of Lords as Lord Northcliffe, a title bestowed upon him by the Conservative party in 1905, is the chief owner of the *Times* that has managed to get itself into such extraordinary disrepute over its castigation of Lord Kitchener. He is the guiding spirit of the nineteen-year-old *Daily Mail* (which was the first "yellow" journal to be given to an astonished England), the *Evening News*—which has the largest circulation of any English evening newspaper—and about one hundred and forty other periodicals, ranging from high class provincial dailies to weekly blood-curdlers that make their appeal to schoolboys and office-boys. He has risen to this position of singular eminence in thirty years. The only other living example of a man of the English middle class attaining a position of great power is Mr. Lloyd George.

They are both good advertisers; but there the resemblance ceases; for Northcliffe began life by setting out to please all and has finished by getting himself thoroughly detested and distrusted by everybody; whilst Lloyd George began a career as a thorn on the side of the great Chamberlain, became an object of popular execration during the Boer war, and is now the darling of the aristocracy and the masses.

A sort of "life of Lord Northcliffe" was written some years ago by Marie Connor Leighton, one of his employees, in a novel of no importance; but the intimate incidents of his earlier life were but sketchily depicted. What was far more important, to the ideas of the adoring writer, was to present Lord Northcliffe as a Napoleon of the press.

To the historian, in the soothing and restful analysis of the dead, the end of a great man's life may have most meaning. Latter-day interest centres in rather more true judgment upon earlier events. It is from the first phase that one may deduce what sends the man of genius speeding onwards.

Lord Northcliffe's early upbringings were respectable enough in the English understanding of the term. His father was a barrister, with a practise of law that brought him in no more than a modest competence. As the eldest of six sons, Alfred Charles Harmsworth received a moderate education. At seventeen he went to work at weekly magazine journalism, which was by no means the profession of the English elect in the early 'eighties, ranking little superior to the despised art of the actor, and derided by the professional workers on the daily newspapers. In these days he was a quite ordinary type of youth, vivacious, slightly musical—he strummed on the piano with no great skill—somewhat given to mild athletics in bicycle racing, and rather shy.

All bright Englishmen quarrel with their parents. When the inevitable row occurred Alfred was on terms of very intimate friendship—a bond that has endured these thirty years—with Max Pemberton, the novelist. Max, the eldest son of a prosperous rice importer, had just finished his education at Cambridge University, and with that amatory impetuosity that has always been his chief characteristic, had fallen in love with the prettiest girl in the London northern suburbs. In one month he had courted and married Alice Tussaud—one of the large family that owns the wax-work establishment in the Marylebone Road, London—married on an income that consisted almost entirely of hopes for a successful literary career for Max. To them came Alfred, straight from the family row. The little Hampstead *menage* in Sheriff's Road—aptly named, that road, for them at the time—was as happy as only very young people and a continuous succession of Pemberton infants could make it. Alfred was godfather to the third Pemberton child (now serving, as are his two elder brothers, in the trenches of Flanders) and became quite expert at washing feeding-bottles. Every day the two young men would walk to Fleet street, selling their literary wares to reluctant editors. Finance was often enough the determining factor between the doubtful benefit of a four-mile walk and a ride on the three-penny omnibus. Indeed, at one time, Alfred's wardrobe stood in such poor shape that it was found necessary to make hems in the ends of the legs of Max's spare trousers. Fortunately Max, newly down from the University, had a plentiful supply of clothes, but as he stood an erect six feet something, whilst the future Napoleon of the press was shorter by a full six inches, it will be realized that the hems had to be generous. Not unnaturally, the young men believed in dress as an aid to business. They carried the art a step further. In those days, the gardenia as a buttonhole flower was largely fancied in London. For two cents it gave an additional sense of *bien-etre* to the wearer and deceived the observer by an appearance of comfortable fastidiousness. It was the cheapest form of insurance for respect ever known; and it was one of the details of an unerring barometer to the editorial weather likely to be encountered in the young men's daily round. For if a cabman, sitting on the high perch of his hansom, said "Cab, gentlemen?" to them, it was instant testimony that they had satisfied the outward exigencies of society, and they would climb the dismal, creaking stairs of the Fleet street offices with stouter hearts.

IN THIS lean time Alfred found a speculator, an elderly man who advanced him £2,000 with which to start a weekly magazine. In the days of the middle 'eighties, the sum, if not the purpose, was far from contemptible; for such a purpose it was adequate. Those were the days when the only magazine of the kind was *Tit-Bits*. Later years brought a flood of them, all of much the same size and shape, ill-printed, full of clippings, of scraps of utterly useless information, a little fiction and a free railroad insurance policy. Alfred started *Answers to Correspondence*. That was the title of the venture; it was afterwards shortened to *Answers*. The staff of the paper, working in two tiny dirty rooms in the city of London, consisted of himself, Max Pemberton, and a young lady helper who is now Lady Northcliffe. Alfred was no educator, no leader of opinion. He is not of the stuff of which crusaders are made. To him, watching the crowded *blasé* mass in the city, the question was always, "Here are these millions of people: What do they want to read? What will they buy?" The answer was emphatically not the literature in the columns of *Answers*. The venture was not setting London afire. A more tempting bait was wanted.

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It was here that he discovered the startling fact that you can coax the British public into anything, but you can force it into nothing. A muckraker might have succeeded with a new magazine. There was only one downright muckraking sheet in England at the time—a poor thing called *Modern Society*, in which Mr. Frank Harris afterwards wallowed as editor. But a muckraker must be born, not made; and Alfred was not so born. He has tried it twice, and has met with disaster on each occasion; probably the words "Soap-trust libel," and "Kitchener" will be found graven on his heart. His method of revivifying the anemic *Answers* was a prize at two pounds a week for life to the clever reader who should prophecy—on a coupon printed in the paper—the exact figure of the cash reserve as given in the Bank of England statement on a date some three or four months ahead. It is an old way of flogging up a circulation now, but it was quite new then, and as it was a contest involving some sort of skill, it evaded the punishments of the Lottery Act. Two pounds a week represented the average income of the class he knew so well—the clerk, the man behind the counter, the warehouseman—the vast body of semi-educated England. You could have one guess or a million; a separate coupon, printed in the paper, for each guess. Two pounds a week did the trick. The circulation of *Answers* went up and up; and whilst the poor things thought they were merely entering a competition—an affair like a sweepstake—in reality they were doing a far more deadly thing:



Lord Northcliffe "follows through" with as much vim as he attacks Kitchener

They were reading *Answers*. They were becoming the Awful Warnings and the Horrible Examples of Alfred's discovery of the theory of coaxing. He is the Apostle of the Hors d'Oeuvres; the Philosopher who, seated on a donkey's back, holds the carrot in front of the animal's nose to insure a continuous trot. It is upon that doctrine and that philosophy that the fabric of the Harmsworth business has been built. Arnold Bennett describes the business as giving "What the Public Wants," in the play of that name. The diagnosis is only partially correct. Exactitude compels the utterance of the truth, that that portion of the British public which reads cheap papers will forgive anything so long as it is not made to think for itself. It does not insist on being amused; it does not scream for sensation; it does not clamor for novelty; but it hates having to think for itself. For years Alfred stood between the British public and the effort of thinking.

The prize of two pounds a week for life was straightly won; success had come at a moment when *Answers* would have been hard put to it to provide one year of such income. And then followed *Comic Cuts* (a paper for office boys) and other journals, ignorant of art, destructive to the development of good taste, wasteful of good time, but never, ah never! destructive to morals. *The Boy's Marvel*, *Pluck*, and the *Union Jack* were instant successes. They are weekly affairs of derring-do that have put the "Deadwood Dick" fiction out of business in England. They sold at one cent; the "Deadwood Dick" novel cost six cents; they were both gobbled up hastily by the same class—the messenger boy, the young elevator attendant and the office boy.

It is here that the Harmsworth brothers enter the field of vision. Alfred, like Napoleon, had plenty of relatives. Self-preservation showed him that it is well to keep a growing business in the hands of a band of brothers. Certain eminent financiers have long recognized the profound truth that if you really must have five, six or seven assistants, you might just as well select your brothers, because the average level of intelligence will be about the same as that of any other five, six or seven unrelated men. Carlyle expressed the same truth less politely. Alfred's right hand brother was Harold. The combination is ideal (especially when the two are on speaking terms, a condition of things by no means constant). Harold, now Lord Rothermere, is the man of commerce, the careful economizer; the efficiency-by-exhaustion employer. If Alfred is rich—and his personal fortune is estimated at about ten million dollars—it is consequential, and almost accidental; to Harold belongs the credit of building up the fabric as a money-making machine. Alfred, enthusiastic, temperamental, supplies the imagination; Harold the calculating, the discriminating, weighs the pros and the cons; if he approves of such and such, it is a certainty that his sheer executive ability will make Alfred's ideas successful. Alfred's wealth has been gained in spite of the fact that he has imagination; Harold's still greater wealth has been amassed because he has brain-weight rather than brains. It is therefore untrue to say that Alfred has made Harold's fortune; the converse statement would be equally inexact. It was Alfred who—quite against Harold's advice—started a series of noisy articles against the soap manufacturers of England, declaring that all English soap was Trust soap. That attack cost, approximately, in damages for various libels, two million dollars. To Alfred's credit be it said that he paid every penny out of his own pocket, and not from the funds of the company owning the *Daily Mail*. Harold, in similar case, would have made the Company pay the damages; but then, Harold would never have perpetrated the libel. It was Alfred's first adventure into the field of muckraking. One supposes that it taught

him the incomplete lesson that you must not attack a business man or a business institution; for libel actions against the *Daily Mail* are very rare. Had the lesson been driven home, Alfred would have learned that, in England, it is unsafe to attack anybody or anything. He is a born magazine journalist; by that type of work has he succeeded; in that circumscribed area he knows his public. The *Daily Mail*, for example, was a magazine journal which gave news without opinion, just as the *Daily Telegraph*, owned by the Levi family, flourished for years by printing opinion without news. The art of Alfred is the art of the *raconteur;* the *Daily Mail* editorials are said—by those who indulge in the Higher Criticism—to be written by junior office boys, and indeed there is no external evidence to contradict this assertion. They are not editorials any more than are the writings of Mr. Arthur Brisbane. The writings on the editorial page of the *Daily Mail* expressly prevented people from thinking; they continued the fine tradition of *Answers*, and the rest of the successful publications. On the infrequent occasion when some new writer actually expressed himself the readers were visibly annoyed; it was not for this that they bought the *Daily Mail*.

That Alfred ever should have been allowed, then, to buy the *Times* is or is not a national disaster, according to your way of thinking. You may compare such a transaction, perhaps, to Mr. Hearst buying the *Atlantic Monthly*. If you say, "Well, why not?" I have your answer. If on the other hand you are an artist or a believer in causes—

One assumes that it was vanity which prompted the purchase: the trick of the gardenia was being repeated in later life. He was trying to wear the turned-up trousers of the Delanes and the Walters. I need not say how ill the garments of the giants fitted. The marks of the hems were so visible even to Alfred that he was moved to cut the *Times* to his own stature. The "choleric word" of the Delanes and the Walters became "rank blasphemy" in Alfred. For the second time, in his attack upon Lord Kitchener, he has demonstrated that the British public always takes people and institutions seriously. For years the public has turned to the *Daily Mail* as an anodyne; for years it has bought Labouchere's *Truth* and Bottomley's *John Bull* whenever it fancied a little muckraking, but it will not tolerate theological news in *Sporting Life*, betting gossip in the *Church Times*, or an opinion at any time from any of the Harmsworth fraternity. Harold knows this and gives the public a bumping one cent's worth of nothing but photo pictures every day in the *Daily Mirror*. And the *Daily Mirror* has consequently the largest circulation of any daily paper in the world, an affair of nearly two million a day; whilst the *Times*—not by reason of its two penny or three penny price—had always the lowest circulation of the London daily papers.

As for the unpopularity of the attack on Kitchener, you may believe, if you like, that Alfred was just a sincere pro-John French lunatic in thus falling into his own trap. Had the attack on the Cabinet halted at that, there would have been none to gainsay your belief. But inasmuch as onslaughts have been made on the coalition Cabinet and Sir John French, it seems that Alfred's long cherished dreams of Cabinet office still obsess him. The British public has spanked Alfred, and he (who has been a howling jingo for twenty years) is petulant enough to display his "patriotism" by refusing to publish in his newspapers the War Office recruiting advertisements.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

BY J. T. LETCHER

ART for art's sake is the motto which some say should be followed by all devotees. Why not then, law for law's sake; medicine for medicine's sake; railroading for railroading's sake? What is there connected with writing, painting, sculpture and the like to separate them from other fields of endeavor? Is it something inherent in the nature of the work, or does something mysterious and supernaturally great surround its workmen, making them a class apart?

Every person who really accomplishes anything in any profession or trade must be earnestly alert to achieve the best without regard to the material profit. The leader in any vocation is a high priest of his craft. The most proficient lawyer, doctor or craftsman renders often a service altogether out of proportion to the remuneration received. The monetary consideration is a necessity for his existence, but it is not the chief end.

The laborer is worthy of his hire in all forms of labor. If one can produce from his brain a product that has a money value, there is no good reason why he should not get the market worth for it. I cannot see why a writer or painter should contribute his work to the world without pay any more than any other worker. Art is not more necessary than the necessities of life. The first duty of every adult is to win a competence for himself and for those dependent on him.

The author, sculptor, painter, artist, who is honest with himself and desires the highest rewards for his work will not stop short of the best he can do. Milton would not have given the world an epic any less sublime had he received a fortune for it. On the other hand, Scott did hack work, and received a fortune in return.

An artist, like a lawyer, will always work "for art's sake," but it is his right to earn his living through his work. The world has no right to expect him to starve.

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A CENSORED CATHERINE THE GREAT

Under the patronage of the King and Queen of England, "Russia's Day" was recently celebrated with a matinée at the Alhambra Theatre. Patriotic Russian songs and folksongs intermingled with Alhambra Revues and "Charlie Chaplin Walks." Miss Doris Keane was billed for a performance of Miles Mallinson's play—"Catherine the Great." At the last minute certain Russian notables suggested that perhaps it was not quite in keeping with the spirit of patriotism to put the more intimate affairs of Catherine on the stage. Consequently Miss Keane was forced to give up her plans, and present an act from her old standby—"Romance." Our photograph, showing her in the forbidden rôle of Catherine, is published for the first time in this country.

HITS ON THE STAGE



DRAMATIZING THE BY-WORD

IN THE old days musical comedies were given names that had at least a remote connection with the story. *The Chocolate Soldier*, for example. Or *The Red Mill*—if you can remember that far back. Later on, it became the vogue to select a title after the fashion of naming a Pullman car,—with utter and carefree abandon. *The Whirl of the World*, for instance. Or *Adele*,—which has a particularly Pullmanish smack to it. Today we christen our musical comedies in still another style: *Watch Your Step*, *Very Good Eddie*, *Stop! Look! Listen!*—new to the popular phrase, let the plot fall where it may!

Stop! Look! Listen! and *Very Good Eddie* are two new musical comedies, both popular successes, and both rather out of the ordinary. "Out of the ordinary" means that neither play has a bedroom scene and that both have music good enough to stand repetition on the phonograph. *Stop! Look! Listen!* is, in the words of the dramatic critic, the vehicle in which Mlle. Gaby Deslys—the well-known advocate of popular perfumes and variegated cough-lozenges—makes her return to Broadway. The play is quite triumphant in the fact that the star doesn't get a chance to spoil it. Mlle. Deslys is, we believe, an earnest, high-minded lady. She always works diligently to make a success of the play. In *Stop! Look! Listen!* her rôle is unusually suited to her abilities. Her songs are largely of a chanting nature. And the part calls for a good deal of running around, leaping over obstacles, etc.

The same thing is true in the case of Mr. Harry Pilcer. The producers have given him only one real chance to wave his wire hair in the agony of the dance. That comes when he falls down a flight of stairs. Artist or no artist, Mr. Pilcer is a howling success as a stairs-faller. His thump on the last step elicits genuine appreciation from the audience.

Aside from this climactic bit, there are many other pleasurable moments. Doyle and Dixon—rapidly becoming another Montgomery and Stone—provide a whole lot of enjoyment. Heretofore they have been dancers solely; now they become rather respectable comedians. Harry Fox has been curbed by the same mysterious force that hid Mr. Pilcer's hair under a bushel. Joseph Santley has several entertaining songs and two or three good dances. And there is always the chorus—Hippodromic in proportions, and quite deserving of applause.

THE OTHER ONE

VERY GOOD EDDIE has not the high aims of *Stop! Look! Listen!* It does not pretend to be the vehicle for the return of any foreign artist. No one falls downstairs in it. Nevertheless, by virtue of being entertaining, it becomes one of the class of better musical comedies.

The bedroom scene being absent, the story must necessarily centre around a honeymoon. The audience is not surprised when the hero meets the lady with whom he had once been in love. It is not surprised at the complications that arise. But it has an amusing time, the book is never vulgar, and Mr. Jerome Kern has written some good music. The capability of the whole cast more than makes up for the lack of someone notorious enough to justify an individual electric sign.

CHAPTERS VERSUS ACTS

THE same week that gave New York two musical comedies had *The Devil's Garden* and *Ruggles of Red Gap* up its sleeve. Neither of these plays, perhaps, is qualified for treatment in a department which deals with "Hits on the Stage." At the same time, they present interesting data in the matter of dramatizing novels.

Ruggles of Red Gap is the Harry Leon Wilson story of a valet who became the property of an American Yahoo as the result of a poker debt. His master took him to the land of the North Americans, where he lost all sense of class distinction and brazenly became a colonel. Mr. Wilson's story had amusing characters and uproarious lines. Ostensibly a good piece for drama. But there was so much good stuff in it that Mr. Harrison Rhodes, who made the dramatization, was swamped by the problem of what to select. He did the obvious thing: selected nothing. True, after its first night performance, an entire act was discarded. But if the play still misses its effect it is because there has been no clear idea of what ought to be thrown out and what ought to be made into drama.

The Devil's Garden emphasizes the large part that selection must play. Here the dramatic passages were obvious enough; but they were unfortunate. The best parts of the novel were the psychological parts, the unfoldings of William Hale's mental development. Such material was Shakespeare's, perhaps, but not Broadway's. And the selected portions are only the disagreeable, disconnected anecdotes of a story that should have been left in book form.

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MIDWINTER COMMENT ON SPORTS

BY HERBERT REED

WITH a hockey season started which has back of it the impetus of a greater public interest in skating than has prevailed in years, the play of the St. Nicholas team is certain to attract an even wider attention than in 1915.

Much has been written of the splendid play of the St. Nicholas combination, but from the standpoint of careful students of hockey there is always the feeling that in the glamour of brilliance which surrounds a few players some other members of the team are not receiving the degree of appreciation which they deserve. Not that the members of the St. Nicholas Club are animated by any unusual attention to the course of individual press notices. The fact is that there is a sportsmanship and a good fellowship which can really be described as "clubby" between the St. Nicholas members such as might well be copied by a few college athletic teams which have been handicapped by petty jealousies and individual love of the limelight.

Over the brilliant powers of Hobey Baker no one has been more enthusiastic than the writer. In the days when the St. Nicholas star was representing Princeton and before the range of appreciation became so wide, Baker's remarkable powers on the ice were an attraction sufficient to draw any lover of athletics to the rink. I do not think it is too much to say that in large measure the boom which skating is enjoying this winter in New York can be attributed in considerable measure to the scintillating hockey play of Baker during the last few seasons.

For a great host of people the sight of Baker making one of his speedy and elusive forays towards the goal of the enemy was a revelation of the possibilities of skating. In all lines of amateur sport development to a plane which increases attractiveness as a spectacle is followed by an increase in the number of active players. Notable as an example was the aftermath of the International Polo matches of 1913.

During that season the interest in the spectacle reached such proportions that as far as American active participation there were fewer polo players than the year before. The next season, however, showed a wonderful development for the galloping game. Many a man, thrilled by the pace of International play, made and adhered to the resolution of seeing what he could do for himself on a pony. So in the case of hockey, I think some of the multitude who are taxing the rapidly increasing skating facilities in and around New York were attracted to the ice through the witnessing of the brilliant performances which have featured the last few seasons of hockey. Of course it is Hobey Baker who has given to the public the greatest inspiration.

When it comes to team play, however, it is pleasing to note this season a rapidly developing critical appreciation of hockey which is manifesting itself in ability to understand the fine team coordination which is the real secret of the success of the St. Nicholas seven. It is an especial pleasure to note the way in which the gallery is following the clever work of such a man as Russell Ellis. Among hockey players it has been realized from the start that the fine defensive work of Ellis and his deft feeding of the puck on the offensive comprise one of the main assets of the combination. Not the least of his attractions from the standpoint of the critic is the way in which he manages by clever strategy to make a small physical equipment give better service that a large one. Ellis is the only Canadian on the St. Nicholas seven. He came to New York from Toronto, but has developed most of his hockey efficiency while representing the St. Nicholas team, of which he has been a member for three years.

Gouverneur Carnochan, goal, and Will Willets, cover point are two other men who contribute especial strength to a combination which after all owes its leadership to fine all-around team work. The St. Nicks made a brilliant start in their first game against the Montreal All-Stars, and there seems little doubt that the seven will prove as brilliant a feature of the 1916 hockey season as in 1915.

SPEAKING of the hockey season, it is evident that St. Paul's School at Concord is again represented by a team which includes in its membership a number of young players who will be heard from in intercollegiate and club hockey a few years from now. Hockey is more generally participated in at St. Paul's School than at any institution in the country. Furthermore the sport is under exceedingly competent direction. The St. Paul team this year is naturally handicapped in the matter of age and experience when competing against teams in the college and club classes, but without any exception the seven which represented the Concord institution in the match against Princeton which was played at the St. Nicholas Rink early in December, is the most brilliant sharpshooting aggregation I have seen in action in several seasons.

ONE of the most striking features of the various athletic governmental gatherings which convened in the last week of the year, with the especial object of discussing the amateur question, was the attitude of frankness and sincerity which made many interesting views a matter of record. In the sense that there was much discussion and not so much specific action, some commentators may be justified on the surface in the criticism that not much was done. Yet, as has been demonstrated by past experience, it is not making specific rules but the creation of an atmosphere of amateurism which is the effective means of eliminating evils which attach themselves with every new phase of athletic development. There is no doubt that the coming together of the representative authorities in all branches of sport will result in eradicating many abuses which cannot be done away with by definition. After all the amateur criterion is not legislation but an ideal.

IF THIS winter turns out to be as white as Providence ought to make it, to satisfy devotees of the skating craze, there should be plenty of ice-boating. And for sportsmen endowed with a goodly supply of nerve and quick-wittedness there is, perhaps, no pastime quite so replete with thrills.

It is usually conceded that drivers of racing cars are called upon to exhibit more *sangfroid* than almost any other variety of athlete. But the element of danger

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Open water ahead? No stopping now!

they have to face is largely counteracted by the perfection of modern racing tracks—such as the speedways at Indianapolis and Sheepshead Bay—and the perfection of the mechanism by which they control their machines. True, the lurking fear of a broken steering gear, or a defective tire is always with them; likewise the knowledge of what those calamities entail. On the whole, however, your modern racing car, while it is a giant in power, is pretty tractable and can be made to respond to the will of its driver.

The man on the ice-boat, however, has no mechanical aid to safety. The only things he can control are the rudder and the spread of the sails. And he travels, as I said in a previous article, quicker than an express train—provided the conditions are perfect. It is comforting to note, in this regard, that accidents to ice-boaters seem to be few and far between. This happy condition is a good indication that most of the people who sail on the ice have not only an accurate working knowledge of winds and their tricks, but that they have also steady nerves and much coolness.

Occasionally, however, one reads the account of an ice-boat's being smashed up. Perhaps the speed that has been attained was so great that the skipper didn't see the open water ahead until it was too late to stop. There can be no last-minute veering, when the wind is whistling fifty miles an hour behind you. Perhaps the strain has been so great that one of the runners has crumpled up under it. The ice-boat is sturdy, but it is so light that it is apt to crack under too great stress. Perhaps, at the last minute, several nefarious passengers crept on board—and the poor deluded skipper didn't know it was loaded.

IT IS significant that the old-time water-polo is passing into the limbo of discarded sports, and is being replaced by what is known as "water basketball." It is significant because it shows that Americans have begun to tire of the knock-down, drag-out type of game of which the old water-polo was such a beautiful example. Sporting enthusiasts are taking more and more interest in the proposition that games ought to be fun for those who play them as well as for the spectators. Little or no skill was called for by the old water-polo. It was a drowning match, pure and simple. Its successor, "water basketball" is a great deal more humane and demands more from its devotees than the possession of several hundredweight of flesh.

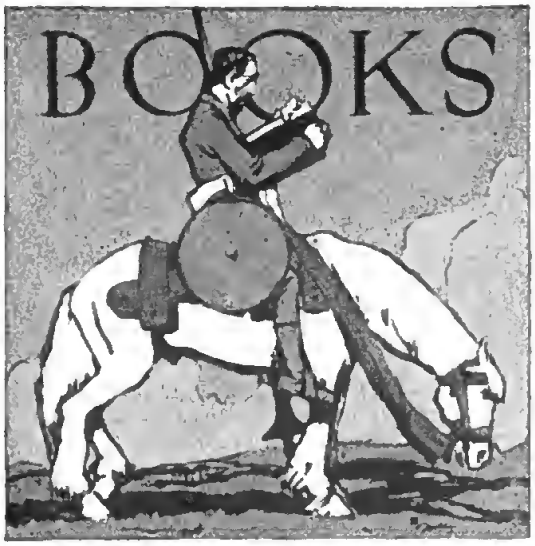
TOM SHEVLIN'S death leaves a gap in the field of intercollegiate sport which is not likely to be soon filled. Big-hearted and big-minded, possessed of a marvelous physique and with a fund of dynamic energy which never seemed to be exhausted, Shevlin in a great many ways represented the typical American proposition. Where most men, reckoning the apparent hopelessness of an undertaking and the thanklessness of assuming the responsibility for a lost cause, would have hesitated, Shevlin, supreme in his faith in Yale strength and his own power of calling forth maximum efficiency, went into the campaign without a thought of possible defeat.

Shevlin was a great leader and his spirit was one which always had to be reckoned with no matter how gloomy the outlook. Shevlin's love for Yale was a passion which during the last five years, when Eli reversals in athletics threatened to kill the traditional respect for Yale spirit, served to keep alive the spark of accomplishment at New Haven and the respect of every outsider.



Sixty miles an hour—and no anti-skid chains on the runners!

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"BOON: *The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump.* Being a selection from the literary remains of George Boon, appropriate to the times—prepared for publication by Reginald Bliss—with an ambiguous introduction by H. G. Wells." All this appears on the title-page of an interesting book for which neither Mr. Boon nor Mr. Bliss will receive much credit,—but which is quite a feather in the literary cap of Mr. Wells.

The book was published before *The Research Magnificent*. It has not the high aims of that volume, but it goes further. George Boon believes that humanity as a whole has an intellect, and that this intellect develops with the ages. That is *The Mind of the Race*. *The Wild Asses of the Devil* are those individuals who by spending their time in futile braying hold back the development of humanity's mind. And *The Last Trump* is a fleeting realization of the cosmic nature of things. *En route* Mr. Wells takes some amusing flings at Mr. Henry James, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Kultur, Mr. George Moore, and English politicians.

In a brief review quotations are to be eschewed. But some people read reviews who never read books; and for the benefit of all such we quote the triumphant description of a Henry James novel: "A magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea which has got into a corner of its den. Most things, it insists, are beyond it, but it can, at any rate, modestly, and with an artistic singleness of mind, pick up that pea."

SOME Musicians of Former Days, translated from the French of Romain Rolland, is a series of studies in early opera. After an introductory essay on the various forerunners of opera, M. Rolland takes up in succession, Luigi Rossi, Lully, Gluck, Grétry, and Mozart. Readers of other of M. Rolland's musical works know him as a critic of considerable erudition, delicate perception, and attractive style,—and these qualities stand out in *Some Musicians of Former Days*. Some of these essays are unusually interesting, notably the ones on Rossi and Lully. Not only are they fascinating from a purely musical point of view, but they throw a wonderful light on the position of music in those days, and the conditions under which opera was originally produced. In them, the history of music becomes in a large sense the history of the times. Music lovers will find these studies a valuable addition to the literature on the subject, and they should appeal to others as well for their brightness and the remarkable fund of information in them.

DO YOU remember Hans Andersen's fairy story about "The Shepherdess and the Sweep"?—and how tragedy was narrowly averted by the rivet in grandfather's tiny china neck, which prevented him from nodding his head?

It is the stiffneckedness of the old-fashioned "Southron" in Mr. Cabell's latest novel, *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, which is responsible for most of his virtues as well as most of his faults. Mr. Cabell, himself a Southerner and a warm believer in the future of the "New South," has delicately, exquisitely satirized the "Old South," the aristocratic South, the South whose insistence on blue blood and family traditions will no longer serve to keep poverty from the door.

Mr. Cabell, like the Old South, is rhetorical,—very. He writes with an air of graceful literary gesture, about one Colonel Musgrave, whose chief characteristic is his love of dramatic gesticulation and verbal precosities. *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck* is a fearfully literary book, come to think of it. Each of its ten parts is prefaced by a sonnet,—pleasant enough stuff, most of it, and sufficiently apropos. But literary. The conversation, upon which all of the characters live and move and have their being thrivingly, betrays painstaking ingenuity. It is very polished. It is often scintillant. It is always clever enough to impress vulgarians as being distinguished, and too clever to impress the initiated as natural.

MR. MACY, in his new book, *Socialism in America*, writes with an obvious chip upon his shoulder. His lack of patience with all contemporary institutions is only exceeded by his lack of patience with all reforms and movements which are seeking to correct these institutions, including—most particularly including—"Socialism in America." It is an angry man's book, with much of an angry man's virility and also with much of his smashing blindness. He tilts at everything from Mr. Rockefeller to progressivism, but he reserves his most violent thrusts for the orthodox socialist and the latter's program. On reflection, one is inclined to sympathize with his attack. Socialism has reached a period of platitudinous senility in this country from which it needs to be awakened, perhaps violently awakened. Mr. Macy comes as a prophet of awakening, and his words should have a tonic effect upon such fellow socialists as he does not permanently antagonize. Unquestionably he has run an invigorating furrow through the packed, dreary flatness of much contemporary socialist thought. His vitriolic stand for real internationalism makes particularly exhilarating reading. His is, however, the very last book in the world which one would recommend to a layman who wished to learn of American Socialism. By the way,—who was it said, "In America socialism is not a sociological theory but an after-dinner phrase, not a new political faith but a new agnosticism, not a great movement but a noisy argument?"

BOOKS REVIEWED

BOON: THE MIND OF THE RACE *By Reginald Bliss*
George H. Doran Company, New York $1.50

SOME MUSICIANS OF FORMER DAYS *By Romain Rolland*
Henry Holt & Co., New York $1.50

THE RIVET IN GRANDFATHER'S NECK *By James Branch Cabell*
Robert M. McBride & Co., New York $1.35

SOCIALISM IN AMERICA *By John Macy*
Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City $ .60

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YOUR IDEAL MOTOR CAR

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

The Motor Department of HARPER'S WEEKLY *is conducted for you. Mr. Hilder will gladly answer any questions you may ask regarding cars or their accessories. Next week's issue will contain full news of the New York shows.*

WHAT with six cylinder cars selling for less than a thousand dollars, and fours selling at less than five hundred, small wonder is it that children are now being spoken of as having been born with runabouts in their mouths, instead of the traditional golden spoons. In fact it is so common to see boys and girls spinning round the country in their own little cars and tinkering with them themselves when they sometimes refuse to spin, that it would not be surprising should an investigation divulge among the youth of our land a deeper understanding of gasoline motors than of literature and mathematics.

This knowledge is, however, not confined to children. For, with the constantly increasing simplification of motor cars, vast numbers are being added to the ranks of men and women who drive their own machines. Where, formerly, automobiles were uncertain and unreliable and apt to expire suddenly on the road twenty miles from all the world, they now are just about as steady and dependable as watches—if not more so. As one manufacturer aptly put it, motor troubles are fixed in the factory, before they happen. Motorists no longer need extensive, purple vocabularies. I would not, of course, imply that machines never break down, or get out of order. Such conditions could not exist on this earth. But you probably know what I mean.

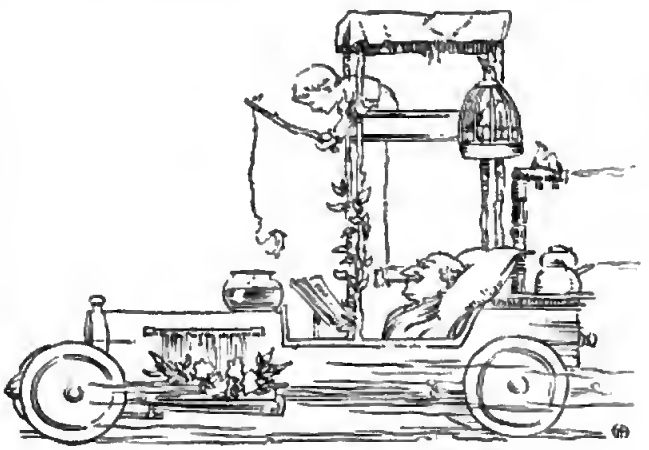
Thousands of car owners drove for themselves last year. Thousands more will drive for themselves this year. And all who drive—or nearly all—will know exactly what makes the wheels go round.

By nature we are most of us critics—George Bernard Shaw to the contrary notwithstanding—and although we have a tendency to criticize everything whether we understand it or not, we are still more prone to criticize the things we do know about. The criticism of people who are ignorant of their subject is sometimes of value. Molière used to read his plays to his housekeeper, and I have heard of modern authors who tried their products on the hall-boys. I need scarcely point out, however, that criticism which is born of knowledge is often more worth while.

At any rate, we are all critics, and among the things that fall victim to our remarks are motor cars. Knowing so much more about them than we used to, we are better fitted to criticize them.

You, for instance, speak slightingly of one machine, and praise another. You think certain springs are beyond reproach, and vilify another kind. You like the seating arrangement of this car, and deplore the ignition system of that. And all the time you are assembling in your mind a picture of *the* ideal car.

You can see it—your ideal car—inside and out, under the hood, and over the axle. You know just what you would put into your ideal car, were you to build it, and just what you would leave out. Sometimes, I am sure, you wish your actual car might be spirited out of the garage and replaced by a full sized replica of the car you have pictured to yourself. And you wish that some manufacturer would make a car following your specifications



HARPER'S WEEKLY offers prizes for the four most practical letters on the subject "My Ideal Car."

This contest is open to all people interested in motoring, whether they own cars or not.

Letters must not exceed 500 words in length. Letters containing burlesque descriptions—in the vein of the drawing above—will not be considered.

The contest will be judged according to the practical value of the ideas expressed in the letters. Literary excellence will have no bearing on decisions.

All letters must be in this office on or before February 15th. The winning letters will be published some time in March.

The prizes will be: 1—$15 in cash; 2—$10 in cash; 3—One year's subscription to HARPER'S WEEKLY. 4—Six months' subscription.

It is probable, too, that in creating the mind picture of your ideal car, you may have invented devices that would add to the gaiety of nations of motorists. An automobile manufacturer recently remarked to us, "Think of the number of useful inventions that must have perished and been lost because their originators lacked an excuse or an opportunity to bring them to light."

A strong feeling that many of these unprofessional improvements would prove valuable in furthering the progress of the automobile industry has prompted HARPER'S WEEKLY to invite your correspondence on the subject of your ideal car. To that end we have inaugurated this prize contest. Murder will out, you see; this *is* a prize contest.

It is our aim to induce you and all other people interested in motors and motoring—whether you own a car or not—to transfer your mind-pictures onto paper.

In inviting correspondence on any given subject, no matter how absorbing, a magazine has always to contend with humanity's innate aversion to writing letters. Realizing that a request for a letter from you must fight against one of your strongest natural impulses, before you will capitulate, HARPER'S WEEKLY offers four prizes, one each, for the four most practical and helpful letters on the subject "My Ideal Car." You will find full details and rules governing the contest in the caption under the picture.

THE CHOCOLATE MOUSE

BY NEITH BOYCE

YES, Amanda is rather like that herself. She is short and plump, she has small beady eyes and a few hairs on her upper lip, and she always dresses in drab gray or brown, for economy's sake. At the age of forty-five she is still living with her mother. They have a tiny house and a few stony acres. For twenty years Amanda has been sewing for the farmers' wives, going out at fifty cents a day and her meals. She and her mother manage to live, and they owe no one a penny.

Amanda is a great gossip. The affairs of her customers furnish the amusement of her life. She knows the whole history of the countryside. All its little comedies of every-day life, all its romance, all its mute veiled tragedies, lie at the tip of her tongue. A touch and she is off, and will talk for hours. She tells extraordinary things.

She talks about herself sometimes—her rheumatism and other complaints—but she does not tell her own story.

Or no, I am wrong, she does tell it—when she shows with pride what she keeps, wrapped up in tissue-paper, in a small shell-decorated box — her sentimental treasure, the remembrance of her youth.

A lock of hair? a photograph? a faded flower?

No. It is a chocolate mouse.

When Amanda was five years old, *two* chocolate mice were given to her. She ate one. But she has kept the other for forty years.

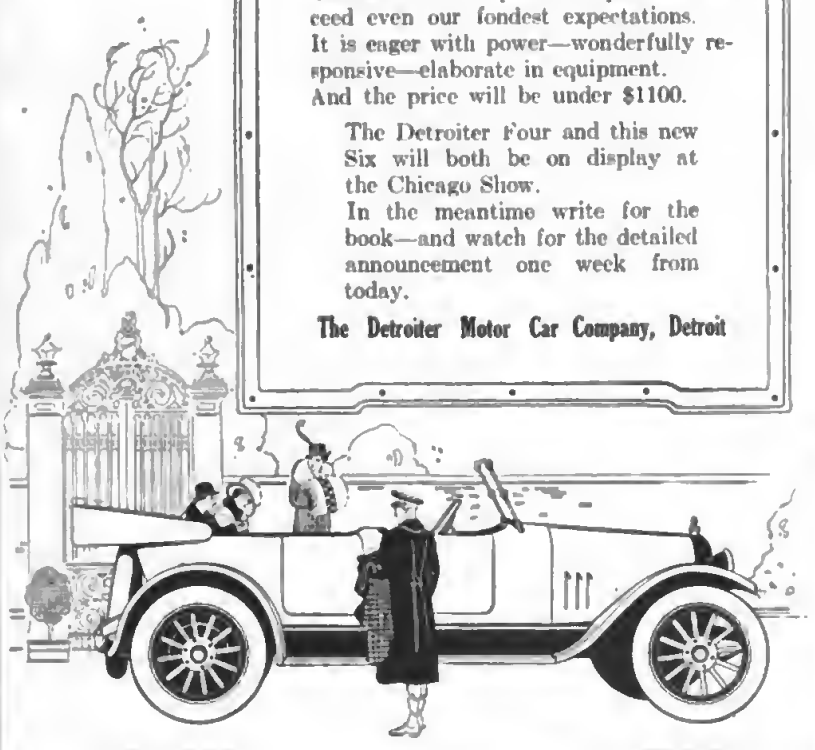
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One Week From Today

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You know what Detroit is to the automobile industry.
Probably the best thing we can say about the New Detroiter Six is just this—
It will be worthy of its name.
The lines will be absolutely new and distinctive—the operative qualities exceed even our fondest expectations.
It is eager with power—wonderfully responsive—elaborate in equipment.
And the price will be under $1100.

The Detroiter Four and this new Six will both be on display at the Chicago Show.
In the meantime write for the book—and watch for the detailed announcement one week from today.

The Detroiter Motor Car Company, Detroit



SLY DOGS

Drinking before noon is now prohibited in Paris. Some will, no doubt, evade this law by not getting up until then. —*Detroit Free Press*

EXPLAINED

Judging from the constant complaints, it is necessary to make to all the warring nations, Uncle Sam appears to be the official innocent bystander of this war. — *Southern Lumberman.*

PEACE TERMS

Every other warring nation would jump at a peace on the same basis.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

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THE SAFETY VALVE

AUGUST APPROVAL

By William J. Bryan

I AM pleased with your editorial "Most Tragic of All." I have believed for months that peace could be restored by a request for a *statement of terms*. There is no reason why they should conceal their purposes—a statement of terms is simply a statement as to *what they are fighting about*.

The President has an opportunity such as never came to any man before. I am praying that he will improve it and immortalize himself.

GOOD CHEER!

By J. D. Kenoerdine

HARPER'S WEEKLY'S Christmas dinner seems to have given it the glow of health and a man's size waistband.—Congratulations!

New York City.

SECTARIANISM ON THE WANE

From *Life*:

DISCUSSING Jews, Bro. Norman Hapgood says in his Harper's Weekly that "mere creed difficulties, such as exist between Catholic and Protestant," may be neglected, since they "are on the rapid road to disappearance anyway."

Contemporaries who think there is just now more than the usual Catholic-Protestant dissension in this country, and more coming, should welcome this contrary opinion from Bro. Hapgood. They need such reassurances. They quake a little every time the Catholic brethren have a field day, and fill the daily papers with pictures of prelates in robes and tall pointed hats, and processions of ecclesiasts in garb which savors to too many Protestant observers of Torquemada and the revoked Edict of Nantes.

But that is nothing. Our great safeguard against any serious ruction between Catholics and Protestants is our great body of neutrals (including plenty of Catholics and probably a majority of the Protestants) who could not be enlisted for a scrap, but would serve cheerfully to keep the peace.

DECORATED WITH THE "DOUBLE CROSS"

By C. W. Sommer

I AM willing to have the editor of Harper's Weekly pronounced the prize faker of America.

Lincoln, Neb.

ASIDE FROM COSMO HAMILTON

By Hudson R. Hawley

I LIKE the Weekly. It's stimulating. Sometimes it riles me, as did Mr. Cosmo Hamilton on Oxford recently—but at any rate it makes for thinking one way or the other—and I welcome it.

The Hartford Times, Hartford, Conn.

WHEREAS MR. HAMILTON SAYS—

By Cosmo Hamilton

I WAS more keen to contribute to Harper's Weekly than any paper in this country, having read it whenever I could get hold of it ever since Mr. Hapgood took it over.

New York City.

PROPHESIES FULFILLED

From the Nashville *Banner*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY predicted three years ago that Senator W. E. Borah of Idaho would be the Republican candidate in 1916, and as he is apparently coming into prominence it is not unlikely that he may be selected.

CORROBORATION

By J. C. Wood

HOWEVER reluctantly, many sympathizers of the Allies in this country should subscribe to the conclusions of your leader of December 4. It is true of course, as you suggest, that by next summer rejuvenated Russia may force the Teuton back to his own territory—provided she gets more effective cooperation from the Franco-German borders than has yet been afforded. But that means only the beginning of the long-planned invasion of Germany.

The Allies keep insisting it is their superior numbers that will win. Yet not only during the Russian retreat, but in the late Balkan clash, at the Dardanelles and in Mesopotamia they have been so outnumbered it seems strange to outsiders that they can have expected success. On the other hand, except where the Alps or the French trenches permit them at will to neutralize greatly superior forces, the Germans have followed the familiar military maxim of securing marked superiority at every important point of contact. And their opponents seem unable to cope with, one might almost say to recognize, the situation.

Till they do their reverses must continue and increase. Meanwhile and for this reason they have not begun to win. They promise better things next year or the year after. But the protracted wars of the eighteenth, or even nineteenth centuries, are quite out of date in the speedy twentieth.

So if the belligerents will accept the *status quo*, as you suggest, instead of fighting two more years with but slight prospect of the Allies greatly improving their position, it will be better for them, and better for the world.

San Francisco.

GOOD AND EVIL

By George Willrich

I NOTE with great pleasure your editorial "Most Tragic of All." In writing editorials like the one just mentioned, you will do the world a great good. It may be that through your innate modesty you do not appreciate the weight and influence your Weekly has for good or evil.

Le Grange, Texas.

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Wars Divide Peoples
BUT
Evans Ale
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It possesses the true "get-together" spirit that promotes good fellowship and makes everybody take a happy view of things—
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A delicious bran dainty is Pettijohn's Food. It combines the bran with luscious wheat flakes, which everybody likes. And the bran is unground, as it should be.

When you don't serve these flakes serve Pettijohn's Flour in muffins, bread or pancakes. Thus everyone will get his daily bran.

Millions of dull days are now avoided in that way.

Pettijohn's
Breakfast Food
Rolled Wheat with Bran Flakes

A morning delicacy, hiding 25 per cent unground bran. A delightful food. Price, 15 cents per package.

Pettijohn's Flour—A fine white flour combined with bran in flake form. Bran content 25 per cent. Use like Graham flour. Price, 25 cents per large package.

Grocers sell both. The Flour package has many new recipes.

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WELDING PLANTS—$25.00 to $250.00; liberal terms; address the Hermo Co., Omaha, Nebr.

A SHAKESPEARE OF THE MOVIES

By Norman Wilkinson

THE greatest artist in the world is the greatest technician.

The power of realising the potential quality of a medium of art is a rarer gift than the appreciation of beauty and the possession of the esthetic sense.

Every period in the history of art has reached a climax when the great technician has gathered the stories and drama that existed into his own hands and made of them a great work of art of common appeal.

Stories and drama are for all time, but the great teller of them is the great man of his period.

In what we call the Theatre Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides told them to the Greeks, the morality playwriters to medieval Europe, Molière to France, Goethe and Schiller to Germany, Shakespeare to Renaissance England; and today perhaps some one may tell them, whom I call, for want of a better name, the Shakespeare of the Moving Picture, to the world. It is a fact that Shakespeare took his stories more or less indiscriminately (knowing that any story was good enough) and fascinated and held his hearers by means of handling his medium of expression beautifully—by means of his words, his measured diction—his every little mastery of technique. And it is a significant fact that those working in the medium of the moving picture are (as far as one can see) trying to do the same.

They are taking wholesale from the stories of the world, and there is only one thing that is needed, and that is a man who can perfect the technique of story-telling in a moving picture, and he will then be the Shakespeare of the world—a big, universal artist in a new medium. As Shakespeare took an Italian fable or an English legend, or a page from classic history, and molded it into a work of art that appealed to his contemporaries, so should the Shakespeare of the moving picture boldly remold even the old Shakespeare himself into something that is a great work of art that will appeal to us all.

And as we talk to each other on the telephone, as we can transmit our words to wherever we wish in waves through the air, so may we be going to send our art to the ends of the world on a little roll of gelatine film.

It is the fearless and adventurous use of this new medium that is going to reveal the new artist.

It has often been said that photography is not artistic, and that is true on the whole.

But a moving picture is much more than photography—it is a record of drama, just as much as a printed story in the worst type is the record of a writer's creation.

The vilest printing of a masterpiece of literature does not make it less wonderful. It is the thing that is being recorded by a kinetograph camera that is the work of art, not the recording of it.

As to the limitations of the

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medium—there are no limitations. The big artist in any medium always outstrips the limitations by realizing them.

The theatre was never so limited as when Shakespeare became great by writing for it. No one wrote more beautiful music than Bach in his forty-eight preludes and fugues for the clavichord, an instrument one must listen to in complete silence, so soft and faint is its tone.

The big artist is essentially the man who makes out of limitations an infinity,—

To see a world in a grain of sand,
  A heaven in a wild flower;
To hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
  And eternity in an hour

BACK TO ARMOR

AN INGENIOUS personal protector that will probably be the means of saving many lives in the present war has recently been perfected by a New Zealander. The device, which has been designed to give the man in the firing line an additional chance of life and to provide a convenient means of carrying his most cherished possessions, is in the form of a large leather wallet. A money-carrying pocket in the front is backed by a thin sheet of tempered steel. Behind this is another compartment in which a small book, letters or writing material can be carried. At the back of all this there is another plate of steel. The protector is attached to braces and is worn under the tunic in such a position as to completely cover the heart and all the vital parts of the body surrounding it. The special point about the invention is that it is made in such a way that it yields to every movement of the wearer and does not cause the slightest inconvenience in any position. The steel plates are detachable and need only be worn when actually going into action, although with them in position the weight is inconsiderable and is carried where it is least felt. Under severe tests this device has been found to be capable of stopping a modern rifle bullet even at short range. As the fresh New Zealand troops now proceeding to the front to reinforce those already fighting there have been supplied with this new form of armor, it is more than probable that it will shortly be well tested in actual warfare.

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Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe

Paris Openings — **Mar. 15**
The complete story of the Paris openings establishing the mode

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The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes — **Apr. 15**
First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means

Brides and Summer Homes — **May 1**
A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride

American Travel — **May 15**
Places in our own country well worth a visit at least

Summer Fashions — **June 1**
The final showing of the Summer modes that will be

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Society takes to sports and life in the open

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Hostesses — **July 15**
The newest ideas in mid-summer entertainments

London and Paris — **Aug. 1**
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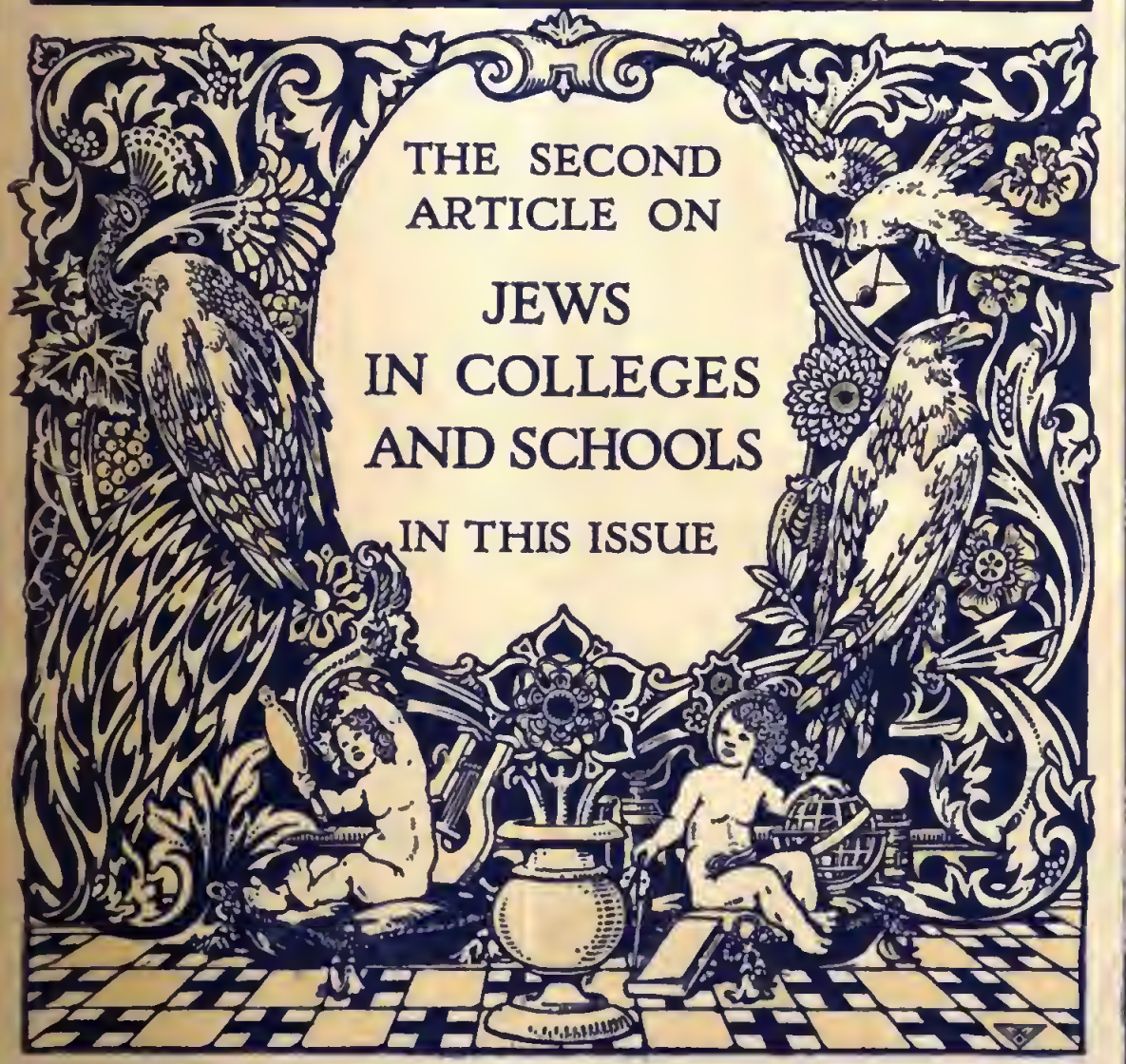
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



JANUARY 22 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD



NIGHT SCENES OF NEW YORK

For the superficial observer there is only *one* night scene of New York: Broadway aglow with its many lights, and thronged with its crowds of theatregoers. But the true lover of the city knows better: he has seen the gnarled tree on the Battery, the old bark in the Narrows, the quiet churchyard in the shadow of the skyscrapers.

Harper's Weekly has secured a number of striking photographs of this lesser known New York. MR. BRIAN HOOKER, author of *Mona* and *Fairyland*, has written a poem on each aspect of the city's life. His series will begin in

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

THE SUPREME COURT VACANCY

WASHINGTON has been filled, since the death of Justice Lamar, with keen talk about his successor. Not overmuch confidence is shown, as these words are sent to press, in an ideal selection. The town is full of rumors that the Court is to render a reactionary decision in the minimum wage case. In general it is felt that the Court, through the last two appointments, has been made more conservative than it was before,—further away from touch with the facts of modern life. Hence the sharp interest in having now a strong appointee who can think in modern terms.

The grounds on which Ex-President Taft has been urged are those of courtesy and political expedience. Nobody supposes him to be a great modern thinker.

Judge Seabury of New York is discussed, but he is being groomed for the governorship.

The south "claims" the place, but has put forward nobody of sufficient size.

The middle west also claims it. Among those discussed Judge Mack would come nearest to the requirements.

Two men, however, stand out above all others mentioned. Both are subject to the silly geographical argument. Secretary Lane's creative work along modern business lines, when he was making history on the Interstate Commerce Commission, causes every competent observer to believe that he would raise the competence of the court enormously, through his ability to think at once as a lawyer and as a statesman. The only other name on the list that stands for the same kind of efficiency is that of Louis D. Brandeis. His followers all over the country felt badly that he was not in the Cabinet. They would be sorry to see him torn away from the many extremely important steps in advance which he initiates and guides. Nevertheless, they feel that the Supreme Court not only determines the national law but often controls and always greatly influences the decisions of the state courts in matters of the first importance on human development. The ideal solution, from the point of view of such minds, would be Lane for the Court and Brandeis for the Cabinet. With that impossible, they would hope for Brandeis on the Court. Lacking either, they pray for a man as fit as either Lane or Brandeis, but they do not expect him.

ADVICE IN ADVANCE

THE Attorney General, in informing the National Chamber of Commerce that persons entering into business transactions in good faith will not be prosecuted, has delivered a solar-plexus blow to those persons who wish the Federal Trade Commission to avoid the large questions presented to it and confine its energies to holding the hands of individual business men who prefer the Commission to their own lawyers. The strongest argument for such an occupation was the pathetic picture of the misled and prosecuted victim, and the Attorney General has removed that unfortunate creature from the cast of available characters.

HUGHES AND TEDDY

THE whole course of the next presidential campaign is being affected by what is passing in the mind of Mr. Justice Hughes. It is argued that, as the Justice discusses not infrequently with friends of his the question of what his duty is in the present situation, his mind is evidently changing or at least wavering. Others who know him well are convinced he would stand by the position he has taken even if he were actually nominated without his consent. Mrs. Hughes is supposed to wish her husband to be president, and there are many who think a man in these matters likely to do what his wife wishes.

Chief Justice White is seventy years old. His deafness is troubling him a great deal. If he were to retire it is not unlikely Mr. Hughes would be made Chief Justice.

One of Colonel Roosevelt's most persistent and influential former supporters said the other day: "Mr. Hughes will yield because it is his duty to yield, in order to unite all factions. He satisfies regular Republicans and yet Colonel Roosevelt is a friend of his."

It was observed that Colonel Roosevelt is a peculiar friend of his, as he boasts of preventing the nomination of Mr. Hughes in 1908, and justifies his interference, adding: "Hughes would have made a more dangerous president than Taft. He is stronger and equally reactionary."

The Colonel has not lost his feelings about Hughes. His indorsement of him is caused by one or more of three facts:

1. The conviction that Hughes will not accept.
2. The conviction that it is politically necessary to seem to be favorable to a strong candidate, even if it means some risk of actually causing the nomination.
3. That much as he dislikes Mr. Hughes the one person whom the Colonel hates and gottstrafes day and night is the President, and any brick that might possibly land must be thrown at him.

TAXES AND DISSENSION

THE Republicans seem to be gaining confidence in the tariff as an issue. They figure that the income tax, although theoretically approved, is not liked; that it has caused much annoyance for little result; and that if it is raised for very large incomes, as it ought to be in order to be more effective, the plutocrats will go on the warpath. They foresee increasing howls against taxes on gasoline, checks, etc. They think that if the President breaks down on his defense program and his foreign policy, through Democratic dissension quietly led by Mr. Bryan, the strength of the Democrats will be gone, the only Democratic hope being in the President's firm leadership. It is very difficult to introduce fundamental reforms, such as a taxation system not drawn up to bolster privilege. If the Democrats fight the President on defense and on diplomacy the Republicans feel that they can step in and win on their old issues. If the Democrats as a body stand by the administration on these two critical points the shrewder Republicans know the chances will be very strongly in favor of a Democratic victory next November.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Week ending Saturday, January 22, 1916

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THE PRESIDENT'S JOB

IN CRISES, if a nation happens to be fortunate enough to have a strong and wise leader in power, that leader is likely to represent the nation more fairly than any other group. It was so with Washington. It was so with Lincoln. It is so with Wilson.

As soon as Congress met after the holidays, various among its constituent members, notably in the Senate, began to emit their views. A number, including some excellent persons, undertook the stupid enterprise of interfering with the gains made by the administration in the reestablishment of public law. The President had been pursuing a policy of measureless difficulty, but most admirable in substance and in handling, of a quality to be of some service to the future and to gain the approval of an informed and reflective posterity. He had undertaken to insist on all neutral rights and yet to use patience and thereby, if possible, to prevent the conflagration from spreading to this country. Scolding him on the one hand were the people who were "tired of notes," who in other words were thinking merely with their nerves. No matter how great the gains through these notes, now and hereafter, if everything in the most complicated situation did not work as promptly and smoothly as a clock, they loosened their impatient talk, with no other plan, merely with brain-storms. On the other hand were the entire pacifists and the business-at-any-price crowd, who objected to the greatest of neutral nations exerting any pressure, however cool and tactful, to preserve the traditions of justice and humanity. Mixed into the mess were the German-Americans, plotting, exploding factories and ships, abetted by non-hyphenated Americans like the Honorable Frank Buchanan, glorious servants of the republic. Was it not enough that the President was able to steer safely and creditably through so rough a sea, without seeing leading members of his own party in the Senate undertaking to withdraw the gains to which Germany and Austria themselves had fully acceded? Need we be forced to regret having Congress reassembled, after the sure-footed and far-seeing foreign record from March 4th to December 6th?

> Softheartedness, in times like these,
> Shows sof'ness in the upper story.

We should not express it just like Mr. Hosea Bigelow. Softheartedness is not the trouble. The men who try to impede the President's foreign gains are not more softhearted than he is. They are guilty merely of extraordinarily bad judgment. They are playing into the hands both of the German plotters in our midst and of people who, like Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst, watch every move in the hope of putting a spoke in the governmental wheel. Senator Gore is a friend of Mr. Bryan; Senator O'Gorman is an Irishman; Senator Jones bases his views on the editorial policy of that notoriously pro-German and Hearst-guided sheet, the Washington *Post*. Senator Works is a Christian Scientist and therefore logically a pacifist; Senator Hitchcock is by nature in opposition; and so on. It is easy to explain with reasons favorable or unfavorable the trouble-makers, but the fact remains that they are doing no credit to themselves, and the Democrats among them are doing no credit to their party. If they succeed in breaking the power of the administration on its main lines,—foreign policy, preparedness and money-raising measures,—they will deprive their party of its only assets and send it next November to defeat. Moreover, their only accomplishment in the meantime will be to make our policy either militarist at one extreme, or feeble and pro-German at the other.

THE CLASSICS AND BERLIN

WHEN Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg was pursuing his university education at Strassburg, Leipzig, and Berlin, did he, one wonders, read Thucydides? If so, and he read the history of the Peloponnesian War, the German Imperial Chancellor will recall these sentences:

> For the true breakers of treaties are those who forsake allies whom they have promised to defend.
> Do not say to yourselves that this is just, but that in the event of war something else is expedient; for the true path of expediency is the path of right.

Germany promised to keep her agreements about Belgium's neutrality less than a week before the war broke out. Potent is mob psychology, however, and potent is iteration, and the Chancellor probably believes by now that Belgium deserved her fate.

BRITISH SPORT

ONE of the ways Germany fought in the earlier stages of the war was by trying to stir up jealousy in each country of its fellow allies. It hasn't worked very well. Some time ago we read in the Paris *Figaro* this praise of the English army and its sporting spirit:

> For some time it has been the fashion for some English officers to speak of the war as a sport. Are you quite sure that the young Greeks, so like the young English, did not bring into their wars, too, the spirit of the Olympic games? "If there has been any reproach that could be made to us," the English ambassador at Petrograd said the other day, "it is solely that of not foreseeing this war and not enlarging our army in time of peace." How much costlier would have been

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this error, loyally avowed in the English manner, if for centuries, from generation to generation, an intensive physical education had not created this strong and supple race, broken to all exercises and fatigues?

For us Americans, a very notable recent gain has been in the increase in tennis, golf, walking and swimming. It is a pity we have not as much dangerous horse-back riding as the British. Seeing others compete is better than sitting indoors, but on the whole an active game of tiddledywinks that one plays oneself is worth more psychically, if not physically, than going to a prize fight every night in winter and watching a baseball game every summer day.

SHODDY ART



POSSIBLY the worst art in America may be the average statue to a hero, but we are inclined to think it is the court-house in a small city. A few are built modestly, according to the need and the size of the appropriation. Most of them, however, are as silly as an absurdly decorated false front cottage. The local magnates usually begin on a scale as pretentious as they dare. Everything turns out more expensive than the estimates. Consequently economy becomes necessary. Who has not seen this characteristic picture:

Cast-iron soldiers monument guards a plastered court-house, ruled off to look the Bedford stone that it was to have been. Within you will find a "two by four" rotunda crowded full of doors, a cast cement balustrade around the hole in the second floor. Above this is the usual 1883 pattern tin cupola, refurbished a bit, with French columns and sheet metal bases, for 1914 use. This necessary feature of all court-houses labels the building as far as it may be seen and keeps any light from actually reaching the lower corridor.

Of special faults, perhaps the sheet metal substitute for stone details—capitals, cornices, balustrades and the like—is the worst offender. The leaded glass patterns painted on common glass are a close second. The richly carved and deeply coffered oak ceiling all made of "grained" papier-maché in the State Capitol at Albany is an historic example. Sometimes graft and sometimes folly is behind.

Sheet steel doors with red graining on enameled paint to look like mahogany doors that never could grow old gracefully, "verde antique" marble wainscot made of oxy-chloride cement, fading in places where no furniture has stood against it, are incidentals.

Cook County Court-House in Chicago has some magnificent fakes in the shape of a colonnade of mammoth tubes of stone formed to look like the outside of Corinthian columns, but made of small rind-shaped pieces of stone, each incised with two and a half short lengths of "flute" and all laid up like a factory chimney, nine feet in diameter and eighty feet high!

A CONTRAST

YET you shall find many an old house, built a hundred and more years ago, by people who in building practised their integrity of character; you can see the old William and Mary college buildings, and the stately old brick court-house in the same town shows what a court-house ought to be. Such buildings grow finer year by year by Time's chemistry.

A hundred years from now what will people think of our cheap, silly make-believe? What kind of pleasure will they have when they see our modern court-houses with a rusty row of projecting staves where the impressive painting and sanded cornice now are, a crumbling, tawdry wainscot in place of honest cracks and a color beautified by time, relics of a stone entablature still dangling from the steel brackets of metropolitan court-houses, the architectural proportions of which become sadly out of value when the Corinthian chimney tubes beneath are taken away to let light into our children's offices? The test of these things is the question, how honorably will they meet the wear and knocks of years? Will the work grow old with dignity, mellowing and improving to the very last?

An official palace for the county clerk and the sheriff is the usual program in New York, as well as in Wilson, Ark. How can we make these people realize that a borrowed appearance of importance is the shoddiest of garments? We should be past the need for expressing ourselves in terms of imitation kingly establishments.

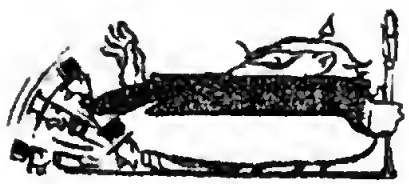
EXPERIENCE

IT IS a pregnant line of Byron's:

The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.

Many are the interpretations of which it is capable, regardless of the special Manfred meaning. If knowledge and life are both interpreted broadly, to mean the knowledge of essentials and the life that is full, selective and useful, then the tree of knowledge and the tree of life are one. The knowledge of the specialist, the study of the selfish or merely experimental, need not harmonize with higher experience, but the deeper knowledge and the fairer life lie very close together.

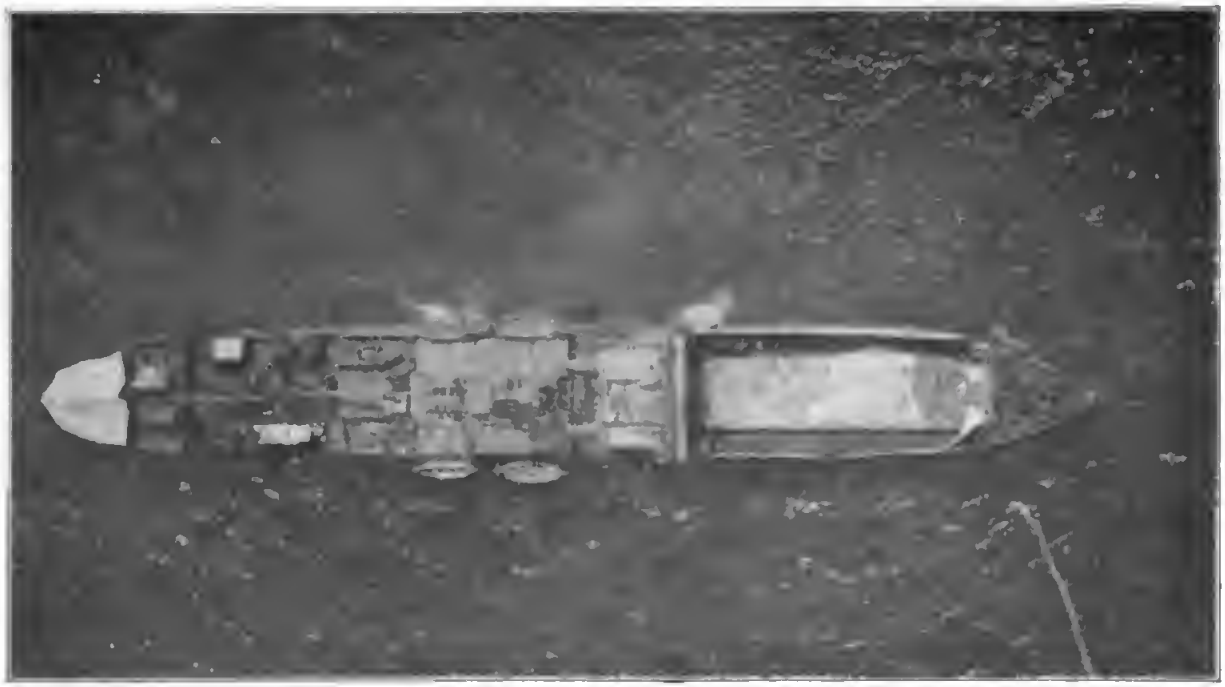
EXPANDING



THERE is plenty of room for any nation to expand. The trouble with some countries is they wish to expand sideways, over the property of their neighbors. If Germany had been content to grow merely upward, increasing her poetry, philosophy, music,—adding new Goethes, Luthers, Beethovens—everybody would have rejoiced. There is a place for everybody in the sun. There is plenty of room toward heaven.

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BIRDSEYE VIEWS AT THE FRONT



AN ENGLISH BALOON-SHIP

Swinging in the air, several hundred feet above this ship, there is a captive ballaan from which this phatograph was taken. The English forces in the Dardanelles use this means to get information af the enemy's movements



A NEW PICTURE OF THE MOON?

The panorama in this unusual photograph looks familiar; but the craters are the result af gunfire,' and nat nature. The photograph, taken by an aviator a quarter af a mile in the air, shows a field that has been raked by "drum fire." This fire is calculated ta cover every foot af graund. The picture shows how well it succeeds

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SCHOOLS, COLLEGES AND JEWS

BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

AS THE small Jewish immigrant walks down the plank at Ellis Island, what is it he most cares about in the New World from which he hopes so much? What is it his parents most desire for him? It is not money that comes first. One of the imbedded errors of the world's thinking is that the Jews are rich. Statistics easily dispel this illusion. The average wealth of the Jew is less than the average wealth among the leading nations, although undoubtedly the contrary idea prevails. The one possession in which the Jew is everywhere superior to the rest of the population is education. In certain countries opportunities are forbidden to him, but everywhere he takes the fullest advantage of whatever is permitted, whether it be in the schools of Russia or in those of the United States, and whether it be in the lower grades or in the universities.

In this country a certain change has been noticed recently in the trend. The Jew, being persecuted, has realized that he could only exist and strengthen himself by improving his economic position. Part of that realization has been his tendency in our public school system toward vocational training. If, for example, in any city you compare the girls' or boys' high schools where there are practical courses related immediately to self-support, with the Latin schools in the same cities, you will find more Jews proportionately in the former. As soon, however, as this elementary need is met, the Jew seeks historical and philosophical education, and, indeed, one of the remarkable things about him is his search of ideas at the same time that he tries to establish himself.

The Jews themselves are thoroughly aware of the excess of business spirit that sometimes characterizes them, and frequently indulge in satire about it in their own circles. For example, it was a Jew who told me the following story:

A prize of twenty-five cents was offered to the pupil who gave the best answer to the question, "Whom do I love best?"

One answered, "My mother."

One, with an eye to the prize, said, "The teacher."

Another, going higher up, chose "The inspector."

Morris Cohen won, however, with "Jesus."

Later this conversation took place:

"Isn't your name Morris Cohen?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a Hebrew, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you come to choose Jesus?"

"Well, sir, business is business."

A Jewish friend of mine who has been in Germany since the war began told me a story that, current there in Jewish circles, describes a Jewish soldier as writing to the folks at home: "We are having a very comfortable time here. Nothing is lacking. We are happy. Nobody complains. P. S.—Ikey was shot yesterday for complaining."

I laughed, but added: "Tell me precisely why the Jews tell this story." My friend answered, "To illustrate the Jewish tendency to be in favor with the authorities. Jews laugh at their own frailties a great deal, when they are among themselves."

It is also in Jewish circles that I have heard various forms of the statement that a Jew lives by taking money away from the Gentile, and what puzzles him is how the Gentile is able to get the money in the first place. One illustration of this idea is the statement that the Jew is not so well off in Galicia as elsewhere because he is a greater proportion of the total population, and, therefore, there are not enough others for him to live on. The same idea lies under the true story of a Jew in a small New England town who came back to his family in Boston. They were surprised to see him because they knew for years he had been doing particularly well, and had liked the place. He explained that he had to come back because another Jew had moved into the village.

After all that HARPER'S WEEKLY has printed in the last year on the Jews it need scarcely be added that the Zionist movement has for one of its great objects the removal of the temptation to be especially ingratiating with the local powers, and also the temptation to be more materialistic than spiritual.

It is impossible to say to what extent the energy and ambition of the Jew are inherent in the stock, and to what extent they are caused by persecution. Wise Jews know that a good deal of thinking and leadership are necessary if prosperity is not to mean intellectual deterioration. Booker Washington says:

"For the man who is down there is always something to hope for, something to be gained. The man who is down, looking up, may catch a glimpse now and then of heaven, but the man who is so situated that he can only look down is pretty likely to see another and quite different place."

ONE of the Jews whom I knew in my childhood was a pedler. He gave to all of his children exceptional educational opportunities, and he accumulated for himself a thoroughly interesting library, with which he was actively familiar. It would be a very inadequate conception of the Yankee that presented him as merely getting the better of someone else in a horse-trade. It would be fully as inadequate a picture of the Jew that presented him haggling over prices. The bargaining instinct or tradition exists strongly in the race no doubt, but somewhere, either in the foreground or the background, is always the desire to know.

Our public schools, of course, are open, and it is a commonplace observation that the Jews do better in them, on the whole, than any other group of children, and go in greater numbers to the higher grades. They also show a notable tendency to become teachers. Indeed, in New York, the strongest Jewish city in the world, politicians are constantly engaged in seeking devices and using influences to prevent teaching positions going according to the result of examinations. The two great influences in the schools of New York are the Jews and the Catholics. The Jews desire only to have the places assigned according to examinations, but Catholic politicians and office-seekers have sought constantly to have them assigned arbitrarily, so as to allow personal choice. This desire of the Jew to be educated himself, and to take part in education, instead of counting altogether as a merit, and being welcomed, is a basis of considerable prejudice against him.

A Jewish graduate of one of the largest preparatory schools in New England writes:

"In the three years of my life in this institution, ten per cent of the six hundred boys were of Semitic faith—all American born. They were as representative a body of American Jews as could be collected at any school in the country. They were studious, and, taken proportionately, undoubtedly led their classmates in scholarship marks. In spite of this fact, not one of these were admitted in the three years to the social life—the fraternity system. They were, in short, socially debarred. The prevailing rumor was that one had to be a 'good fellow' to be eligible for admittance. Can it be that not one of these was good enough for membership? The fraternities were powerful in school affairs. They ran almost all elections, and, in fact, had an active part in every important school discussion. It can, therefore, be understood that one had to be a fraternity member to be active. These societies were under the supervision of the faculty, which issued charters to them, and which had members to censor all doings. The blame for the prevailing state of affairs can well be placed on this very faculty, which, in public, boasted of the 'democratic spirit' of the academy, and, in private, did nothing to alleviate the outstanding differences between the Jew and Gentile. They, in fact, seemed to make matters worse; for, in my senior year, they allowed a new fraternity to spring up without one Jew in its enrollment. Here was there offered and declined a splendid opportunity for establishing a worthy precedent."

The above views are those of one who, through his general activity in school affairs, and as the head of two of the three periodicals, was in a position to observe much.

An intelligent Jew sends the following:

"The obstacles of students are almost exclusively social; the same social obstacles that Jews meet in the larger world. In college this takes the form of exclusion from fraternities, societies, the crew, the football team, etc. The social life of the college is largely determined by the graduates of the large preparatory schools, and the almost complete exclusion of Jews from these schools, and the attitude of the graduates from these schools towards Jews, naturally affect the social position of Jews in college. On the educational side, I cannot see that Jews labor under any disadvantages or obstacles of any kind; indeed, their exclusion from societies stimulates their education on the intellectual side; and a final judgment on the whole matter would depend in part on the relative importance we give to 'college work' and 'college life.' If the popular conception of college life, as many think, is the chief obstacle to real education purpose in our institutions, the Jews may very well serve as pioneers in a new and higher conception of the purpose of university education in America."



'As the small Jewish immigrant walks down the plank at Ellis Island, what is it he most cares about in the New World?"

The private preparatory schools are able to exhibit this prejudice officially in a way that the public schools cannot. Many of the larger ones take no steps to keep Jews out, but when they enter, they find about the same attitude which we have already explained in connection with the colleges. In some of the small preparatory schools, and even in some of the colleges, steps are taken to limit the number of Jews admitted. Usually, this does not mean entire exclusion. The school does not wish to

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take a definite anti-Semitic stand. It simply wishes to prevent itself from becoming a Jewish institution, as it would become if everything were competitive. Therefore, it establishes a waiting list, even if the prospects are that for the coming season it will have too few students, rather than too many. By tactful use of the waiting list, it is able to have about three or four Jews in a hundred, instead of allowing the number to increase rapidly. In many cases, where this device is used, the result is that the few admitted are treated very largely without any prejudice, since it is to a large extent true that the prejudice that does exist is not against the individual Jew, but against the race.

THE fact that the degree of prejudice and the actual numbers go hand in hand finds an illustration in a report sent in by a man who knows Dartmouth through and through, and who is also a born observer.

"We have never had many Jews here, at most four or five per cent (60 or 70). They have been generally neither very rich nor very poor. They have always mixed freely with the other students, never flocking together as they used to do at Harvard. They used to be elected to the various fraternities, in the good old days when a majority of our students were country boys, and either didn't know a Jew when they saw him, or had no prejudice against his race. It is different now that most of our boys come from the city. They bring with them a race prejudice, and with it a tendency to exclude from the fraternities all Jews whom they can recognize as such, but they are still unable to recognize a good many. Some fraternities have an 'Aryan' clause, to keep out Jews and negroes. One such fraternity has this year elected a Jew. So you see, the prejudice exists here in theory, but our students haven't been on Fifth avenue enough to know when to apply it. Outside of the fraternities, Jews and Christians mix freely, as they have always done. The Jews here, as a rule, are a rather mediocre lot, not distinguished, as they are, or at least, used to be at Harvard, for scholarship, or other talents. They blend into the mass. The general impression here is that there are only half a dozen Jews in college. At a committee meeting yesterday from fifteen members of the faculty I got estimates running from 3 to 4 up to 20,—but this last figure was raised from 12 by my look of scorn. The ability to recognize a Jew is getting to be a mark of social superiority. It shows at least that you have been outside of Hanover."

Mr. A. Levinson has been good enough to furnish us with statistics which throw an interesting light on the number of Jews in the colleges, although they do not deal with the preparatory schools. There are about 7,300 Jewish students in the universities and colleges of the United States. The report of the Reform Rabbis for 1915 gives the following figures:

College of New York City	1100
Columbia	1000
Cornell	400
Chicago	400
Pennsylvania	310
Michigan	300
Harvard	250
Yale	250
Illinois	90
Wisconsin	70
	4170

WOMEN COLLEGES

Barnard	130
Smith	53
Vassar	33
Radcliffe	15
	231

In studying the courses taken by these students, it is interesting to notice the drift already spoken of in connection with the preparatory schools, away from the practical toward the liberal. Formerly the greatest percentage took professional work. Now the tendency is toward the Liberal Arts courses. Philosophy is the most popular of all. Next comes science.

A great many of the Jewish students are of course forced to earn their own living, while they are getting their education, and the ways that they select to earn their living are characteristic. They work with libraries connected with universities for their tuition. They teach foreign students English. They tutor all the students in the various subjects in which tutoring is demanded. Some of them give Hebrew lessons privately in Sabbath schools. Some do translating and compiling. Others act as secretaries. There are some, also, who earn their living in manual ways, in those occupations in which the race in this country is principally found. For instance, some of the students work in sweatshops and others are cigarmakers, but the tendency is altogether toward the intellectual. Indeed some critics, including some Jewish critics, have felt that this almost exclusive tendency toward the intellectual was undesirable and that more encouragement ought to be given to sports, and toward pleasures and sociability without an aim. Writing some years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Doctor Edwin J. Kuh put a good deal of stress on this point, and upon some related points, such as physical appearance, overconcentration in family life, voice, gestures, and manners. On the subject of manners, he gave an interesting personal experience. Meeting a judge at one of our higher courts, Doctor Kuh asked him about the relation of Indian students to college fraternities, and was told that he thought they would be eligible. He then asked why the Jews were not welcomed, and the answer was: "The Indians have better manners."

THE faults pointed out by this able Jewish observer undoubtedly exist, but it seems to me they are pretty nearly inevitable, if we consider (as Doctor Kuh does) that although civil liberty dates from the Revolution, the mean average of emancipation is considerably less than a century. It would be rather surprising if a race that showed such extraordinary ability to survive against such opposition, were at the same time able to accumulate all those graces which are the natural result of security.

Next week's article in this series will be called "How Should Jews be Treated?"

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THE TRUE CAPITAL OF BELGIUM

La Panne is a small town on the Belgian coast, now a few miles behind the trenches. Formerly known only as a bathing resort, today it is the true capital of Belgian hopes and sorrows. The grave referred to is that of Madame Marie Depage, who went to the United States in behalf of the Belgian Red Cross and, returning, was lost on the "Lusitania." The La Panne Hospital was largely founded on the contributions she collected.

ON A leveled sand-dune, looking out over the tossed up hillows of sand and beyond to the breaking surf and the gray expanse of the ocean, desolate, profound, big with life, there stands a wooden chapel, constructed much like the temporary hospital wards now abounding in this region congested with wounded. At one end rises a modest tower, surmounted by the cross. On the crest of each dune, silhouetted against the sky, are the figures of Belgian sentinels in their sand-colored coats and metal casques, each with his rifle, watching and guarding. On the beach, the beautiful, smooth *plage* of gay summer days, are the soldiers: soldiers marching, soldiers playing football, soldiers struggling to wash their poor clothes in the cold salt-water. A troop of calvary gallops by. At the far end, where the black hulls of deserted fishing smacks lie half buried in the sand, with children swinging in play from their disused halyards, companies of soldiers are drilling. A row of little villas pressed closely together along its entire length, ungraceful, ill-built, meretricious, redolent of illicit associations and cabbage soup, now serve as barracks, their windows often broken, their floors covered with straw. Towards the centre stands a large hotel. The Red Cross flag shows that this has become a hospital and shelters hundreds of wounded, lying in their cots within its staring white walls and in the group of low, gray, corrugated iron buildings closely surrounding it. These are emergency wards which were hastily called for in the summer.

Here in this little summer town of pleasure beats the heart of free Belgium. Here in an unassuming villa live the King and Queen. Here a group of refugees and of Red Cross doctors and nurses have formed together to carry on the work of the hospital, to care for the men to whom their country must look for the reestablishment of its independence. The administration of the hospital, and of its laundry and storerooms, the ordering of supplies, the pathetic attempt at the education and care of the little children of the ruined countryside, and much of the arduous nursing are carried on by a little band of Belgian women. Their husbands dead or in the trenches, unaccustomed to work, they devote themselves for long hours to these prosaic tasks, and have done this not for a few weeks or months, but for a full year, with the expectation of continuing until the end of the war.

The wounded are everywhere, creeping out to enjoy the fitful winter sunlight, gazing over the dreary sea to their dreary future. They are young men, without legs, without arms, their crushed bodies contained in long wicker baskets, their mutilated heads sheathed in white bandages. The convalescents walk cheerily. Their time for returning to the front is near. They will go with courage and devotion and reluctance. Out of the enveloping mist which rolls in from the sea there appear evanescent, half outlined, half dissolved in the rift, the gray forms of the British monitors. A deep, penetrating reverberation and a roar speeds over the waters. Again and again this comes. The windows in the little villas rattle and sometimes crash, and the doctors must halt in their operations. These shells are finding their target in the sand-dunes a few miles to the northward, where lie the German trenches. At night the northern sky is silver with the clear light of the star shells glittering and reflecting in the waters of the inundation which spreads between the opposing lines.

THE little brown chapel stands guardian over all. On the summit of an adjoining sand-dune is the grave of one who died that this hospital and its work might live and grow. The cold gray waves, as they roll in, bring a message of her brave struggle and her agony in the far Atlantic. Within the chapel are the precious relics, saved from the ruined churches of free Belgium,—from Nieuport and Furnes and Dixmude, and many others:—a bell from the first, the statue of a Gothic saint, a beautiful carved pulpit, a confessional box, crucifixes, nearly all broken and mutilated. At the Sunday mass the chapel is crowded with officers and soldiers, with white coiffed nurses and attendants in the hospital, with a few black-robed women and old men, many little children, and always the wounded. Near the altar kneels the Queen—noble woman and great lady of suffering and of inspiration. Above the music from the little organ and the broken voice of a wounded soldier sounds the vibrant whirr of an aeroplane. A slight shudder passes over the congregation. Strained nerves, temporarily relaxed in the accustomed security of peace and prayer, recoil. On the previous Sunday bombs were thrown and a hundred perished. That this is a friendly aeroplane they cannot know. Above the altar hangs the figure of the Christ on the Cross, preserved uninjured from His ruined church, in His eternal patience, wondering at His second martyrdom.

THE JOURNEY

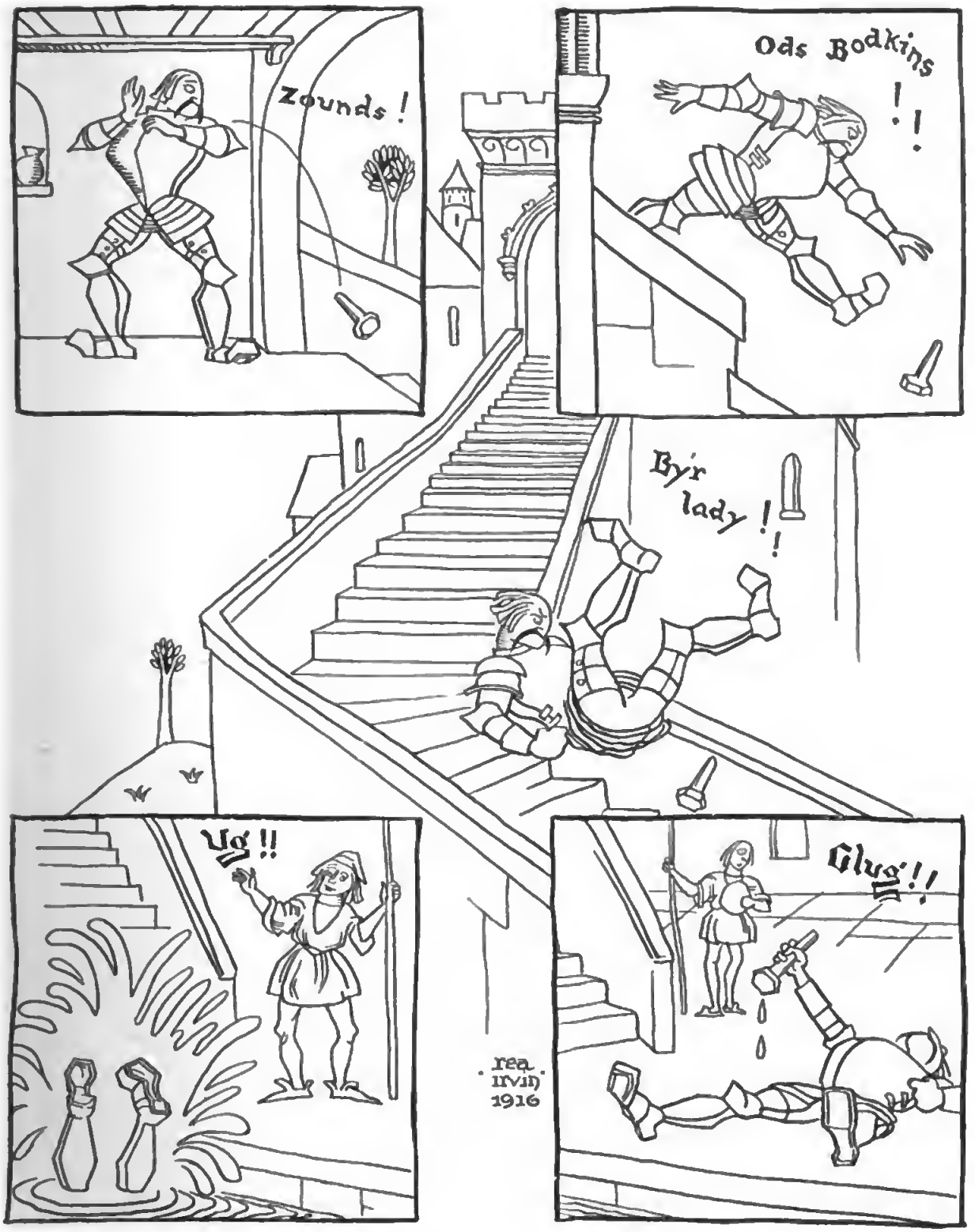
Grass mound or gray cliff,—
Sand hills or sea;
Where Heart-of-Mine smiles—
There may I be.

White star-fire over all,
Roads wind along;
With Girl-o'-Dreams I go—
Handfast, in song.

Grass mound or gray cliff,—
Sand hills or sea:—
Love-of-a-Lifetime
Fares, close to me.

—MARK HARMON.

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WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

Hugo le Coeur Noir loses his collar button

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NEW YORK TO THE NATION: A PLEA

BY MARGUERITE CAMPION

IT HAS become the fashion for the nation at large to condemn the city of New York. Two classes of critics constantly defame her character,—the stranger within her gates and her own disillusioned business man who has grown old in the service of false gods.

The stranger came to New York from some other section of the country with a pocket full of bank notes and a great ambition to "see the town." She was ready for him when he came! The number and variety of her cafés made his eyes bulge and his jaw drop. The *divertissements* the city offered would make excellent table talk, full of cozy insinuation, when he returned to the family board at home! He found, in fact, exactly what he had come to seek, recreation in all its forms, from a mere pin prick to jaded nerve centres to a River Lethe flowing fast and deep for the obliteration of those ailments of the human spirit of a more lasting and dangerous nature. Here in this libeled city, he found adventure. He directed his taxi as though it were a magic carpet, and his chief magician, the head waiter, produced wonders when his hand was crossed the magic number of times with silver.



"The 'divertissements' the city offered would make excellent table talk, full of cozy insinuation, when he returned to the family board at home!"

This was indeed Bagdad-on-the-Subway (oh, discerning spirit of O. Henry) and he was Haroun Al Raschid. Wine, Women and Song such as the ancient poets never dreamed were his in a new combination from the fertile fancy of the hotel proprietor or the stage manager along Broadway.

Yet when this little man from Oshkosh returned to whatever small town or city had lent him to us for a space, he thanked God that he was a resident of another sort of place,—a normal, moral little town where all the families came together for Sunday dinners and the lights were out and the cat in the cellar by ten o'clock. He recalled his nights of gladness in the great White City with a kind of unctious satisfaction. In fact, to him she was the professional woman of the streets, the beguiler of an idle hour, for whose wares he paid in hard-earned dollars and for whose soul he had the regard that such payment produces in such men. And it is this man and his kind who have spread everywhere abroad the reproach of our city's name,—the patrons of that very harlotry which they decry in the public square!

The disillusioned business man of the city is another and a much more subtle critic of her fair fame. Years ago he was washed up on the shores of Manhattan as Ulysses' sailors were washed up on the shores of Circe's enchanted island of the Aegean. He had the spirit of youth and adventure then. Now he has become, alas, one of the swine that grovel after husks in the courtyard of the Queen. His argument in the old days ran something like this: Why leave this dreamland of balmy days and gay nights where time passes so merrily and the company is so witty? Why venture forth again on the perilous high seas of adventure when this haven is so peaceful and so snug? And the while that he argued with himself in this fashion, his little jerry-built bark was rotting to pieces on the sand and the far shores of Sparta were fading from his dream. Gradually he was losing the semblance of manhood and taking on the likeness of the brute beasts of Circe's courtyard. And when he suddenly awoke to the changes that his goddess was effecting in him, his cry was that of the perjured lover who shakes his fist in the face of his betrayer and calls her by all the names of his own vicious weaknesses. He called this city of his a sorceress and a seducer and his cry was as old as time itself. For this city, to whom he had given the best years of his life and in whose service he had grown old, he had only the condemnation of the perjured lover whose passions have betrayed him. Yet this was the Beloved he had made in the likeness of his own ideals. This was the city he had built for himself out of his own fancies. The real New York was far from his ken, and in her defense, thank God, another voice is raised, the voice that never will be stilled, the artist's voice.

How dare they revile the city that once housed and inspired all our struggling young artists and painters and playwrights? Out of this crucible of New York, Dvóràk drew forth the wild harmonies of his New World Symphony, and O. Henry, pitiful tale teller, extracted his little anecdotes of American life that stand for interpretation of national character with Kipling's Indian stories and De Maupassant's French tales. In these city streets Frank Norris walked by night and

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found the realism that France had buried with Zola. MacDowell, from the heights of Columbia, caught the immortal rhythm of his Indian Suite in the polyglot undertone of this city's voice, and from a corner of Fourth Avenue, a certain shoemaker's son, Augustus Saint Gaudens, looking up from his father's shop doorway, pictured to his mind his beautiful Diana swinging free and bold above the town of Madison Square Garden, a sign and portent to other shoemaker's sons to point their soaring ambitions into the high heaven of art.

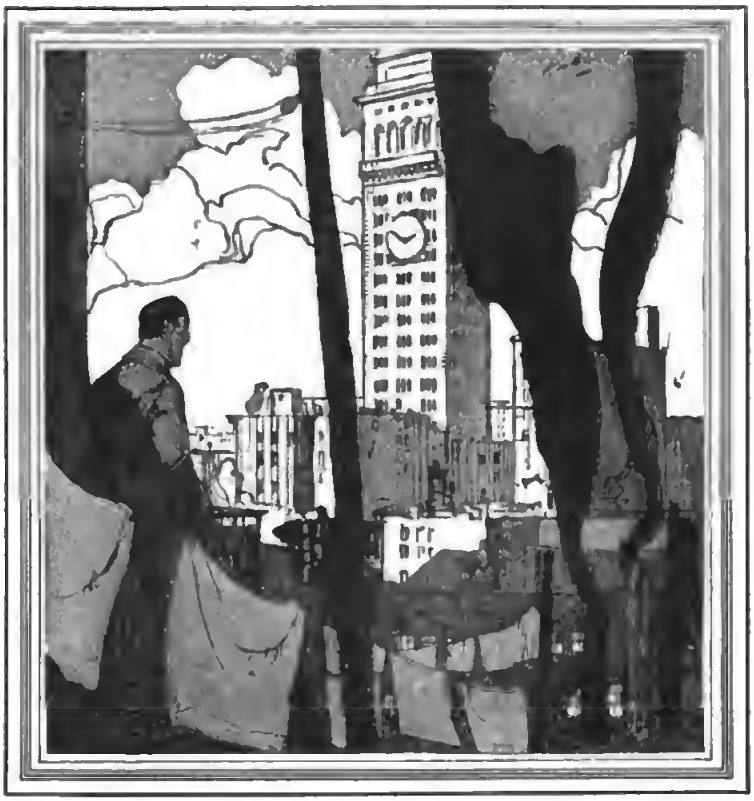
There passes through New York today an endless stream of painters, dramatists, musicians, architects, artists of all the arts,—strugglers, hopers,—drawn hither irresistibly by the atmosphere of the city—whatever that may mean to the gentleman from Oshkosh! In plain English, it is here alone, in this one city of America, that they find that stimulating mental companionship of fellow-artists that creates imaginative fecundity. Call them the riffraff of decadent civilization if you will, these dreamers,—parasites of society, even,—yet that soil in which they thrive is the only soil that will bring forth the genius of America for which we are always hoping.

And these men and women love New York.

If the skyscrapers of the city are inhabited by the money-grabbers, still they are flung against the horizon in a line of such compelling beauty as to have inspired the brush of a Joseph Pennell and the pen of a modern art critic like James Huneker. If the East Side has become the synonym for degradation and poverty (to the gentleman from Oshkosh and the reformed business man of Wall street), that East Side has its disciples of humanity for whom it is a passionate laboratory of the arts. Writers of short stories like Myra Kelly and Fanny Hurst have given voice to a new religion of brotherhood. Sculptresses like Abnstenia St. Leger Eberle have made of the doorway mother of the East Side, the skater with one skate, the grindorgan dancers of Hester street and the like, fit subjects for the most classic and conservative of all the arts, the art of sculpture. The ragged passions of the city streets have hurst forth in a living carnival of poetry, and no one knows whether that poetry is paltry or immense as yet. Poets like John Hall Wheelock, like Louis Untermeyer and Phillips Oppenheim, have arrested twentieth century imagination and sent it back, for precedent, to those old grim figures of the past, the poets Aeschylus and Sophocles and the psalmist, David.

Every cheap café around the Washington Square neighborhood of New York is not filled with dilettantes nnd esthetes. There are those there who are honestly striving after art and honestly dedicated to its service. Those little basement doorways that open off the West Side streets upon smoky interiors with an nir of shabby good fellowship are not like the doorways of Montparnasse a century ago; but whoever expects an art-home to reproduce itself? Somehow or other they are nearer the traditions of art than is the tinsel Bohemia of present-day Paris. It has become the fashion in America to reiterate blindly nn old creed,—to say that this is a materialistic age, machine-mad, art-blind! Well, if that is so, the Protestants of that Catholic belief are meeting together in the basement kitchens of New York to discuss a much needed and long untiripated Reformation.

And the wonder of New York, as a city, is this,—she is not remodeling the art traditions of Europe. She is cutting a new pattern of her own. This New York, which the nation affects to despise, is the natal centre of this nation's life. Over the ancient service of God, New York, with her Y. M. C. A.'s, her organized charities, her



"And the wonder of New York, as a city, is this—she is not remodeling the art traditions of Europe"

flats, her free colleges, her museums, her motion-picture shows, has written service of Men. She has torn down the old traditions and is building up, with the scaffolding of a thousand unfulfilled dreams, n new tradition for civilization. And the nation has for this experimental city no other name than that of harlot or enchantress!

The men of the future are in New York. They are not making a holiday out of the city like our friend from Oshkosh, and they are not making money like the jaded business man who would kill the hen that laid his golden egg. They are passionately busy men. The big writer, the big doctor, the big merchant have come to New York by gravitation. They have a sense of performing feats for the whole nation when they accomplish one of their prodigious day's labors in our city. Nine out of ten of the men you meet hurrying along the streets at the rush hour in our city have the artist spirit in some obscure portion of their brains. They live in an aura of creativeness, and the city reflects, if she does not produce, this mental mood.

Some better name, then, good people at large, for this city of the future which is destined to be, whether we will it or no, the shining mother of a greater civilization!

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HITS ON THE STAGE



A NEW THREE-ACT COMEDY:

INTRODUCING THE MARCH HARE

THE proverb of the worm that turns, if pushed too far, is scarcely applicable to rabbits—but that is what happens in the case of Bunny. The timorous bookseller turns tornado when about to lose the woman he loves.

The rebellion of the under dog is always effective on the stage, particularly if the under dog be the hero. When the mild-mannered Billy Holliday—up at the Astor Theatre—tweaks a fat bully's nose, it is a moment of very real enjoyment for us. Similarly, the meek Will, in *Hobson's Choice*, pleases us immensely when he takes a strap and defies Maggie's angry father. The same sort of an appeal is made in *Bunny*. Meeker, if anything, than the two characters just cited, Bunny has been sponged upon by his friends, jilted by his sweetheart, and insulted by a scoundrel. So when he seizes a revolver and bowls over two pictures and a cuckoo-clock, in an attempt to hit the villain, we give him our enthusiastic support. His militant method is the one we yearn to use on the frosty ticket agent, or the subway guard who slams his door on our coat-tails. We—timid things, cowering in L 7 or M 22—see our more gallant selves portrayed in the defiant hero, the worm at bay. That is one reason why *Bunny* is so effective.

The other is, that eccentricity and charm have much in common. Mr. William Locke, of course, has discovered this. Septimus insults a stranger, and amuses us. Berzélius Paragot commits acts for which he should be incarcerated, and we say, "The lovable fellow!" If a man offered you sherry and poured you bayrum, you would be very apt to punch his eye. At least you'd be annoyed. But when Bunny does this, in the second act of his namesake play, you will probably be more indulgent. "See! He's got the wrong bottle! He's giving her bayrum! Isn't that dear?" People who hide babies in desk drawers and sit on high hats aren't sought after for autographs. Not in life. But in novels, or on the stage, they're far enough away to be safe, and odd enough to be charming.

From *Bunny* to *Iphigenia in Tauris* may seem a far cry; yet—in spite of its dependence on rebellion and eccentricity—*Bunny* is the only Greek comedy on Broadway. It observes the unities of time, place, and, after a fashion, action. The value of "unities" has been argued inconclusively for a number of centuries. Certainly this is no place to settle the point. It is sufficient to note that *Bunny* would have received the approbation of Euripides; it all happens in two hours on a June morning, in one small shop, and with one small plot. Compare it, in regard to the unity of time, with *Common Clay*—in which a years-have-now-elapsed last act is tacked on, to give Miss Jane Cowl a new gown. Or, in regard to unity of place, with *Ruggles*, which skips lightly from Paris to Red Gap while the male members of the audience are enjoying an *entr'acte*. There is less satisfaction in making a comparison of unities of action. So few current New York plays have any action. Still, the story of a gentleman who marries a lady is more unified, perhaps, than the plot of *Sadie Love*, *The Devil's Garden*, or the Auto Show.

Bunny tells the story of a bookseller who has been too timid to confess a love that he has always felt. The woman he loves has a brother who plans to marry her to a rascally nobleman in a musical comedy costume. The young lady does not object to the match; her *fiancé* is wealthy, and she knows Bunny too well to be in love with him. On the morning when the wedding is to take place, the bride-to-be comes to say good-by. Bunny suddenly realizes that he has been dilatory, and that he must stop the marriage. He tells the lady of his love, but—true woman that she is—she thinks he is joking. At this point the *fiancé* appears, carrying that symbol of stage villainy—the riding crop. He reprimands the lady and insults Bunny. Nothing but submission on the part of the bookseller. Then the musical comedy gentleman announces that his bride must hurry off to the wedding. Whereupon Bunny scuttles discretion and emulates the heroes on his bookshelves. With the afore-mentioned pistol shots he drives the scoundrel from his home. This is the best moment in the play. In the last act the worm—having turned once—turns again and goes back into his hole. There is much sentimental guff, and a let's-call-it-off curtain.

Mr. Lewis Stone, in the rôle of Bunny, has most of the lines and does them very well—though he is less attractive in the quieter portions of the play. It is only when he plays with love or a pistol that his acting stands out. Miss Eva Le Gallienne puts a great deal of enthusiasm into a character part. And Miss Gypsy O'Brien, the heroine, is enough to throw any bookseller's accounts into disarray. *Bunny* is the sort of play you take your sister to—and then realize that sooner or later you'd have come anyway.

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Photograph by Sarony.

IN THE GARDEN OF KAMA

The location of Kama is not precisely known, but the invitation to go there is being rather forcibly put. Miss Ruth St. Denis has been giving New York a series of East Indian matinées. She violated the traditions of high art by selecting a dancing partner with a pronounceable and non-explosive name: Ted Shawn. In spite of this handicap Mr. Shawn is a real assistance to Miss St. Denis in her artistic performances of "Radha," "The Peacock," and "The Garden of Kama." The photograph was posed especially for Harper's Weekly

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Follow the leader

KODAK MAGIC

BY ELIZABETH KING MAURER

FIVE merchant princes of the street, with faces beaming a greasy, grinning prosperity, had one after the other followed me. Finally I was completely surrounded by these worthy citizens of modern Athens. With the joyous smiles of old friends they pressed upon me their most alluring pieces of that wonderful Greek lace: the laborious task of the wives who sat at home while their men folks sold on the streets of Athens to whatever tourist at whatever price they were clever enough to extract.

Our only common tongue was primitive man's barter language. A collar, a scarf, a centrepiece, everything that could tempt a lover of beautiful things was flaunted before my eager eyes. With seeming diffidence I raised four fingers toward a modest bit of lace. Up came the owner's five of one brown hand plus the stubby thumb and fat forefinger of the other. When I gingerly raised ten fingers at an elaborate collar, there was a solemn, dignified shake of the head, while the hand was raised three times. Then he paused a moment, signaling his friend to come to his assistance. Now, while he raised his own ten fingers, his partner added five, thus more than assuring me that fifteen was what he demanded.

They made a picturesque group as they stood there in the bright, sunlit street of Athens. Socrates in his simple attire might well have envied them their gorgeous sashes and their voluminous pantaloons. Well, I would get their photographs anyway. I began focusing. Like a shot they opened their capacious satchels and carpet bags and made a luxurious display of yards and yards of lace. They lined up in a row. They flourished their best pieces over their arms. They nudged each other to move over a little this way or that.

No need to say, "Look pleasant." They were grinning from ear to ear. They were quite beside themselves with the pride of being photographed.

Aladdin's lamp could have worked no greater charm than that little black kodak. When I had carefully closed it and was walking away, they fairly flung their priceless treasures of lace at my head. The age-old instinct of bargaining had run amuck against the older and more deep-seated instinct of personal vanity.

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CHAIRMAN'S CROSS

BY OWEN OLIVER

BRITISHER, aren't you? Studying the manners and customs of the folk in this country, eh? I thought so when you asked about vigilance committees! No, sir, we've nothing of the sort here; only a public protection league. I'm chairman.

What's the difference between the two? Well, it used to be called a vigilance committee, ten years ago, before they put up the mills and brought the railway here, and civilized the place. I was chairman of that too!

How did we come to change the name? Well, there was a little trouble about a man named Harris, Happy Harris, they called him; great grinning chap. . . . Yes, Andrew Harris; the name that's on the marble cross up by the edge of Devil's Ravine. Chairman's Cross, they call it in these parts. It would make a nice little story to go down in that note-book of yours! . . . Oh! I can spot a writer at half a mile; especially when I've heard about him beforehand.

There was a woman in the tale of course, always was since the first story on record; but this was a decentish little Eve; and didn't get yarning with the serpent. Her husband was the one that had dealings with him. I should say he'd been a tolerable chap once; but he hadn't been here a week before there were two black marks against him; drink and cards. Drink is only a misfortune perhaps; but the hands he held at poker were a crime; and the matter came before the vigilance committee. The facts were plain enough, and it wasn't so much a question of trial as of sentence.

Now you'll have read in your story-books that vigilance committees have no bowels, and would just as soon hang the wrong man as the right, so long as they hang someone. You can contradict that in your tale. Set it down in the note-book now so that there'll be no mistake. The committee was human enough; but we knew that, if we didn't have an iron hand on card-sharpers, there'd be free shooting in every bar, and we judged it better to have one card-sharp hanged than a dozen decent men shot. That's what it comes to.

The only reason the boys hadn't plugged Carter was that they trusted us to do the right thing; and we decided that Carter had got to swing. Four voted "rope," and one against it. The one was Harris. He'd known Carter's wife when she was a kid, and he was like a father to her. He argued the case long after we had decided it, and I had to put the stopper on him.

"The thinking's done," I said. "You know very very well that he's had three warnings; and there'd be a new committee if that were known through the camp. I saw him fake the cards with my own eyes, and so did you; and he's duly sentenced and it can't be altered. So you'd best be off sharp. We'll give you half an hour."

He left us; and half an hour later we started to fetch Carter. It was an awful night; dark and raining and blowing and thunder and lightning between whiles. There was a tremendous flash just before we came to Carter's cabin; and in the flash we saw his wife at the door. Her hair had fallen loose—it was long and yellow—and she was wringing her hands and staring after someone; and Sandy Scott yelled that he saw him going away on his horse, a bony, gray creature that everyone knew; and next flash we all saw him.

"Harris has warned him," Maunders growled; and he swore an awful oath, because hanging was the penalty for disloyalty to the committee; and none of us thought Happy Harris a good subject for hanging.

I swore at Maunders for silly guessing. If we caught Carter, I said, it didn't matter about his running, and we needn't have any fools' gossip about "warnings" to make the chaps see red.

"BLOW your trumpet," I ordered, "and warn the posse on the West Road where he's going. They'll head him in from the gulley, and we shall have him trapped by the ravine."

Maunders blew up, and the posse answered; and we spread out to make sure of Carter when he turned inwards. The thunderstorm had stopped, but after we had ridden about two miles we could make out a horse ahead in the dark; and after another mile we could see a rider bending forward over the horse's head, so as to be a smaller mark if we shot; which we had no intention of doing unless we were forced, because we wanted to take him alive and do justice in proper form.

"The ravine must be getting pretty close," Derry shouted, "and he'll shoot when he has to turn. Look out, boys, with your shooters."

"Hang the shooters," I yelled back. "He never hit a barn. Ride him down and take him alive . . . That's the forked tree. . . . There's the hut. He's just on the edge. He . . . My God! He's over!"

Over he was! If we hadn't turned sideways pretty sharp, we'd have been over too, for we were closer on the ravine than we thought. My old mare made a sound like a scream, as she scrambled along the edge. We heard a crash down below, and presently another bump; and then nothing. We gathered together some way back. Our horses were shivering, and most of us. I know one who was, and I'm not what you'd call a nervous man.

"We're saved trouble," Long Smith remarked. He began to swear, but the swear broke off in a funny laugh.

"He's gone where he won't hold four aces twice in an evening," he added.

"I don't know," Galpin remarked. "They hold some rum hands there, you bet!"

"Well," I said, "he's paid his losses, and that settles things so far as we are concerned. What he does below is the business of the local committee, and we've troubles enough of our own! There's no need to start any gossip about warnings, remember. Our business is to keep things quiet, not to stir up quarrels; and Harris is the decentest chap in the camp; but I'll have a word with him tomorrow, and make it clear this mustn't occur again."

"He's just a fool on the girl," Maunders apologized, "and he'll never get cured, unless he marries her."

"Which he'll do if he has any sense," I stated. "She's a niceish girl; and I don't like telling her."

"She'd soon hear from someone," Derry suggested; but I said I wasn't going to treat her with any disrespect, and she was entitled to have first go at the newspaper, and she should have it. So we rode to the cabin.

She was still standing out in the rain when we got there. Her hair was matted in rats' tails. I don't remember

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exactly how I broke the news; but she gave a most awful scream, and fell. We carried her into the cabin, and went off and sent some of the women in to see her. One of them was Derry's wife. He came to me the next morning; sat down in my chair and cried like a child.

"We've made a — mess of it," he said, "Colonel. That wasn't Carter. It was Harris on his mare. Carter was too drunk to ride; and Harris drew us off. Carter went away later on Harris's horse, after she'd sobered him. My missus and the other women helped her. . . . Poor old Harris. I—I'm upset, Colonel."

I confess I was a good bit upset myself. We all were.



"There was a tremendous flash just before we came to Carter's cabin"

Harris was a pretty general favorite, and all day the women went about red-eyed, and chaps that had wives wished that they hadn't. It's extraordinary how unreasonable a woman can be at times. They blamed it all on us, that wouldn't have hurt a hair of Harris's head. They said there was too much vigilance committee; and Derry's and Maunders's wives wouldn't have their men serve on it any more; and that was how we came to change the name. For something to keep law and order we were bound to have, whatever we called it. People allowed that, and owned after a bit that it was Harris's own fault, and I wasn't to blame; except Annie Carter. She talked to me in a way I wouldn't have expected from a soft little woman; started out twice with a revolver to have a pot at me, but they took it away. She seemed to go off her head a bit, and spent all her time hunting about in the ravine for Harris's body to give it Christian burial. The vigilance committee—I mean the public protection league—sent out searchers too, but they only found the horse. You could hardly tell it for one. There was a lot of the cliff that no one could climb, and it was full of clefts and fissures, and we made no doubt that poor old Harris had dropped in one. We lowered chaps over with ropes in the quiet of night to listen if he was anywhere not killed and calling for help, but heard nothing. It was a good deal on our minds.

A few days got it off, as time does; but a few weeks didn't make things right with Annie Carter. It seemed to some of us that she had liked Harris a bit more than a father; not that I'm hinting at anything wrong, for I'd stake my last cent that there was never a word between them, or the thought of a word; but she wouldn't leave the place, or go to her husband when she had news of him from Barber's Camp; and when she heard later that he was knifed by a Chinee he tried to cheat at fan-tan, and buried, she didn't seem to care over much. She was a bit crazy there was no doubt, and wandered and wandered about the ravine. She called herself Andrew's Nan. Andrew was the front name of Harris, as you saw on the cross. She was always worrying and worrying that he wasn't properly buried. She would never sleep till he was, she told everybody; and I don't think she did, except odd dozes, but wandered about all night. Mostly she wandered round the ravine; but sometimes she prowled round the village, and wept outside the cabins of the vigilance committee—that is to say, the public protection league.

She woke me up one night by her screaming, and I argued the matter with her out of my window. I was just doing an unpleasant duty, I explained, and wouldn't have hurt a hair of Harris's head; and really it wasn't my fault, but the fault of those who elected me chairman of the vig—of the public protection league. She wasn't uncivil, but she made a point and stuck to it, woman's

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way. It was the business of the league in general, she said, and of me as chairman in particular, to find Andrew and bury him in a proper and respectable fashion; and then she could die contcat; and we could bury her beside him. She made me promise that we would.

I talked to the committee about it the next day.

"We'll have to find Harris," I said, "and have a funeral and bury him, and put up a monument or something to pacify her. I've ordered a nice coffin, and a brass plate and his name on."

"You'd better order the corpse the same time," Dennis told me, "for we won't find him in a month of Sundays."

"That's what I've done," I said; "at least I've ordered that it's to be full of *something*. I didn't dictate to the undertaker because he ought to know his own business best; but the price was fixed at two sheep! We'll say that it was necessary to nail it up sharp, and we'll have a big funeral, and set up the monument same time. Poor Annie can have the choosing. It will ease her mind to go and fetch it from West City. They'll paint the name on it while she waits for the return train."

"Colonel," Derry said, "you're another janus!" He meant genius; but he hadn't classical learning. It's a bit lacking out here. You might make a note of that.

WE got the coffin ready the next night, and told everyone that the public protection league had done its duty and found Harris's bones—and not much else—and put them in a coffin right away, to spare people's feelings; and there was to be a public funeral, and a monument; and Annie Carter was to go to town to choose it; and Derry and his wife took her over to the Junction, and three days later, when the next train back was due, I went to fetch her, and the monument. It was the marble cross you've seen; and I must say it stands up well on the edge of the ravine.

"You've got a pretty taste in churchyard masonry, my dear," I complimented her. "I'm glad you didn't choose an angel or anything of that sort. They're pretty things when they're new, but apt to get chipped about the wings. Besides Andrew had a quiet taste. He wouldn't have wanted an angel."

She rocked herself to and fro.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh! He wanted *me!* . . . I didn't understand till he was dead. I want you to bury me with him. Promise me that, Colonel!"

"Certainly, my dear!" I promised. "We'll put up a stone at the other end, reserving the lot for you. You've only got to die and we'll bury you there with pleasure!"

That seemed to console her a good deal, and the mourning clothes she'd bought. Women get the same comfort out of a new frock that a man gets out of a cigar! And it pleased her that the cross was so much admired. She looked brighter in her mourning clothes than she'd ever looked out of them, and folk said that we made a handsome pair of chief mourners, for I walked with her as chairman of the public protection league, and held my handkerchief ready for her when she'd finished with her own.

THE chaps fixed up the cross on the edge of the ravine, where the unfortunate calamity occurred, and dug a big hole for the coffin. We borrowed a parson from Jones's Diggings to officiate, and a cornet and two violins for a band, and the whole village turned out. I made them a little speech, saying that the cross would keep them in mind of two things: that the public protection league watched over everybody, and that anybody could look for a decent burial if he played a straight hand at cards.

"As," I said, "the deceased always did; and a straight hand at everything. There's no one here can say that Andrew Harris ever took him in while he lived, and—"

I was going to add that he wouldn't now he was dead; but the thought of the two sheep came to me all of a sudden and I very nearly laughed; and just then there was a fearful yell from the crowd, and it parted open screeching and shrieking, and a man walked forward and stared at the cross, and the inscription; and Annie Carter gave a scream that nearly broke the drum of my ear.

"Andrew!" she cried. "Andrew!"

And she shot herself into his arms, and he stood there holding her and grinning very foolishly.

"Little mistake, Colonel!" he apologized. "I dropped off the horse just before he went over, and into that bush. Plaguey scratchey it was, Colonel!"

He pointed to a scraggy brier at the edge about ten yards from the cross. We'd mistaken the exact spot it seemed.

"Sorry to inconvenience you," he said. "I thought you might take it unkind, so I went off a bit, but when I heard you approved of my action and were having this little celebration, I judged you wouldn't be hard on a man that was dead and buried."

He grinned at that like a fool. I own I was a bit nettled, and I answered him pretty sharp. By rights, I said, he ought to be hanged and entombed, and we weren't going to be brought out there for nothing and something would have to be done; and what better had he got to propose than a funeral.

He looked rather sheepish at that; but Annie Carter whispered in his ear—the little hussy had both arms round his neck—and he looked up at me and grinned.

"Try a wedding!" he suggested.

"Can you do weddings as well as funerals?" I asked the parson.

"Easy," he declared.

"Then we'll have a wedding instead," I decided; but the parson hung fire about the "instead." He'd finished the funeral, he stuck out, and had got to be paid for it; but he'd throw in a wedding for three quarter price.

"I'll throw you in a burial for nothing, if you have any nonsense," I warned him. "Just understand that I'm the boss here, and you can't charge for burying two sheep! However, we don't want to be mean, and we'd rather have 'em married nice and smiling. Say half price and it's done."

"Half price," he agreed directly, "and I'll smile as much as you like."

"Done!" I agreed.

So we tied them up fast, and had a big lunch, and sent them off in a carriage— Well, it was the carrier's cart; but there were two horses, if they weren't exactly a pair; and some were for pitching the cross over the cliff, and others were for painting out the name; but they left it to the public protection league; and we decided to leave it just as it stands there. "Because," I said, "Harris *ought* to be under it, for what he's done. So it's a monument to the clemency of the league as *well* as to its iron-handed justice."

How does it stand for the iron-hand? Why, you see, we buried the undertaker there. They turned out to be someone else's sheep that he'd put in the coffin! And we felt that things were getting a bit too free and easy, and it was time to make an example of someone!

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Quantity and quality in curling at Munich

ON THE ICE AND OFF

BY HERBERT REED

CURLING may well be considered much more of a back-breaking game than golf, but it has this in common with the other Scottish game, that some of its most ardent devotees are men well past middle age. I am inclined to think that in curling as in golf (after many labored attempts with the "stanes") the principal strain falls upon the devoted back of the beginner. The elderly Scotchmen who have been curling at Van Cortlandt Park for more years than I care to remember seem to get the awkward missile away with consummate ease, and they will be found on the ice from breakfast to dinnertime, with scarcely an intermission. Consider John Reid, Sr., to whom golfers in this country owe so much, setting forth upon the seventies, and one of the heartiest curlers of them all. Unlike golf curling is a noisy game, and it is perhaps for that very reason that it is making so strong an appeal to golfers everywhere. There is a chance to work off the steam so carefully bottled up in the summer because of the rigid etiquette of golf. There is no more solemn personage in all the land at the first tee at any big tournament than this same John Reid, Sr., nor a jollier one when it comes to the "roaring" ice game.

Certain it is that the move to make curling the golfers' winter sport has gained ground rapidly even in a year. It was only last season that something like an organized effort was made to popularize the ice sport. At that time only the most northerly of the clubs had rinks in connection with their golf courses, but I understand that the game is now making strides in the west in connection with some of the best and oldest of the clubs. The game slipped down to us by way of the Dominion of Canada, where it was played as long ago as 1807. Credit for first taking it up seriously in this country belongs, I think, to three of our most famous golf clubs, St. Andrews, of Westchester, as a matter of course, Mohawk, and the Country Club of Brookline, Mass., where any day this winter eight or more rinks can be found in use.

It is natural that in any game that appeals to golfers much is made of stance, in this case called "fitting the tee." The player assumes a crouching position at one tee, or what is called the hack, or crampit, so that he may sight along a straight line to the other tee, and thus be ready to deliver any shot the "skip" or captain may ask for, with every reason for being sure of the amount of twist. Ah, twist, that's the thing. What the side ball is in bowling, what English is to billiards, twist is to curling.

One can almost instantly tell the crack from the fair player by his ability to import twist to the stone and to control that twist. Thus are the in-turn and the out-turn made, and even when a straight shot is called for there is still a bit of spin to the stone to the end that it may not be diverted from its true course by any little irregularity in the ice, or any little clot of snow not removed by the sweeper's broom. The rules are simple enough. It is a game much like shuffleboard, but on a large scale, and requiring no end of *finesse*. Quite like golf, indeed, it is a game that is to be laughed at only until attempted.

Just as in golf, there is a correct swing and an incorrect swing, and there is a correct and an incorrect stance. The swing of the curler is practically a perfect semi-circle, and as the arm descends the left knee is bent so that the stone will not bump on the ice, and here too there is a follow through just as in golf. The body turns and the hand releases the stone at the last possible instant, just at that instant imparting the twist, which should be moderate or sharp according to the orders of the "skip" who has in mind the position of his opponents around the tee.

To the stranger, watching a game of curling for the first time, it seems impossible that the continually sweeping with the brooms before the oncoming stone should be of any real aid. Nothing but a trial, perhaps, will convince the skeptic of the fact that the stone can be brought along many feet by the use of the broom. With a smooth stone and keen ice even so much as part of a burnt match is often enough to spoil a really fine shot.

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So the cry "Soop 'er up! Soop 'er up!" is heard in the land, and the sweepers have sometimes had a considerable share in the settling of a close match. Furthermore, no curler would be happy without his broom, least of all the skipper, who uses it as a guide for the man about to deliver the stone. Indeed, the brooms sometimes figure in a signal code.

Away back in the abysm of time when most Scottish games were invented, curling was a rather crude afternoon's sport, but some genius in the seventeenth century hit upon a scheme for fastening handles to the stones, and it was not long afterward that the players discovered they could impart that twist that is such a big factor in the game as it is played today. With all the progress made so far there are still too many golf courses without their rinks for curling. As I have already said the game looks foolish until one tries it. After that it is fascinating, a splendid winter exercise, and no end of fun, lacking as it does the special rites of golf. It is above all a golfer's game.



Finals at the Prince's Club, London, where many famous matches have been held with all the comforts of a club

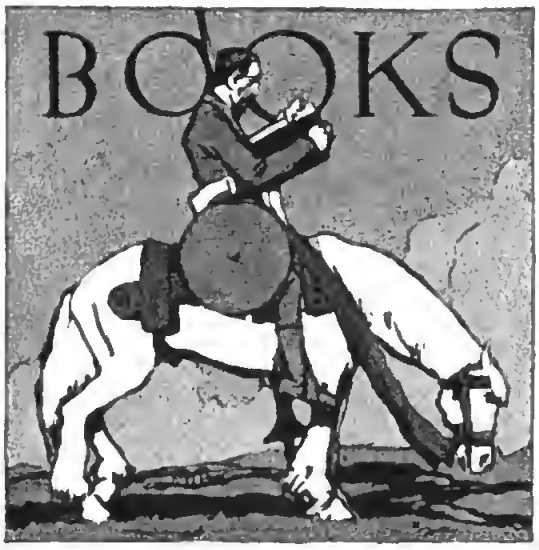
THE University of Pennsylvania will be very closely watched this year, for the Red and Blue is endeavoring, with new men in command, to work out of a slump in rowing that is extremely serious, and a slump in football that is apparently even more troublesome than Yale's, in that it has been largely due to the ascendancy of cliques and factions. The oarsmen will try to get back to form under the coaching of Mr. Wright, of the Argonaut Club, of Toronto, an amateur of amateurs. It has been said of rowing, as indeed, of many other sports, that you cannot beat a coach who is working for his bread and butter. That is in the main true, I think, but there are exceptions. In rowing age and experience count above all other things, and as a rule the combination has not been found in an amateur coach. Vivian Nickalls was a good coach—one of the best in the land, indeed—but because of the war I do not think his mind was centred upon his work last year, and further, when he found that he could not get a combination working even within a week of the race he became greatly discouraged. He had the men, and he could teach them rowing, but he simply was unable to shake a boatload together. Vivian will be missed by the boys along the river this year. He was very popular. The newcomer has a great reputation in a boat and out of it, having had twenty years of active rowing. I am inclined to think that he will return to American rigging. Nickalls used the tholepins, but had his men seated over the keel. The Quaker squad, which already has been culled out, will be taken in hand by Captain Chickering until Mr. Wright gets down this way from the Dominion.

The football team will be harder to rescue. As a coach Bob Folwell, who will be henceforth in charge of the Red and Blue, has few peers, as his record with Lafayette and Washington and Jefferson proves, but whether he can get the warring factions together remains to be seen. There are three of these groups, I believe, all powerful in the affairs of the university. The statement made by certain of the outgoing coaches that there is not the proper material at Pennsylvania, is a joke. There was as fine a looking squad physically at Franklin Field last season as one would care to see. The men were badly taught, and they were poorly conditioned, just as they had been the year before. Time was when Quaker elevens could come through from behind. It is toward a revival of that time that most Pennsylvanin graduates are hopefully looking.

IF GEORGE FOSTER SANFORD does not turn up at New Haven next fall, or for that matter this spring, as Yale's head football coach, it will not be for lack of the backing of some of the most influentinl men who ever were graduated from Yale. Sanford is the type of man that makes the stanchest of friends and the bitterest of enemies. He has both friends nnd enemies of this class close to the heart of the Yale football situation. For myself, I know him to be one of the greatest coaches the game has ever seen, reconciled at last to the open play that was not of his generation and so for a long time did not appeal to him, and no man, coach or player, could have displayed finer sportsmanship than did Sanford when Rutgers was beaten by Princeton in one of the year's finest games. He had set his heart upon winning that game, and the defeat hurt.

SO MAURICE M'LOUGHLIN has taken up golf. It had to come at one time or another, for the Californian and ex-champion tennis player is too keen a student of the technique of all sports permanently to confine himself to one. It is not at all likely to hurt his tennis, I think, but he will be well worth watching, for in golf, of course, the right arm is not so important as in tennis. But if the Californian has not allowed himself too much of a one-sided development, he should have the right build for the Scottish game. A man whose body is set on the hips as is McLoughlin's ought to be able to get the snap that sweeps away a long ball with the wood. It will be a trial, I fear, for him to keep his head down.

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HOMO SAPIENS belongs to that group of novels in which life-philosophy is sandwiched in between enthusiastic embraces. In outline—and in outline only—it is a Polish "Dark Flower," a sectional affair in which the hero has three romances.

Viewed from the amatory angle the book is successful, but not bracing. The spiritual element is in the minority. This may not damage the artistry of the telling, but it mars the beauty of the result. From the view-point of philosophy there is even less matter in it. The hero wrestles with his problems through many pages. There are lots of "ought I's?" and "hadn't I better's?"—all leading to the same end: following his own sweet will. This is an unassailable philosophy of life; but one might regret the time spent in arriving at it.

AT LAST a book of first aid for incubating dramatists! Fanny Cannon's *Writing and Selling a Play*. It is a needed volume in spite of the fact that the market has been—still is—flooded with books about plays and playwriting,—books by college professors, by newspaper critics, and by all the throng of dramatic theorists and hangers-on who are making good profits from the contemporary boom in things theatrical.

But now Miss Cannon undertakes the practical instruction of the beginner in playwriting, that beginner, who, to the number of 17,000, contributed to Winthrop Ames's recent $10,000 prize contest. Miss Cannon, unlike her predecessors, has written from inside the theatre. She has been a playwright, a stage-director, an actress and a play-agent (which means, among other things, a play-surgeon). In her preface she modestly disclaims any attempt to supplant other books about the drama, and describes her mission as instructing the would-be dramatist in the veriest A, B, C,'s of the stage. But in truth she does much more than give directions for manuscript arrangements, for she counsels the yearning tyro in every particular of his sure-to-be-checkered career. In addition her book is very agreeably, wittily written.

WHETHER opera bores or inspires you, you will probably find a new volume, entitled *The Opera Book*, worth owning. It contains a synopsis of one hundred and ten operas—a total which will come as a jolt to the musical Philistine who thought there weren't more than six—or perhaps seven. The book is a handy accessory for the music-lover who can't place Raoul, or recall the soprano's name in *Parsifal*. It is also an aid to the individual who dislikes opera, but who would be glad to find out what he's got to listen to. The book is illustrated with numerous press-agent photographs of opera singers. And of course there is a frontispiece of Miss Geraldine Farrar.

IT IS generally believed that *küche, kinder und kirchen* are still the only interests of the German woman. Comes Miss Anthony with the amazing information that there were in Germany, before the war, over nine millions of women wage-earners; that the exodus of unmarried women from the home is almost complete—of a total of 6,600,000 unmarried women, 5,700,000 are wage-earners; that there are nearly 200,000 women trade unionists; that there is a radical feminist organization behind the "Mutterschutz" which is investigating the basis of sexual morality—particularly in reference to the double standard and illegitimacy—with a relentless rationality.

Reaction breeds action. Because of the stolidity of the Teutonic male, the German woman has been forced to greater lengths in her struggle for freedom than has the American feminist in her more tolerant environment. This book should be read by every one who grows hysterical when the word "feminism" is uttered. It is a sane, hard-headed study of women by a woman.

WE AMERICANS seem singularly fond of hypothetical line-ups. An All-American football or baseball team makes good reading; an *Anthology of Magazine Verse* seems like a real charmed circle.

William Stanley Braithwaite has edited such an anthology for 1915, containing a hundred or so poems. Some of the selections have been wisely made; others, perhaps, less wisely. Considering the voluminous quantity of magazine verse, Mr. Braithwaite has probably made a very good job of it. Certainly an interesting one. It is difficult to estimate the influence of the book; but if it tends to raise the standard of magazine verse, it is a highly desirable institution.

SARA TEASDALE'S new volume of poems, *Rivers to the Sea*, have the fine simplicity of art without artifice. Filled full of the swift paradox of gleam and shadow, these songs are wistful and joyous, keen and clean and poignant, beautiful whether of the dust or of the spirit. They are indeed rivers to the sea, fluent, limpid, singing alike over beds of grief or ecstacy, happy to flow, guiding "sadness in the glad, and gladness in the sad," knowing that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

LESS noteworthy but light-fingered and full of charm is *The Open Book*, a new volume of humorous verse by Madeline Bridges,—about one hundred poems, facile and gracefully turned.

BOOKS REVIEWED

HOMO SAPIENS *By Stanislaw Przybyszewski*
Alfred A. Knopf, New York $1.50

WRITING AND SELLING A PLAY *By Fanny Cannon*
Henry Holt & Co., New York $1.50

THE OPERA BOOK *By Edith B. Orduay*
Sully & Kleinteich, New York $2.50

FEMINISM IN GERMANY AND SCANDINAVIA *By Katharine Anthony*
Henry Holt & Co., New York $1.25

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1915 *Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite*
Gomme & Marshall, New York $1.50

RIVERS TO THE SEA *By Sara Teasdale*
The Macmillan Co., New York $1.25

THE OPEN BOOK *By Madeline Bridges*
The Knickerbocker Press, New York $1.00

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COUPES, CURVES AND COSTS

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

You will find this department in every issue of Harper's Weekly. Write to Mr. Hilder for the answers to any question regarding motor cars, their accessories and their makers.

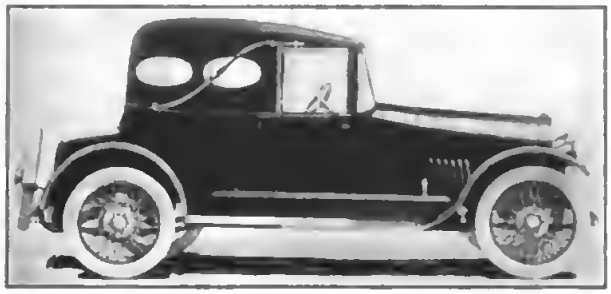
COUPES, curves and costs were three of the outstanding features of the Motor Shows, both at the Grand Central Palace and the Hotel Astor. To this alliterative trinity might also be added Contemplative Customers, Crazes, and Constructive Triumphs. And all of these features, or at least a majority of them, applied to every make of car exhibited.

I think too much stress cannot be laid on the desirability of the coupé, as a body type, especially for owners who prefer to drive for themselves. In point of weight, and the influence of weight on tire and fuel consumption, it is practically on a par with the roadster, while it possesses over the roadster the distinct advantage of increased comfort, seating capacity, intimacy and protection for its occupants. A short time ago not all of these advantages could be claimed for the coupé, because it was undeveloped. It seated but two people and was as thoroughly a closed car as its cousin the limousine. But today, with its convertible top and its carefully planned seats for three and four, it can be used in all weathers and temperatures and will accommodate with ease the average family. The coupés illustrated here are but samples picked more or less at random from the many in evidence at the shows.

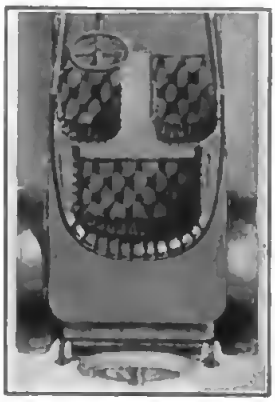
Fashions in cars change almost as frequently as do fashions in women's hats, and, I am afraid, many of these changes are not much more necessary or important than those in the mysterious land of millinery. For instance, consider the matter of curves.



The new Scripps-Booth four-passenger coupé



Abbott-Detroit coach



And its seating plan

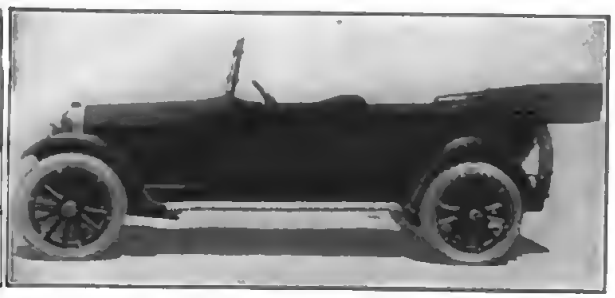
Some years ago, seven, unless my memory is faulty, there were two and only two makes of cars whose designers believed in curved body lines. Singularly enough both of these makes seem to have vanished from our midst. They were the Thomas Flyer, noted for its New York to Paris achievement, and the Pope Toledo. The tonneaus of each were distinguishable by reason of their rounded contours, and I remember thinking at the time that their competitors were producing far more dashing effects by the use of sharp angles and straight lines.

Now the tables are turned. With few exceptions every automobile exhibited at Grand Central Palace is a solid mass of curves. Wherever there might be an angle it has been rounded, and lost; wherever there might be straight lines they have been eliminated. In many cases the radiator is V shaped, and the contour of the car from the apex of the V to the rear of the tonneau and back again on the other side looks exactly like that of an egg.

Quite naturally, this dissolution of angles and straight lines into curves has been achieved with a definite purpose. The theory is that all projectiles are cigar or egg-shaped because they offer the least resistance to the wind. Motor makers have thought that by making cigar and egg-shaped cars they would reduce wind-resistance, and that by eliminating angles they would take away all dust collecting crevices. The value of these improvements no

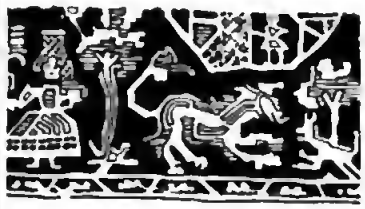


The Lexington-Howard six has a new exhaust feature



The big Oakland seven-passenger eight

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A year ago the Russian peasants were turning their fine linen into embroideries. Today they are making it into sacks to be filled with sand for the trenches

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Professor Samuel Harper

Professor Harper is the son of the former president of Chicago University, and teaches Russian in that institution. He knows leaders of all classes in Russia, and is in a position to secure important political, social, industrial, and military facts. He has just returned from a trip to Russia and will give to the readers of Harper's Weekly the benefit of the information he has gathered. His series will begin in next week's issue of

HARPER'S WEEKLY
Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

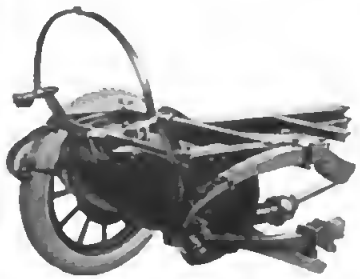
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one can deny. But makers of egg-shaped cars have claimed unusual beauty for their products and have based those claims on the visual charms of curves. Some have boasted that there is not an angle to be seen on their cars.

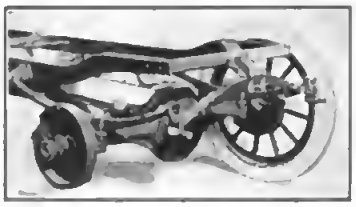
I should hate to seem to carp, but I would like to suggest to them that, in eliminating sharp angles and straight lines, they are working in opposition to one of the prime laws of design. From the Parthenon down all true works of art have demonstrated the fact that monotony of *motif* is to be avoided by all



The three-quarter elliptic springs, cylindrical gas tank and tire carrier of the Jeffery

means. I have nothing against curves. Nor do I hold a brief for straight lines. My point is that car manufacturers and body designers will probably obtain the most pleasing effects by using a judicious blend of the two, thereby avoiding monotony.

Costs and cuts in cost have been a remarkable feature of the motor industry for some time, but this year they are more noticeable than ever. It might have been expected, in view of the increased value of raw material brought about by the war, that this year's cars would have to be marketed at higher prices than those of two seasons ago. That prices have been lowered in the face



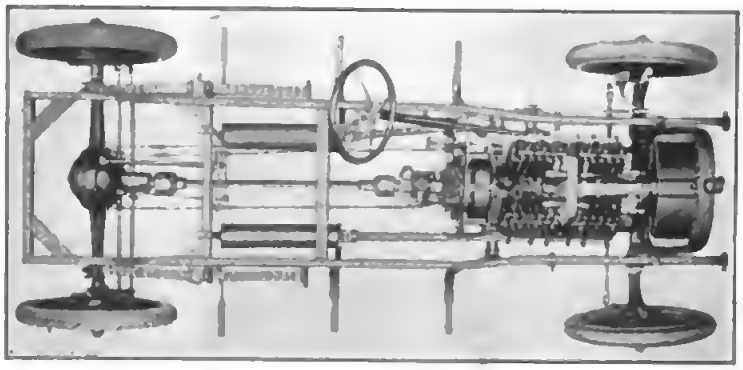
Showing the drop frame and platform springs of the new Detroiter

of economic conditions is strong evidence of the keen judgment, foresight, and mechanical ingenuity of the men-behind-the-cars. Verily they have displayed genius. For I do not believe anyone has ever seen under one roof a display of merchandise that offered more value and service, dollar for dollar, than that offered by the exhibits in the great motor shows of 1915-16.

The quantity production of motor cars by big, heavily financed and efficiently managed organizations has an aspect that is of extreme interest and importance: it involves the question of what is to become of smaller manufacturers, who cannot meet the price reductions of their larger competitors, and yet who have not the facilities for making very high-priced machines which would place them more or less on a non-competitive basis. The future would seem to hold but two alternatives for them. One would be to die a painful death. The other would be amalgamation.

The opportunities offered by this second alternative are so stupendous that I am moved to predict that, before 1916 has drawn to a close, there will be at least one huge combination in the motor world devoted to turning out low-price, high-efficiency cars on a profitable basis.

This is, of course, only a prophecy, but it is founded on rumors of more than passing significance.



Chassis of the Enger twin six. Note the long, cantilever springs and the symmetry of the whole chassis

THE SAFETY VALVE

In place of the usual assortment of somewhat explosive utterances on variegated subjects, we are devoting this week's SAFETY VALVE to the comments that have been made upon our recent changes in shape and manner.

A REVISED PAPER

From *The New Republic* (Jan. 1, 1916)

THERE are surprises for even the most surfeited of magazine readers. Usually it is a new venture that arouses happy interest, but sometimes, as is now the case of HARPER'S WEEKLY, it is an evolution. Our contemporary begins 1916 in a shape slightly different, with a soundly decorated cover design, and a typography greatly changed. These alterations, we venture to say, have the effect of setting the whole periodical in a richer and livelier key. Good looks are not the main characteristic of American weeklies, but the revised HARPER'S WEEKLY has a fine share of them. It starts out handsomely to have a happy new year.

CONGRATULATIONS!

By W. A. McDERMIT

LAST evening I opened HARPER'S WEEKLY and immediately made a note to congratulate you on the marked improvement in its appearance.

I have felt for a long time that the only criticism that could be made of HARPER'S was its typographical appearance, and I think you have a mighty good-looking proposition as it stands today.

With best wishes for the New Year. Newark, N. J.

CONGRATULATIONS AGAIN

By MINER CHIPMAN

I CONGRATULATE you upon the fine new dress HARPER'S WEEKLY is wearing this week.

Cambridge, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

By STUART BENSON

I HAVE just received your issue of January 1st, and I want to



Start Them On Oat-Lined Paths

Do you agree with this?

That oats as a vim-food, as the food for growth, stands unique and supreme?

And that love of oats, inbred in childhood, lasts to the end of the journey?

If so, start children on the oat-lined path. At every step, at every age, the love of oats will prove helpful.

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1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago

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congratulato you on the now make-up and size. It's a great success.

Good Luck for tho New Year!

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT!

By Eomonn M'Kenna

I AM glad to note how greatly improved is the January first number.

New York City.

MORE CONGRATULATIONS

By George Hancock

CONGRATULATIONS on your new front cover.

Fargo, N. D.

OUR NEW DRESS

By Harold A. Smith

CONGRATULATIONS for having put on a new dress so becoming. You look, and are, great.

We wish you the best of success for the new year.

Elba, Mich.

A PLEASANT CHANGE

By S. K. Ratcliffe

CONGRATULATIONS upon the reshaped Weekly, the seemly Old-Harperian cover, the pure Norman note on England's Second Wind, and the happy fact that you appear to have pleased all your friends.

New York City.

PREJUDICE

BY J. L. SHERARD

AN OBSCURE early English writer speaks of prejudice as the child of ignorance. His definition is simpler and more to the point than those we find in the dictionary, for it hits the nail squarely on the head, while the learned men who compile our word vocabularies usually miss the mark and bruise their thumbs in trying to convey to us the subtleties of meaning. Yes, ignorance is the father of prejudice and obstinacy is its mother.

Prejudice has a full opportunity for the display of its talents in political life. If prejudice rules your actions and you belong to a faction or clan, or if you are a dyed-in-the-wool partisan of some skilful and magnetic apostle of the wind, all that your faction or friend does has the stamp of righteousness upon it, signed, sealed and delivered. But if the wicked party on the other side should be able to pass out certified checks when the game is rained out, or if by some magic of government he should be able to open the treasury and pay you five dollars a bushel for your wheat, you still wouldn't be charitable enough to admit that there was any good in him. You would lose your religion in showering upon him a deluge of abuse smelling of brimstone—all because he is your "enemy." You would see him way down in some naughty, naughty place before you would acknowledge that he didn't have horns and hoofs a shade more horrible than the gentleman who reigns over the place you consigned him to.

You would be honest—how righteously honest you would be!—and you couldn't be made to see but one way even if Truth should rise up and show you a plain diagram of your error.

Prejudice makes a man blind to his own faults but magnifies the little shortcomings of others into acts of supreme tragedy and injustice. It is a disease that is hard to cure, because when the optician comes around to pluck the beam out of the victim's eyes, the poor fellow gets mad and swears that his vision is free from the blemish and as clear as the noonday sun.

And so the old English writer was right. Prejudice is the child of ignorance, and it is also the father of much of the injustice and cruelty and suffering in the world today.

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YOUR IDEAL MOTOR CAR

What does it look like, that perfect car you have pictured in your mind? You alone know, and you alone can tell.

A great many people, have, like you, invented new devices and improvements that have been lost because they had no inducement to bring them to light.

Harper's Weekly offers prizes for the four most practical letters on the subject: "My Ideal Car." This contest is open to all people interested in motoring, whether they own cars or not. The letters will be judged according to the value of the ideas they present.

All letters must be in this office on or before February 15th. The winning letters will be published some time in March. No letter must exceed 500 words in length.

The prizes will be: 1—$15; 2—$10; 3—One year's subscription to Harper's Weekly; 4—Six months' subscription.

Address your letters to the Motor Editor

HARPER'S WEEKLY

251 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

VOGUE

suggests:

that before you spend a penny on your new clothes, before you even plan your wardrobe, you consult its great Spring and Summer Fashion numbers! Beginning with the

Forecast of Spring Fashions·

and continuing for six months (twelve numbers—see list below) you will receive the most complete presentation of styles ever offered American women. During the very period when these numbers appear you will be selecting your Spring and Summer wardrobe and paying hundreds of dollars for the suits, gowns, etc., you select.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown! Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford!

$2 Invested in Vogue will save you $200



Why take chances again this year when by simply sending in the coupon, and at your convenience paying $2—a tiny fraction of the loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you can insure the correctness of your whole wardrobe?

Vogue is a beautifully illustrated magazine; the acknowledged authority on what is worn by well-dressed American women. Here are your twelve numbers (and one extra):

Forecast of Spring Fashions, Feb. 1·

The earliest and most authentic forecast of the Spring mode

Spring Millinery — **Feb. 15**
The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures

Spring Patterns and New Materials — **Mar. 1**
Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe

Paris Openings — **Mar. 15**
The complete story of the Paris openings establishing the mode

Spring Fashions — **April 1**
The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes — **Apr. 15**
First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means

Brides and Summer Homes — **May 1**
A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride

American Travel — **May 15**
Places in our own country well worth a visit at least

Summer Fashions — **June 1**
The final showing of the Summer modes that will be

In the Country — **June 15**
Society takes to sports and life in the open

Hot Weather Fashions — **July 1**
The correct wardrobe for all out door sports

Hostesses — **July 15**
The newest ideas in midsummer entertainments

London and Paris — **Aug. 1**
War stricken Europe regains her balance and sends us new and fresh ideas

·Our Special Offer

THE Forecast of Spring Fashions Number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose the $2 with the coupon below, we will send you, with our compliments, this earliest and most authentic forecast of the Spring mode, making thirteen numbers instead of twelve.

Or, if more convenient send coupon without money. Your subscription will then start with the Millinery Number, and continue through the next eleven numbers.

"Nine out of ten women copy what the tenth does; the tenth is a reader of VOGUE."

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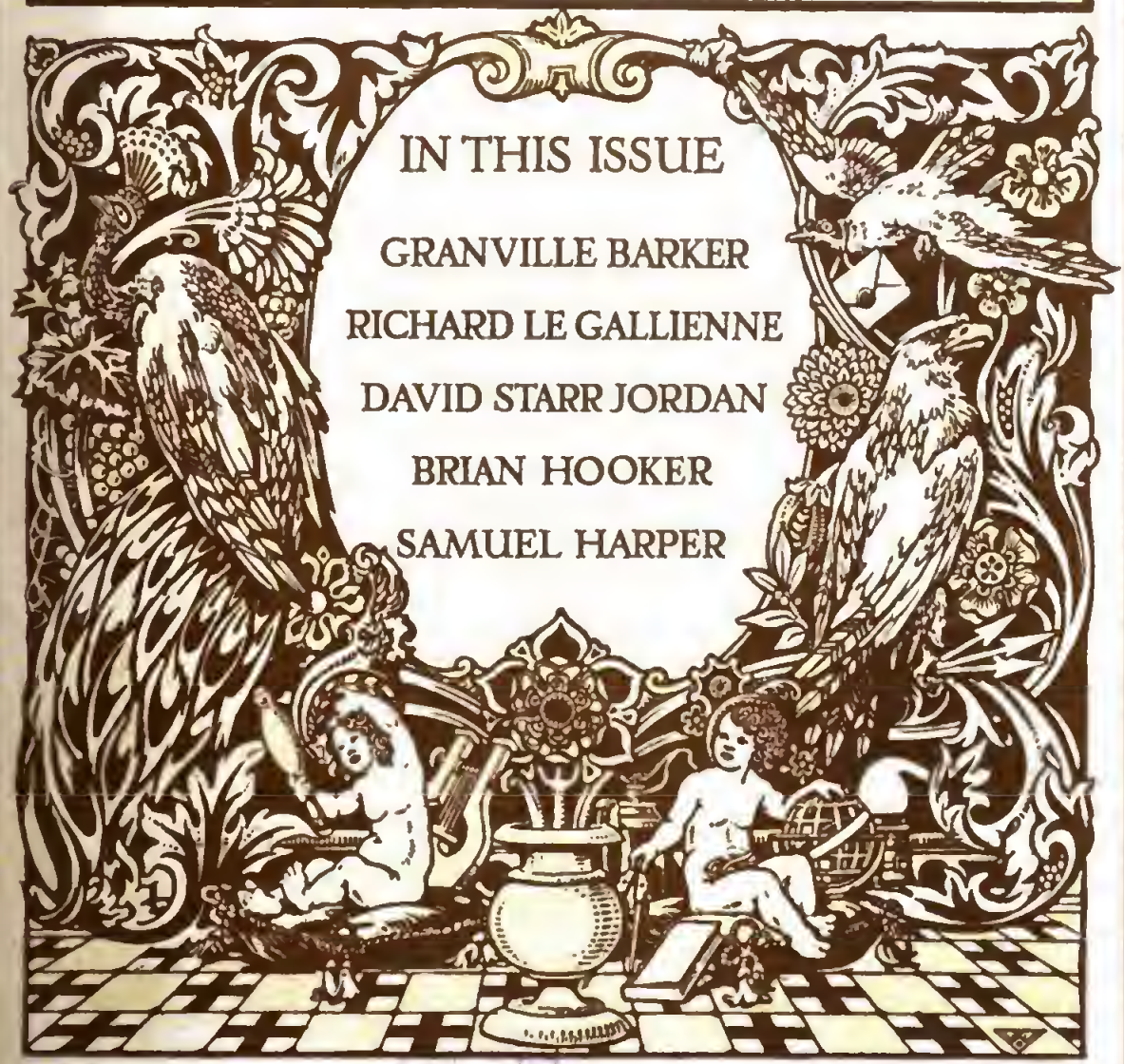
State .....

Send me twelve numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Millinery Number and I will remit $2 on receipt of bill. Bill March 1st (1918) I enclose $2 herewith and shall expect thirteen numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Forecast of Spring Fashions Number.

H W 1 22 18

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



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RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

DAVID STARR JORDAN

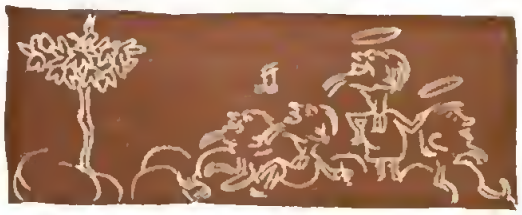
BRIAN HOOKER

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JANUARY 29 1916

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

NORMAN HAPGOOD, Editor

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

SOWING THE WIND

NO MORE important meeting will be held in Washington this year than the gathering of the State Commissions on January 26th, to endeavor to rebut the arguments of the railroad attorneys on valuation of the roads. These attorneys have all argued on the basis of cost of reproduction, regardless of the original cost, and regardless of the history of the road. They wish to take every advantage of increased cost of land, labor and materials. The result may well be that the government one day will have to pay to the railroads an unearned increment greater in amount than the total value of the slaves set free by the Civil War.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

TWO elements enter into the vice-presidential situation this year that are unusual. It is a general custom for the Vice-President not to be renominated. With the renomination of the President already settled, however, it becomes easier for the Vice-President to make a fight, on the cry of the old ticket. A new element is the presidential primary. Mr. Marshall is already filed in Indiana and is therefore definitely a candidate. The next primary is Minnesota. There ought to be a fight started by a number of filings there. A number of good suggestions have been made, which have already been reported on this page. The most brilliant suggestion of all thus far is Senator La Follette. If the Democrats should show liberality enough to make such a nomination they would prove at one blow that by Democracy they mean liberalism, progressiveism. They could put themselves in a position to beat anybody, hands down, not excepting Mr. Justice Hughes.

THE SILVER LINING

THEY were discussing the Philippine policy. "A stable policy," said Vice-President Marshall, "would manure to their advantage."

SINGLE DOCTRINE

A READER scolds us for what has appeared in this department about the fairness or unfairness of certain taxes now considered to meet the defense program. You must get up early if you wish to catch the Single-taxer forgetful of his theme. A pamphlet has just fallen under our eye, which contains this:

Question—What would happen if Christ were a member of President Wilson's Cabinet?

Answer—He would insist on observance of the Golden Rule. He would, therefore, abolish the army and navy. He would demand that values created by all the people be taken for public purposes instead of by private individuals who have not created them. He would favor the Single Tax as the most practical method of accomplishing this result.

Old as it is, the story is so apt that it will not languish, about the preacher who struggled at a funeral to praise the undeserving deceased, and then threw the meeting open for any one in the congregation who had known the late lamented to say a word in his behalf. After a pause one man arose and began: "If no one cares to speak about the deceased, I will say a word in favor of the Single Tax."

PEACE MOVES

THOSE who are agitating for some interference by our government designed to shorten the war, do not always take into account the fact that some persons high up in the government think the Portsmouth treaty the greatest mistake ever made by American diplomacy. It was hailed as a check to Japan by an ignorant press, whereas it actually saved Japan, and gave to our Japanese problem its present proportions. What we did was to prevent Russia from winning through her greater staying power and to give Japan the chance to dominate the Orient. Even if a situation arose in which a peace move might succeed, through neutral pressure, there is no possibility that our government would initiate such a move against the wishes of the Allies. There is no use in speculating about a remote future, but that Portsmouth analogy represents the situation at present.

MISS ADDAMS IN WASHINGTON

THE appearance of Jane Addams before committees of the House and Senate brought out one entirely specific project, in addition to her more general doctrines. She proposed that aliens should be under the protection of the national government. This would take such questions as whether the Japanese should acquire land or attend school in California out of the control of local feeling and make the question national. Governor Johnson and other strong Hamiltonians have hitherto taken the states' rights view.

MILK FOR BABIES

THE effort to have powdered milk shipped to German babies aroused much sympathy, but even before the French government gave its refusal, there was raised here a question of fact. Germans here say, and produce some evidence, that there is a milk shortage so bad that babies are dying of starvation. Meantime the German government gives the impression that food is plentiful, and returning travelers mostly say they have seen no distress. It is generally believed here that if the Allies at any time hereafter let charitable shipments of food go into Germany and Austria, they will not only demand that it be administrated by a neutral commission, but they will demand as a preliminary that a neutral commission be allowed to travel about and see whether the civil population actually is starving.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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MEXICO

MR. LANSING put very lucidly the difference between American rights on the sea and American rights in the middle of a mix-up on land. There is just as much difference between the ideals involved as there is between the two sets of established rights. Because the strongest of neutral nations undertakes to keep open the international highway of the sea, fire-breathers ask us to hunt bandits in a country not yet out of civil war. Because we protect what belongs to us and to the world we are urged to interfere by arms in the work of suppressing insurrection in a nation the government of which, just recognized by us, requires time to police the mountains and desires no help from us. We might raise an army and chase bandits through the hills of northern Mexico for several years, thus satisfying red-blooded men, men on horseback, advocates of national honor, and all such. But in allowing ourselves to be stampeded by old-fashioned red-blood stuff, *Civis Americanus*, etc., we should be abandoning the finest thing in the Wilson administration, its ethical insight, progressiveness, and courage. If the German Chancellor's recently expressed dream is to come true, of Belgium to Bagdad; if there are to be after the war a series of great economic alliances, there is all the greater reason for us to pursue the policy we have been pursuing, of a drawing together of the countries in this hemisphere. If Villa, by murdering a few Americans who proceed into the civil war portion of another country, can lead us to intervene, and thus get us into trouble with the recognized government, the splendid progress we have made with South America is doomed to be superseded by the old distrust. The administration has this far stood for ideals higher than those on which the world has usually acted. It did so in such foreign matters as the Panama tolls, the Colombian payment, the Six-power Chinese loan, the South American and Mexican policies, as well as in our leading domestic measures. The peace-at-any price people are trying, with the best motives, to drive us so far as not to make any improvement whatever in our defensive machinery, which would mean the defeat of the administration in November. They are apostles, not statesmen. The fire-breathers mean well also, many of them, but they don't understand anything except the old cries, the old nerve stimulants, the familiar dime-novel heroisms. The writer of these sentences makes a good many speeches in various cities, and not another point in any of those speeches receives such uniform applause as the defense of the Mexican policy. If it is understood by almost any audience it is approved. A few are hopelessly against it,—investors, their friends, hardshell tories, and big-stickists,—but the vast majority find it, as soon as it is explained, a principle which they welcome to their hearts. To sit back and let the noisesmiths have their turn, every time there is a dramatic and unfortunate event, requires courage, heaven knows; but courage is the President's middle name. Politically speaking the advantage of his position is that he is modern, consistent, and right. He follows a north star that stands for justice, progress, largeness of comprehension, both at home and abroad. If the President will stick to his guns (as he will) the country will understand. In spite of momentary ill-luck, each one of which gives nervous people fits for a week, the President proceeds on his course, and (despite shallow jeers at notes) he goes ahead, gaining some triumphs, abandoning no duty, and steadily strengthening himself in the minds of men who reflect; men who, when next summer's issues are drawn, will be the spokesmen of about five million in this country who think things over before they decide in what box their ballots are to fall.

RUSSIA'S SPIRIT

PROFESSOR HARPER'S series, beginning in this issue, gives us much satisfaction, because it presents, with so much knowledge and entire fairness, the facts about that one of the great powers that is least understood. Until the war began Russia to the average American meant little more than pogroms, snow, Cossacks, and Siberia. It was occasionally explained that the United States would be as adequately expressed by lynchings, mosquitoes, and Indians; but nothing sank in, even with Tolstoy, Dostoieffsky, and Turgenief known by the reading classes, and Russian music and dancing becoming popular. One of the results of the war is to awaken the world to a more genuine study of Russia, her genius, the spirituality and democracy of the nation, instead of merely noting the existence of an autocracy that is largely German.

A RECORD

MR. HEARST has on the list of persons he assiduously assaults President Wilson, Mayor Mitchel and Thomas Mott Osborne. The President has not consulted him or offered him an office. The Mayor has not taken orders from him. Mr. Osborne interfered with his desire to be governor. Mr. Osborne he covers with the

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slimy and venal talk of criminals. Of the others he is content to charge merely incompetence and subserviency to the interests. He is at present crowning nobody but himself, John R. McLean and Colonel Roosevelt.

LYNCHING

IT IS an effective way Tuskegee has of putting out the lynching statistics, with absolutely no comment. To show that lynchings have increased; that only fifteen per cent were charged with rape; that several victims were women; that several times it developed later that the persons lynched were innocent; that more than one fourth were in the state of Georgia. How much more effective these facts are than any talk about them can be.

A PROUD MAN AND GOOD

JOHN HAY excited bitter opposition from those who knew him but distantly. He seemed, variously, cold, politically tactless, a snob, and an unmitigated Tory. Senators took an unholy joy in voting down his treaties. The very year before his death they refused to pass a resolution to authorize him to accept the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor—that France wanted to confer on our Secretary of State in recognition of his seven years' work in the interest of world peace. He possessed the truly proud man's deeper, essential modesty. This appears in his letters—in one of which he says he never read in history of a man "who has had so much and so varied success" as he had had, "with so little ability and so little power of sustained industry."

It was Hay's fate to serve two Presidents who paid with their lives for the greatness of their station,—Lincoln and McKinley. It was his fate to lose his son Adelbert, and by a death peculiarly tragic. Yet, though these things saddened Hay, they could not stale his humor or dull his wit. In almost the last entry in his diary, written there a fortnight before the end came, is a lovely expression of a strong and good man's refusal to give way to his sorrows and to belittle life. "I say to myself," Hay wrote, "that I should not rebel at the thought of my life ending at this time." And then:

> I have lived to be old, something I never expected in my youth. I have had many blessings, domestic happiness being the greatest of all. I have lived my life. I have had success beyond all the dreams of my boyhood. . . . By mere length of service I shall occupy a modest place in the history of my time. If I were to live several years more I should probably add nothing to my existing reputation. . . . Death is the common lot, and what is universal ought not to be deemed a misfortune, and yet,—instead of confronting it with dignity and philosophy, I cling instinctively to life and the things of life, as eagerly as if I had not had my chance at happiness and gained nearly all the great prizes.

It is a fine note, is it not? And we, who knew him, declare that it is the true John Hay.

SOCIAL JUSTICE

CONSIDER the picture on this page, reproduced from London *Punch*. The war has so developed the spirit of patriotism and of obligation to serve one's country, that the obligation of the nation, represented by the governing class, to its citizens is somewhat lost sight of. What debt to his country has the man who knows only hunger and want or long hours of dreary work without the compensation of a future for himself and of hope for his children? Germany by her care of her people laid the foundations for the great outbursts of national devotion. The Liberal Government of Great Britain was laying the best foundation for war by its program of betterment and social justice for peace; but it had not yet been able to go far enough. After the war it is sure to go further. Along that line at least much will have been learned from Germany.



HIS ROOF THE OPEN SKY

Clergyman—"Instead of spending your life wandering about the countryside and sleeping under hedges, why cannot you act like a man and go out and fight for your hearth and home?"

AS TO EGGS

WHY is it that in some cities white eggs command a distinctly higher price than eggs with brown shells? Such Cochin breeds as the Brahmas, Orpingtons, Langshans and "Dominics" (otherwise Plymouth Rocks) lay beautiful brown-shelled eggs—eggs decidedly full-bodied and of excellent flavor. We like for breakfast two soft-boiled eggs, brown. Yet most of our neighbors feel differently; so differently indeed that the grocerman charges more money for his white Leghorn product than for his very perfect Brahmas. We do not blame him for charging less for the watery outgiving of the Hamburg hen: that is the kind of brown egg the housewife who markets by telephone deserves, and, presumably, gets. To eat one's boiled, and boiled for only two and a half minutes, is a perilous test to put any eggs to that were not laid yesterday. What really matters in an egg is freshness, the kind of food the egg-layer has been eating, and the care taken in gathering the eggs, and after. And yet the fact remains that white-shelled eggs are, as a rule, laid by the small-bodied, non-sitting fowl, that begin to lay early, and keep right on, even on Sundays and holidays, till they hit the pot. On the other hand, brown-shelled eggs are laid by larger breeds, which do not average two eggs in three days, but make up for lost time when they do lay.

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BROADWAY

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THE time, Eternity; the scene, A Street
Hung between hell and heaven. Row on row,
The lamps burn, and the burning thousands go
To serve the turn of passion, and repeat
The Comedy that life leaves incomplete
And death remembers. Shame and beauty meet
With laughter, and unreasonable woe
Lies in the arms of joy; and their dreams throw
Gold in their eyes, and gloom before their feet.

May not some player, hearing in his heart
The murmur of an immortal audience
From the dark House beyond that golden mist,
Look over his own lines, to question whence
An action sprang, and trace from part to part
The vision of the living Dramatist?

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RUSSIA ORGANIZING FOR VICTORY

BY SAMUEL N. HARPER

Professor Harper, head of the Russian department at Chicago University, and friend of leading Russians of all political groups, is as well equipped as any man in America to report the real situation. He has just returned from Russia and has written for "Harper's Weekly" a series of articles, of which this is the first

"WE ARE fighting an armed people, and we in turn must become an armed people. This fact was aot realized during the first year of the war. We thought we could defeat the enemy merely with an army. It is only since July last that we began really to prepare and arm ourselves for the task in hand. The mobilization of all the forces of the country for victory is of comparatively recent date, but is progressing well."

This summary of the situation was given me by General Kuropatkin, the leader of the Russian forces in the Russo-Japaaese war. He himself is an evidence of the real mobilizatioa of Russia, an answer to the demand for the mobilization of the whole country made only six months ago, for in spite of his years he then asked for and received an army corps. I was spending the afternoon at an observation point, from which they were directing the artillery fire; the General had been spending the day in the front treaches and learned of my visit. By telephone he invited me to the staff headquarters for dinner, and the evening was passed in discussion of the war and international politics.

My recent visit to Russia was of short duration, but it was my tenth trip to Russia, and I spent the ten weeks looking up the friends I had been making the last ten years. I arrived in Petrograd the first week of October. The Duma had been set down the fifteenth of September. The delegation from the public institutions in Moscow had not received the iavitation to preseat themselves to their sovereign, for which they had petitioned. The supply of sugar in the capital was low, and long lines of people crowded many of the streets, waiting to buy the *one* pound of sugar allowed to each purchaser. The new paper money had just been issued—the smaller silver coins had disappeared somewhere, and we were given postage stamps for the ten, fifteen and twenty kopeck denominations. The bits of paper were blown from your fingers as you tried to pay your cabman. I was frankly discouraged when I looked up my first friends.

"Clear out of here as quickly as you can," was their immediate advice when they saw my state of mind. "Petrograd is full of intrigues and pessimism; the atmosphere here is bad; this is not Russia. Go to Moscow and see how they are working and feel the spirit there. And if you have come to see what Russia is like in wartime, to feel the real Russia, then you certaialy must go to the front. The real Russia is at the front." That is how I happened to be discussing the situation with General Kuropatkin, at the headquarters of his army corps, not more than four miles from the advanced trenches. For all my Russian friends were most insistent that I go to the front, and I put myself in their hands and asked them to secure the permission.

While I waited for the pass to be issued—it took five weeks to secure it—I followed the adviee of my friends on the other point aad left Petrograd. I went to Moscow, to study the work of the All-Russian Zemstvo Union and the All-Russian Municipality Union. In Petrograd I had already looked in oa the War Trade Committee, at the headquarters from which the representatives of private manufacturing interests in Russia were organizing the "mobilization of industry." These three institutions are Russia organizing for victory. They work with and through another institution, which is only beginniag to fuaction—the Central Cooperative Committee—a still more recent effort to organize the more democratie forces of the country, the peasants and workmen in their cooperative societies.

Of these four institutions the Zemstvo Union is perhaps the most important, the best organized, and the one that was able to give a certain measure of assistance from the very begiaaing of the war. Its president, Prince Lvov, had already shown his skill for orgaaization during the Russo-Japaaese war, when he worked along similar lines. We have here a union of local provincial self-government. Over three hundred provincial councils are directed by the main committee of the Union. The history of the development of the Zemstvo Union is the best illustration of the progress of the orgaaization for victory.

AT THE very outbreak of war these councils formed their union and offered their services to the government, aad from the very beginning the Zemstva were allowed to help with some of the problems raised by the war. To them was intrusted the care of the family where the husband and father was called to the colors. The Zemstvo is closer to the village than the official, and the peasants are represented in the Zemstvo assemblies and boards. It was natural that the Zemstvo assume the administration of this difficult problem. It is generally agreed that the commissary department of the Russiaa army has proven reasonably efficient. This department saw the possibility, in fact the need of using the local governmeat bodies. The food supplies from the villages came more regularly as a result of the cooperation of the Zemstvo.

After the first months of the war the number of wounded overwhelmed the army hospitals. The Zemstva had been organizing hospitals in the country districts for deeades. The Union aow organized hospital corps, to work in the army itself; equipped sanitary trains to bring the wounded from the front; and organized hospitals all over the country, to which it distributed the wounded soldiers. Similar work was done by other institutions and by private individuals. I emphasize the Zemstvo work simply to illustrate the gradual extension of the activities of this organization. Also one must noto that the Union had to *offer* its services, and that these were accepted only after some hesitation. The Union ordered and secured medical supplies even from Ameriea.

As the recruits flowed westward, to join their regiments, they had to be fed along the route. The Zemstvo Union asked to be allowed to establish feediag points, which soon appeared at the very front. The Union helped to feed the refugees driven eastward from their homes as the army retreated. The sappers engaged in digging

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trenches did not always come within the regiment commissary; the Union assumed the responsibility of feeding these men. Finally the Zemstvo Union organized sapper corps of its own, and dug trenches for the army. And all the time the local Zemstva were trying to mobilize the household industries of the agricultural districts, for various kinds of army equipment.

In July Russians learned the cause of the Galician disaster, and saw the reason for the forced retreat from Poland. "We had no ammunition" was the explanation cried abroad and through the country. The War-Trade Committees were established, to organize the larger industrial plants for the manufacture of ammunition. The Zemstvo Union joined in the cry of "mobilization of industry," and set about to convert the smaller factories, scattered here and there in the agricultural districts, for the manufacture of shells.

Thus through the Zemstvo Union—the Municipality Union, the War Trade Committee and the Cooperative Committee work along similar and supplementary lines—the country has come into actual touch with the army, the "front" has been extended back, so that even Moscow considers itself practically at the front.

The work of these public, as opposed to bureaucratic, institutions has been carried on under great difficulties. In the first place there was a lack of men—all the best men had gone to the front, and the Russian has had little opportunity for training in public work and administration. Also, though these organizations did not use the situation to work for political power, did not play politics, the very existence and especially the gradual extension of these unions had enormous political significance, and promised to have still more simply as time went on. In these organizations thousands were able for the first time to participate in public affairs. This was all very clearly seen by certain groups, whose policy had been to monopolize the administration of public affairs in Russia. Obstacles were deliberately put in the way of this mobilization of the country by several departments of the government. But other departments supported the efforts of the public, and the workers kept on working. They were working for the army, and they refused to be discouraged or turned aside. "They may be able to interfere with our work, but they cannot spoil it," was the answer I always received to my constant inquiries on this point.

The army appreciates what these institutions are doing, and protects them. At one point on the front, hardly two miles from the line, I visited a regiment which had just come out from the trenches, for a week of rest in the reserve. They were situated near a village, in a thick wood where they were well concealed and protected. In the village I saw a large building, and over the door the sign," All-Russian Zemstvo Union." I entered and found a well-equipped Russian bath. Soldiers fresh and dirty from the trenches were lying contentedly in the steaming room. As they emerged from the steam, they received fresh linen and a cup of tea with biscuits. I understood then why the army had supported and protected the Zemstvo Union, against those who had refused to show full confidence in their work and patriotism.

In the country districts the peasants have often been slightly hostile to the Zemstvo. Though the Zemstvo gives them schools and hospitals, better roads, and seed and machinery at lower prices, it means more taxes, and it is controlled by the "masters," the landed gentry. The traditions of serfdom, abolished only fifty years ago, still have force, and the Zemstva have not succeeded in bridging the gap between the educated, propertied classes and the peasantry, though many have striven for years to establish a real bond of union here. On this last trip I asked one old peasant about the Zemstvo work in wartime. "The masters are working for our sons, who are fighting at the front," was his simple answer.

I went to the small provincial town of S. I stopped with the president of the Zemstvo Board. The Marshall of Nobility of the district arrived by the same train. The next morning we were awakened at an unusually early hour, as I remembered the habits of the household. By nine o'clock we were ready to start out. On my previous visits to this same district, they always showed me the Peasant Industry Store established by the Zemstvo, or the bookstore they had equipped to supply books and reading matter to the peasants. But on this morning I was taken across the river, to a site where a large building was under construction and nearly completed. The president, full of pride and enthusiasm, explained, "This is a converted and enlarged factory. In two months we shall be making hand-grenades and small shell for the army." In this same town I saw an enormous storeroom full of soldiers' boots. The village cobblers had been mobilized by the Zemstvo, and the boots were shipped direct to the active army from this small provincial town.

For three days I watched the work of organization in this district, sitting in at the many committee meetings held in the Zemstvo building, where landowner, peasant, merchant and official discussed and planned together. And all the problems under discussion had a direct bearing on the prosecution of the war. During my visit the governor of the province arrived, after giving due warning. There was some anxiety as to the object of this unexpected honor; no one knew just why he was coming. But he had come down simply to get into closer touch with the local workers, to talk matters over with them. Here was cooperation between bureaucracy and society and mutual confidence on the basis of a common task.

I WAS told that the governor upbraided the head of one institution for his lack of system and energy, saying, "What will the American professor think of your place if he looks into your side of the work?" For of course much of this organization is very ragged, if one judges it according to our western standards. As compared with the Russia I have known these last years, it was a new Russia, accomplishing wonders in spite of difficulties of all kinds. I questioned many officers about the terrible retreat from Warsaw. They explained frankly, "We had no ammunition. We could not fight with guns and artillery, for we had no cartridges and shells. We had only spirit." It was to feel that "spirit" that I went to the army. After a week in the army I saw whence the workers I had seen in the rear received their enthusiasm and their zeal: "We are organizing for victory. We are working for the army." This is the spirit of Russia today. Russia is not disheartened by the disasters of last summer and fall. For the "mobilization of the whole country," the "arming of the people" did not start till the beginning of the second year of the war.

Professor Harper's next article will describe his visit to the front

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SOME UNUSUAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR



ART IN CAPTIVITY

True art knows no bounds. This German officer's enthusiasm for painting is not dampened by the fact that he is a prisoner on French soil



TOO MUCH PIG.

The Mohammedan cannot bear the sight of a pig. Hence this chap, having had a visitor in his bedroom, exits with enthusiastic disgust



UNDER FIRE, AND UNABLE TO GET OUT

When "H. M. S. Louis" ran aground the Turks did not discover her plight for several days. Then they began to shell her. Twenty-nine shots were fired, one of which is seen striking the water wide of its mark

HOW SHOULD JEWS BE TREATED?

BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

THIS series was not started entirely without a purpose. It has been written in the belief that Emerson was right when he called light the best policeman. Democracy is only partly a matter of intellect. It is largely a matter of heart. The response to our treatment of the subject has been decidedly encouraging. Our Jewish readers have shown a proper race-pride and race-responsibility, and yet little or no narrowness. Gentile readers have been almost without exception sympathetic and liberal. There are, of course, exceptions. There have been a very few Gentile attacks so harsh that publishing them could accomplish no desirable end. There have been a very few Jews who objected to the discussion, as they do not like to have the word Jew used, in an analytic sense, though they may have separate Jewish newspapers or belong to Jewish organizations. They are of the group that think the best results will come from refusing to recognize that prejudices, differences, or separate tendencies exist. To be fair to that group, we quote from the *Jewish Independent*, of Cleveland:

"Norman Hapgood, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has taken up the 'Jewish question.'

"We know, or at least we are led to feel, that he believes it a 'problem' or 'question' because the title of his article closes with an interrogation mark.

"We know, or at least we are led to feel, that in Mr. Hapgood's mind there is some distinction between an American and a Jew. Hence the question he so gravely propounds.

"We will be fair to Editor Hapgood, fairer than he is to us, and take it for granted that he is not intentionally insulting two million citizens of these United States. We will take it for granted that it is a natural ignorance on his part and that he really wants to know. Therefore we will answer:

"To No. 1. The American Jew holds that there is no Jewish problem in this country.

"To No. 2. The American Jew knows that his relation to this country is the same as that of any other law-abiding citizen.

"The American Jew knows enough to distinguish between the honest, manly fraternalism that was the guiding spirit of the mighty men of 1776 and the sickening paternalism, the air of condescending graciousness that mark certain of the defenders of the immigrant today."

Here is part of a letter from Charles C. Cohen, City Editor of *The Butte Miner*, of Butte, Montana:

"Many indeed are the gratuitous insults that have been directed toward all those of Jewish faith as a whole, but usually they come from the crassly ignorant whose very illiteracy is the cause of their prejudice. When a man of the attainments which one in your position should have, deliberately sends a malicious shaft of that sort, then the supposition must be that you are merely expressing your own deep-seated spleen. What your feelings in the matter might be are, of course, entirely inconsequential, but the regrettable part is that you should have the privilege of a medium such as *Harper's Weekly* for expressing your adverse sentiment.

"The particular article to which I refer as indicative of your narrow-minded prejudice, is captioned, 'Do Americans Dislike Jews?'

"If this republic is, as we Americans think it is, the true 'melting pot' of the world wherein all peoples are fused into an American citizenry of noble worth, then by what authority, logic, or desire do you segregate the Jews from the citizens of other religions and ask such an outrageous question as that which heads your article?

"I do not know to what prided degree you establish your claim to being an American, and I care less.

"My father was one of that band of fearless pioneers who in the very early 'sixties carved a way into the regions of the American northwest, and, despite many trying vicissitudes, no less severe and spirit-trying than ever a colonial pioneer experienced, helped establish for the republic one of its most cherished and valuable localities.

"THE American of Jewish faith stands in the halls of congress. He is on the judicial bench. He is a professional man. And he tills the field. He is in the marts of trade. And he stands beside the glowing furnace. He is a banker. And he toils far beneath the surface of the earth. He is preacher and he is pugilist. He is writer. And he is football player. He wears the blue of the navy and the service garb of the army. He fills an American soldier's grave at Arlington and in the faraway Philippines. He knows and lives American history. He thrills with his Americanism and his understanding of American principles. He does not presume to segregate any other one from American citizenship and complete participation therein because of religious views. He is wearied to the core of having himself manhandled by the uninformed and prejudiced 'analytical vivisectionist.' He despises the fiction of 'Ghetto life' which seeks to make a type portray an entire religion. He sees no rhyme or reason for such articles as you have headed 'Do Americans Dislike Jews?'

"What angers him is that such writers as you who under the guise of 'saying something nice about the Jews,' insult them by your 'pat-'em-on-the-back' attitude, and really create prejudice where none exists."

Let us also take one letter that expresses in a more touching, sympathetic way, albeit somewhat naïvely, the desire to lose separateness:

"I think God is not interested in the Zionward movement. I tell you things and movements can become very confused if God does as He did when the Tower of Babel was being built. He confounded their language,—*i. e.*, He stopped the harmony of the discussions. I think He wants the better-class Jews right here in America.

"In Isaiah 33:17, etc., we are told of a land 'very far off' from Palestine (where the prophet was). In that 'far off' land the Lord is to be in majesty. 'We shall see the King in His beauty.' 'He will be our Law Giver, etc., . . .' 'And the inhabitant shall no more say I am sick.' America was to be a New Promised Land. Evidently God gave Isaiah a vision of his land 'very far' round the earth, knowing the difficulty of the Messiah's being accepted in monarchical countries. Jesus 'came unto His own nation, and His own received Him not.' So then this faraway vision,—the alternate—became the second hope of a nation for God.

"Five Jews were with Columbus, and were with the

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planting of the Cross on the American shore. This is God's Country."

A phase of the same idea is thus expressed in an article in the *Christian Science Monitor:*

"It is evident that Mr. Hapgood has been led into entertaining vain hopes about the future of American Jewry by some of his Zionist friends. The editor of *Harper's Weekly* is making the reckoning without consulting the host, for it may be said emphatically that no loyal Jew is looking forward to the state of things Mr. Hapgood is expecting. What can be more obvious than that the Jewish people would much rather give a Spinoza to Holland, a Heine to Germany, produce a Disraeli for England, a Brandes (Morris Cohen is his real name) for Denmark, and a Bergson for France, than to be content with what talent it could raise in the confines of a piece of territory which, at most, taking Louis Brandeis as our authority, can accommodate only one fifth of the Jewish people. Why should it be supposed that the Jews would be anxious to give us their millions for thousands and their hundreds of geniuses for their tens or less?

"Influential Jews will sacrifice a great deal now for the sake of a fundamental idea in their religion, and since ordinary reasoning is of no avail here, they will resort to political methods that they would not have employed otherwise. Sometimes the Jews will even unite with the Roman Catholics in order to defeat a bill that is a menace to both parties, such as teaching the Scriptures in the public schools. Now does Mr. Hapgood mean to say that, if the Jews regain a polity of their own in Palestine, their brethren in foreign countries should be prepared to cast off their religious life?"

Obviously the writer of that article has not the slightest idea what Zionism means.

Although it would be unfair to omit the sensitive point of view altogether, it would be a mistake to give to it much importance. It is a belated echo of a habit the barrenness of which is now appreciated by the leaders of the race. Real separateness, combined with a keep-still-about-it standpoint, is far less filled with promise than the proper race-consciousness represented by the Zionist movement. It seems certain that the prejudice of the so-called Christian will vanish the more rapidly if the Jews undertake rather to perfect than to forget their race; rather to work out the highest qualities in their genius than to have a deprecatory or timid approach to intellectual problems connected with race. As to the attitude of enlightened Christians, more and more of them will come to realize the truth of what George Eliot said so well in *Daniel Deronda:*

"Toward the Hebrews, we western people, who have been reared in Christianity, have a peculiar debt, and, whether we acknowledge it or not, a peculiar thoroughness of fellowship in religious and moral sentiment. Can anything be more disgusting than to hear people called 'educated' making small jokes about eating ham, and showing themselves empty of any real knowledge as to the relation of their own social and religious life to the history of the people they think themselves witty in insulting? They hardly know that Christ was a Jew. And I find men, educated, supposing that Christ spoke Greek."

Joseph Fells says:

"If it were possible to bring forward proof of a claim that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin



"Working in a sweatshop, in order to carry on his college education."

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Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and every other possessor of a revered name in American history were Jews, and members in good standing of orthodox congregations, it would not affect anti-Jewish prejudice a particle. Every anti-Semite knows that Jesus was a Jew, but he feels none the less prejudiced on that account. It has nothing to do with the case. Prejudice is not a result of thought, and so cannot be argued away."

George Eliot declares that she does not know whether to call the usual Christian attitude toward the Jews more impious or stupid. To the reasons she gives for respecting them and their traditions we Americans can add the daily example of industry and intellectual strife. The spectacle of boys working in sweatshops in order to carry on at the same time a college education, and doing well in college under practically all circumstances, is certainly one that should arouse the sympathy and friendliness of all open-hearted people.

I HAVE perhaps written enough about discrimination in preparatory schools and colleges, of a merely social nature. It remains, however, to mention one part of education in which the Jew actually suffers deprivation of opportunities needed in his work. Being kept out of secret societies and social fuss generally may tend to increase his efficiency, but wholly different is the kind of wrong when technical advantages are shut off. In spite of the high standing of the Jews in medical schools the percentage of them who receive hospital appointments is small. Some hospitals even announce this discrimination in advance. Also fraternity ostracism is said to be even more emphatic in medical schools, and that is the place where it can do the most harm. Nothing is more undesirable than any kind of cliqueism in medicine. There if anywhere there should be no other test than fitness. A communication to us from a man of character and importance bears on the general subject, but is brought in here because we feel more strongly on the subject where technical facilities are concerned than we do where nothing but social pleasures are in question. Rev. Dr. Abram Simon, the leading rabbi of Washington, and among the foremost of America, writes:

"The articles in *Harper's Weekly* concerning prejudice against the Jew are written sympathetically and impartially. I am inclined to believe that there is ill-will against the Jew in our country and that it is different in degree and kind from the prejudice which exists between the Catholics and the Protestants. The ill-will of both towards the Jew is more social than religious, is unorganized, saturated with envy, and born of ignorance and misunderstanding. The Jew does not ask for pity. He asks for a fair field and no favors. I question if prejudice, aroused at the sight of those who are pushing ahead, will ever vanish from the minds of those who are left behind. I believe that more education, a healthier social intermingling of Jews and non-Jews, a recognition that the citizenship and character of all men are more important than their cheap little religious disagreements or pretended social superiorities will very likely reduce prejudice to a minimum."

The belief is prevalent, as has recently been stated by Representative Wilbur M. Chandler of New York, that it is difficult for Jews to get into West Point or Annapolis or to get on at either place if admitted. This has been denied by Secretary Garrison, quoting the Superintendent at West Point and a select investigating committee of the House of Representatives.

Taking such a condition, the attitude for intelligent Christians is simple to define. Christians have merely to cast from themselves a traditional absurdity. But what of the Jews? What is the most enlightened view for them?

Certain things are clear. The Jews take the best education wherever they can find it. To obtain it they sacrifice much. They do not, in the main, let the irrelevant social distinctions trouble them. It seriously impresses them only when it touches essential opportunity, as in securing hospital positions, or positions as teachers. As far as the callow social standards of school and college are concerned, Jews mainly care as little as do Christians whose previous social associations, rather than their personal traits, keep them out. They cannot have schools and colleges of their own. It would not be possible to have them on the highest plane, and it would not be desirable. Their part is not to choose a separateness which is arbitrary and stupid, but only to preserve such race feeling as makes for special development. In a true, productive, democratic spirit there should be abundant room for distinctiveness without exclusiveness, for concentration without narrowness, for difference without hostility. Is not the working out of such a combination, in the relations between nations, as this war has shown us, the world's greatest problem? The same principle applies to the Jewish question.

SOME of our readers, on the ground of increasing separateness, have objected to the Jewish fraternities, the Zeta Beta Tau, and the Sigma Alpha Mu, which are like other organizations of the kind; and even to the college Jewish organizations which emphasize race idealism. These include the Menorah society, which has chapters in the majority of universities; the Evriah of the University of Illinois; the Aleph Yod He, of many medical schools; even to the Zionist societies of Columbia and College of the City of New York. Much the most important of all these is the Menorah, with a large membership and an admirable bimonthly journal, published "for the study and advancement of Jewish culture and ideals."

The Menorah societies embody an inspiriting spirit. The magazine never instigates bigotry, or any narrow differentiation, but it does insist on and proclaim the idealism of the race. In this unexampled situation in America, where several millions of Jews face the new dangers of freedom, they may well rejoice in every activity that emphasizes the duty of the present, founded on the glory of the past. They may rejoice in the breadth of the ethical culture society, but equally in the distinctiveness of the Menorah societies. They may rejoice in the country of which they are citizens, but rejoice not the less in the ancient race of which the present destiny lies with them. They may be Zionists and ardent patriots. Virtues reinforce one another. It is not the idealistic sides of life that conflict. It is the lower attributes that bring in conflicts. An historic epigram declares that every country has the Jews it deserves. Equally true is it that the Jews in America have a chance to help build the country they deserve. Meantime, against some obstacles, a large and influential element among them are striking as fine an ethical, imaginative note as characterizes any group in the world today. Let the race be guided by that group, let it follow that race light, and the problems we have been discussing will grow less with every passing year; the time will come soon when spiritual and race democracy is understood, as political democracy is now.

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ACIDS IN SOLUTION

BY GRANVILLE BARKER

MY DEAR LETTICE:

On the whole: No. "Mr. Arthur B. S. regrets that he is unable to accept Miss Lettice V. D.'s kind invitation to tea."

It is a case of conscience, a balancing upon a razor edge perhaps, but a matter needing decision, not one for the tossing of a coin. It has taken him a day to decide; he will now present you with the whys and wherefores of the decision. Detailing them in cold ink will do him good; reviewing them may even do you no harm.

I am not coming because you have not invited my wife. There!

Let us go back a bit. You and I first met, did we not, something over fifteen years ago. We were twenty. I am now thirty-five, you are probably not so old; my wife owns to forty-four. These are foolish facts, the foundations of this rather foolish matter.

I can look back, I think, with detachment upon the tennis-playing, music-loving, theatregoing set that you and I were part of. Anti-romantics were we not?—products, perhaps, of the mood of national self-distrust which followed that little dose of fighting in South Africa. Our country was going to the dogs, our ambition was to help it go gracefully.

What has become of us all? Three, at least, are dead. One (we know his name too well) has come to grief. He found out the other day that I was back in England and it cost me £5. I fear I am so callous about him that I only asked myself was the tale he told worth the money; but if he repeats it to you in a begging letter (and he'd try to borrow money of a starving tinker) don't believe him; it's a shocking lie. Jack Pearson has done, it seems, sensationally well. I think he is neither more nor less of a charlatan than we always thought him. Most of us have married, though you'll note that, except for the Burbidges, we've none of us married in the set. Of the women I really think only you and Jane Davis survive single, and I'm told that Jane has taken to politics, of the patriotic sort. I am the latest bridegroom. I thanked you for the sleeve-links, and now, after a decent interval, you ask me to tea, at your club.

You have said no doubt a dozen times by this: "There's Arthur has married for money." You have said it, I hope, with the approving, cynical smile that we all learned the trick of and would practise. It's quite true enough a charge for tea-table talk. Did my wife not enjoy a most comfortable income (thank you) I certainly should not have married her, nor would she, I hope, have risked marrying me. Surely, my dear Lettice, you expected nothing else of me.

Viewing life as we did at twenty what other should it mean to us at thirty-five? For how wonderfully level-headed we were! To be good pals, but not to push even friendship to the unselfish extreme that might embarrass its recipient; to think well of each other, but never so well that it must hurt us to hear wittily unpleasant things or that we be tempted to a defense, unless that in turn could be made but another facet of an attack; to hold to such a just sufficiently bracing standard of manners, morals, ambitions and ideals that there could be no excuse for falling below it and no temptation to soar above! And I protest that I have held to this code and still think it a good one. Had I grown romantic and sentimental I should have grown egotistical and fussy too. And I am not. I am a very pleasant companion, as you would find if I came to tea.

But, before we get to the why and wherefore of this refusing; to prove, too, my boasted lack of egoism, may I break down the old code so far as to say a few things to your face such as I should expect your best friend and mine to like to hear behind your back while she (or would it be he?) just lacked the ill-nature to repeat them to you? If you think I am wrong in my etching of you it won't matter; if I'm right, pray forgive me. The flat truth is, though, perhaps, that I feel in my bones you've been saying nasty things about me and my wife and I want to pay you out a little if I can.

Lettice, you were the wittiest of our set. No compliments; I think you were. For even now phrases of yours endure with me and can make me smile at odd and inappropriate moments. Wasn't it you who said of Mrs. Lennox that her happiness was a kind of pessimism? You told Jack Pearson, our foreordained *arriviste*, when he blithered about his mystical side, that he believed in *This* World to Come. But, as a rule you only struck sparks from the appearances of people, seldom from any idea of what they might be under their skins. Abstract ideas tried you a little, "bored" is the word you would have used. It is rude to say so, but as I grew weary of the constant sound of my own laughter (one does), so the constant glitter of this wit of yours began to weary me a little, too. Perhaps by this time it is wearying you. When I ask a mutual friend how you are I'm always told "As witty as ever." Now to be as selfish as ever, as I am, or as dull as ever, or even as fat as ever, would show only a decent consistency. But as pretty as ever, or witty as ever! Oh, my dear Lettice, no; that surely is the rattling of bones. I am angry with you, you see, and petulant.

YOU ought to have married. Probably, by this time, you would have regretted it. But that's the point; you ought by this to have done something you could regret. Haven't you been as much too constantly clever with your life as you used to be with your tongue. You used to be, you know. You were always on your guard. You gave one no chance to get simply fond of you; one had to be so much on guard in return. I found that out, when through a few days' weakness, I considered sitting down, so to speak, on the sentimental slide, and sliding to your very pretty feet. I did indeed; but remember that, in spite of our pretenses, we were very young. It was no use. I said about it afterwards that flirting with you was like eating apple tart; sweet enough, but one went in such fear of the cloves. Why were you never content to make a fool of yourself? The woman who never will is like the general that makes no mistakes. But the greatest, said Napoleon, is he who makes fewest.

Your husband, I'm sure, would have had nothing to

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regret. "Damn your impudence," I hear you say. Or have you stopped mildly swearing? For I think you'd have managed to marry somebody not quite so clever as yourself; indeed, a little foolish. And you'd have been a wonderful wife for a fool. A pleasant fool would have been so grateful to you. He wouldn't have minded your superiority, he wouldn't even have minded your letting him know of it occasionally. But, then, you were always one for such absolute give and take; you respected your own independence too much to be beholden to any one, therefore it stood to reason, didn't it, that no one could ever be happy beholden to you? My dear, the world is not so mathematically made as that, nor can we be quite so sure, I think, of our own value.

I SUPPOSE it was in search of some sort of happiness that you planned the road you are still traveling so straight ahead. But happiness lurks round corners. And, standing by your side now, looking back and forward, too, I must say the road does look to me a devilish long one. It looks devilish long, Lettice, and devilish straight, and the worst of these long straight roads (for I've walked them in France) is that you never seem either to get anywhere nor to know how far you've traveled.

I agree, it would be just like old times to restart one of our strictly intellectual flirtations over a cup of tea and a cigarette. What a way you had with a cigarette! And it isn't that my wife would object; please don't think that. She'd only hope I should enjoy it. Indeed, to please her, I should have to pretend to enjoy it. Lettice, I will confess to you that there was always a good deal of pretense over the enjoyment of those semi-amorous tourneys of ours. To feel that I must always be as witty as you were and take just such a sporting, self-important view of life, or else that I should be shamed. —Lettice, frankly, it was a strain. Don't tell me that you felt just the same about me or I shall laugh. And now I've given up pretending. I grew too lazy and I thought after all that if I did find out the truth about myself it couldn't be so very dreadful. That's where we men have the pull of you; we're more cynical about ourselves than women; we are, you see, the older civilization. Do you still cling desperately to the game for very fear of the little life that may be left you if you cease to play it? Should you run the risk? I daren't advise. I had a shock; I had several. But I faced the mental looking-glass and survived them. I remember the fable of the emperor's new clothes— How full of stale metaphors I am, you are thinking. My old habit! I remember you used to say that I came to tea like a Salome in her seven veils, seven moral tropes to be flung off at you, and only then was I pleasantly shocking.

YOU wouldn't like my wife, though, oddly enough, she might not dislike you. For she is able, it seems, to like apparently uncongenial people for qualities she discovers in them which they would loathe to think they possessed. But you wouldn't like her. She says she is dull. She is wrong. But she is clever at dull things. She says she is incurably middle-aged. That's true, and she has taught me to aspire to be. She is plump and likes being plump; she says one should be fat by fifty. She goes to church; she likes going; she says it does her good. She's a bit of a snob; she likes ladies and gentlemen. There is nothing in that you'll say, for we are all so well-born nowadays. But her definition is rather strict; it includes the practise of good manners. And she completes the circle, for good manners, she says, are the behavior of ladies and gentlemen. Sometimes it seems to me I know so many people outside that circle and have not long strayed in myself.

She is troubled a little by the difference in our ages. For some time she would not marry me lest we should appear ridiculous together; I am stupid enough still to look younger than I am. She is sensible, though sensitive about it, but, somehow, I don't like to have to watch her sense coming to the rescue. She has illusions about me, harmless ones, which luckily are not those I still hold about myself. So I can study to preserve her illusions, I tell her I will. She laughs at that.

SHE thinks that good behavior and reputation are most important things and expects me to think so, or if I don't to act as if I did. Indeed, she demands that as a wifely right. In fact she takes life seriously; she even takes politics seriously and masters the papers every day. She is meticulous about money; she thinks stamps should be paid for. She likes servants kept in their place. She won't have Maupassant lying about the house! If I must read him, she says, lock him up. She likes children, but she likes them to behave. She likes her dinner.

Lettice, long before you have reached this point I see that smile I used to know so well curving your mouth. You're thinking of something witty to say. Now, listen. If I were to come to tea with you, once and several times again, you wouldn't blurt it out to me—oh, no! Better if you would, for then I could laugh and tell it to my wife; and she can laugh her best at jokes about herself. But the unspoken malice would flavor our talk, our cigarettes, our tea; it would sweeten the sugar and sour the cream. Why is it that you, and your like, can never forgive the simple, happy woman? Yes, that thwarted wit of yours would thicken and grow into a very conspiracy of thought against her. And if for one single second I were weak enough to join it, I should be so ashamed.

Still, if ever you feel old enough come to tea with us. For one thing I forgot; she loves her home and it is rather a charming place; it has an atmosphere. I forgot this because I can never think of it and her apart. But, at present, I know you'd be restless here.

Or have you made younger friends?

Yours as always,

ARTHUR B. S.

HITS ON THE STAGE



ERSTWHILE SUSAN

THERE is no doubt whatever about the intellectual success of Mrs. Fiske's new play, and there ought not to be much doubt even about its popular success. It is brilliant, original, and true, but its high spirit and broad comedy will probably, even for the lowbrow, atone for its intelligence.

The comedy takes place in the old Dutch region of Pennsylvania. It shows a miser wilful and shrewd, with diverting language and ideas, bullying his family. He has killed two wives and now has his daughter for a slave. The rescue comes through a superficially absurd new woman, with a noble nature and dauntless will, who marries the miser to rescue his daughter.

It is really a remarkable comedy. The characters are strongly drawn in broad lines. The dialogue is colored with individuality and wit. The fresh plot is the natural development of a moral character engaged in a novel enterprise. The cast is what Mrs. Fiske's casts usually are,—a whole, in which the individuals cooperate, and in which also each individual expresses his part instead of his accidental, personal peculiarities. Mrs. Fiske herself has a rôle which gives her a problem altogether congenial to her,—a combination of picturesque comedy, gay satire, underlying heart, and a touch now and then of direct theatrical power. Besides Mrs. Fiske's own work, and the excellent balance of the cast, the dreary tinsmith of John Cope and the first abused and then enfranchised young girl of Madeline Delmar, are well worth seeing more than once. Nobody who cares for what is most remarkable in American acting should miss this exhibition. It is art and it is fun.

TWO REVIVALS

LIKE *Peter Pan*, *The Little Minister* is really not capable of a revival. It can only be re-acted. Miss Maude Adams has lost none of her enthusiasm for Lady Babbie. The performance she is giving New York is as fine as anything she has ever done.

In the same week that *The Little Minister* returned to Broadway, Mr. Sothern revived *David Garrick*. The elder Sothern played both Garrick and Lord Dundreary with infallible success. Dundreary is an ass; Garrick, the rôle, is the worst sort of a moving-picture matinée idol. If the last thirty years have done nothing else for drama, they have at least cut down on exaggeration.

FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS

THE new bill of the Washington Square Players makes a good evening's enjoyment. Like the two previous bills, it is diversified enough to please very unlike patrons.

Of the four new plays at the Bandbox, the first is the best written and the best acted. It is *The Clod*, by Lewis Beach. Mr. Beach acknowledges indebtedness to a short story by Donal Haines, but that makes him none the less a playwright. It is quite as difficult to dramatize a story as to invent one: *vide* two recent examples—*The Devil's Garden* and *Ruggles of Red Gap*. Nor does Mr. Beach lose prestige because his play depends upon two very old stage tricks: moonlight and the loaded gun. Most one-act plays, like most short stories, haven't time for anything more than a good trick. In the first moments of *The Clod* Mary Trask says, "Thad, why do you keep that old gun loaded?" That does it. For the ensuing twenty minutes the jumpy playgoer never takes his eyes off the old gun. And finally, of course, it goes off. Mary Trask kills two soldiers—not in self-defense or patriotism, but because they have smashed her teacup. The last line of the play is, "Now I'll have to drink out of the tin one!"—Tricky, if you like; but worth going over on Fifty-seventh street to see.

The other three plays are not so interesting. *The Roadhouse in Arden* brings Shakespeare, Bacon and Cleopatra together in what the program calls "a whimsicality." Even with this apology the thing is trivial. And while it is mildly amusing, it is too obvous to be satisfying. *The Tenor* is a Wedekind play, translated by André Tridon. It shows the singer in sharp contrast with Mr. Ditrichstein's *Great Lover*, and is dramatic in the sense of having big moments and an opportunity for gesture. The last play is *The Red Cloak*, described in the program as "a sort of marionet pantomime." It is a sort of bore.

But *The Red Cloak* is more of a credit to the Washington Square players than any of the other plays; it shows their willingness to attempt new things in drama. Any group of good actors could make *The Clod* effective; only the Washington Square Players would tackle *The Red Cloak*. Obviously such a company—well out of the theatrical rut—is a valuable thing for American drama. With their enthusiasm, their desire for good scenery, and their increasing ability to act, the Washington Square Players become more important every day.

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SHE HELPED START A NATION-WIDE FAD



Photograph by Karl Struss

THE WIDOW OF ST. MORITZ

A year ago, sixty-year-olders all over the country were dancing the tango. Today octogenarians are skating like mad. From the one-step to the figure eight—all on account of the ice scene at the Hippodrome, in which Miss Schmidt cuts some leading figures

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STARRING IN HITS ON THE STAGE



Theoretically ineligible to a page of "legitimate artists": Miss Blanche Sweet, a star of the Jesse Lasky Company

Miss Phoebe Foster, on the right, carries flowers for "The Cinderella Man"

Photograph of Miss Sweet by Hartsook; of Miss Victor by the McClure Studios; other photographs by White





Miss Josephine Victor almost made "The Bargain" a go. She is now appearing in "Just a Woman"



In "David Garrick" Mr. E. H. Sothern has revived another of his father's celebrated plays. Miss Alexandra Carlisle has the romantic rôle of Ada in the revival



"I have immortal longings in me!" Miss Helen Wesley, of the Bandbox Theatre, as Cleopatra

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ON RE-READING LONGFELLOW

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

A FEW nights ago I woke up out of a dream, or rather I should say came shaking and perspiring out of the nightmare of surely one of the strangest quarrels ever made in dreams—that land in which, as in the land of reality which it mirrors, we fight so many absurd battles. As I sat up in bed, still bristling with affronts, and preparing for the next onset, I laughed and lay down again. What had I been fighting about? Why this continuing agitation against combatants who had now slunk away behind the closed doors of sleep, and for whom I might lie in wait night after night, as I laid my head on the pillow, yet never meet again? I laughed to realize that it had all been about—Longfellow.

> Somewhere in desolate wind-swept space,
> In Twilight-Land; in No-Man's Land—

I had been holding a lively discussion with shapes unknown on the subject of Longfellow's poetry, and had woke up in all that heat because of the obstinate artistic bigotry with which my opponents had been contemptuously maintaining that Longfellow was no poet! To tell the truth, my waking self was not a little surprised at my ardent championship of a poet whom, I must confess, I had not read for many years, and not very often thought of, maybe, in the interval. Yet in that first devouring bookish hunger of boyhood, when every sort and kind of printed page is eagerly pounced on and turned to food, I had read Longfellow very thoroughly with the rest—even his prose writings—*Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*—and enjoyed him hugely. Evidently he was still there among the half-forgotten strata of the mind, still vital in my subliminal literary consciousness. As I dressed, I asked myself how much of him I could remember, and I was astonished not merely at the number of general impressions of his work that remained clear, but at the way in which I could say over whole passages which I had certainly not repeated for over twenty years. As I struggled with a recalcitrant collar, instead of the language usual on such occasions, I found myself rolling off, with the ease of a phonograph record—

> A youth was there, of quiet ways,
> A student of old books and days,
> To whom all tongues and lands were known,
> And yet a lover of his own;
> With many a social virtue graced,
> And yet a friend of solitude;
> A man of such a genial mood
> The heart of all things he embraced,
> And yet of such fastidious taste,
> He never found the best too good.
> Books were his passion and delight,
> And in his upper room at home
> Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
> In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
> Great volumes garmented in white,
> Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.
> He loved the twilight that surrounds
> The borderland of old romance;
> Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
> And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
> And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
> And mighty warriors sweep along,
> Magnified by the purple mist,
> The dusk of centuries and song.

These lines from *The Tales of a Wayside Inn* had been great favorites of mine in boyhood, and now as I again repeated them, after all these years, I could not, for the life of me, see what was the matter with them. My waking sense so far confirmed the critical conscience of my slumbers. But I determined to put it to a more thorough test. I would re-read Longfellow. With this resolve, I turned to my shelves, but alas!—with shame I confess it—with the exception of a first edition of *Hiawatha* picked up, one day, for a few pence on a stall—there was no Longfellow there. As I live in the country, I had to restrain my ardor till my next visit to town, when, having other business at the library, it occurred to me to try how Longfellow was faring with posterity, by seeking to borrow a copy of his complete poems. There were many copies in the library, I was told, but every one of them was "out." Evidently my poet of the dark hours was as popular as ever, as popular as he used to be in my boyhood in England, where his popularity was—and probably still is,—far greater than that of Tennyson's. So I bought a copy of the one volume authorized complete edition, published by the Houghton Mifflin Co., a volume of 655 somewhat closely printed pages, and presently fell to. Since then, while I have certainly not read the whole of that huge *Omnia opera*—that being unnecessary, as so much immediately "came back" to me, as we say—yet I have done much more than refresh my memory, have come upon no little that was new to me, and feel myself generally well equipped to meet my dream-combatant when next I come upon him maintaining that Longfellow is "no poet."

THE term "no poet" is invariably applied by a certain school of critics which the world always has with it to any poet who chances to have achieved the unforgivable vulgarity of popularity. Pope, of course, is "no poet," neither is Byron, nor Walter Scott. At Tennyson even these cliques of technique and the exotic have long shrugged the supercilious shoulder. Even though in his obscurity these precious gentry may have admired a certain poet, the moment "the common people" hear him gladly, they are off to some new shrine of the precious or the perverse. We have seen the like in our own day with Mr. Kipling. When his *Barrack-Room Ballads* were coming out, week by week, in Henley's *Scot's Observer*, he was the idol of the London coteries of modernity, but since he has become all the world's, well! I am afraid that he is in a fair way to join the other great "no-poets."

There are two points of view in judging a great poet—the critic's point of view, and the people's point of view.

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In the case of the greatest poets the opinions combine. On poets less than the greatest they occasionally diverge; ond, when they do, personally speoking, I am inclined to give the people the benefit of the critical doubt. "The people" are usually spoken of as the humble beneficiaries of poetry. It does not seem to occur to the superior critic of popular poetry that the people are makers of poetry too. Their folksongs—such folksongs, for example, as those Roumanion songs collected in *The Bord of the Dimbovitzo*—are not merely in themselves poetry, but have been the direct inspiration of no few modern mnsters of poetry and drama, who have but developed ond sophisticated their forms and *motifs*, as an orchid of the hills becomes, in the hands of a subtle floriculturist, an nrchid of Fifth Avenue.

Now, Longfellow, though an unusually accomplished scholar of the schools, admittedly one of our best poetical translntors from difficult tongues, learned most of his singing art from the songs of the people, the people of many lands. Well as he knew his Latin and Italian poets, it was rather from such sources as that *Old Donish Song Book* he so charmingly celebroted—

> Yet dost Thou recall
> Days departed, half-forgotten,
> When in dreamy youth I wandered
> By the Baltic,—
> Wheo I paused to hear
> The old ballad of King Christian
> Shouted from suburban taverns
> In the twilight—

that he drew his most vitol inspiration. Scholar though he was, his poetry thus came from the hearts of the people, and so, as was but natural, the people took him back again to their hearts. As a maker of ballads, and dramatic teller-of-tales in verse, he is among the first in English, and it is one long familiarity with them,—that merciless quotation and recitation which has almost ground the life out of, and turned to derision, even the enduring bronze of more classic things,—that allows us to forget, or depreciato, the genuine force and appeal, and even brilliancy, of such work as *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *Poul Revere's Ride*, *King Robert of Sicily* and a score of similar successes, which, think of them "artistically" whot we may, we cannot forget. As for *Evongeline*, no academic thunders against "the English hexameter" are going to rob me of my innocent pleasure in it, nor would I exchange *Hiowatha* for all the productions of the much limited new school of epic nnd narrative poems. Whatever else Longfellow may lack, his narratives possess the quality of interesting us, and his ballads spontnneously sing.

Turning to his well-known didactic poems, a re-reading of *A Psolm of Life* persuades me that, whatever "nrtistic" flows you care to pick in it, it is worthy of its high, nnd, therefore, hackneyed, place as a noble exhortation—

> Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul—

are lines worthy of any great poet. As for *The Village Blocksmith*, I have been wondering, as I read it again, what there is in it to laugh at. Yet, of course, we hove all laughed at it in our time. *Excelsior* I am afraid I must give up to that critic of my midnight dreams. Yet had not Wordsworth his *Peter Bell?* and even Keats is far from being free from impossible things. Besides, is it to be counted for nothing what an inspiration *Excelsior* has been to myriads of simple hearts?

Remember, as I said, that the complete Longfellow runs to 655 pages. Shall he, of all poets, be denied the Homeric nod in all that remarkably even productiveness? Surely it is easy to forgive him *Excelsior*, when someono quotes—

> I remember the black wharves and the slips,
> And the sea-tides tossing free;
> And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> Aod the beauty aod mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea,

lines which recent singers of shipping have scarcely beaten. Or, again, as a set-off to *Excelsior*, tako this sonnet of *The Old Bridge of Florence*—

> Taddeo Gaddi huilt me. I am old,
> Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
> Upoo the Arno as St. Michael's own
> Was plaoted on the dragon. Fold by fold
> Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
> Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
> My kiodred and compaaions. Me alone
> It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
> I can remember when the Medici
> Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
> The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.
> Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
> And when I think that Michael Angelo
> Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

nnd once more, this—

> Where are the Poets, unto whom belong
> The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts were seat
> Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent
> But with the utmost tension of the thoog?
> Where are the stately argosies of song,
> Whose rushing keels made music as they went
> Sailing in search of some new continent,
> With all sail set, and steady winds aod strong?
> Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, unlaught
> In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
> Who shall become a master of the art,
> An Admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
> Fearless and first and steering with his fleet
> For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

Mr. W. D. Howells, in somo charming memories of Longfellow, tells how Bjornstjerne Bjornson, os he was about to leave America, after having spent a winter in Cambridge, wroto to him, "Give my love to the White Mr. Longfellow"—"The White Christ" being an antique Norse way of speaking of the strange new God brought amongst them by Christian missionaries. "The White Mr. Longfellow!" It is a suggestive phrase, broadly characteristic both of Longfellow and of his achievement. Some critics, doubtless, would say that, had he been a little less "white," he might have been a greater poet; and there is, doubtless, a certain amount of truth in thot theory of artistic creation which mointains that really vital art seldom comes out of white, well-ordered living. Even Milton, as we know, did not praise "o fugitive and cloistered virtue" that daintily withdrows itself from the coarse compnets and fiery tests of evil; and Tennyson—who, as we know, used to be called "Miss Alfred" at Cambridge—has sung of the passionate heart of the poet being whirled into folly and vice, as though some such process of poetry was inevitable, if not neeessnry. And the value placed by the Scripture on the Prndigal Son and tho Lost Sheep that was found—beyond that of the ninety and nino that strayed not—point to a certain superior authority even in the kingdom of heaven residing in the soul, thnt, as we say, has gone through the mill. But, of course, the theory, as applied artistically for some time, has been corried to absurd extremes; so that one might almost come to the conclusion from some wild writing that it was only necessary to possess the

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weaknesses of great men to graduate in greatness ourselves.

As for Longfellow, white and well-ordered, crowned with the honors of respectability, as was his life, it must not be forgotten that he was a scholar of very wide reading, of much curiosity concerning the hearts and histories of men and women. If sinning be necessary to the creation of poetry, such scholars may be said, in no little degree, to do their sinning vicariously, by their knowledge through books of much sin and many sinners. Thus they may well come to know more about sin than the sinners themselves—while keeping their own feet free from the mire. Such men are many priests. Such men are some poets, and such a poet was Longfellow; and, in his case we may rejoice to think in Charles Wesley's phrase, the devil has not all the good tunes.

At all events, is it not possible to appreciate a poet for what he is, rather than to depreciate him for what he is not? The best critic is he who can appreciate the greatest variety of artistic excellence.

Because we have heard the music of *Dolores*, counted the lilies in the hand of *The Blessed Domosel*, fed on the honey-dew of Coleridge and Keats, have we lost ears and eyes and appetite for simple music, more human pictures, homelier and perhaps more wholesome fare? The truth is that we have been fiddling so long on the sensual—or, if you prefer, the "esthetic"—sting in poetry that we are apt to forget that the lyre has other strings.

Much as I love those great artists of glamour and passion just referred to, I confess that there are times when I feel like simple old Izaak Walton as, seated by the stream, under a hawthorn hedge, waiting the passing of the shower—"now while a shower is pleasant in the falling"—he begged his friend for a song, adding that he would prefer some simple old song to "those strong lines lately in fashion." Really I think that were I to find myself today under similar pleasant conditions, I would say to my friend: "No! not Baudelaire today, or Swinburne, or Dowson! Suppose, for once, we have *The Village Blacksmith!*"

MR. FORD'S AGENTS

PRICE maintenance is a topic of so much interest to manufacturers, retailers, and consumers that public understanding of it is very advantageous, especially now that the subject is before Congress and before the Federal Trade Commission. Charles S. Macomber, of Ida Grove, Iowa, writes to us as follows:

> I was reading your article on Why Price Maintenance is Right this evening, and was interested in the subject for several reasons. I have an appeal now pending in the Supreme Court of this state, where I raise the question you are discussing, but on a Hudson automobile contract. It attempts to limit to the retail dealer the price at which he must sell, and I take the position, and am right without a question, that such a contract is a criminal one because it does attempt to fix the price, which is contrary to the express language of our Iowa code. So when I read what you say relative to Mr. Ford I was surprised, for your statements are just the opposite of the facts as I understand them. I would suggest that you investigate, for I am assured by the gentleman who has been the Ford agent here, and who has sold all the Fords around here, that your statements are not true. He says Ford does not sell direct.

We are more than pleased to enlighten Mr. Macomber, or anyone else who has gone as far astray on what Mr. Ford has actually been doing to protect his prices for two years and a quarter. Let him read the testimony of Mr. Ford's lawyer, Alfred Lucking, before the Interstate Commerce Commission on February 27, 1914. Here is some of it:

> MR. LUCKING: Every man who handles our car is our agent. The title is reserved in the Ford Company until the car is sold to the consumer, and the bills of sale come direct from the company; they do not come from the dealer or agent at all.
> MR. MONTAGUE: You would not permit this man you call your agent to sell at less than the price you fixed?
> MR. LUCKING: No, sir.
> MR. MONTAGUE: If he were a wholesale buyer you would sell to him at the same price that you sell to your agent?
> MR. LUCKING: Precisely.
> MR. MONTAGUE: You would designate him your agent?
> MR. LUCKING: Not only that, but a limited agent. He puts our sign over his doors and he cannot sign bills of sales or anything of that kind. The title goes from our company direct to the user of the machine.

And if Mr. Macomber wishes to know how the Ford Company look at the business right and wrong of the price maintainance he can find out from the same document. Mr. Lucking says:

> If a man has labored and produced an article, it is self-evident under our social system and under our constitution that he has the inalienable right to fix the price at which he will part with it. He also has the inalienable right to build up a business in the making and selling of these articles.
> This absolute right to keep the article or to fix his sale price and to sell it in his own way and part with the title at his own pleasure is secured in our constitutions and is not denied, but the right to agree with the vendee, the dealer, as to the retail price is denied by some.
> But the manufacturer, *if strong enough and big enough*, may accomplish the very same thing by selling only to the consumer and not to or through dealers. If he retains the title until a sale to the consumer and sells only through agents there is no way to prevent his fixing one uniform price to all persons.
> That, gentlemen, is exactly what the Ford Company has been doing since the 1st day of last October (1913).

So, Mr. Macomber, it is apparently not we who need to investigate the facts, but you might do so before you spring them on the Supreme Court of Iowa. You apparently misunderstood the "gentleman who has sold all the Fords" in your region. The question is not of importance to automobile manufacturers alone, but to everybody who wishes to be free from interference in building up the standards of his individual business. Under the law, as the Supreme Court of the United States has interpreted it, the small manufacturer has no protection from cutthroat competition against him by his own goods in the hands of retailers, but if he is rich enough he can protect himself as Mr. Ford has done.

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"It will be a walkover!"

PEACE AT ANY PRICE

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

WHAT shall we say of "Peace at any price," the motto put on our lips by those who dream that "war is inevitable"? "Peace at any price," well, not exactly that. *We want to see the price lists first.* The wars of the last fifty years have cost too much—too much in money, too much in life, too much in loss of national honor, too much in the perversion of national ideals. When was honor safe in the hands of those who urge war to preserve it? War among civilized tribes is no more a matter of honor than homicide among gentlemen. The code of war and the code of the duel are made of one piece.

Whatever its purpose, the price of war is too high. War-wasted gold means its equivalent in human suffering at home at well as on the battlefield. In the Boer War it cost $40,000 each to kill men, just the sum granted a dozen times or so as the Nobel Prize for distinguished service to humanity.

It is cheaper to save men than to kill them, more humane, more honorable. The money goes further and the results last. When you talk of war, let us count the cost. Give us the price lists first. Let us see what other ways there are of settlement. What is the cost of the Hague Tribunal as contrasted with even a few hours of war? Why not trust our cause to professional experts in equity rather than to professional killers of men? Why not speak softly and carry clean hands, as well as a big stick? Clean hands make the big stick ridiculous. To men who ask and who grant the square deal, war is simply preposterous.

"Peace at any price." Your armed peace is not worth the price it costs. It is not peace at all. It is based on war. Its methods are all of war. Five billions of dollars a year is too much for the sham peace gained through universal conscription and compulsory dreadnoughts. Too many soldiers, too many ships, too many mouths to feed, too many people making their living out of hatred, too much subjection of the civil rights of men to the saber and the pistol. The greatest financial burden of the world is the cost of *impersonal hate.* Your way to peace costs too much. It never gets there, and we know a better one. Canada and the United States have found it out. It is covered by no patent. It is open to the world. If you want peace prepare for it. Make the world your customers and your friends.

The formula is simple. Mind your own business, and the honorable business of a nation is mainly justice, education, sanitation and conservation. Keep a civil tongue in your foreign office and keep your soldiers away from the border. The best fortification of the border is a contented people, a lesson Europe has been very slow to learn.

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PREPAREDNESS IN POLO

BY HERBERT REED

WHEN the English cavalrymen, the great war over, come home to Hurlingham and to Ranelagh to build up again their polo resources in men and mounts against the challenge that is sure to be issued by the United States after a decent interval of peace, they may find that they must prepare to face a quartet of challengers for the International Cup recruited entirely from the mounted forces of the United States Army. Such at least, is the dream of the men who, at West Point, are engaged in a campaign of preparedness, with an eye to five, seven, or ten years hence, that is the last word in the scientific practise and study of the galloping game.

The soldiers are at present laboring under many difficulties, but they have the great advantage, an advantage impossible of realization by civilians, of a disciplined enthusiasm not to be found at Meadow Brook, Piping Rock, Myopia, Burlingame, or San Mateo. They have the advantage of a riding hall said to be the largest in the world, with the possible exception of one in Russia, wherein indoor polo may be played in the winter of discontent on what are very close to outdoor lines. They have the further advantage of the services of officers who are superbly equipped for the training of their own mounts. One of these men, Lieut. A. H. Wilson, of the Third Cavalry, and one of the star players in the Panama-Pacific Exposition tournament, has been called by certain of the famous Meadow Brook players, "the greatest polo trainer in America." He has already done remarkable work at the United States Military Academy, a work that was aided and abetted, and is now being continued by Captain Julian R. Lindsey, senior instructor of cavalry tactics, a horseman and polo player well known alike to soldiers and civilians.

Certain of the cadets who played the game last year, after the most careful instruction, first as horsemen, then as polo players, under the exacting inspection and tutelage of Captain Lindsey, are bound to make names for themselves in short order on other fields, and under the system it seems probable that the academy will turn out on the average from six to ten first-class players every year. With five years of preparation this would result in the scattering over various fields of from thirty to fifty first-class army polo players, whose grounding in the game is so thorough that they can hardly help improving steadily, given anything like decent mounts to work with.

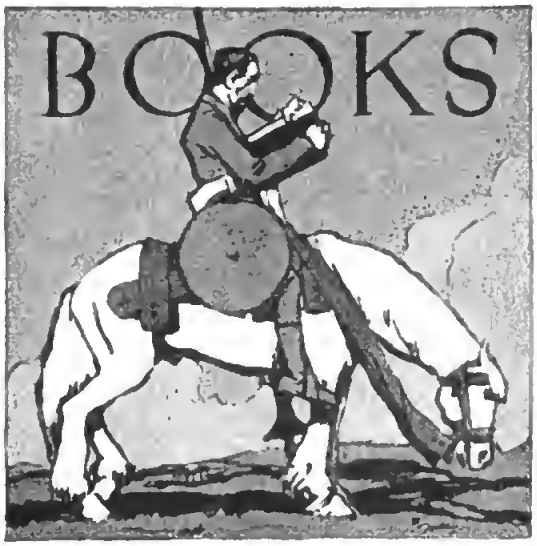
AN IDEA of just how thorough this West Point preparation is may be gathered from the fact that whereas the civilian takes up mallet and mount simultaneously, the cadet must spend from two to three years learning to ride, and in the "pen," where, seated upon the wooden horse, he swings his mallet and makes his strokes "by the numbers," just as the rookie learns to handle his rifle. By the time the men are ready for the indoor game, are ready to throw a leg across a mount of quality, the squad is made up of a very small number. There is in this squad no room for any but perfect horsemen, of men who handle their mallets in perfect form, as determined by exhaustive practical examination in the pen. No civilian would have the patience to go through this *régime*, and as a result it is impossible for any civilian to gain so thorough, so exhaustive a training.

The West Pointers have gone into the Indoor Polo League this year, and teams will go to West Point to play the Cadets, while the officers will be seen in New York and elsewhere representing the academy. Yet the foundations of the game will be learned right in the riding hall on the banks of the Hudson and later in the open field down by the railroad track. The games to be played in the open in the spring and early summer will have their passing interest, and the measure of the work of the senior class will of course be the result of the annual game against the team from Squadron A, but after all the main chance lies in the future.

ARMY men realize that to gain the proper recognition civilian teams of the first class must be beaten right here at home. This is their program. Captain Lindsey and his aids at West Point feel confident that they can turn out the men, and hope in time to turn out mounts that will compare favorably with the great strings held under private ownership. There are already two or three ponies (they are really small horses, being well over the old 14.2 limit) in the West Point stables that could hold their own with some of the Internationalists—the nucleus of the fine string-to-be of five or six years hence. The soldiers have been fortunate now and then in picking up mounts that proved easy to train and came along very fast. One of these is Bessie, a plucky bay mare with an unusual history. Bessie was originally a cow pony on a ranch near Fort Riley. She was picked up by Lieutenant Erwin, the former army football star, and ridden eight miles in to the field from his brother's ranch. Before going into the game the only training she had was the eight mile journey, in the course of which Lieutenant Erwin swung a club over and around her head, making all the strokes known to polo, and thus accustoming her to the use of the mallet. The little animal played a great game on the first trial, and is now the darling mount of Lieutenant Garrison at West Point.

The indoor work, which West Point has gone into more deeply than any other institution in the world, is of course somewhat different from the play afield, but it has proved to be of the greatest value. With the big, heavy ball and the rough going, the three-man-a-side game, Cadets vs. Cadets, and Officers vs. Cadets, is a much more closely packed affair than the outdoor game. The back plays up much closer, since with short strokes prevailing, he can take more chances, but the riding off, and the attention of individual to individual rather than to the ball, is quite the same as in the outdoor scrimmage.

Plans for the future include a polo camp, possibly at Narragansett, a measure that has been talked over several times, and has found favor with the Polo Association. The process of building is slow, but thorough beyond anything ever before attempted. Next week I shall go into the technique of the West Point preparation, taking up the Polo Manual as compiled by Captain Lindsey, and a study of the charts of actual game situations, with the aid of which he is planning to teach his pupils to think at the gallop and at least two plays ahead.



WALTER LIPPMANN'S new book, *The Stakes of Diplomacy*, has all the intellectual stimulation of his *Preface to Politics*. "The stakes of diplomacy"—the prizes that nations gamble for—are "railroad concessions, mines, banking and trade" in the undeveloped parts of the world. Mr. Lippmann points out that trade, instead of decorously following the flag, drags the flag along afterwards, to protect the citizen traders against natives whom they have exploited, or against the cutthroat competition of traders from other nations. Thus backward nations—Morocco, Persia, and Mexico, for example—become the subject of international quarrels, and are always at the bottom of great wars. "The proposal advocated in this book," says Mr. Lippmann, "is that international control should be turned into a local international government, with power to legislate and to hold administrative officials accountable." *The Stakes of Diplomacy* puts an uninterested person in touch with things he ought to think about.

WHAT is the matter with American literature? In comparison with European literature of the past one hundred years the home gods strangely fade. Many have offered explanations, but few have been so happy or so convincing in their explanations as is Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, in *America's Coming of Age*. He tells us that the trouble with American letters is the high aloofness of American ideals—the austere insistence of these ideals on an impossible personal code of morality, together with an inability to come down to earth. From Jonathan Edwards to Gerald Stanley Lee the majority of American writers have pitched in this key—the key which Mr. Brooks calls, rather dogmatically, that of the "highbrow." And the highbrows have failed to sound the note of America—they have failed to revivify a people—they have been harping among the placid clouds, while the acquisitive "lowbrow," with his nose close to the grindstone, has been the real American philosopher—chanting the song of dollars. The highbrow and the lowbrow have not reacted upon one another as they should have. They are like two ends rushing down a field, each intent upon a different football. They have never crashed together in a common purpose. Never? Whitman was not afraid of facts. Whitman did not take his mud and blood and tears vicariously. Whitman, says Mr. Brooks, is the prophet of the new literature of America, a literature which is to combine idealism with realism, the star with the slum, and mold the whole into a dynamic social philosophy that shall touch the imagination of the crowd; that shall make America articulate. Some day we will have our interpreters who, "if they leave the earth it is because they have been pressed from it, and they carry flesh and blood and clods of earth with them." Mr. Brooks joins the hopeful ranks of those young men who, like Walter Lippmann, have begun really to think about America.

MAXIM GORKY'S newest book, *My Childhood*, tells the story of the novelist's life, from his infancy until his seventeenth year, when his grandfather flung him out to shift for himself. It is written with complete detachment. "As I remember the oppressive horrors of our wild Russian life, I ask myself whether it is worth while to speak of them. And then with restored confidence I answer myself—'It is worth while, because it is actual, vile fact, which has not died out even in these days—fact which must be traced to its origin and pulled up by the root from the memories, the souls of the people, and from our narrow, sordid lives.'"

The intimate presentation of Russian life and character is both inspiring and revolting. Gorky himself says,—"There is another reason . . . impelling me to describe these horrors. Although they oppress us and crush many beautiful souls to death, yet the Russian is still so healthy and young in heart that he can and does rise above them. For in this amazing life of ours not only does the animal side of our nature flourish and grow fat, but with this animalism there has grown up, triumphant in spite of it, bright, healthful and creative—a type of humanity which inspires us to look forward to our regeneration, to the time when we shall all live peacefully and humanely."

ENGLISH versions of Euripides' *Iphigenia* there have been without number. Versions in heroic couplets, versions in blank verse, versions in rhymed and unrhymed hexameters, and all of them—even the fine one by Gilbert Murray—more or less unintelligible, chaotic

Thus it happened that "Isadora Duncan said one day, 'If only there were a single English version of *Iphigenia*, as human as the Greek, no rhymes, no inversions, no loss of meaning in the sound!' And when I wrote her this, she liked and used it. Therefore"—Mr. Bynner modestly concludes—"the blame or praise be partly hers."

Miss Duncan's desiderated qualities appear in this new version. It is at once actable, natural, and beautiful.

IN *THE PILLAR OF FIRE*, Mr. Seymour Deming accuses the American college of a shameful evasion of the real issues of American life. Itself the guardian of the stored radicalism of the ages—the radicalism of Christ, Galileo, Darwin—it jealously bars its gates to the veriest hint of modern radicalism. Mr. Deming occasionally overreaches himself, but his book has an intellectual ozone. There are certain academic bigotries that are in need of a vigorous airing.

BOOKS REVIEWED

THE STAKES OF DIPLOMACY *By Walter Lippmann*
Henry Holt & Co., New York $1.50

AMERICA'S COMING OF AGE *By Van Wyck Brooks*
B. W. Huebsch, New York $1.00

MY CHILDHOOD *By Maxim Gorky*
The Century Company, New York $2.00

EURIPIDES' IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS *By Witter Bynner*
Mitchell Kennerley, New York $1.00

THE PILLAR OF FIRE *By Seymour Deming*
Small, Maynard & Co., Boston $1.00

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THE VOGUE OF THE SMALL CAR

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

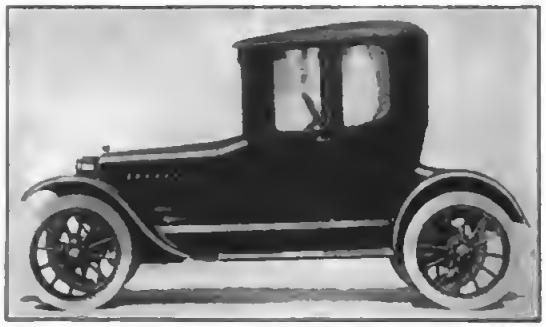
WHEN the war compelled automobile makers in England and France to devote their plants to turning out trucks and ambulances, it nipped in the bud an interesting phase of motor car building. It stopped almost entirely the manufacture of small cars for pleasure purposes.

Already well supplied with large and medium sized cars, France and England were enjoying the début of a smaller cousin. In France it was called the *voiturette;* in England, the cycle-car.

For a while these *voiturettes* and cycle-cars were rather weird apparitions, consisting chiefly of motor-cycle engines of one or two cylinders—air cooled—mounted on gossamer frames and providing seats for one or two passengers. They were driven through chains, belts and friction plates. And they were capable of speeds ranging from two to fifty—so it was claimed—miles an hour.

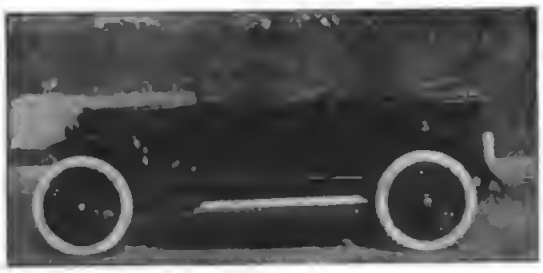
The public began by laughing at them—and ended by buying them. People bought them because they found them economical and amusing. And because they bought them, the makers were encouraged morally as well as financially, with the result that they spent time and thought on cycle-cars and *voiturettes,* and succeeded in making them not only presentable, but smart in appearance and reliable in operation. When these difficult ends had been achieved, people bought still more cycle-cars and *voiturettes.* They found them an acceptable compromise between high priced cars and pony traps.

It was not long before certain astute minds not far from Detroit recognized the possibilities that existed for the cycle-car in America. In fact, not so long ago, there were no fewer than twenty-odd makers of cycle-cars in this country. For some reason, however, their vogue here does not seem to have fulfilled its early promise.

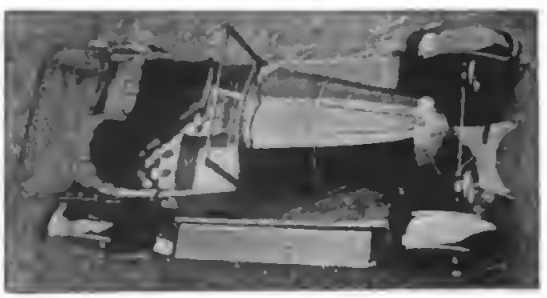


The Saxon 4 roadster with all-year top. A sturdy little car at a low price

But at any rate, the English cycle-car furore is reflected here in the increased demand for small cars. The growing number of women who own and drive cars is a large factor in this increased demand. There is a fortune waiting for the manufacturer who will specialize on an attempt to produce a gem among small cars. It will sell readily no matter what may be charged for it.



The Allen—an attractive small touring car very suitable for women



Birdseye view of the Scripps-Booth. Note the radiator mud-guard

MERE EFFICIENCY

BY MINER CHIPMAN

SCIENTIFIC management had much of its gold plate rubbed off in Prof. Robert F. Hoxie's report to the United States Commission on Industrial Relations. The exponents of scientific management are peeved, and the cohorts of organized labor are elated over the findings of this investigation. Those who have made a close study of the development of so-called scientific management, not from the outside, but on the inside, are quite familiar with the general truths brought out in this report. For one who has labored with the problems of industrial efficiency for upwards of ten years, the obvious failure of *orthodox* scientific management was everywhere manifest. It was born in a machine shop, and was itself a machine. It was an attempt to apply the science of engineering to the art of directing humanity. If such a thing could be done, we would have no more industrial unrest, no more socialism, no more radicalism, no more anything—just peace, rest and complete social equanimity. If the science of engineering could be applied to human conduct, there would be no overstrain, no breakdown, no nervous prostration. The engineer always allows an ample factor of safety. But! and a big but it is, it was overlooked in the enthusiasm of the moment, that there is a vast difference between an "I" beam and the beam in a worker's eye.

Scientific management stood for "efficiency," and that efficiency meant production. It was obvious, therefore, that those methods which mechanically increased production, when applied to the human "machine" would be equally effective. But the difference between steel and men is this: steel is easily worked and shaped when hot and men are not. Get a man worked up to the boiling point and he is ready to explode. He simply refuses to be squeezed, even in the name of science.

Scientific management is all right provided it treats itself scientifically. It has spent too much time in literary presumption, too much time in evolving principles, and too much time defending itself in behalf of such principles. It has been like a



125 Million Food Cells
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Many sorts of food cells—about all we need.
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That's why food experts advocate whole wheat.

Those food cells must be broken to digest.
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Serve them as your morning cereals. Serve them in your bowls of milk. Mix them with your fruit.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
(1155)

doctor trying to force a patient to take a dose of medicine when the victim was satisfied that the physician was a quack. He might be the best doctor in the world, but that would not induce the patient to take his medicine. It is still more difficult when the patient feels in good health and does not want any medicine at all.

If there is one thing the world of labor is fighting to get away from it is the *near incentives* offered as a reward for toil. The fundamental objection to the piece-work system lies in its near incentive ideal. It offers a wage in proportion to production, but always over a limited period. It has been considered good policy to get that time down to as small a unit as possible. The piece-work system measures the efficiency of the worker in terms of minutes or hours and the worker measures his own efficiency in the terms of a lifetime. He is not running a hundred yard dash, he is not racing at all; he is traveling from a place called Birth to a distant place called Death. Away back in every man's mind is the question: What is really worth while? Is it worth while to be efficient? He thinks it over and replies: Efficient—for what? And we scientific management men have said: "Bonus," "Premium" and "Profits."

Bonus, Premium and Profits, these have been the lures of scientific management, the panaceas for industrial unrest. Faddy names for additions to the pay-envelope. Disproportional wage promotions, the discounted wage-bills for efficiency.

To ignore the ideals and aspirations of the worker, to substitute a rule of blood and iron for the rule of a boss's thumb, was not an enticing invitation to labor. Labor has been hooked by every known device and is shy at all things new and novel. Labor wants to know the meaning of efficiency. Labor wants to know what scientific management is after. Labor wants to know and understand before it signs the contract.

To measure the efficiency of men by mechanical standards in the terms of production will not be accepted by labor. Men do not live by efficiency alone, and particularly productive efficiency. If efficiency merely means a greater output, doubled productivity and a twenty per cent wage increase—is it all worth while? If efficiency means a broadened life, a broadened opportunity for initiative and progress, a greater quota of social happiness, it is well worth while.

Mere efficiency is that measurement of men which considers them as productive machines, in terms of minutes and of hours. Mere efficiency is bought and paid for with bonus plans. Mere efficiency is a menace to the weak and an insult to the strong. Mere efficiency counts pieces, not lives. Mere efficiency is measured in pounds and in tons, and never in heartfuls of hope. Mere efficiency is measured in effort and not in the force of ideals.

A new day is dawning. Even we efficiency men are seeing the first streaks of day. We are starting anew. Scientific management shall be a reality, and efficiency shall be defined in the terms of humanity. There must be a better way, a happier way, a more scientific way. Scientific management must be good management. Scientific management must have peace as well as pieces. As well as we know machines we must know men more—and better.

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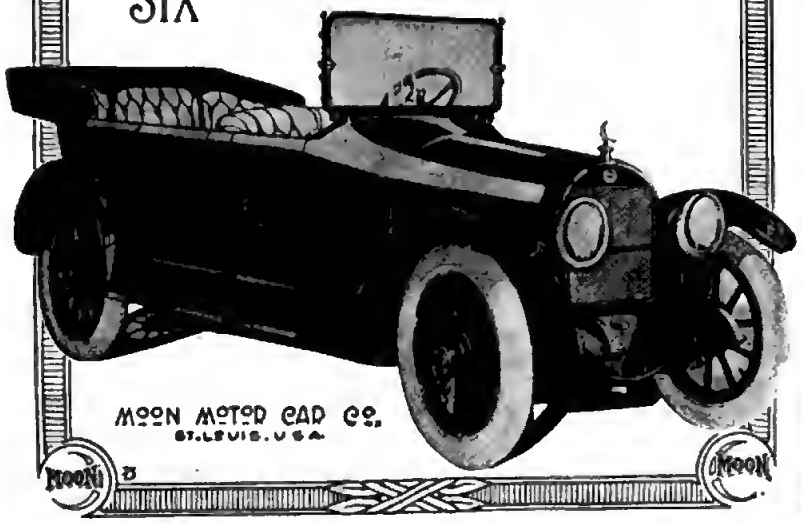
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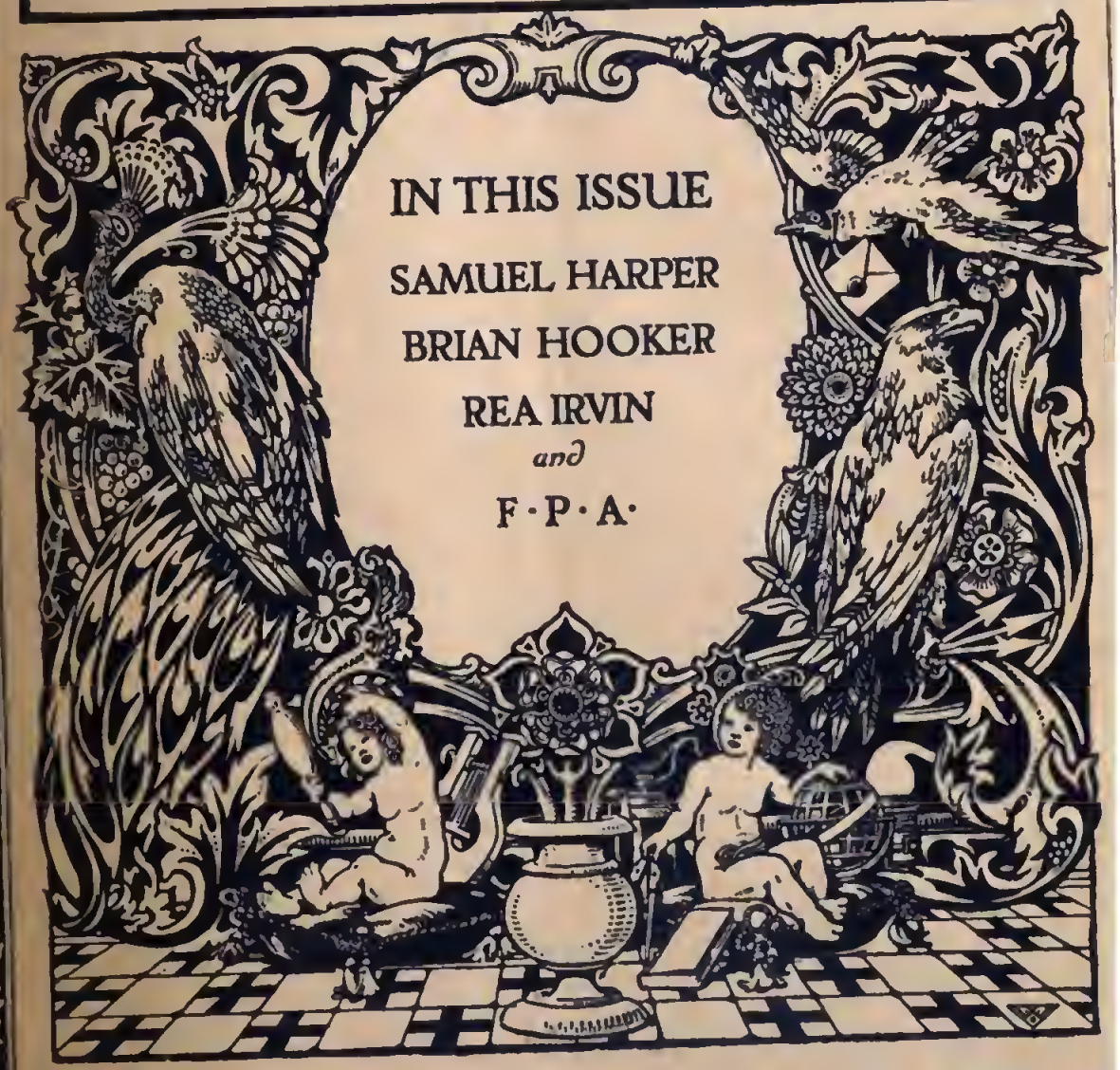
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and

F·P·A·



FEBRUARY 5, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

WHAT WOULD LINCOLN SAY TODAY?



IN these critical days, when the United States is facing crises in both Europe and in Mexico, we hear the question raised, "What Would Lincoln Say Today?" What would Lincoln do about the Mexican situation, if he were in the White House? What would he say to Germany and England? What would be his attitude on preparedness?

February 12 is Lincoln's Birthday

And the Harper's Weekly of that date---next week's issue---will contain discussions of this point. Many prominent statesmen, business men and men of letters will give their ideas of

"What Would Lincoln Say Today?"

In

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

DEFENSE POLITICS

SHARP politicians have their eyes above all other things on New York State. They concede that the Democrats cannot win if they lose the state. They may win by a margin greater than the electoral vote of the state, but that is a different matter altogether. There are possibly more men in the House of Representatives (though not in the Senate) today opposed to any army increase whatever than there are in favor of even a moderate increase. The farmers and small business men in the west and south hate taxes and care nothing about world politics. If the President had not a program he might probably be beaten in New York and other eastern states like Massachusetts, New Jersey and Connecticut. Even with his personal stand, if no program passes, through Congress refusing to follow him, it is likely he may be beaten in those critical states. There is hard work to be done, therefore, in the next few weeks. The defense program must be passed before an effective approach can be made to the revenue question. In addition to these two items of first political necessity are many others of high importance. A break in the ranks of preparedness will endanger all the rest.

TAMMANY

SPEAKING of the importance of New York, the Tammany situation is of course a delicate one. Tammany wants to be good and also effective this year, in order to win the municipal election next year; but on the other hand Tammany in the main has to do what the big corporations tell it to do. Obviously the only safe way for the administration is to go ahead, standing for light, ability, foresight, patience, principle. If it should try to play machine politics, it would probably hurt itself more than it could possibly help itself. It could not be sure of increasing the machine's output in November and it would alienate an incalculable number of free voters. Hence the importance of matters like the demand of O'Gorman to have the second-rate office-seeker Johnson in the New York post-office.

OTHER CONSIDERATIONS

THE best judges think that even in New York the farmers, and small-town and country people generally, will vote for such moderate preparedness as the President represents rather than for the T. R. and army program. If T. R. is not the candidate the Democrats have to count on losing practically all of their large German vote. They also have to count on an extreme shortage of money compared to the Republicans. Money counts in legitimate expenses, such as preliminary work, with speakers, literature, etc., and automobiles on registration and election days, and in the vast amount of illicit work that both parties do, especially in farming districts, paying bribes under this thin but familiar cloak:

Politician: "We hope you will be sure to register and vote, Mr. Roberts."

Farmer: "Wall, I dunno. Things is awful busy jess now. Don't believe we can get away."

Politicinn: "That's all right. You can hire somebody to take your place. Here's $3 to pay a man. And we will come for you in an automobile."

At a disadvantage regarding money, and under fire as the party in power always is, the Democrats have to win through enthusiasm over the President's record, with prosperity added, and with Congress's record also added, if it does as well at this session as it did at the preceding long session. The President's record being so large a part of the argument, the necessity of keeping appointments on a high plane is obvious, for, if the enthusiasm of the independent-minded voters is gone, all is gone.

A RUMOR

THERE is some ground for the estimate that Hughes and Roosevelt, having kept their names off the primary lists, Cummins and Fairbanks will go to the Chicago convention with more primary delegates than any other candidates. The hope of the Fairbanks men is that Cummins will represent the power of the progressive element; that a few ballots will show he is not strong enough; and that then the old guard can win for Fairbanks.

Speaking of Fairbanks and his chances, here is a tale that is floating about the capital, which we leave to our friends in Indiana to investigate. They know the record of Jim Watson, also of Harry New. The legend relates that Watson and Fairbanks met in Los Angeles, by suggestion of Fairbanks, to divide up the best Indiana spoils. It was arranged that Fairbanks was to have a clear track for the presidency and Watson for the Senate. This suited Fairbanks, who thinks himself ideally fit for the chief job, and Watson, who would rather run for something he might conceivably get. Some time after the division was made Watson got an idea that the clique to which both he and Fairbanks belong was not living up to the arrangements. The comments in Fairbank's organ, *The Indianapolis News*, looked ominous. Soon he discovered that Harry New was scheduled, instead of himself, for the senatorship. In a fury Watson made proposals to back the Roosevelt interests in Indiana. If all this turns out to be true, and Jim Watson, with his record, appears as the Indiana leader among the Roosevelt forces in Chicago next June, the gods, who love to laugh, will have a chance.

WARS OF CONVENIENCE

THE introduction into Congress of a bill to neutralize the Philippines very soon suggests one of the main justifications of the President's Mexican policy. The war with Spain is now generally deemed a disgrace. President McKinley was forced into it by ambitious politicians and an unscrupulous press. The country gained nothing that could not have been gained by diplomacy, and it became burdened with a responsibility of which it is now thoroughly tired. It increased two professional reputations, those of Admiral Dewey and General Wood, and one political reputation, that of Colonel Roosevelt, but the country, outside of the talk centres, is not ready to invade Mexico even when the Colonel advises us to send General Wood to make a further reputation.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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THE ISSUE

BETWEEN now and November 14th the American people must pass upon a question the nature of which is not simple to grasp. A person must have either thinking power or that often admirable substitute, spiritual intuition. The issue is to be found not in a detail, but in a trend. It is to be found in a way of taking life, interpreting responsibility, carrying out a plan. Next week's number of this weekly will indicate a little what we mean, when we select and present those words and deeds of Abraham Lincoln which show how he behaved in emergencies in many ways similar, sometimes startlingly similar. Like Lincoln, President Wilson has had to guide the ship in a hurricane. Like him, he has had to follow the star of his faith while meeting the problems and using the materials which a violent destiny put before him. The most brilliant physician we personally ever knew was convinced that Providence alone caused all his cures, but he was also convinced that God would not bring about cures through him unless he mastered to the utmost the scientific side of his profession. He followed the Master in that he served those most in need, however poor, saved nothing for his family, and gave all glory to his Maker; but nobody studied the body as a machine more relentlessly than he. Lincoln would not have been Lincoln had he been an apostle only, or an exact thinker and doer only. He was Lincoln because he was all in one.

It would offend our taste to drag in lightly the great name of Lincoln. Using that name betokens a belief that the present world-crisis, and the brain and spirit with which the President is meeting it, deserve to be appreciated on a plane very high indeed. The way to justify an idea in politics is to make it work, but the degree of glory in success depends on the worth of the idea embodied. Mr. Wilson has the obligation which the completely theoretical pacifists have not—of making his human mechanism go; and he maintains for himself the obligation, which the militarists, imperialists, tories, and materialists do not, of pursuing the light of a better day. What can be said of him so far (and it is a very splendid thing) is that all of his leading measures and policies have been applications of a conception of liberty and justice that is illumined and firm, and that they have also been in practise triumphantly carried out. Principle without efficiency is not rare, nor is efficiency without principle; the combination of the two in office is notable always.

The voters next November will pass on the currency act, the tariff act, the Panama tolls repeal, the Colombia treaty, the six-power loan. They will decide upon many quiet things in the departments, as, for example, the conservation record at home and in Alaska, the conquest of disease, and improvement of agricultural methods. They will pass on whatever moderate defense program is put through, and on this year's revenue program; very likely also on a shipping act. But beyond all these things they will make in general a moral, intellectual choice. They will say whether they approve or disapprove, are stimulated by or bored by, a steady and clear application of fairness between nations and between classes; of quiet patience in the establishment of right; of trust and comprehension instead of bluster; of fidelity to the masses instead of to the entrenched and audible minority. They will, in short, say whether or not they like living by principle as much as they like talking about it.

THE APOSTLE

IS IT true, then, that the higher your aim the more eagerly the world will crucify? If Henry Ford had cared only to make money his life would have been a progress in public respect, even homage. Because he sought an ideal, whether in method sound or not, the resultant cries seemed not those of regret at a noble thought inadequately followed. No, they sound like jeers, like malice, like a rejoicing in the failure (if such it was),—as if stones were thrown.

REALLY?

AS THE leading German organ in this country, the New York *Staats-Zeitung* has some importance. It declares that the editor of this paper desires "immense preparedness" and "war at any price." There is no law to stop our German friend from making such statements. Perhaps it believes them. Angry men readily believe anything about those with whom they disagree. Resentment and sanity seldom travel together.

SIMPLE

EUGENE N. FOSS, former Governor of Massachusetts, is out for Judge Gary or some similar man for the presidency. We understand that Mr. Schwab is also a candidate. Ex-Governor Foss says that the tariff needs to be revised and that we need a business man as President. Would it not be just as simple, whoever is President, to turn over the making of the tariff to Judge Gary or to the directors of the Steel Trust?

DOUGH

DOESN'T every character need to contain dough as well as yeast? These interesting people without stability or unselfishness become as tiring after a time as living on coffee. A nature without yeast is soggy,

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AMERICA'S CHANCE IN RUSSIA

BY STANLEY WASHBURN

During the sixteen months that Stanley Washburn was in Russia, he was on terms of intimacy with the leading statesmen and generals, as well as other men of all kinds. Among those with whom he discussed affairs in general was the Tsar. He studied the situation very carefully from the point of view of the United States, her opportunities, and her duties. We have a great chance at present for active statesmanship equally beneficial to us and to Russia. Mr. Washburn's article shows what that chance is

RUSSIA is the biggest country in the world and one of the largest in population. It is the country today of the greatest opportunity for American trade that commercial history has ever offered us, yet it is the land that is least known or understood of any nation in the world. Because it is a long way off and has never attempted to speak for itself, it has come to pass that Russia has been more frequently misrepresented than any of the nations of Europe. The fiction of a cruel race typified by brutal soldiery, has passed current so long that half the world has come to believe it—a fiction, be it said, which has been made for the greater part out of whole cloth. As the war progresses it is just beginning to be realized in America that there is a strong possibility that Russia will emerge from this great conflict as one of the great dominant world factors of the future. Not only from the military point of view but as an enormous Empire of 170,000,000 population emerging from a lethargy of centuries, to take for the first time its proper place in the commercial and industrial life of the world. And in this period comes the great opportunity for America and the Americans to secure for themselves a market for their exports such as South America and China combined will not in a generation equal.

To understand why this great opportunity now lies open for us to take up practically for the asking, it is necessary to consider a little the relations of the past generation that have existed between Germany and Russia. For a decade or two, as all the world knows, the German trade has been, with intelligent industry, pushing its tentacles into all parts of the world, but preeminently it has been engaged in quietly but surely absorbing the Russian markets. The effect of this sweeping campaign to get the Russian field of trade has not been popular with the Russians from the first, for even at the start it became obvious to the close observers that the Germans with their cheap goods delivered all over Russia were gradually choking all Russian industrial initiative, for few in Russia could start an industry and face the German competition. This aspect of the German trade alone caused great uneasiness among those who really had the interests of Russia at heart, but this aspect proved to be of minor importance when it gradually dawned on Russia that German industry and trade meant not only a commercial influence but a political influence, the strength of which was not grasped until the war broke out. Then it was discovered that the Germans had for years been exerting a power on Russian affairs that had not been realized. It is difficult to prove a legal case against the Germans, but the Russians claim that for ten years this subtle Teuton influence, moving through a thousand hidden channels and acting in devious ways, has been behind every move looking toward the enlightenment of Russia. Very obviously an educated and reformed Russia meant the beginning of the end of German sway, for it spelled not only the curtailment of German commercial inroads, but it likewise heralded an efficient and growing army, which was the bugbear of the Prussian military caste. Russians claim that German influence delayed the abolition of vodka for years, that German intrigue and wiles have for ten years opposed secretly every program looking toward the education of the peasants and, in fact, working against any and every plan that spelled a progress which would so change Russia that she would no longer be the prey of her clever neighbor. The country has been overrun with spies, Poland was flooded with enemy-agents who were as eager to serve Germany with information as they had been before to supply Teuton markets with Russian orders. Perhaps it is not strange then that Russia today is looking for a substitute for the German trade. "What we want," the Russians say, "is a trade that will supply us with our wants but that will bring with it no political influence." Naturally and logically then the eyes of the intelligent business men have been looking toward America to step into the breach and fill the gaps in trade which the cessation of relations with Germany has created. "We are determined to rid ourselves of this influence," Serge Sazonov, the Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs in Petrograd, has said to me ten times if he has said it once. "Why are you Americans doing nothing to take advantage of this extraordinary condition in the Russian market? Russia wants American trade, and anything which the government can do legitimately to encourage this trade will be done, and gladly." This, then, is the situation in Russia of a market which includes the manufactured wants to a large extent of 170,000,000, with a government eager and anxious to welcome Americans and American trade. What have Americans done to take advantage of this situation to date? Practically nothing other than send over agents, who have landed in regiments with one idea, and that how to make a million in a week by selling war material at fabulous sums.

THE first step in trade relations with Russia, as must be clear to all who have given the matter any thought, is a new trade treaty with Russia which should be negotiated at once. As will probably be remembered by most Americans, the old treaty with Russia was abrogated on account of the complaints of the Jews that they did not receive equality of rights with other American citizens when traveling in Russia. The question of the Jews is a delicate one to handle, but the Russian treatment of the Jews in this war has been, all things considered, extremely lenient, and many measures looking toward the alleviation of the conditions of the Jews in Russia are under way. When I say that the Russian treatment of the Jews has been lenient in this war I am quite well aware that I shall be contradicted vehemently by many persons, for certainly the German press agents have not been slow to capitalize Jewish sentiment by piling up stories of alleged Jewish atrocities. I cannot of course prove a negative and state that there have been

no excesses in regard to the Hebrews, but I can say this, that I have been, as correspondent of the London *Times*, with instructions to look out for this very aspect, in the theatre of operations from October, 1914, to November 1, 1915, and in all of this time I have seen nothing to warrant any statements of Russian cruelty to the Jews nor have I received any evidence from any credible source to establish the truth of any such story. During these months I suppose that I have been in not less than one thousand villages in Russia, covering country all the way from the Bukovina to the Baltic, and barring the expulsion of Jews from the war zone, I have seen nothing whatever that can be considered as an outrage on the Jews. The expulsion of the Jews from the theatre of operations was undoubtedly a hardship, but considering the fact that at a later period Russians, Poles and all of the rest of the population, to a total aggregating 13,000,000, was expelled by the order of the Russians, this hardship cannot be considered as falling exclusively upon the Jews. I think it safe to say that the major portion of the Jews in Poland were pro-German in their sympathies, and that the greater portion of spies in Poland proven guilty, were Jews. Yet there has been at no time during the war in Russia any, save possibly isolated cases of which I have no information, general persecution of the Jews. On the contrary, at a time when suspicions are most widely spread, the government has shown its desire to render the condition of the Jews in Russia better than ever before. Hebrews in America who really wish to help the lot of their race in Russia can do much more by encouraging American trade relations and American influence in Russia at a time when Russia is looking with liberal eyes upon many aspects of western life, than by taking up the cause of a few individuals who have had passport troubles in Russia.

THE question has been raised by many as to whether or not the Germans would not be back in the Russian market the moment the war was over, and if with their cheap goods they would not at once destroy American enterprise. This I think will not happen. In the first place there are many American lines that can beat the German under any conditions in the Russian market. The International Harvester Company is one example and the Singer Sewing Machine Company is another. Both of these concerns went to Russia and taught the Russian peasants to use commodities that they had never before heard of. In other words they created a market and then built plants to handle the demand in Russia. The Singer Sewing Machine Company has n factory near Moscow that employs more than five thousand men, while its products are to be seen in every quarter of Russia. I have rarely seen on the roads from the front a party of refugees fleeing before the Germans where there was not at least one Singer sewing machine in the cart of family treasures. This I quote to show that even under the old conditions, when German trade and German influence was at its zenith, intelligent American effort had a chance. But now, aside from these lines, I believe that American trade will not for years be seriously pushed by the Germans in Russia, for the reason that the Germans will not be able in the near future to make trade in the way that enabled them before to secure the Russian market.

The reason that Germany was able to capture the Russian trade, and for that matter the South American and Far Eastern markets as well, was not solely because of general efficiency, but that as well she has been able to offer credits for long times, often up to and even beyond a year in length, and secondly because she has been able to flood the market on this basis with extremely cheap goods in enormous volume. When this war is finished Germany will not have the financial backing to offer anybody long lines of credit. After sixteen months' close observation of the German campaign in the east I am absolutely certain that she has long since lost the chance to win on a scale which would give her any indemnity from any quarter, which means that any success she might get would be without financial returns on a scale that would begin to pay for the war, much less help her refinance her lost trade. As a matter of fact, I think that Germany has now lost even the chance to get a stalemate and that with each month of the war her probability of defeat increases. However, that is not a subject for discussion in this paper. I think it fair to reassert, however, that her opportunity to finance her trade with long-time credits is gone and her first great trade asset then eliminated, for at least a decade. Let us next consider her second great advantage in capturing the Russian market, namely, her capacity to offer cheap goods in large volume.

THIS I think she has also lost. In the first place two very important aspects of cheapness in production in Germany have been volume of production and skilled labor. When the war is over the German trade with Russia is approximately at zero. If she is to make low prices she must produce on a large scale, but this will be impossible because the market for the moment is gone. It would of course be possible to run stock against the day when these markets were won back, but this too would necessitate a huge capital for carrying charges, a capital which Germany will not have available. It is certain then that when she begins to turn her industrial engines again she will do so at first on a small scale, at an increased cost of production. Another important item to be considered in production is the skilled labor. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the enormous losses nearly every line of skilled labor, save only munition makers, that Germany has suffered. With each month of the war she is losing increasingly types of men that she cannot for a generation duplicate. Her first line troops had not yet come into the industrial market, and though a potential asset, were not yet digested into her system of manufacture and distribution. The new formations which she is now sacrificing so freely are the very red blood of German industrial life. It is largely by and through them that she might regain her trade and her prosperity, but verily she is slowly but surely killing all of her geese that lay the golden eggs of trade and industry in her empire. With no credit, with her skilled labor largely buried in foreign battlefields and with her capacity crippled to produce in large volume, we see Germany at the end of this war stripped of her greatest hold on foreign trade. For these reasons it seems more than likely that Americans in Russia will have at lease a decade to establish these markets before Germany is in a condition seriously to compete.

Pascal, the French philosopher, once said, "To govern is to foresee." It is true of trade. If Americans wish to dominate in trade they must foresee today. Russia, the empire of opportunity, lies ready and waiting. Are there none in America with vision and foresight enough to see beyond the smoke of bursting shells and burning villages the great permanent market that lies between the Baltic and the Pacific, a market worth billions? *If so the time is now.*



PLUTARCH LIGHTS OF HISTORY: NO. I—ROOSEVELTICUS

WHETHER it were Peter Dunne the dialectician or Julian Street the scrollist, as indeed is most commonly thought, yet both having been born in Chicago, historians differ as to which of them it may have been, Thucydides asserting this, Simonides that, who said of Roosevelticus that not in his life ever did he use a word of profanity, the use of profanity by him being indeed like kalsomining the lily, forasmuch as when his jaws and teeth snapped "Il'*ood*row Il'*ilson*!" the sound and intention were as of an ordinary man's most horrendous blasphemies, is not known. And indeed a comedian of that age is believed by some to have said that the only profanity about him was in the ultimate syllable of Roosevelticus; which sheweth how low the stage had fallen in those days.



Roosevelticus was born under Mars and Callisto; and when he tried to curry favor with other planets, as his wont was, he would say that he was born under Jupiter; or that his great aunt had been born under Orion, which made him feel, he would say, like an Oriontian himself; which fluttered the Jovians and the Oriontians. Forasmuch as Roosevelticus took not only the planet of earth, but also the whole universe for his province.

On his mother's side he was sprung from Pepicurus the Tobascan, the accent on Pepicurus's name falling, the wits said, upon the syllable preceding the antepenult. And indeed his slightest action contained, the stylists of that age said, more news-value than the epochal matters of other men. It is related that the news-editors were habituated to say:

> Take it by and large, and here and there,
> and also fore and aft,
> Better fifty hours of Teddy than a century
> of Taft.

It is further told that William, Cæsar of the Germans, admired Roosevelticus almost beyond expression; and on the occasion of Roosevelticus's visit to Berlin, four years before the All-Comers' War, composed the following ode to him:

> Ich bin der grösete in der grosse Welt,
> Aber dann kommt lieber Teddy Roosevelt!

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THE CHARM OF THE TITLE

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

ONE of the minor inconsistencies in the American interpretation of democracy is the apparent importance attributed to official titles. In a scheme of things in which, presumably, distinctions are made only to be cancelled, this is not to be expected. Consequently, there is something surprising, if not ludicrous, in the passion, mainly journalistic, for prefixing to an individual's name the name of his office or profession. Mayor Mitchel, Secretary of Commerce Redfield, Detective Burns, Pitcher Jones, Second Lieutenant Hook and Ladder Company No. 3 Robinson—so the fantastic list runs. And once a local paper even headed a communication from an instructor in one of the eastern colleges, "Instructor So-and-So protests." The habit persists even when reference is made to English officials. Thus Premier Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd George, and so forth, are the usual styles. An American would get a faint idea of how this sounds to English ears if he were to find in an English paper President Wilson referred to as Woodrow the First.

Overemphasis on the significance of office will inevitably produce grotesque results. But, as I have recently been learning, the consequences of treating it cavalierly are not less strange.

I doubt if there is any country where the official is less obviously an official than in Ireland, where people are less tied down by the requirements of their alleged social functions. Several incidents which occurred during a visit to my home in Ireland some time ago impressed this upon me very vividly.

On one occasion, noticing that neither the tennis court nor the other spaces of lawn seemed to have been cut for a considerable time, I sought an explanation from the gardener. "Well, sir," said he, "I hadn't time to do it myself, there was so much work about the place; and you couldn't get a lad in the village to do it for you for love or money, not even the butcher, who'd never fail you a time when you'd be shorthanded." I do not think that at the time it struck me as odd that the butcher should be expected to mow the grass; but the episode of the milkman, a few days later, set me thinking. I was calling at the house of a friend, and, seeing some letters on the hall table, I offered to post them. "Oh, you needn't bother," was the reply, "the milkman will be here at five o'clock and he always takes them for me." The sweet reasonableness of the milkman was in contrast with the disobliging nature of the butcher, but what was expected of them both was in principle the same.

NOT long afterwards a Dublin doctor of my acquaintance, whom we will call Dr. Arnold, on his way to catch the last train to his home some fifteen miles out of the city, received a message which meant that he would have to stay in town that night. He wished to send word home, but there was no telephone connection. In Ireland, however, that is a small matter. He continued his way to the station. When he arrived, the train was due to leave, but there was no sign of impending departure. He sought out the guard, whom he found in tranquil conversation with the engine-driver. He began tentatively. "Does this train go beyond Bray?" (He lived in Bray.) "It does not." "Well, then, I wonder if you could get a message taken up to my house? I wonder if you could get a boy to go up to Dr. Arnold's house and tell Mrs. Arnold that he won't be able to get home tonight?" "Dr. Arnold's house, is it? Sure I'm going that way myself and I'll take the message for you." And he did. As my friend afterwards remarked: "Now that's the advantage of living in Ireland. You couldn't do that on the London Northwestern, you know."

After this series of episodes my critical mind was ready for anything. I was not disappointed. My most beautiful example again concerns a railway official.

This time the scene was a small station in the remote parts of Donegal. A friend of mine, after a day's trout fishing, reached the station to find the last train gone. The station-master, wrapped in a cloud of official noncommunicativeness, was not helpful. Finally he admitted that a "goods" (*i. e.*, freight train) was due in half an hour, but it didn't stop, and even if it should stop it did not carry passengers. The subject of the goods was dropped and my friend conversed on general topics. Gradually the icy sheath of the official thawed and the human being looked out. This was the moment for the propitiatory offering of the creel of fish, perhaps a dozen small trout. Result: transformation. I need only enumerate the steps which the station-master took to insure the stopping of the goods. First, with the aid of a porter, he pushed a truck from a siding and left it standing on the main line in the path of the coming train. Secondly, he set the signals against the train. Thirdly, he closed the gates of the level crossing so that they were at right angles to the track. Having taken these precautions he insisted on taking my friend down to "a likely pool" near by, and making him cast for "a big fella" that he had seen "lepping" there a while back. So the half hour passed. The whistle of the approaching goods was heard in the distance. The station-master hurried back to the station, seized a red flag and marched down the track toward the train. He stopped that train. My friend rode home in the cab of the engine.

There were other similar incidents during that summer, but those I have mentioned were enough to set me puzzling. Why is it that in Ireland you may expect anyone to do anything for you? Why should the Irishman take his duties in such a free and easy fashion?

I BELIEVE the answer lies in the quality of his humor. An Irishman's laughter finds its chief occasion whenever the artificial, the presumptuous, or the fraudulent, tries to masquerade as the real thing. It is the reaction of the natural man in the presence of artifice. Now in the good official the individual is wholly subordinated to the office. The office is a sort of professional conscience to him: it tells him what he may and what he may not do. Thus the man who takes his position seriously is compelled to set his actions in a groove, to surrender himself to a rigid and mechanical type of conduct. He gives up his freedom. I believe that the average Irish official becomes aware of this contrast—and the contrast is simply too much for his sense of humor. The office seems a sort of mask to him. He cannot sustain the part for

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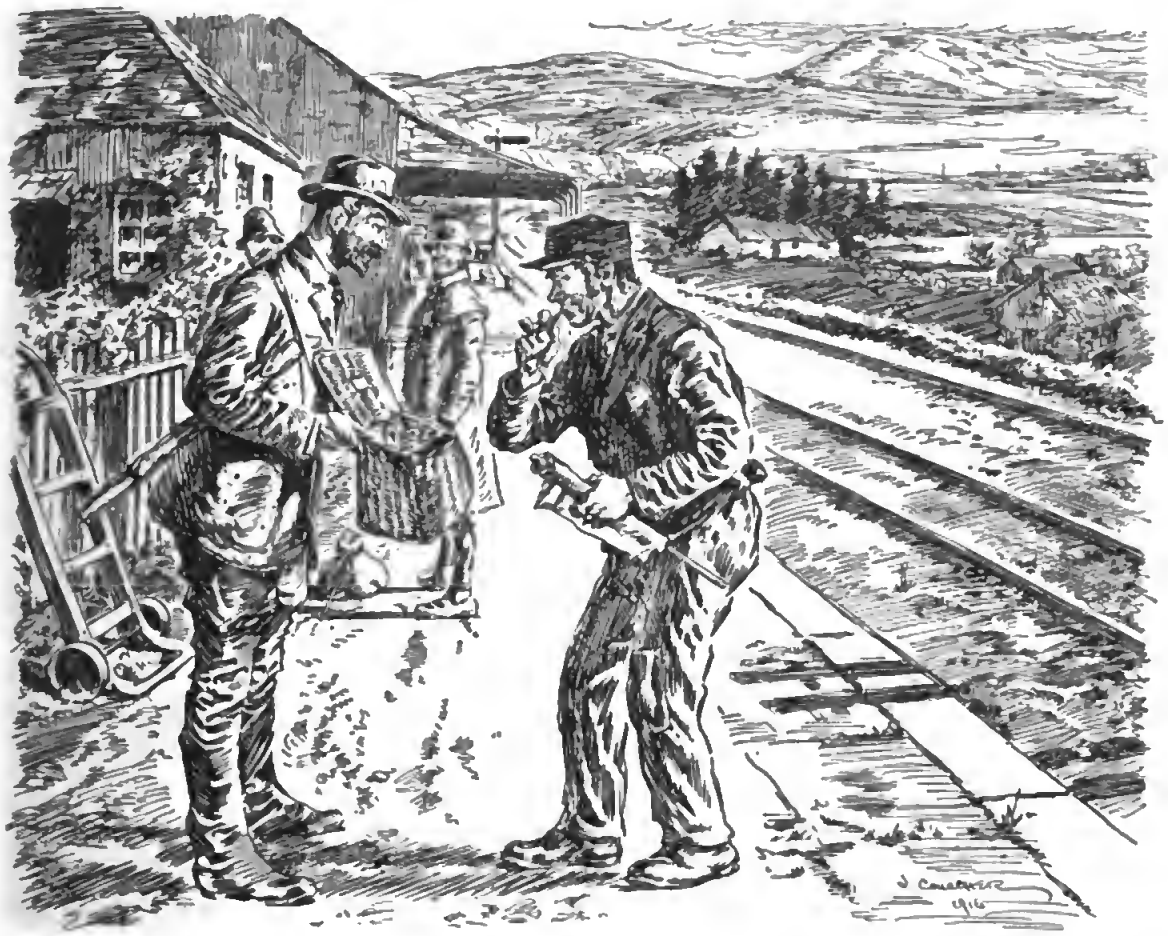
long. The human being irresistibly breaks through, and the spontaneity of the personal relationship is substituted for the stiffness of official intercourse.

Now it is this which constitutes much of the charm and most of the convenience of living in Ireland. You are always dealing with human beings, wayward perhaps and unpredictable, but usually adaptable. Your social situations are pliable. Formalism, red tape, ceremony:—you are not bothered by these things.

But this tapestry has its reverse side. If a man is always ready to do your business for you it means that he is correspondingly ready to neglect that of others, especially his employers. While Central is indulging in some very human and fascinating conversation with her neighbor, or the milkman is posting someone else's letters, you are waiting for your call or your milk as the case may be. Where one is prepared to do everything one is prepared to do nothing in particular. The result is that in Ireland things get done in an "Ah-sure-it'll-do" fashion, and you purchase charm and occasional personal convenience at the cost of slovenliness and general inefficiency.

And there is another disadvantage. The ignoring of the official side of a transaction meant to be official burdens all relationships with the weight of a personal affair. Thus, if Central insists on taking my complaint of poor service as a personal criticism of herself, almost as though I had expressed disapproval of the way she does her hair, I find myself embroiled in acrimonious discussion with a lady whom I have never met, and I become reluctant to make complaints. If both of us were wise enough to maintain the official standing, I might complain as much as I liked and yet not be afraid to meet the lady or her relations.

And so, as I think it over, I am not so ready as I once was to laugh at the American practise, I am no longer quick to see in it an effort to overcome the democratic blur by introducing at any cost distinctions of rank, nor a pathetic attempt, as it were, to discover some democratic equivalents for the titles of nobility. It seems fairer to take it as a comment upon a just conception not only of the necessity for the official consciousness, as making for efficiency and facility of intercourse, but also of the dignity which office may bestow. The office is greater than the man: it has a history and a social and institutional significance wider than that of any individual life. Therefore it can confer on the individual, if he so wishes, a sort of vicarious importance and expand indefinitely his mental horizon.



"This was the moment for the propitiatory offering of the creel of fish"

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1904 *U. S.*—"*He's Good Enough for Me!*"



1916 *T. R.*—"*He's Good Enough for Me!*"

HONESTY AND ONE'S AUDIENCE

BY RENÉ KELLY

SPEAKING of journalism and public speaking, there is an illuminating passage in Julian Street's book, *Abroad at Home*. "I have a friend who is a reformer," writes Mr. Street—and Mr. Street is not a reformer. "His temperate writings, surcharged with sanity and a sense of justice, have reached many persons who could hardly be affected by 'yellow' methods of reform. Becoming deeply interested in his work, he was finally tempted to take the platform. One day, when he had come back from a lecture trip, I chanced to meet him, and was surprised to hear from him that, though he had been successful as a lecturer, he nevertheless intended to abandon that field of work. I asked him why.

"'I'll tell you,' he said. 'At first it was all right. I had certain things to say to people, and I said them. But as I went on, I began to feel my audiences more and more. I began to know how certain things I said would affect them. I began to want to affect them—to play upon them, see them stirred, hear them applaud. So, hardly realizing it at first, I began shifting my speeches, playing up certain points, not so much because these points were the ones which ought to be played up, but because of the pleasure it gave me to work up my audience. Then, one night when I was talking, I realized what was happening to me. *I was losing my intellectual honesty.* Public speaking had been stealing it from me without my knowing it. Then and there I made up my mind to give it up. I'm not going to 'say' it any more; I'm going to write it."

We wonder if this cocksure statement of the case really holds good. Personally, we have met about as many intellectually dishonest writers as intellectually dishonest public speakers. (Sometimes, of course, they're the same politician.) In certain ways it is even harder for a public speaker to leave honesty behind than it would be for a writer; the speaker is constantly under the eye of a more or less critical and appraising crowd, and unless he lies glibly they may be "on." The writer, on the other hand, sits in the *milieu* he has chosen for himself, and, far from the brickbats and rotten eggs of the militant platform, prevaricates as skilfully and as uninterruptedly as in him lies. . . .

After all it isn't very manly for a man to give the crowd as the excuse for his own intellectual dishonesty—however he happened to go wrong in the first place. It is a good deal as if a girl in the red light district laid all the blame on the fact that she was born on the wrong side of Fifth avenue.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA?

BY SAMUEL N. HARPER

Professor Harper, head of the Russian department at Chicago University, and friend of leading Russians of all political groups, is as well equipped as any man in America to report the real situation. He has just returned from Russia and is writing for "Harper's Weekly" a series of articles, of which this is the second

FOR some reason mention of Russia seems always to suggest to the foreigner first of all the word revolution. "Is there going to be a revolution?" friends, learning of my recent return from Russia, hasten to ask. From the very outbreak of the war, in fact several weeks before August 1, 1914, again we were hearing of revolution in Russia. For workmen strikes of considerable proportions, threatening to lead to violence, alleged to be of a political character, were reported from Russia the last weeks of July.

Then came the war. First of all the strike movement ceased. The strikers joined in the patriotic demonstrations which followed the declarations of war. One radical leader tried to explain to me that there was no connection between the calling off of the strike and the outbreak of hostilities. It was at a gathering of radical, socialist leaders that this statement was made. Immediately all the others present protested and said that there was a connection—that the strike was called off because of the war.

But from the moment the war began the American public has been reading of discontent still rampant in Russia; several times we were led to believe that Russia was again on the verge of revolution. As I was journeying toward Russia last October, I read in a German newspaper the report of a large conference in Moscow. The conference had demanded a government enjoying the confidence of the people, and was reported to have used the words "general strike" in a way that seemed to imply a threat to that measure of pressure, if its demand was not granted. I hurried my plans, wishing to get to Petrograd before the strike broke out—I had come all the way from America to Stockholm, and did not wish to be turned back at that point.

On the last stages of my journey through Sweden I was reading the small pamphlet called *Russia's Hour of Destiny*, by Professor Schiemann, which had been widely distributed in America and reprinted in one of our largest newspapers. I was going to Russia to find out what people were doing and saying and thinking; but Professor Schiemann told me: "The same penalty—fine of five thousand rubles or imprisonment for three months—was meted out to those who merely put a question about the events of the war to a wounded soldier, even though he were a relative, or to a hospital nurse or a doctor." It seemed that "in the army an organized propaganda has been at work from the commencement of the war, so that, according to reliable figures compiled by the revolutionary centres, about twenty to twenty-five per cent of the whole army had been won over by last Christmas."

IT LOOKED most discouraging. I had expected to learn something about the war from those who had actually participated; I had thought to see how Russia was waging war; and here I was probably going overe there to get caught in a revolution.

However, I got to Petrograd without any signs of trouble even in the air. I rushed to my friends to get the news, and found that the conference at Moscow had in fact used the words "general strike" in the course of its debates. It had been stated with emphasis that no one would for a moment consider such a step as a general strike, however opposed one might be to the policies of certain authorities.

My friends listened to my other stories—I was able to remember many passages from Schiemann's pamphlet. I had of course been afraid to bring it in, even on my person, in the event of the careful search which I had been told to expect at the frontier.

The more boisterous of my friends at first laughed uproariously over my accounts of what had been taking place in Russia. But they quickly sobered down: "This is not a joke. Is it possible that such things are being reported about us? Is this what the American public is believing about Russia? Go to any hospital and you can talk to soldiers all day if you wish. It cheers them up. And they will all tell you the same thing, that they had no ammunition in the retreat from Warsaw. Of course we are dissatisfied with the way the war problems were handled during the first year. But those responsible for the mistakes have been removed from office. Things still are not going as smoothly as they should. Some more mistakes are being made. The Duma was sent down; the delegation from Moscow was not received. But all this does not interfere with our work, does not distract us from our immediate task. We are fighting Germany first of all, and are organizing, but for victory; for no one would think of pulling off a revolution now even if it were possible. Why, that would help Germany as much as a separate peace. And she has no chance of getting either the one or the other from us."

THIS last formula stood the test of many inquiries. It was the slogan of the leaders, and also the view accepted by the "conscious" workmen and peasants. All these understood the situation. But Russia still has a large group of what are expressively termed the "gray masses." Did these realize why they must bear the burden without protest? For it was clear that the burden of the war could be made lighter by a wiser policy of internal administration.

There was no anxiety about the peasant villages. It seemed very evident that the peasants had come to understand the meaning of the war. Moreover, the villages were enjoying prosperity as compared with pre-war conditions. But to the Russian leaders there appeared to be an element of danger in the workman situation. The workman organization had been restricted—the authorities insisted on suspecting them. The workmen felt resentment at this distrust, and they felt the economic pressure more severely because of absence of organization. The more hotheaded might perhaps be urging action. The leaders were not allowed free access to the workmen, to explain matters to them. The sit-

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uation might develop into something serious; it might be well to take precautions.

So thought the exiled leaders in Paris. Perhaps they had been misled by German versions and thought the danger imminent. They issued a proclamation, which was published in all the leading newspapers of Russia, and in the cheaper sheets which reached the workman class. This appeal, signed by several of Russia's recognized socialist leaders, made the following statements:

"Any agitation in the rear of the army while it is fighting would amount to treason, as it would be a service to the foreign enemy. . . . The part must give way to the whole. The workmen of any given factory must remember that they would be making, beyond any doubt, the gravest of mistakes, if seeing only their own interests, they should forget how cruelly the interests of the entire Russian proletariat and of the laboring peasantry would suffer from a German victory. . . . You must insist that all your representatives participate actively in all institutions, which are now being created under the pressure of public opinion, for the struggle against the foreign enemy. . . . The situation is such that we cannot attain freedom except by the road of national defense."

This appeal reached the workmen; the leaders in Russia accepted and supported it. I met and talked with a group of these leaders; I had known them during previous visits to Russia, and they readily agreed to discuss the situation with me. There were some who at the beginning of the war would have welcomed a defeat of the Russian arms. As our session was a long one, each was able to develop his point of view. Several traced the history of their attitude through the whole course of the war, noting distinct periods. Some admitted frankly that it had taken some time for them to become convinced of the national character of the war. But they had seen "German Social-Democracy betray Internationalism." As they talked to me that night, they certainly were Russian patriots, and a proclamation which they issued later proved this fact. There was still much of the doctrinaire in their views. "Democracy" still had its quarrel with the *bourgeoisie*, and the *bourgeoisie* was afraid of "democracy" and continued to organize to defend itself. But I came away from the gathering convinced that the revolution was not coming off so long as Russia was at war.

I amused these radical leaders with citations from Schiemann. "But you helped in the organization of the Moscow disorders of last May," I flung at them.

"We know Schiemann and his associations. Why, the Moscow disorders were pure provocation. The police could have stopped them with the fire-hose; they telephoned their friends and warned them that they were listed to be looted."

IN SEPTEMBER the Duma tried to put itself at the head of the new movement to mobilize all the forces of the country. It wished to direct the fresh outburst of patriotic enthusiasm which came in August. It was the moment of military reverses, but patriotism had reached the highest point since the outbreak of the war. The members of the Duma were striving for a more unified action, and drew up a program of measures working to this end. They also demanded a government enjoying the confidence of the country. This program was interpreted as an attempt to secure for themselves political power, and the Duma was dissolved. The deputies returned to the organizations in which they had been working, and continued in the conferences recently appointed as advisory to the heads of the various departments of the administration. They attended the meetings of their own budget committee, which was examining the estimates for the coming year. They thus disproved the charge preferred against them. If the other side wished "to play politics in time of war," they would not accept the challenge. "We must work to support the army," was their answer.

The dissolution of the Duma naturally somewhat discouraged the workers, but did not stop their work. It was feared that some might not sense clearly the situation, and might consider other steps, to push through what the Duma had failed to secure. One of the Duma leaders decided to make a public statement to guard against any possible misunderstanding. He spoke on his own responsibility, as an individual, sending a *signed* article to a newspaper for which he frequently wrote. I wish to quote the more important passages of this article:

"You are racing down a steep and narrow road in an automobile; one false move and you are lost with no hope of recovery. In the automobile are people very dear to you, your own mother. And suddenly you see that your chauffeur is unable to steer. . . . Fortunately there are people in the car who know how to drive; they should take the wheel. But it is a difficult and dangerous task to change seats when driving at full speed; if the wheel is released for a second, the car will go over the cliff. . . . But the chauffeur refuses to give up his seat. .

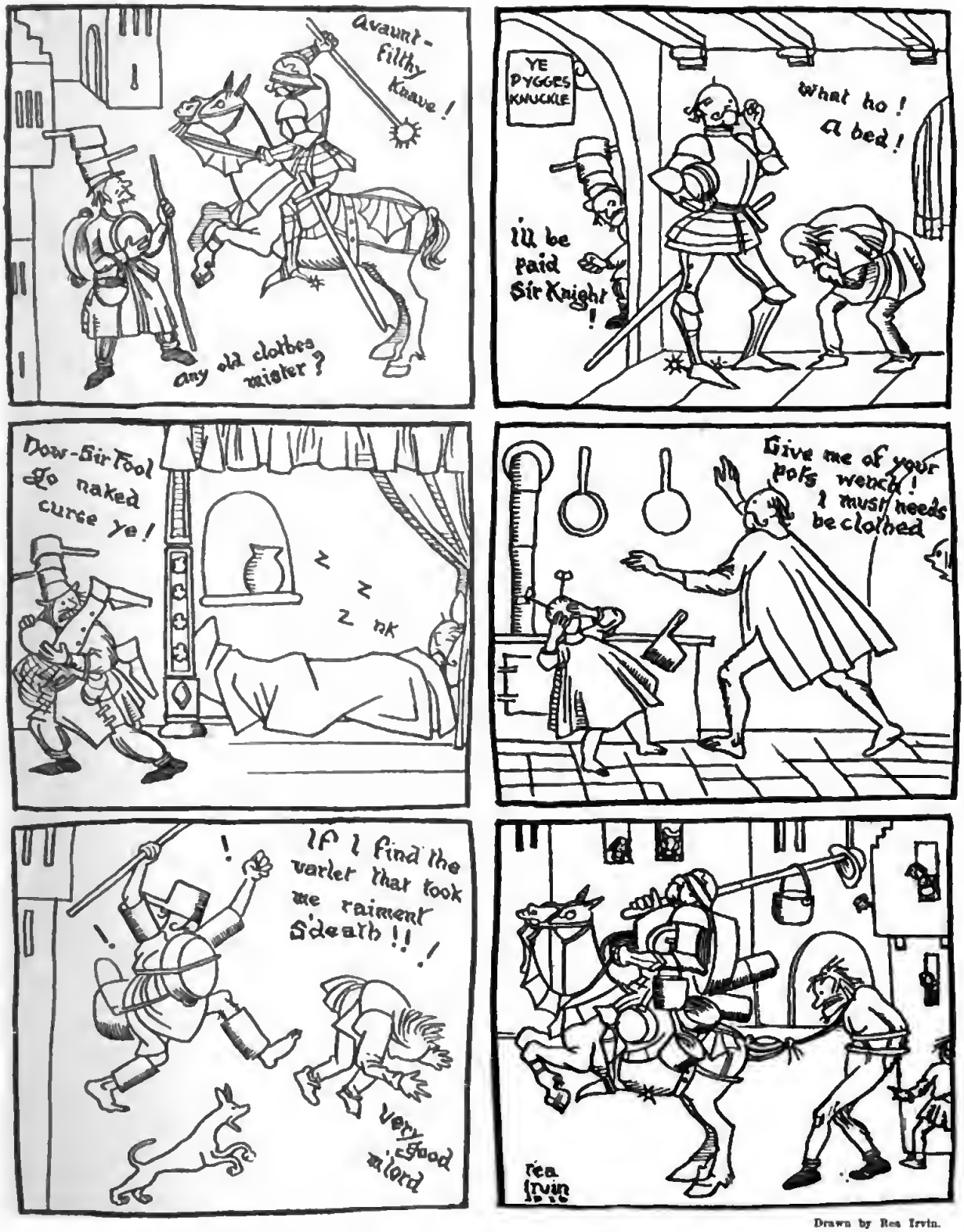
"Are you to use force to make him give up the wheel? That might be done in a quiet-going cart, or under normal conditions, when one is going slowly on a level road. But can you do this when driving down a steep mountain road? However strong and skilful you may be, the wheel is actually in *his* hands, *he* is guiding the machine at this particular moment, and a single false turn or an awkward movement of that hand, and the machine is out of control. . . .

"So you retain yourself. . . . You will let the chauffeur keep the wheel. More than that, you will try not to interfere with him, you will try even to help him, with advice, suggestions, acts. You will thus be doing the right thing—that is what must be done. But what will you pass through as you think that perhaps your self-restraint will after all lead to nothing, that even with your assistance the chauffeur will not bring the car through safely? What will you experience if your mother, seeing the danger, begs you to do something, and not understanding the situation, accuses you of inaction and indifference?"

This article appeared early in October. Many did not share the writer's pessimism; they felt sure that they would come through safely. But all accepted the line indicated and went on with their work for the army. For Russia is fighting the Germans, the "stubborn enemy," as the official proclamations and public resolutions phrase it. This is the immediate task. Any step tending to weaken the country would be treasonable. This is the clear thought of all the leaders, liberal, radical and socialist. This is the instinct of the whole country:

"Of course Germany would like to have a revolution break out in Russia. But she will not see it, just as she will not get peace from us."

The next article in Mr. Harper's series will appear in the issue of February 19th



Drawn by Rea Irvin.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

The adventure of Sir Ronald Chesty and the Old-Clothes Man

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HITS ON THE STAGE



"THE CINDERELLA MAN"

THAT young man who lives in the attic and writes poetry has a busy time of it. For the last few years, while the drama has been wrestling with prostitution and the tariff, he has been living in comparative retirement. But every now and then, like a celebrated pugilist or a notorious politician, he comes forth from his hiding place to appease the clamoring public. His latest appearance is in a play at the Hudson Theatre. In it he is given a brand new sobriquet: "The Cinderella Man."

In each of these public appearances the young poet has fallen in love with a young lady. Usually she lives next door. Invariably she is a millionaire's daughter. Sometimes this latter fact is confided to the audience, and kept secret from the poet; sometimes—when the young lady lacks winsomeness—the poet is necessarily let in on the secret.

The Cinderella Man violates none of the principles of attic comedy. The hero is Anthony Quintard, inhabitant of dreary, unheated garret. Like most stage poets, he gnaws pencils in an effort to simultaneously rhyme and keep warm. Like most real poets, he makes his living by selling clothes that he bought before taking up poetry as a vocation. He is a very charming young man, even though he does refer to his "moments of inspiration." Poets who talk of their "inspiration" never squeeze a limerick into the ad. section,—let alone win a ten thousand dollar prize, as this fellow ultimately does.

Meanwhile, in the big house next door lives the millionaire's daughter. Her father is unkind to her; her mother is dead; she has no pets. What is she to do? Obvious! Crawl across the roof and visit the thoroughly chilled poet. And so the story runs—through several roof-climbing episodes—until the poet realizes his absent-mindedness, and asks her to marry him. It is only then that he discovers her fortune. He is grieved, but decides to make the best of it. From several exhibited samples of his verse-making, the fortune will come in handy.

Trite as it all sounds, it makes a very charming play. Critics say that we like familiar old plots, and this is one of the oldest. Furthermore, Mr. Edward Carpenter has written a clean comedy with whimsical lines. Mr. Shelly Hull and Miss Phoebe Foster help, too: the former as a human, attractive poet, the latter as a first-rate millionairess.

"JUST A WOMAN"

ON THE same night that the Cinderella Man first saw the millionaire's daughter come creeping across his roof, the Messrs. Shubert produced *Just a Woman*, a new play by Eugene Walter. First-nighters who vacillated between the two openings were facing a real choice. *The Cinderella Man* is roughly indicative of the tendency of the present season, away from the play with the "punch." *Just a Woman* is of the punch, punchy.

In a play of this type the author builds for a single crisis, in which he can deliver a smashing surprise. *Within the Law* is still making money, largely because a searchlight flashes through the window on a murdered man, in the moment of keenest excitement. Mr. Walter works for an hour and a half to get his audience prepared for an unprepared-for shock. It comes in a courtroom scene, in which a wife is being sued for divorce by her husband. To obtain the custody of their son, the husband has tricked up the evidence against his wife. She refuses to take the stand in her own behalf. The judge tells her that she is facing the loss of her child. At that, the wife rushes frantically to the witness chair. The audience sees no way for her to turn the tide. Enter the punch: the wife admits the charges against her, declares that her husband is not the child's father,—and so forces him to confess that the evidence is dishonest. Curtain. Nothing left for the author but a send-'em-home-happy epilogue. Two years ago such a punch would have made any play a success. While other factors enter in, the fate of *Just a Woman* will serve as a theatrical weather-vane. In a broad way it will tell whether the punch is still the thing.

The part of the wife is played by Miss Josephine Victor. Miss Victor is a splendid actress. In *Kick-In* and *The Bargain* she did excellent work. In *Just a Woman* she overacts consistently. She casts her eyes aloft when the child cries or the father takes a drink. She plays the crisis with a resonant boom that fills the gallery. It is rather unfair to criticize her for her work on the first night of her first big part. But her overacting points to the chief blemish of the play: the fact that it demands overacting. If Miss Victor tones down her work, she will gain in artistry, but spoil the play. If she keeps up her overacting, she is apt to get many chances to spoil her art—provided the weather-vane still points toward the punch.

LEADING LADIES OF THE SEASON





The lady at the left is Miss Eleanor Painter, whose charm, plus Victor Herbert's music, has made "Princess Pat" such a favorite. In the circle above is Miss Marie Doro, who has given up drama for the movies. And on the right is Miss Jane Cowl, who has also given up drama and is appearing in "Common Clay"

Photo of Miss Painter by Hill; Miss Doro by Mishkin, Miss Walton by Atwell; others by White





Miss Florence Walton dances the leading rôle in "Fully That," a new musical comedy by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse



Mlle. Gaby Deslys is now appearing in "Stop! Look! Listen!", after a long silence broken only by a few perfume indorsements

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PREPAREDNESS IN POLO

BY HERBERT REED

AT MOST of the polo clubs—and few of these go in for the preliminary, and very valuable, season indoors—the game is very largely self-taught. There is of course a polo manager at hand, who sees that the games are properly handled, and who takes care that the ethics of horsemanship and of actual play are not violated; who guards against carelessness, and perhaps does a bit of coaching. But for the most part the team captain is relied upon for the greater part of the coaching, and this is no light burden on any player. Meadow Brook has attained its international form under the watchful eye and sharp instruction of Harry Payne Whitney. There are, however, few first-class teachers available, and perhaps none other who can enforce discipline in a club team as Whitney does it.

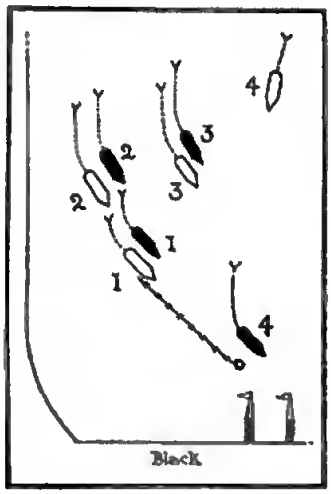


FIG. 1—Second play after throw-in. (Problem for Black No. 4)

West Point's discipline is ready-made, and that is a tremendous advantage. The discipline extends by common consent to the officers as well as the cadets, and the result is that when the team is summoned to practise at three o'clock the team is there at three o'clock, and not even one minute after three. The time for riding and the time for polo is as carefully mapped out as in the case of football, and at West Point time is the essence of the problem no matter what the sport.

Now those in charge of the game at the United States Military Academy teach the game by word of mouth, by example, and by the chart system, the only sequence polo chart system of which I have ever heard. Polo, in the big riding hall, and later in the open, on the bank of the Hudson, is strictly a "talking game." The talking is done in action and also in the study. The aim of this system is to teach instant decision and cultivate the ability to think, while at gallop, at least two plays ahead. To make this instant decision, and to think two plays ahead means that the player must have in his mind as clearly as a picture the situation of the ball and all the players with reference to the goal and the side boards and must change these pictures like the films in the "movies" and at the same pace. This he can hardly do until he is familiar with all the possible and a few of the impossible situations in the game—and their name is legion.

There is such a thing as orthodox polo. W. Cameron Forbes's privately circulated and invaluable little book entitled "As to Polo" is proof of that. It was Mr. Forbes, I believe, who was the first to realize the value of diagramming the important plays. International teams, indeed, highly successful teams, like Meadow Brook, Cooperstown, and Midwick, of California, frequently score by playing unorthodox polo. This, however, they could not do were they not so familiar with the orthodox game that they could almost play it in their sleep. It is the ambition of the West Pointers to go even farther, and to work out both orthodox and unorthodox polo in so orderly and correct a manner that both can be run by signals. Because of the discipline and the habit of quick thinking, the Army officers at West Point have already been able to test the signal system in action, and because of the faith of the entire team in the brilliant brain of Hugh Drury, the Midwick four that swept everything before it in the recent Exposition tournament at San Francisco, San Mateo and Burlingame has been able to make the signal system work to perfection. It has yet to be a factor in one of the international matches, but that is certain to come in the not too distant future, when the rest of the world ceases warring and gets back to the game of games again.

All of which simply emphasizes the teaching of the game by diagram. Mr. Forbes's diagrams are of detached plays, and it has remained for Captain Lindsey to use diagrams of plays in their probable sequence. Each play is a problem, in that the following situation is its solution. Not by any means the sole solution, but in every case a sound solution. The diagrams accompanying this article are from Captain Lindsey's collection for use in instructing the cadets. It will be noted that throughout the series of five plays the men are never in the orthodox positions. To be orthodox the men would be paired throughout the play as follows: White No. 1 vs. Black No. 4, White No. 2 vs. Black No. 3, White No. 3 vs. Black No. 2, and White No. 4 vs Black No. 1. It has happened in this series of plays, however, that from the throw-in the ball has been carried out by White in such a way that it has been necessary for certain of the Black team to change places, and to maintain the change in positions until the actual stroke for goal. Thus every flashing play picture in the mind of Black No. 4, who does the heavy execution in this series, shows both friend and foe out of the orthodox position. The series of problems is mainly the concern of this No. 4, simply because he is on the ball most of the time, but it is none the less of vital importance to all the other players.

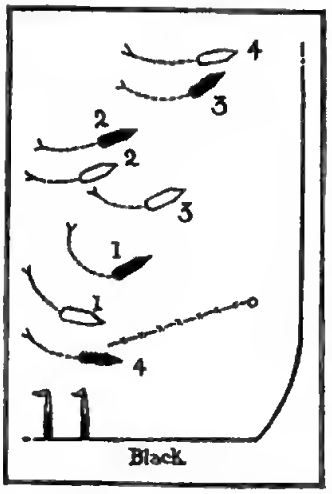


FIG. 2—Play in front of goal. (Team problem and solution of Fig. 1. Black No. 4 on ball)

Let us begin with the situation on the second play after the throw-in. The diagram, Fig. 1, shows that White obtained possession of the ball, that it was fed up to No. 1, who has just made an oblique shot for

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goal, and that the Ones, Twos and Threes of the two teams are paired in the business of following the ball and riding off, while both the backs are free and clear. Here, then, is a problem for Black No. 4, and a pressing problem at that. "What do you do? Quick; what do you do?" is the question the instructor puts to his No. 4.

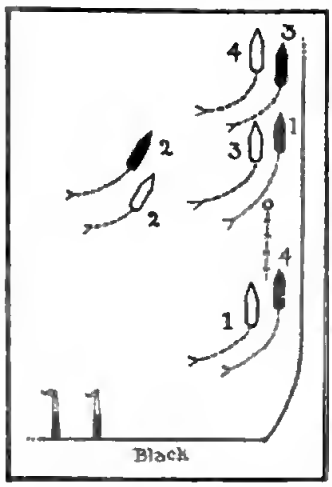


FIG. 3—Playing along the boards. (Team problem and solution of Fig. 2. Black No. 4 on ball)

Now if this man is not looking ahead he will probably say: "I back it out," which he could easily do, and thus relieve himself for the moment from further responsibility. But if he did back it out there is a fair chance that it would be picked up at once by one of the White team. Even if it went to one of the Black team that player, already hard pressed, would have to make another awkward back-hand stroke—a purely defensive stroke—or would have to do a lot of turning to get on the ball. But as it turns out, Black No. 4 decides with a single stroke not only to save the goal but also to assume the offensive for a raid into White territory. Right here a signal would come in handy, but if the Black forwards have worked out the problem correctly they will know what their back is going to do instantly, and will act accordingly.

This brings us to the situation as disclosed in Fig. 2. The Black back has swerved sharply and with a forehand stroke has played the ball across the field in the direction of the side board, in preparation for a run up the board—usually a fruitful form of attack. His forwards have swung over ahead of the ball, and it is evident from the situation that at least two of them will get inside their opponents. His No. 2 turns sharply and heads down the field, for he is thinking two plays or more ahead, and knows that he must be out there to take the ball for a scoring stroke when the time comes for back to feed it to him. As shown in the diagram, all the men have solved their problem correctly. It is unfortunate for Black No. 2 that, as shown in Fig 3, White No. 2 is inside of his position, but that cannot be helped. He is right where his back wants him, or will want him a little later. Black No. 4 is still on the ball and in command of the situation, and his forwards are well placed. Obviously the play for No. 4 is a short stroke along the board, taking care not to make a full shot lest White No. 1 reach out, hook his mallet, and spoil everything.

In the diagram, Fig. 4, the situation has warmed up considerably. All the players are now neatly paired, and there are four separate horse races down the field. Black No. 4, however, is still in command of the ball. A novice in his position might think that it was time to get the ball out into the open, giving No. 2 a chance for a run down the field. But Black No. 2 is hard pressed by White No. 2, and as the other two Black forwards are crowded in close to the board they would be unable to help their No. 2, while a play into the open would instantly release White No. 3 and send him scurrying after the ball. As White No. 2 has the whiphand over Black No. 2, he would ride him off and let his No. 3 take the ball, and the plan of attack would be checked. Therefore the Black back continues his safe downfield play and strokes the ball into attacking territory and within two strokes of the opponents' goal.

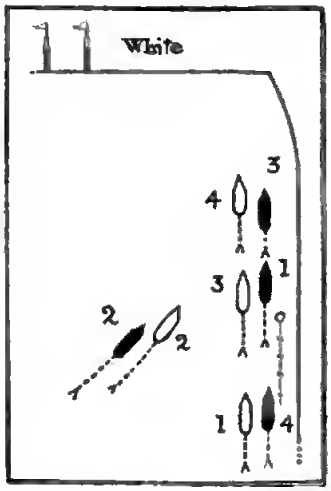


FIG. 4—The run into opponents' territory. (Team problem and solution of Fig. 3. Black No. 4 on ball)

This develops the interesting situation shown in the diagram, Fig. 5. Black back is still working out his problem with the aid of his forwards, who have made no mistakes so far. He is still in command of the ball and the crucial moment has arrived. He will hardly carry the ball farther along the board, for the simple reason that he is rapidly approaching the dead territory expressed by the curve in the side line. If he can get the ball out to his No. 2, that player will have a single shot for the goal. The White defense realizing the peril at once, No. 3 and No. 4 swing sharply in, away from their opponents in order if possible to snatch the pass from Black No. 4, and in any case to back the ball out of the mouth of the goal. The Black No. 1 sticks to his man, riding him hard and attempts to get out into the open in case his No. 2 by any chance misses, but in any event to keep his White opponent off the ball. All that Black No. 3 can do is to give a final hard bump to White No. 4, so that he will be in no shape to make the difficult back-hand stroke, should he manage to get between the ball and the goal.

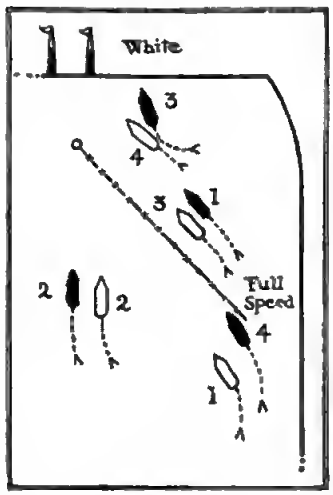
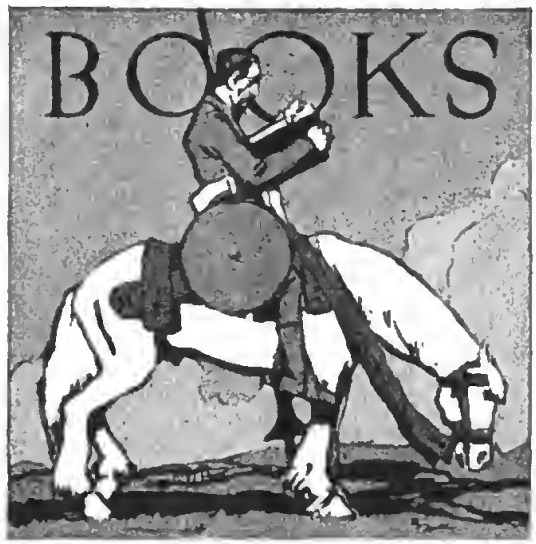


FIG. 5—Pass to No. 2 for scoring stroke. (Team problem and solution of Fig. 4. Black No. 4 on ball. Black No. 3 bumps White No. 4 before turning)

The Black back now makes his stroke, a long shot diagonally across the field. He must be sure to hit hard enough so that the ball will clear White No. 2. After that it is all up to the good right wrist of Black No. 2, who has a single and not too difficult a shot for goal. These five situations will serve, I think, as illuminating examples of the methods of the West Pointers in working out the game.

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MUCH of our critical biography is written at the wrong time. While an author is living he is usually allotted only the superficial "book review." After he is dead the criticisms that might have helped him are lavished on his survivors. Thus Miss Amy Lowell's *Six French Poets* must be recognized as more than a casual post-mortem, since five of her six poets still have careers before them.

It is not that an author's work is improved because he reads a criticism of his poems in a book. It is rather that a book of criticism brings new audiences, and thereby new and broader efforts. If Miss Lowell's book brings any of her French writers an American coterie, it is of real importance—quite aside from the soundness of its criticism. *Six French Poets* ought not to appeal solely to the highbrow; it should be read by the man who never dreamed there *were* six French poets.

Miss Lowell's group includes Verhaeren, Samain, de Gourmont, Jammes, de Régnier, and Fort. "Instead of first giving a biographical account of the man," she says, "and then a critical survey of his work, I have followed his career as he lived it, and taken the volumes in the order in which they were written. I have tried to give the reader the effect of having known the man and read his books as they were published." Miss Lowell achieves her aim. She writes interestingly and with insight. She is quite free from the usual thing: "There died, last year, in France, at the age of eighty-seven, a distinguished . . ." Her book would be enjoyed by the lowbrow, even with its lack of plot—if he could get beyond the austere title.

One more point: Being a poet herself, Miss Lowell has the good sense to realize that poetic translations are frequently inadequate. She leaves her quotations in the original French verse, and puts prose translations in the appendix. It is better to guess at an occasional very French word than it is to see *étoile* made "moon," for the sake of the rhyme.

THE short, light essay is so difficult a proposition that it is very generally avoided. It is, then, particularly pleasant to find this literary form so well handled as it is in *Journeys to Bagdad*, by Charles S. Brooks. The spirit of the book is caught in some very charming woodcuts by Lewis Allen.

Mr. Brooks writes on whimsical topics without becoming obvious. He unriddles the decline of the nightcap. He lampoons "hard-headed" consistency. He holds a brief for the red shirt. Not only does he make such topics take on a charming color; he makes nightcaps and red shirts seem vitally important subjects. To spin philosophy out of trivialities shows the craftmanship of the real essayist.

TO THE lonely little organist in a country church, who is desperately eager to continue her interrupted studies: to the Philistine who cannot distinguish between a fugue and a symphony when he meets them in print: and to the many of us who "don't know much about music but know what we like" —Mr. Elson's *Book of Musical Knowledge* comes as a boon. Easily accessible through a complete index are a history of music, biographies of great musicians, explanations of musical form, musical instruments, and of minor interesting themes—such as orchestration, conducting, acoustics, —and for the benefit of the student, the outline of a course of study with references. The historical chapters do not stop abruptly with the close of the nineteenth century on the ancient theory that no one can be famous until after death. The most alive of living composers,—the most startling of modern symphonies, are mentioned.

The chief merit of the book, apart from Mr. Elson's easy, anecdotal style, is its thoroughness. It is that rare paradox,—a readable reference volume.

IN *THE WAY OF MARTHA AND MARY* Mr. Stephen Graham seeks to convince us, in words of singular beauty, that Russia—Holy Russia—has upon her shoulders the mission of impregnating the world with the spirit of Christian orthodoxy—which is the spirit of the Greek Church—ikons, towers, Byzantine frescos and all. He burns many beautiful candles at the shrine of this mystic orthodoxy, and tells us that it represents the way of Mary—that sister of Lazarus who let her emotion override her reason, to the breaking of the jar of alabaster. He has but scant patience for the western world, which he rigidly classifies as Martha, the other sister, "busying herself with a thousand things"—social reform, the elimination of poverty, internationalism, the overcoming of "muddle-headedness." Our author is the true poet looking through his mystical, luminous glasses at the wretchedness, dirt, faith, ecstacy, despair of Russia and the East and gaining an intense personal elation.

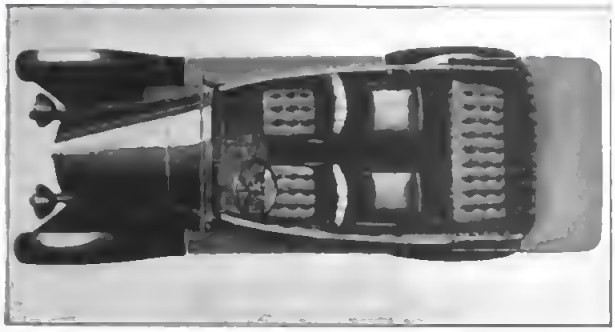
IN THE titular essay of his book, *The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent*, Mr. John Erskine pleads for a more thoughtful morality than the "inexpert virtue" with which our Anglo-Saxon race has so long been satisfied. The proneness of the race for custom rather than self-direction is illustrated by a survey of its literature. In Shakespeare intelligence and goodness seem forever at war. "To be intelligent as Richard or Iago or Edmund seems to involve some break with goodness."

The volume contains three other essays, including an illuminating one of the much abused subject of "The Mind of Shakespeare." All of them are interesting and really stimulating.

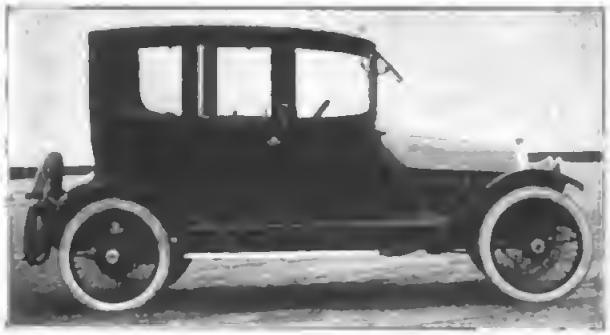
BOOKS REVIEWED

SIX FRENCH POETS *By Amy Lowell*
The Macmillan Co., New York $2.50
JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD *By Charles S. Brooks*
Yale University Press, New Haven $1.50
THE BOOK OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE *By Arthur Elson*
Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston $3.50
THE WAY OF MARTHA AND MARY *By Stephen Graham*
The Macmillan Co., New York $2.00
THE MORAL OBLIGATION TO BE INTELLIGENT *By John Erskine*
Duffield & Co., New York $1.00

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Birdseye view of the Jeffery touring car, showing the front and rear seat arrangements



The Oldsmobile for southern use has wire wheels, carrying extra wide tires for soft roads

EVERYBODY'S MOTOR-CYCLE

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

The motor department of *Harper's Weekly* is conducted for you. If you have any questions regarding cars, accessories or their makers, Mr. Hilder will gladly answer them for you.

IT IS doubtful whether any of the letters in our prize contest—and by the way, if you haven't yet entered the contest, read about it overleaf—it is doubtful whether any of the letters will contain the description of a machine in any way resembling the quaint production pictured below. And yet, curious as it may seem at first sight, this machine appears to be destined to play a large part in the motor world. It is going to join the army.

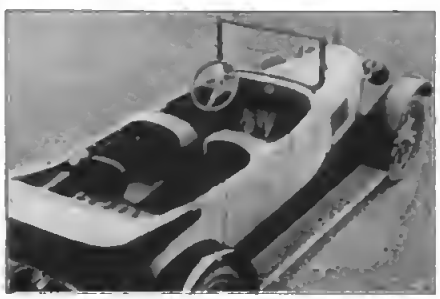
This machine, the Mon-Auto, by name, is the invention of a consulting engineer who realized some time ago that ordinary motor-cycles make heavy road-bedfellows when they fall on you, besides being a wee bit intricate and expensive. His problem was to evolve a motor-cycle that would be light, reasonable in price, and simple in mechanism. In which generous plan he has been surprisingly successful.

For the Mon-Auto weighs but forty-five pounds, costs but $100 and is controlled entirely by a movement of the handle-bar. To go fast, you push the handle-bar forward; to slow up and stop, you pull it backward. It works the throttle, the spark and the brake—and, unless I am mistaken, it works the clutch too. You also steer the Mon-Auto with the handle-bar. In fact the only thing you can't do with this versatile limb is to crank the engine. That is done by means of a separate lever.

Twenty-five miles an hour is approximately the top speed—and seventy-five miles to a gallon of gasoline, an impressive figure, this last, in view of that fluid's recent aerial flights.

At the risk of being accused of having a financial interest in the Mon-Auto (which, unfortunately, I have not), I can't help saying that the little machine should prove popular, not only with people who can't afford a higher priced machine, but with those who already own full-blown motor cars. Every yacht has its tender. Why should not every large car have its Mon-Auto—strapped on somewhere—so that, in case of mishap, the chauffeur could race on it for assistance?

As to its going into the Army: that is practically a *fait complet*, the Mon-Auto having recently gone through some rigorous tests under the direction of Captain Frank E. Evans, M. C., and under the load of one Private Davis.



The Lexington-Howard's roomy tonneau



The Mon-Auto, a 45 lb. motor-cycle with a speed of 25 m. p. h. and a price of $100



Part of the Mon-Auto's military test—its use as a rifle rest for scouts

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Describe Your Ideal Car and Win a Prize

Harper's Weekly offers prizes for the four most practical letters on the subject: "My Ideal Car." This contest is open to all people interested in motoring, whether they own cars or not. The letters will be judged according to the value of the ideas they present.

All letters must be in this office on or before February 15. Winning letters will be published in March. No letter must exceed 500 words in length.

The prizes will be $15, $10, One year's subscription, and Six months' subscription.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO THE MOTOR EDITOR, HARPER'S WEEKLY, NEW YORK



Six-44, Seven Passenger

TRAVEL-BOOK TALK

BY WARREN BARTON BLAKE

AN EX-MINISTER to the Argentine, who as a Yale undergraduate held the record in the 100-yard dash and also the 220, has drawn from some seventy sets of French memoirs and travel books the wherewithal to fill a volume that he calls *French Memories of Eighteenth Century America**. "Perhaps no period of any nation's history has been so completely described by the people of a foreign land," writes Mr. Sherrill. "Certainly no such narrative has even been penned in so friendly a spirit." True, not all of our early visitors from France were so infatuated with our institutions that they married an American wife whose first name was Mehitable, and settled down on an American farm—like Saint-John de Crèvecœur, whose *Letters from an American Farmer* is perhaps the most delightful of the books drawn upon by Mr. Sherrill in making up his collection of "French Memories." Yet it is a striking fact that our French visitors of the eighteenth century were also uniformly sympathetic: whether they came to us as allies in our Revolutionary War (like Lafayette and Rochambeau and De Grasse and Custine), or as mere diplomatists, *émigrés*, inquisitive men of letters, and publicists. Frenchmen visiting our somewhat raw young republic did not expect to find a Riverside Drive beside the Hudson in 1800—with a statue of Jeanne d'Arc to ornament it; they didn't expect to find a Metropolitan Opera House in the wilderness. Therefore, being men of some discrimination and large good will, they felicitated us warmly upon such good things as we really did have—and we made them our friends.

In one sense, it is a matter of very small importance what kind of books our eighteenth century and early nineteenth century visitors wrote about us; but at the time it seemed not a little important. Almost uniformly the British travelers ran us down; and there were many of them. In those days we were even more self-conscious, nationally, than somewhat later; we smiled delight-

* *French Memories of Eighteenth Century America*. By Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

edly when complimented; we winced with positive pain when scolded or belittled. The Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the attitude of Great Britain during our Civil War, the influence of Irish immigrants and, later on, of German immigrants: all these were forces tending to erect a barrier of sentiment between the United States and the Mother Country—the country whose language was and is ours, and whose political traditions are in great part ours. And yet it would be no exaggeration to say that the rancor created by the writings of early British visitors to America counted almost as much in exasperating the United States and Great Britain, in things of the spirit, as did these far more serious influences.

A hundred years have passed since Timothy Dwight, the nimble President of Yale College who traveled so many thousand miles on horseback and traversed so many pages with a lively pen, published anonymously his *Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters in the Quarterly Review, Addressed to the Rt. Hon. George Canning.* Dwight's reply to "Inchiquin," who was, in fact, the poet Robert Southey, was more than a fair-minded but vigorous defense of the country that had been hospitable to so many churlish British scribblers: it was, too, a smashing counter-attack upon the English travel-writers and the Scottish reviewers. The closing paragraphs of the book betray something of the true reason for American soreness: the fact that Americans did so much care what Englishmen thought of the ex-colony. "Nor is this insolence exhibited to *us* only," wrote Dwight. "Frenchmen, known to possess scarcely a twentieth part of your honesty, and inferiour to you in every other respectable attribute, beside civility, will secure many friends, where you only make enemies."

It has been a characteristic trait of Americans not to appreciate France—though today we are revising our opinions. And in one respect at least it may be possible for us to profit by our re-reading of the old travel books. We may learn a lesson in tact for our own writings about Latin America. Scorn for national differences and contempt for provincialisms is after all a silly sort of garniture for any man of letters to make use of in his confections. When we go abroad, be it to warring Europe or peaceful South America, we cannot do better than emulate the French in mixing sympathy with our facts.



Operator Installer Lineman Clerk

The Picked Army of the Telephone

The whole telephone-using public is interested in the army of telephone employees—what kind of people are they, how are they selected and trained, how are they housed and equipped, and are they well paid and loyal.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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That's the chief reason for Puffed Wheat. Prof. Anderson's process explodes every food cell. Every atom of every element is made available as food.

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Tell your grocer now to send the 1916 style.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1160)

THE WAR MEDAL

BY M. C. AYMAR

PIERRE had always been left in Bonmama's charge because his own mother had been obliged to go back again to her work very soon after his birth. And Pierre had needed care, that was certain, for he was a poor little specimen of humanity when he first made his appearance in this world. But Bonmama was well able to give it, for she herself was still vigorous and well, even if she was a grandmother. Being a woman who did nothing by halves, she gave him the whole of her time and strength.

Her daughter explained to strangers, with tearful eyes and expressive hands, that "Bonmama est simple comme en enfant."

And fortunate it was for the little children thereabout that she was as one of them, for as a caretaker and playmate Granny could not be excelled. How her mind had become "simple" would be a story in itself, but it is enough here to say that during the Franco-Prussian war her young husband had been so cruelly wounded that she had lost her reason from the horrors of that time. After his death her life went on with its accustomed duties, which she was always able to perform, for it was only on the subject of war that she became unduly excited. And now the coming of this small Pierre had made her so happy and content that she seemed almost like other people once more. Oh, the hours she spent nursing that sickly boy in his babyhood. Scorching summers, when she rocked him back and forth—sleepless that he might sleep; bitter winter nights, when to walk the cold floor was the only means to keep him from crying. His teeth came even more painfully than most infants, but his wailings, which left his mother cross, found her still calm and comforting.

After babyhood came the schoolday trials when the other boys teased him just because of his attractiveness. But he was a brave little chap and did not mind their taunts so much as the fact that he could not always join in their rougher play.

His greatest joy were the very rare occasions when he saw grandfather's war medal, given just before he died, for bravery in action. It was only when Granny was absent that his mother dared bring out that

treasure, for no one ever ventured to mention this subject to her. Only to see it made his eyes glisten, to touch it made him tremble, but ah, if he could only wear it just once; that, he felt, would make his heart stand still.

Well, time went on, as it has a habit of doing, and before Granny could believe it her baby was almost a man. Then the blow fell. Belgium was taken and France was at war once more. And though only just eighteen of course the boy wanted to go—must go; but how break this news to Bonmama and not have her lose her mind entirely. The family were indeed afraid. They said nothing when she was near, and strangely she asked no questions about the tumult round them; for what mattered others' excitement or anxiety so long as her Pierre was at home safe and sound.

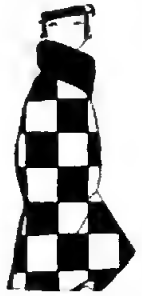
But the day was almost at hand when Pierre would have to leave for the front. Granny watched her daughter absently as she saw her trying to hide the tears, but the old woman thought it was because the newly married granddaughter was soon to be confined. She saw the preparations for this event and heard them talk of the wonders chloroform would do to help her through the ordeal more comfortably.

"But one must take care," the nurse said, who was explaining its use to these "innocents." "A little whiff too much and *voilà*, you are no more. So you see it is only I who can administer it."

This was at their remonstrance at having a nurse at all for so ordinary an occasion—but la, la, these young people of today they are so fearfully modern, they must have the latest improvements in everything. The night before Pierre was to leave, Bonmama dreamed of his baby days—that he was in trouble and needed her. It was so vivid that she got up and went noiselessly to his room. Pierre lay asleep fully dressed in his new uniform, to be ready for the start at dawn. He was sleeping heavily, tired out oven now, poor lad, with the excitement and drilling, but nevertheless the happiest boy in all France, since on the morrow he was going to fight for his country.

The sight of a soldier lying so still

McNAULL
TIRES
8000 Miles Guaranteed
Toledo Ohio



"Do you love a beautiful woman?"

Are You in Love?

WHAT a silly question! Of course you are. Everybody is. With men it's a fad. With women it's a regular life job. Falling in love is the oldest of the recognized indoor sports. How old is it? Well, a wise old Buddhist, who sat all day with his legs and fingers crossed—said that it was older than the hills—older than man. He said that the big lizards used to feel it—also the sponges and the little invertebrate worms.

And the greatest love of all—greatest because the most frequent, the most obstinate, and most ineradicable—is the love of SELF. This is a truly wonderful love, because it never wavers, never changes, never dies. And then, look how cheap it is! If you happen to love a beautiful lady, it immediately runs into theatre tickets, taxis, bonbons, suppers, night-letters, gardenias. But if you love no one but yourself you are saving money, every day—every hour.

Whom Do You Love?

RATHER a hard question to answer, that. Hard because folks love so many different kinds of people and things. But most people (no matter how mean and selfish and nasty they are) love some one. Some men love a blonde and blushing debutante with long curly locks. Some women love a brunette artist, writer, or musician, with a pale, porcelain brow and a black, tawny mane. Some folks—nearly all of us in fact—love a smiling old lady, with white hair, a wrinkled forehead and a pair of funny gold spectacles. Some love a wild boy at college; some love a dark little girl at boarding school—while some misguided people spend all the wealth and bounty of their love on a mere motor-car, a stuffy club, a picture gallery, an inbred dog, a gloomy library, or a silly bag of golf clubs.



"A little dark girl at school"

A Potion for Love



"It works well with young girls"

THE sordid part of love lies in the way that folks try to bribe it. They know that men and women are human—that their love can be bought—or commanded—with gifts. Now here is the greatest wonder of all—a thing more miraculous than love itself. It is that there is one thing that will pry love out of anybody. A sort of universal, modern love potion. It is really twelve things in one. It should be administered along about the first of every month. It never fails its wonders to perform. It works just as well with young girls as with mature women; with college boys as with grown up married men. It works with debutantes, artists, writers, old ladies (with those gold spectacles, through which there gleams that saintly look so peculiar to mothers) motor cranks, dog fanciers, book-worms, plethoric club-men, futurist picture buyers, and even with the most hopeless golf perverts. But (and here is another miracle), it also works with the vast and swarming army of people who love nobody but themselves. Indeed, it teaches them to love new Gods, to be untrue to themselves; to love Gods that are really worth loving.

Are You a Lover?

IF you are, and if you aren't ashamed of it, why don't you get into step with this spirit; remove two of your favorite dollars from your little roll, and give the object of your affections (even if it's yourself) this modern love-potion? Send along those two miserable dollars of yours to 443 Fourth Avenue, New York, and secure Vanity Fair for her, or for him—or for your selfish self—for the rest of 1916.

P. S.—For the few benighted souls who may still be lingering in outer darkness, let us say:

Vanity Fair is one of the newest successes in the magazine field. It is published monthly at 25 cents a copy or $3 a year. It is a mirror of life, original and picturesque; informal, personal, intimate, frivolous, unconventional, but with a point of view at once wholesome, stimulating and refreshing.

Take the cream of your favorite magazines of the theater, sports, books and art. Add the sprightly qualities of such publications as The Sketch, The Tatler and Le Vie Parisienne, with something of Broadway and Fifth Avenue—all within beautiful color covers—and you have a general idea of Vanity Fair.

Tear off the Coupon!

VANITY FAIR, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Please enter my subscription to VANITY FAIR for the rest of 1916, beginning with the current issue, at the special rate of $2.00, offered to readers of this magazine. Mail me the current issue at once and you will send you my favorite ten dollar bill, two weeks after, on receipt of your bill for that amount.

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H. W. 2-5-16

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WANTED—
Sales and Advertising Writer

We have an opening in our Sales Organization for a man not younger than thirty nor older than forty years.

His qualifications should be about as follows:

He must have a thorough education in English—college preferred.

He must have experience in advertising and selling.

He should be able to write copy with facility; in fact he should become our Master Salesman on paper.

It shall be his duty to write a large part and direct and supervise all of the copy for everything we publish.

Selling experience is absolutely necessary, because he will have charge of the compilation of our Sales Manuals and selling instructions of every kind and description. The ordinary, everyday, highfaluting advertising writer who writes copy for advertisements in national magazines would be useless in this position.

This is a difficult position to fill, and we shall expect to pay a liberal salary for the right kind of a man.

REMEMBER WHAT WE WANT—A MASTER SALESMAN ON PAPER.

Address Henry Theriaid, President, Toledo Scale Co., Toledo, Ohio.

All communications will be guarded as strictly confidential.

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Evans' Ale and Stout

At meals or between them.
Good Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers.
C. H. EVANS & SONS. Established 1786. HUDSON, N.Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

QUAKER OATS—the luscious form of vim food. Made only from the big, plump grains. Regular package 10 cents, large size 25 cents, except in far west and south.
The Quaker Oats Company
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137 East 25th Street New York City

MISCELLANEOUS

Advertising in this column costs 40c. a line; Minimum space, two lines

FERTILE FARMS near Phila.: fruit, poultry, dairy, catalog. W. Stevens, Perkasie, Pa.

on the bed brought back with a rush to Granny that day her own man had looked like that before he left her for the war. In a flash her scattered wits put bits of talk together which she had heard lately, and the poor confused mind seemed suddenly to realize what this meant. She tiptoed to his bed and knelt there dazed for a time, then with wonderfully quick movements she was out of the room and downstairs to the closet where that "wonder bottle" was being kept.

"Just a whiff too much," the woman had said, "and *voilà*, you are no more." Well, so be it then—her blessed boy should be no more weary, no more in pain. *She* knew that her baby, always so carefully looked after, could not stand the long marches, the exposure, starvation, the trenches, the filth, disease, horrible thirst, heat and cold. No, nor even the dreadful noise which sent strong men mad. She remembered these things happened in battles, for hadn't her own husband told them all so graphically that she had never forgotten?

Again she was leaning over her boy, desperation now in her determined eyes. "Ah, *mon bébé*, they shall not spoil your beauty with their shells and bullets. I have seen that work before—or make you blind either, poor boy. No, his Bonmama will save him from it all. There, there, dear heart, lie still—it is I, your Granny, who will keep you from what you know not, but what I myself know all too well. And see, I give you peace and rest, my darling, and—" here she fumbled at her dress and drew from it his grandfather's Cross of Honor, "and, yes, you shall die a hero if that is what you want—with the medal on your breast. See, *bébé*, you have it now, eh? Can't you give Bonmama just a little smile?"

But the chloroform had done its work, and the boy lay quite still with the coveted medal pinned carefully upon his new, fresh uniform.



Mr. Advertiser and Mr. and Mrs. Reader

THE class of readers a magazine gets and holds determines the class of advertisers it will secure. You can tell by looking at the advertising pages of SUNSET that so many far-sighted, hard-thinking, result-checking business men would not continuously spend their money in it unless they were sure of its "class."

For the Reader

SUNSET offers the most readable, informing and best-pictured stories and facts of the Pacific Coast. It is the only high grade magazine published in the West. If you have ever been or lived out here we don't have to urge you to live with us again in the Pages of SUNSET.

And to those who haven't been so fortunate, the best and easiest way is to spend a year with us for what a subscription to SUNSET costs.

The fiction and articles in SUNSET are by the best writers of America; all its illustrations are by master hands of the camera or brush; many of them reproductions in color from the oil paintings of truly great artists.

What this advertisement says to the "advertisers" is of interest to you as a reader or prospective reader of SUNSET; if the discriminating advertisers you will find in our columns continue to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to influence our readers, it is positive proof you can well afford to invest $1.50 and become one of them. 15c a copy at all newsdealers.

For the Advertiser

What we have said here to the reader is the best argument we can give you.

You can cover the Pacific Coast as thoroughly with SUNSET as you can the whole country with every general magazine and weekly, and better than you can reach our territory with all of them. The purchasing power of SUNSET'S readers is the best proof of its "class"; because the SUNSET country appeals to the cream of American civilization as the place to live or play in. SUNSET is read by the best of that class who live here; the most of them who've been here; and thousands who are going to come "some day."

SUNSET readers are the kind of folks who have or want the best of life; the money to buy it with; and the ability to appreciate it; both living and SUNSET, we mean.

Any good advertising agency will tell you all about SUNSET; or will send you full details as to rates and such other facts as you ought to know.

SUNSET MAGAZINE

Sunset Magazine Service Bureau. Whatever you want to know about California or Oregon or Washington or any of the country west of the Rockies—the Pacific Coast Country as a tourist or for business purposes, our service bureau is at your service. We have or will secure full information for you concerning routes, resorts, hotels or any Coast farming or business community and its opportunities. Send us ten cents in stamps to cover postage and we will mail booklets, answer your questions and forward a sample copy of SUNSET.



SPEAKING *of* BRAIN FOOD

If someone took you to dinner and offered you either a dozen portions of soup or twelve courses of pleasantly varied edibles, which would you choose?

Can you imagine how you would feel after twelve portions of soup?

Your mental food is like any other food. It must be diversified or it becomes poison.

Read

HARPER'S WEEKLY

An Old Publication With a New Point of View

and assure yourself a well-balanced mental diet.

Read Harper's Weekly and keep in touch week by week with things that are going on in the worlds of politics, drama, literature, art, motoring and sports. Harper's Weekly deals with all these things. And it contains humor, verse, fiction, timely photographs and clever drawings.

Special Offer

Pin a dollar bill to the coupon below and have Harper's Weekly served to you every week for three months.

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I enclose one dollar ($1) for which please send me Harper's Weekly at the special trial rate of one dollar for three months. No subscription renewed at this rate.

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H W 2-5-16

You Must Be Very Careful

Or someone will begin to talk to you about national affairs, or sports, or current literature, and then where will you be—unless you, too, are a reader of Harper's Weekly?

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The fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success



Pupils are men and women ranging in age from 14 to 62.

Originator of Conscious Evolution

Become Superior to Other Men. The Swoboda System can make a better human being of you, physically, mentally and in every way. The Swoboda System can do more for you than you can imagine. It can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. My guarantee is unusual, startling, specific, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure? Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic? Why not invest in yourself and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

Your Earning Power, your success, depend entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. Without these, all knowledge becomes of small value, for it cannot be put into active use. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be. I promise it.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"I have many friends who have taken your System, and all recommend it very highly."

"I never felt so well before in my life."

"I have searched for just this kind of a System and physical improvement for three years. I am a blacksmith, but your System gives me results which my work and exercise cannot equal. I endorse my check with pleasure."

"I feel ashamed that I hesitated so long to give your System a trial now I wonder why every one does not take it. I am 73 years old, but your System is making a young man of me."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical now am pleased with results, have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda'."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 20 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course; but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians who marvel at them."

I HAVE AT LEAST 50,000 SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS



Age is no bar to the benefits to be derived from the Swoboda personal mail instructions

MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate, and enlighten you.

My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessively deep breathing.

Write today for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind.

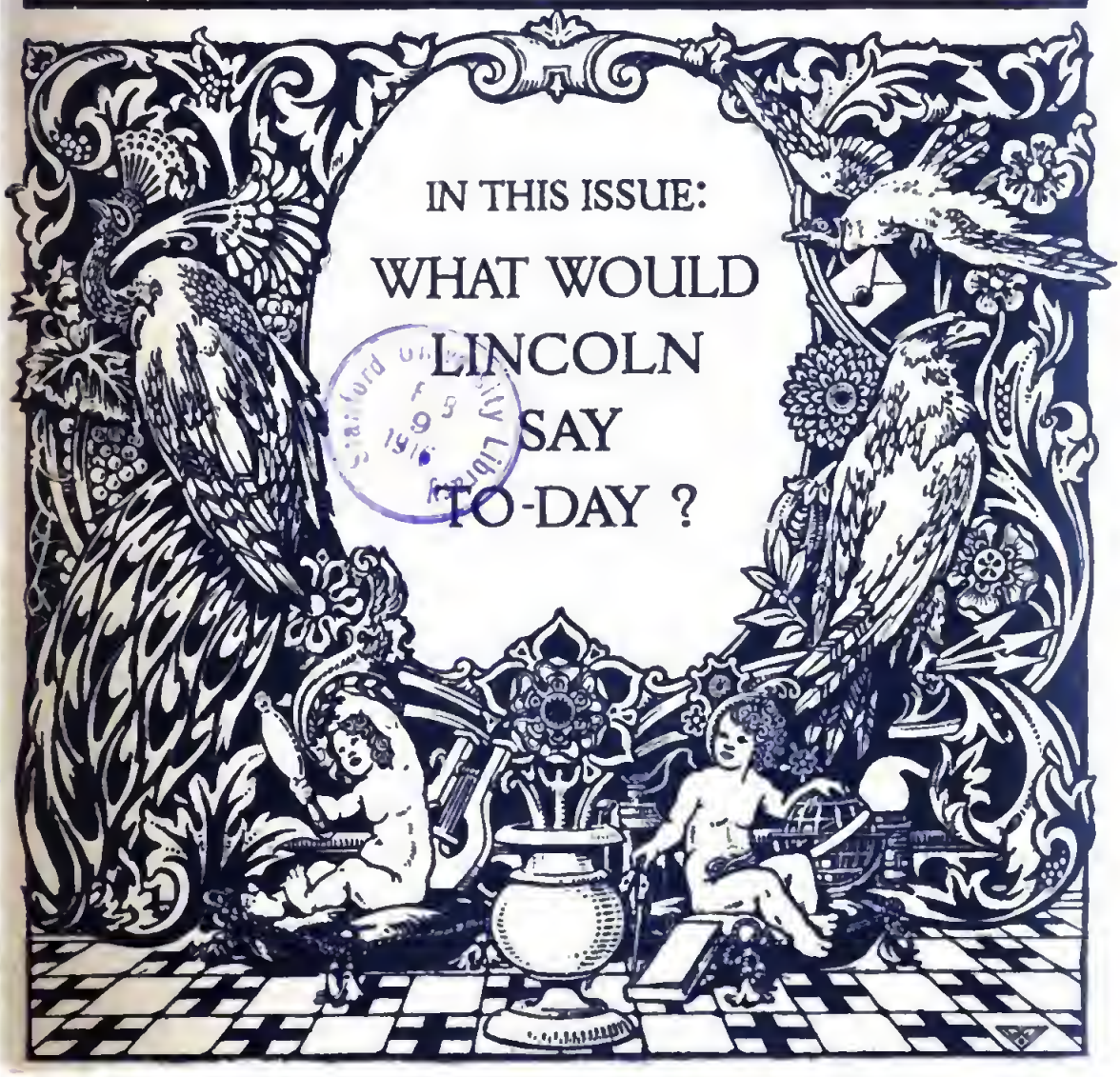
You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1901 IAN BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

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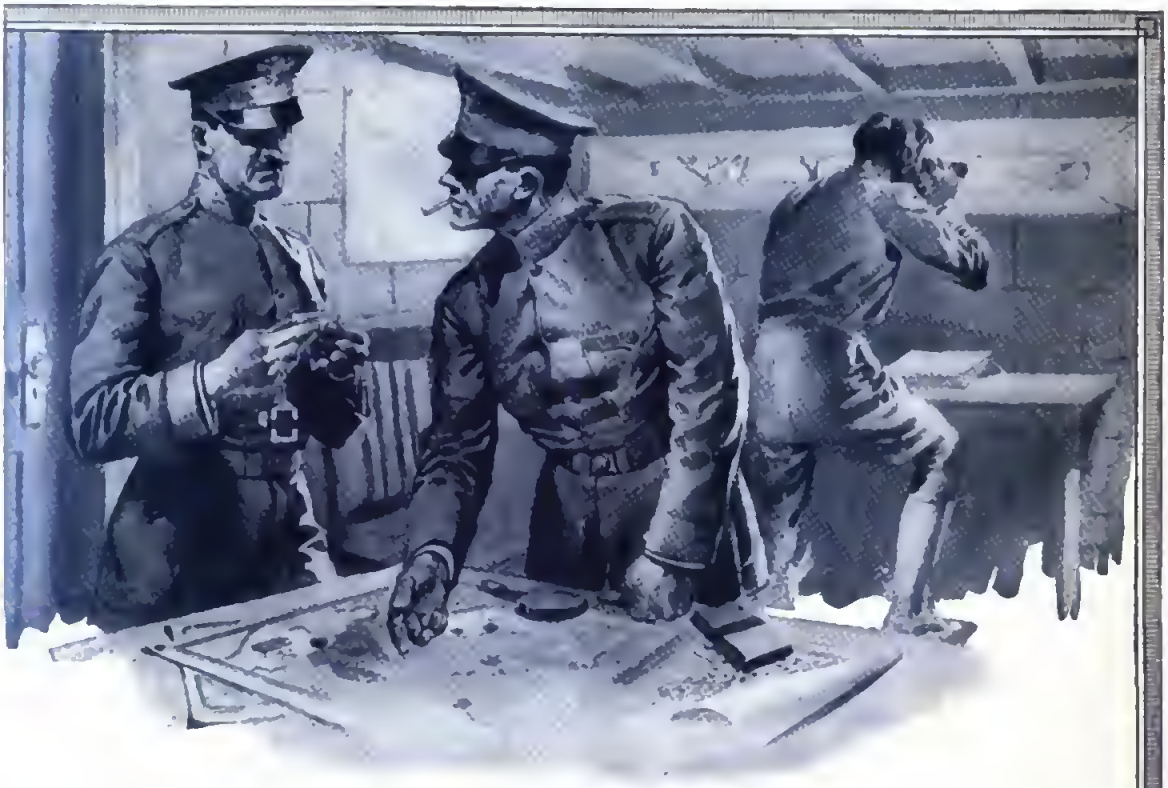
HARPER'S WEEKLY



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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD



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Roll "Bull" Durham into a cigarette and you have a smoke with all the vim, vigor and dash of Uncle Sam's fighting men. That's why the American Army is an Army of "Bull" Durham smokers. "Bull" Durham puts snap into their action and "punch" into their systems. For a virile, lively, manly smoke, "roll your own" with "Bull" Durham.

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"Bull" Durham is the mildest of all tobaccos. It has a unique aroma and a distinctive mellow-sweet flavor that no other tobacco can give you.

Made of the famous "bright" Virginia-North Carolina leaf. "Bull" Durham has been the great American smoke for three generations. There is no other tobacco like it. You "roll your own" with "Bull" Durham and enjoy a real smoke.



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

A SECRET!

NOTHING that has been said about the Brandeis appointment has expressed the truth more nearly than the few words of F. P. A. (Yes, in the New York *Tribune*, gentle reader, but that is another story.) F. P. A. says:

> Unversed as we are in the Machiavellian ways of Woodrovian politics, we can see nothing in the Brandeis appointment but the selection of a remarkably gifted, brave and honorable man.

Fine minds sometimes get at the truth better than supposed insiders with their cynical guesses. Mr. Brandeis was selected because President Wilson, consulting mostly Attorney-General Gregory, thought he was the kind of man the court needed. Those who seek other reasons seek mares' nests. Attorney-General Gregory has done much work with Mr. Brandeis and knows his spirit as well as his ability. Mr. McAdoo gave his very active support. The Secretary of Labor is delighted. The cabinet as a whole earnestly approves. It is probably not an injudicious breach of confidence to say that Mr. Gregory looks upon open-mindedness, tolerance, and absence of malice as among Mr. Brandeis's most conspicuous traits. The Attorney-General understands the technique of advocacy, and he knows that a man may be a great advocate and yet have a most judicial mind. Many people in Washington, in the excitement following the nomination, have seemed unable to grasp the distinction. But the nomination will be confirmed. Old charges, fully investigated and answered long ago, rebound highly to Mr. Brandeis's credit when the real facts are presented. The shoe machinery talk is in point. If there is any aspect of interest in that case it is the illustration it gives of Mr. Brandeis's willingness to put principle before money and powerful acquaintance. When the senators know the simple truth a majority can be trusted not to commit a stupendous blunder at so critical a time.

THE CONSERVATION OUTLOOK

UNLESS all signs fail, a broad and enlightened conservation program will go through, Republicans cooperating with Democrats, and old-fashioned anti-conservationists yielding gracefully because of the principle, included in the new bills, that the national government will not use its power where the wise action of states makes it unnecessary. Having made that general prophecy, we shall follow it up in an early number with a statement of the conservation situation in detail.

THE WISH AND THE THOUGHT

MANY of the military men in Washington assert confidently that Germany will definitely win the war. The probable explanation is that the wish is unconsciously father to the thought. The average officer may not say it or know it, but he would like to see the German system of vast preparedness justified, proved necessary. This unconscious bent is as likely to exist in an officer who states that he thinks it will be better for the world if the Germans lose. He does think so. Contradictions easily exist in the same mind. It is perfectly possible for the same brain to share the general American opinion that a German victory would be a great disaster and at the same time share the prevailing army wish that the war should teach the need of huge preparedness. Such is the usual army mental state.

THE HUGHES OUTLOOK

IT IS never possible to tell what Senator John D. Works of California is going to do. A statement he has made about Mr. Justice Hughes expresses what many people are thinking. The great strength of Governor Hughes lies partly in his proved ability, but largely also in his proved courage, knowledge of his own mind, and devotion to the highest principles. His services in New York have become a tradition already. No other governor since Tilden is quoted in the same tone that he is quoted. His supposed attitude toward the Supreme bench is also in process of becoming a tradition. It takes several forms, of which the best known runs thus: "The man who, being on the Supreme Court, would consider any office is fit neither for the one that he holds nor the one to which he aspires." Another rumor quotes him with saying that: "I would not so act as to turn the Supreme Court into a list of expectant candidates for the presidency." There is a great deal of difference of opinion among those who ought to know about his intentions. Perhaps the bulk of well-informed opinion believes that he will wait for the right moment, and if the matter is pressed upon him, he will make a statement that will increase the dignity of the Supreme Court forever.

It is believed that Mr. Roosevelt is counting on this firmness of Mr. Justice Hughes, and is planning to develop a situation in which he himself and Mr. Hughes become the only possibilities. The Bull Moose offer these two names to the Republicans. Mr. Hughes declines, and there is but one answer. See the cover cartoons in *Harper Weekly* for August 28, and September 4, 1915. But the Colonel plays the game more ways than one. The following may be taken as rather authentic illustration of the views being put out by insiders on his behalf:

> The Colonel would have preferred Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania to anyone else now in sight, but investigation showed to him that some of the governor's views were not sufficiently enlightened for the Colonel. Governor Hadley of Missouri is the present favorite. The Colonel will make any sacrifices that are possible even to the acceptance of such a person as Ex-Senator Root. He himself will not take the job unless the pressure is terrific. Mr. Justice Hughes is a milksop. He is too much like President Wilson in ethical and intellectual make-up. He has not emitted any sounds in connection with a vigorous foreign policy or other red-blooded affairs that put him among the Colonel's list of real men.

The contradiction between what the Colonel has said publically about Hughes and what is being said in his behalf privately, will not surprise those who remember how persistently the Colonel has boasted about preventing the nomination of Hughes in 1908.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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10 Cents a Copy

WHAT IS COURAGE?

THE easiest conception of courage is the readiness to quarrel. Men refrain from saying that Christ was a coward, but they talk as if he were. If Washington had not possessed military fame, no doubt cowardice would have been charged when he defied the public, the House of Representatives, and his advisers, using his own will to keep peace with Great Britain. There are idiots who speak of President Wilson as cowardly. Whatever else about him may be arguable, that point is not. Nobody able and willing to think can fail to realize that the key of his nature is courage. Courage marked his course at Princeton. It led him as Governor of New Jersey. Courage is needed to sit tight while the audible minority of the public has its brief spasms, and while political opponents and jingoes rave. What courage would it have taken to war with Mexico or Germany? To have done so without being convinced of its necessity would merely have required abdication of the President's established principles and of his sense of what constituted his duties.

Elsewhere in this issue may be read what Lincoln said about Mexico, when he was warned and jeered at for seeming unpatriotic. He knew a higher meaning to patriotism. When he was in his twenties, the youngest man in the legislature of Illinois, he was one of the first two to go on record voluntarily and needlessly against slavery, in spite of the strong pro-slavery element among the whites of his state. He held back Seward and an angry public from fighting Great Britain over Mason and Slidell, because in that case he said Great Britain was in the right. His courage was not the kind that needed expression in defiance, bluster and irritation. We cannot remember one case in his life where he was boastful, defiant, hasty or unfair. He could be both strong and calm. His was the courage of right, of patience, of loyalty. He was sad, alone and true. The motto of his life might have been found in the Ephesians: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing be put away from you, with all malice." Than living up to such a standard nothing requires a will more splendid and consistent. There are thousands of ready fighters to one who can pursue that course singly which his mind and conscience recommend. None of the wrath and railing in Lincoln's day required a character as nobly tempered as his own.

THE BRANDEIS NOMINATION

THERE is no man in the United States who could do more to strengthen the Supreme Court than Mr. Brandeis. What the court most needs, with the immense powers it has, is powerful lawyers who are also informed about modern conditions. You cannot properly apply the law to the facts unless you know both the law and the facts. When Mr. Brandeis won before the Supreme Court the Oregon case limiting the hours of labor for women, his argument about the extent of the police power would not have been sufficient alone. It was necessary also to present an overwhelming proof that fatigue in women actually does injure the race.

In the Ballinger controversy it was required not only to know all the laws relating to conservation, but all the practises and conditions also. In the famous railway cases he could never have made such an impression without a vast knowledge of the railway business. His great services to labor have been possible only through sympathy with both employer and employee and an intimate grasp of the needs of both sides. He could not possibly be in such urgent demand as a mediator if his mind were not of a broad and judicial cast.

Judicial, in this case, however, does not mean spineless and inert. Those who think the law should be alive regard him as the most judicial of men. Those who think the very essence of law is atrophy will not share this estimate. There was a time in the history of Palestine when it was not believed that any living man could think like the men of old. Hence every prophet wrote under the name of some other prophet who was safely dead. Inevitably the joy that the nomination of Mr. Brandeis brought to the living was not shared by those who prefer to be dead. To their minds a lawyer who is not a corpse is a discredit to his profession.

The selection by the President was a shining example also for another reason. It was not only because of Mr. Brandeis's exceptional legal equipment and exceptional knowledge of labor and business, but also because of his moral attitude, that the choice was so felicitous. There are not many lawyers of extremely large earning power who prefer to remain comparatively poor because they believe both in simplicity of life and in the obligation of the able to help the public. We know no man of Mr. Brandeis's ability who has sacrificed more pecuniarily or socially, in order that his life might be not without its use to his fellow-men.

THINKING IN BILLIONS

GERMANY'S Imperial Treasurer has stated the war debt for his country as "only $10,000,000,000"—with half a billion being added to it with every month of war. It is estimated that the paper currency of Germany has now attained an expansion of 3,600,000,000 marks. The sum raised by the French Loan of Victory now seems to have been more than 15,000,000,000 francs, or almost $3,000,000,000. As thinking in billions is not a very general accomplishment, a French statistician seeks to

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make it easier for folks to appreciate the meaning of figures like those, by reminding them that "only 1,007,212,000 minutes have elapsed since the death of Christ."

ROMANCE

THE poet Rupert Brooke visited America somewhat less than three years ago. Now that he has achieved a posthumous fame that bids fair to rival that of Chatterton, an enterprising publisher issues the poet's prose impressions of America. In New York Rupert Brooke stayed at that survival of an earlier age in commerce, the Broadway Central Hotel. There he studied the drummer:

> American commercial travelers are called "drummers"; drummers in the most endless and pointless and extraordinary of wars. They have the air and appearance of devotees, men set aside, roaming preachers of a jehad whose meaning they have forgotten. They seem to be invariably of the short, dark type. The larger, fair-haired, long-headed men are common in business, but not in "drumming." The "drummer's eyes have a hard, rapt expression. . . . All day there are numbers of them sitting, immote and vacant, in rows and circles on the hard chairs in the hall. They are never smoking, never reading a paper, never chewing.

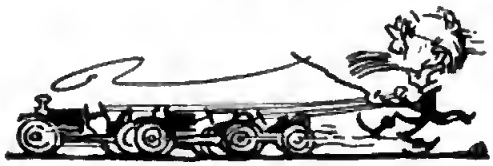
This is an excellent paragraph; as a theme in some college composition course it would deserve an "A." Probably Rupert Brooke did not mean his impression to be taken seriously. No doubt he saw just such a salesman as he describes and really did not believe him to be the type of all American salesmen. Yet may not Rupert Brooke's travel impressions of America, written for a British public, even taken literally, be about as accurate as most of the travel impression of Japan for example, China, Russia, Persia, Mexico or South America, that we gulp down, uninformed and acquiescent?

THE GILDED WAYSIDE INN



OUR last hope for the survival of homelike hotels lies in the motor car. In the big cities, and in the middle-sized cities that ape all their manners, the old-time tavern and the old-fashioned landlord have long since disappeared; but in country places there is yet a chance that something like the real thing may, with the support of motorists, hold out. The automobile tourist has a fancy for open fireplaces, big, sunshiny bedrooms, personal greetings from a landlord; and has the money to pay for them. Moreover, the open air gives him an appetite to enjoy plainer foods than he demands in the city. In this happy combination of circumstances, Ye Olde Tyme Taverne with a swinging sign and Ye Geniale Hoste have begun to crop up. The "Ye stuff" makes the motorist smile, but he rather enjoys it. He pays a good deal for plain accommodation and plain foods, but he is allowed to pay it in a lump sum instead of in such charges as a tax for hanging up his hat and coat and an "extra" for bread and butter. It costs him nearly as much, perhaps, to say "howdye" to a white-aproned landlord as to bid good evening to a head waiter, but the satisfaction is deeper. Simeon Ford once said that "every new hotel is built to cater to the wealthy, and they live by stealing each other's boarders." This appears to hold as good for our new automobile inns as for our new city hotels, but a gilded wayside inn with a wood fire in the sitting-room is somehow a little nearer to the heart's desire than a gilded metropolitan hotel with a pillared marble lobby.

AUTOMOBILES TODAY



ONCE the automobile was a luxury. Today we all know vaguely the immense rôle it plays. The war has been reminding us of one side of it, for there it has had a leading rôle. It saved Paris and it has changed the whole nature of warfare. Other functions, less dramatic, attract less attention. We see the horse disappearing from cities; we see the delivery wagons of great stores; we see a serious volume of express business done by automobile; we see farming and the lives of farmers being changed. Indeed, is not the farmer's end of this new organ of motion the most dramatic aspect of all? Think what it means that sixty-five per cent of the American cars purchased last year were delivered through towns of 5,000 or less. Here are the figures:

	Farm	City
Studebaker	50%	50%
Reo	50	50
Ford	55	45
Paige-Detroit	65	35
Hupp	80	20
Cadillac	15	85
Velie	50	50
Mitchell-Lewis	77	23
Overland	65	35
Regal	60	40
Buick	90	10

Fred Warner, the Vice-President and Assistant Manager of the Oakland, is responsible for the statement that to the best of his knowledge at the present time over seventy-five per cent of the medium priced cars, outside of the Ford, will be sold to the farmers this spring.

On January 1, 1915, in Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota and Oklahoma records showed a total of 559,730 motor cars in operation. Of this total one half the cars were owned by farmers. In these nine states alone the motor cars operated by farmers cost over $250,000,000. These same farmers were then spending over $200,000 a day for new cars. The automobile means much to civilization today, but it means more to the farmer than to anyone else. It means material help. It means also the end of monotony. It means an entire change in his outlook on life.

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THE OLD TREE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THERE is no earth under our feet: we tread
Lifelong a hollow bridge of steel and stone,
Having denied green stillness, and outgrown
The ancient mother of men's love and dread.
Neither is any heaven overhead;
But they who climb our towers behold alone
Suns understood, winds wearily well known,
And stars unmeaningly interpreted.

Thou art not of our city nor our creed,
Old quiet friend! Standing unchangingly
Where deeper than despair thy roots are driven,
Spreading a net of wonder in the sky,
Wherein to capture lost eyes that have need
Of rest a moment between earth and heaven.

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LINCOLN AND MEXICO



STRIKING in the extreme is the resemblance between the situation that Lincoln faced, as a young man in Congress, when the Mexican war began, and the situation now. President Polk, in forcing on the war, represented the class of people who are now clamoring for intervention. Lincoln, wishing to cast doubt on the President's allegation about atrocities, etc., introduced the famous "Spot Resolutions," which said:

"*Whereas*, This House is desirous to obtain a full knowledge of all the facts which go to establish whether the particular spot on which the blood of our citizens was so shed was or was not at that time our own soil; therefore,

"*Resolved*, By the House of Representatives, that the President of the United States be respectfully requested to inform this House—

"First. Whether the spot on which the blood of our citizens was shed as in his message declared, was or was not within the territory of Spain, at least after the treaty of 1819 until the Mexican revolution.

"Second. Whether that spot is or is not within the territory which was wrested from Spain by the revolutionary government of Mexico.

"Third. Whether that spot is or is not within a settlement of people, which settlement has existed ever since long before the Texas revolution, and until its inhabitants fled before the approach of the United States army.

"Fourth. Whether that settlement is or is not isolated from any and all other settlements by the Gulf and the Rio Grande on the south and west, and by wide, uninhabited regions on the north and east.

"Fifth. Whether the people of that settlement, or a majority of them or any of them, have ever submitted themselves to the government or laws of Texas or of the United States, by consent or by compulsion, either by accepting office, or voting at elections, or paying tax, or by serving on juries, or having process served upon them, or in any other way.

"Sixth. Whether the people of that settlement did or did not flee from the approach of the United States army, leaving unprotected their homes and their growing crops, before the blood was shed, as in the message stated; and whether the first blood, so shed, was or was not shed within the enclosure of one of the people who had thus fled from it.

"Seventh. Whether our citizens, whose blood was shed, as in his message declared, were or were not, at that time, armed officers and soldiers, sent into that settlement by the military order of the President, through the Secretary of War.

"Eighth. Whether the military force of the United States was or was not so sent into that settlement after General Taylor had more than once intimated to the War Department that, in his opinion, no such movement was necessary to the defense or protection of Texas."

A FEW days later, speaking in the House to these resolutions, Lincoln said:

"Now, sir, for the purpose of obtaining the very best evidence as to whether Texas had actually carried her revolution to the place where the hostilities of the present war commenced, let the President answer the interrogatories I proposed, as before mentioned, or some other similar ones. Let him answer fully, fairly, and candidly. Let him answer with facts and not with arguments. Let him remember that he sits where Washington sat, and so remembering, let him answer as Washington would answer. As a nation should not, and the Almighty will not, be evaded, so let him attempt no evasion—no equivocation. And if, so answering, he can show that the soil was ours where the first blood of the war was shed,—that it was not within an inhabited country, or, if within such, that the inhabitants had submitted themselves to the civil authority of Texas or of the United States, and that the same is true of the site of Fort Brown,—then I am for his justification. In that case I shall be most happy to reverse the vote I gave the other day. I have a selfish motive for desiring that the President may do this—I expect to gain some votes, in connection with the war, which without his so doing, will be of doubtful propriety in my own judgment, but which will be free from doubt if he does so. But if he cannot or will not do this,—if on any pretense or no pretense he shall refuse or omit it—then I shall be fully convinced of what I more than suspect already—that he is deeply conscious of being in the wrong; that he feels the blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, is crying to Heaven against him; that originally having some strong motive—what, I will not stop now to give my opinion concerning—to involve the two countries in a war, and trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of military glory,—that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood—that serpent's eye that charms to destroy,—he plunged into it, and has swept on and on till, disappointed in his calculation of the ease with which Mexico might be subdued, he now finds himself he knows not where. How like the half-insane mumblings of a fever dream is the whole war part of his last message! At one time telling us that Mexico has nothing whatever that we can get but territory; at another showing us how we can support the war by levying contributions on Mexico. At one time urging the national honor, the security of the future, the prevention of foreign interference, and even the good of Mexico herself as among the objects of the war."

Some of his closest political advisers thought that Lin-

coln's aggressive stand against the war with Mexico was bad policy. One of these was his partner, William H. Herndon. To him Lincoln answered:

"I will stake my life that if you had been in my place you would have voted just as I did. Would you have voted what you felt and knew to be a lie? I know you would not. Would you have gone out of the House—skulked the vote? I expect not. If you had skulked one vote, you would have had to skulk many more before the end of the session. Richardson's resolutions, introduced before I made any move or gave any vote upon the subject, make the direct question of the justice of the war; so that no man can be silent if he would. You are compelled to speak; and your only alternative is to tell the truth or a lie. I cannot doubt which you would do."

Stephen A. Douglas voiced a not uncommon idea of what Lincoln sacrificed in his Mexican stand when, in the joint debate at Ottawa, Ill., on August 21, 1858, he said:

"Mr. Lincoln served with me in the legislature in 1836, when we both retired, and he subsided, or became submerged, and he was lost sight of as a public man for some years. In 1846, when Wilmot introduced his celebrated proviso, and the Abolition tornado swept over the country, Lincoln again turned up as a member of Congress from the Sangamon district. I was then in the Senate of the United States, and was glad to welcome my old friend and companion. Whilst in Congress he distinguished himself by his opposition to the Mexican war, taking the side of the common enemy against his own country; and when he returned home he found that the indignation of the people followed him everywhere, and he was again submerged or obliged to retire into private life, forgotten by his former friends."

Lincoln's attitude was trickily stated, as Wilson's is now. In the joint debate at Galesburg, Ill., October 7, 1858, Douglas said: "He was very severe in Congress upon the government of the country, when he thought that he had discovered that the Mexican war was not begun in the right spot, and was therefore unjust. He tried very hard to make out that there is something very extraordinary in the place where the thing was done, and not in the thing itself."

In the seventh and last joint debate, at Alton, Ill., October 15, 1858, Douglas said: "Ficklin, who had served in Congress with him, stood up and told them all he knew about it. It was that when George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, brought forward a resolution declaring the war unconstitutional, unnecessary and unjust, Lincoln had voted for it. 'Yes,' said Lincoln, 'I did.' Thus he confessed that he voted that the war was wrong, that our country was in the wrong, and consequently that the Mexicans were in the right. . . . That a man who takes sides with the common enemy in time of war should rejoice in a war being made on me now, is very natural. And, in my opinion, no other kind of a man would rejoice in it."

As in other steps which he took, therefore, throughout his life (see page 146), Lincoln in the Mexican matter was aggressive for principle, cost what it might.

INFINITY

BY CORNELIA STERRETT PENFIELD

A BIG clock-face suddenly flared out from the dusk-shrouded tower. The Philosopher stirred with a creak of the worn park bench.

"Night again," he mused, "night again. Day, night, sunshine, rain, love,—hate,—ever since the beginning."

The Poet came along a winding path. "How now, Brother!" hailed he, and the bench creaked again under a double weight. The Poet seldom paused for answer to a greeting and now he hurried on to remark, "I've got your idea. Listen—there came a rap, rap, rapping at my door. I saw it for a moment,—me found,—me, the missing heir,—limousines, clean shirts, a toothbrush of mine own,—and then,—the door whanged open. A postman entered. 'Two cents due,' quoth he. There! Thank you for the inspiration."

"Me,—inspire *that!*" the Philosopher protested. "Why,—"

The Poet, however, was already iterating, "Of course you did. One evening yester-week, you said, 'I am tired of the old philosophies,—let us seek new. I've learned how. Each morning I turn on my pillow toward the window and watch the world sideways,—the milkmen driving perpendicularly,—a load of coal falling horizontally down the chute,—and, lo, I have added a new plane to thought!' That which I have just recited is my brain's version of your great idea."

"But that is too awful," moaned the Philosopher. "I shall never attempt to look at things sideways again,—they'll be going on normally, and I've no right to seek other than a normal view-point, because,—"

"Yes, you have," contradicted the Poet. "You've acquired a fresh new angle of observation. You've looked things straight in the face for century after century,—from a normal view-point. They've changed,—until this time, when they have seemingly stopped changing. Do you know why? Because you and I and Sister Law and Cousin Science have always been a bit ahead of the World, with the Things it has given to life. We have been stepping backward as the World has followed,—and now we're in danger of being overtaken."

"No!" thundered the Philosopher. "We shall never keep pace by means of petty trickery,—I was wrong,—there must be no silly angle of view that we must seek or be discredited,—we must grow,—grow with the other Things,—Love, Greed, Hate, Charity,—and that little two-thousand-year young Thing we call Love-of-Freedom. The Things are as they were,—the World is as it was,—but souls are growing! There are some Things that shall,—that *must*, grow with the souls within! Others never can. So there *is* the hope for the World, *our* World, when the soul of Hate, for instance, tries to grow out of the weazened old shell that is Hate (and was Hate by the altar outside Eden). You and I and the Things of Good,—and the very Folk, themselves,—"

"Perhaps even the weary old World," murmured the Poet, for once awed, "perhaps its soul might grow with the others, if only Hate were gone."

"When our souls,—aye, perchance even the World-soul—and surely the Folk-souls, grow there'll be no perpendicular,—no horizontal. I was mistaken, Brother Poet,—it will be growth toward a perimeter,—the centre the soul, and the boundary—infinity."

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THE MAN WHO LOST CASTE

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

IN THOSE days, when the first wave of Hindu emigration struck the Pacific Littoral, I had a little Oriental shop down Yeslerway, in the city of Seattle. My tiny show-window was crammed with the mellow, scented things of the turbaned lands. There were rugs and laces and shawls from many lands, carved ivories and soapstones, white jade and green jade; and finally there were a few Hindu gods (cursed be all unbelievers!) and many and various daggers, bolos and barongs and kurkrees and khyberees.



"And so one day I remembered the strength of my sword-arm, and I strangled the jailer"

Then came the day when he walked into my shop, all the six foot four of him, straight as a lance at rest, bearded, hook-nosed, pink-turbaned, patient-eyed, and silken-voiced. He handled with reverence the little peacock god and the cruel, scissor-like Scinde blade which lay on the counter. And so I knew that he was a Mahratta and a high-caste.

He told me that he was the servant of a retired Anglo-Indian officer who lived in the Queen Anne's Addition, and Moslim though I am and Mahratta though he was, we became friends, even if we could not break bread together.

And then one evening, when spring was white and pink, and the night air heavy with the musk of remembrance and homesickness, he told me his story:

"I am Dajee, the Mahratta. I am a high-caste. The peacock is sacred to my clan. We cannot kill that bird, and we worship its feathers.

"Today I serve a beef-eating Englishman, a cannibal of the holy cow, though the coral necklace that I wear was handed down in our family from the time of my great-great-great-grandfather's great-great-great-grandfather.

"But who can avoid what is written by Brahma on the forehead? Rajahs and *ryots* are alike subject to the sports of Fate.

"Today I am in a cold land sodden with rain, and once I lived in a golden land pregnant with the beam of the warm sun. Today I softly obey the voice of the foreigner, though my ancestors were warriors who gave the sword when it was red and a land hissing with blood.

"We are all the brittle toys of Destiny, even I, who am Dajee, a Mahratta, a high-caste.

"My father died when I was little, and there were a number of female relatives to feed. Then I borrowed forty-five rupees for my marriage. I married the daughter of Ranjee when she was tall enough to reach my waist. But my wife fell ill when she was still but a child. And she sickened and died. Then my bullock died, and there was the interest on the loan to be paid; and so the Sowcar from whom I had borrowed the money took my ancestral farm in the Moffusil.

"Thus was I alone.

"What should a man do?

"I sat down and awaited the words of Fate. And Fate spoke.

"The day after the Sowcar took the farm, some pilgrims with crimson banners passed through the village, and they visited the little shrine of Vithal, and in the evening they did *bhajan* before the images.

"There were clouds in the sky, and the sunset was red. And the redness fell on the whirling limbs and on the banners and on the feet of the gods and goddesses, and everything seemed bathed in a vast sea of blood. And the red lights and the wild sound of the *bhajan* turned my head. Madness tugged at my heart-strings. So I leapt in and I joined in the dance.

"They were Mahars, low-castes, filth unspeakable and reeking. I was Dajee, the Mahratta, a high-caste.

"Thus I lost my caste.

"I had lost my farm, my bullock, and my wife. I was a poor man. And how can a poor man feast the many priests? How can a poor man regain his caste?

"I followed my *Karma*. I bought a piece of red cloth which I tied to a stick. I begged for food, and went with the pilgrims on the road to Phandarpur.

"I shall never forget the first festival—the stifling press of worshipers in the temple, the streams coming up and down the *ghats*, the frenzy of the *bhajan* at night, and the image of the languid full moon in the water of the river.

"The pilgrims returned to their own country. But what was I to do? Could I return to the Mofussil?—I had lost my caste.

"So I took stick and bowl and lived on alms. I went to various Vaishnavite shrines. True I was to the worship. Assiduously I repeated the name of Hari, and all my thoughts were of release from worldly ambition, and of devotion to him.

"I wandered from the snows of Dhaulagiri to the *lingams* of Ceylon, and then I met the ascetic from Kashmere, the worshiper of the Lord Shiva, and I became his pupil and did bodily penance.

"Gradually I subdued my body. I submitted to the

supreme ordeal nf fire. I walked barefoot through the white-hot charcoal, I uncovered my head to the burniog fire-bath, and I felt not the pain of the body.

"Only my tortured soul writhed with the anguish of my Fate. For I was alone and an outcast.

"I sat in the midday heat during the month of pilgrimages, with seven fires arouod me and the sun scorching my shaven head, and I turned my eyes toward myself and meditated on the mysterious way which is Life.

"Then I met the holy man from Guzerat who told me that to clear my vision and fatten the glebe of my understanding. I must do penance with the head hanging downward. I remember well when I started this penance.



"I begged far faod, and went with the pilgrims an the raad to Phandarpur"

"It was in the Grishna season, and behind the western mountains the sun was setting, shrouded with layers of gloomy elouds tinged with red like fresh-spilt blood. One last look I took at mountain and plain, and never had the mountains seemed so high, never the plains so broad. Then I hang with my head downward and shut my eyes.

"When I opened them, when I saw it all upside down, the sight was marvelous beyond description. The blue hills had lost their struggling height and were a deep, mysterious, swallowing void. Against them the sky stood out, bold, sharp, intense, like a range of hills of translucent sardonyx and aquamarine, immeasurably distant; and the fringe of clouds at the base of the sky seemed a lake of molten amber with billows of tossing, sacrificial fire.

"After the penace I went on pilgrimage to the Seven Holy rivers of Hiodustan, and I sat in cells in lonely shrines, gazing myself into stupefaction. And so, when I thought that I had freed my soul of fleshly desires, I joined holy mendicants of many degrees.

"But I found the holy men to be quarrelsome and jealous, greedy and lustful, kissing today the feet of the many-armed gods and tomorrow killing men and poisoning cattle: each following his own Fate, toward the bad or toward the good.

"So what was the use nf fighting against Fate?

"Then I met the Christiao teacher, and he explained to me the system of his religion. I began to wonder if his was the right way, aod so I got work on the railway so as to be able to watch the Christians. But I found them as gross and as earnal as all the others, and I saw no worship at all, nor heard any mao repeat the name of God except to abuse.



"With seven fires araund me and the sun scorching my shaven head"

"Also I spoke to the Christian teacher of having lost my easte. But he was angry and said that caste does not exist. Decidedly, he was a gray-minded son of an owl, of no understanding. Aod I left him.

"Then I became very despondent and hated Life. And I took to *ganja* smoking. And then, since I had lost my god, my wife, my farm, my bullock, and my easte, I stole.

"Several tioes I was convicted, and finally, two years ago, I got a long senteoce in jail."

The Mahratta stopped in the recital of his tale and looked straight into the distance. So I asked him:

"A long sentence in jail? But you are here, in America."

Calmly he lit a fresh cigarette and replied:

"Why, yes. I am here. I followed my Fate.

"And so one day I remembered the strength of my sword-arm, and I strangled the jailer, and I took ship, and so I am here.

"What was I to do? In killing the jailer I but followed my *Karma*, and in gurgling out his last breath under the elutch of my hands, he but followed his. There is neither right nor wrong. All is *Karma*.

"I am Dajee, the Mahratta, and a high-caste. The peacock is sacred to my clan. But I work for the beef-eating foreigner in this cold land.

"Io this incarnation Fate stole my caste, so what is it to me where and how I live?

"When I walk through the streets in the evening I think of the many ways of release which I tried and found to be vain, and of what will be the end, and what will be my next life.

"It comforts me to think that as io this life I do not remember the incidents of my last, so in the next one this life will be forgotten.

"For memory is of the body, and not of the soul.

"Oace I spoke to the Englishman for whom I work, but he wishes to live again as the same being after death. For he is a Christian.

"But why?

"To remember that I am myself for one lifetiroe has oppressed me. To be the same being in another life would be worse than the torments of the *ruru* worm.

"To remember oneself forever and ever, with no chance of forgetting, is a thnught too horrible for the mind to endure.

"So what should I do?

"I follow the way of my *Karma*. Who can avoid what is written on the forehead?"

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WHAT WOULD LINCOLN SAY TODAY?

In these critical days, when the United States is facing crises both in Europe and in Mexico, we hear the question raised, "What would Lincoln say today, if he were in President Wilson's place?" On this and the following pages a number of well-known Americans have answered this question

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

Secretary of the Navy

IF MR. LINCOLN were today carrying the burden of the Presidency of the United States, I am sure that he would be the same Lincoln he was in the weeks before the war between the states. He would be very conservative and firm; he would not be a jingo; patience, that greatest of Christian virtues, would be his to a marked degree. He would not need to be urged on to do the right thing, nor could he be be stampeded into doing the wrong thing. He did not want war, and he was belabored in those days for not throwing the country into war. Today he would be met by conflicting and abusive opinions, but he would bide his time as he did fifty-five years ago, and if the time came to strike he would do as he did then, strike hard—but never with malice. Mr. Lincoln had great and serious international problems to meet. He met them firmly, but not in a blatant or peremptory manner. Confronted today with submarine problems, for instance, he would meet them with positiveness, but not in the "do this or don't do that before breakfast tomorrow morning" manner. One cannot imagine Mr. Lincoln as a blustering Mr. President.

There have been three critical periods very similar to each other before our people and their chosen chief executives. Mr. Lincoln was urged and urged bastily to take up arms against the South. He did not do it until the crisis came. Mr. McKinley was roundly abused because he moved with great conservatism before intervening for the protection of Cuba. He did not want war if war could possibly be avoided with honor. When war became inevitable, Mr. McKinley met the responsibility. President Wilson has beeen going through the same experience as his predecessors and with the same patience, courage and firmness. He, too, has beeen criticized for not rushing into war, and he, too, does not want war, but if war ever does ensue, he will not be found wanting. And so, if Mr. Lincoln were to have the determining voice in the nation's procedure today, he would be the selfsame contained, quiet man that he was when in the 'sixties he warded off for weeks and weeks the jingoes who thought they wanted war quickly. He would be composed now as he was then; slow to anger; he would refrain from answering in the language of his critics; he would have as his greatest ideal the best interests of all the people and would not be swayed by popular passion and prejudice. The country would be safe, as it now is with Mr. Wilson occupying the responsible position Mr. Lincoln occupied fifty-five years ago.

FRANKLIN K. LANE

Secretary of the Interior

MY RIGHT to call myself an American does not turn upon what America has done for me, but what I have done for it. If I have made it richer, if I have made its life more wholesome, if I have given to it a boy or a girl who loves it, if I have shown that I am loyal to the ideals of freedom and justice which it represents, I have the right to call myself an American. The test of my Americanism is the way I look at things with relation to the present and the future of this country.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

Senator from Mississippi

PRESIDENT Lincoln's handling of the *Alabama* case in the Civil War is recommended to President Wilson as a pattern for managing the pending controversy between the United States and Great Britain over interferences with American commerce. Bear and forbear until a cooler time comes, he counsels, as Lincoln did during the Civil War, and the result of the *Alabama* claims proved him to be right in doing it. Whatever damage sounds in money or in merchandise can be cured by money, but a wise government may at times well procrastinate and postpone in order that the appeal for reparation and indemnity may be made to a cooler court, a cooler jury, to a people, who, after the war is over and the high feeling of war has subsided, are capable of considering things impartially from the standpoint purely of the demands of justice.

I would lodge my protest, and I would uphold the principles of international law and the rights of neutrals until a proper day of reckoning came under our treaties and under general international law, rather than fight about money, if the sole cause of the quarrel were either money or base merchandise. I would wait until the people had become sober and cool, and then I would accomplish about what the United States government did in the case of the Geneva award. Abraham Lincoln and Seward and the men other than Seward who were advising Abraham Lincoln, did not push the matter just at that time, but when the proper time came they did push it. All quarrels about money can be cured with money, and all delay in curing them with money is measured by universal agreement by a rate of interest.

Whatever a man may think of him, there is in the White House at this time one who has deep vision, long vision, and that means historic,educated vision and tender vision—by which I mean a vision which, after it sees and before it advises action, considers thoughtfully not only American humanity but humanity all over the world.

HOKE SMITH

Senator from Georgia

IF ABRAHAM LINCOLN were in the White House today he would insist that belligerents respect the neutral rights of citizens of the United States. He would repudiate the charge that during the Civil War he authorized the blockading of a neutral port or permitted the navy to act upon any line of conduct which could

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honestly be presented as a precedent for the manner in which Great Britain now suppresses the shipment of their innocent merchandise by citizens of neutral countries through neutral ports to belligerents.

The order of blockade issued by President Lincoln was limited to the Rio Grande. In the Peterhof case the Supreme Court called attention to the fact that the order to blockade stopped at the Rio Grande, and that innocent commerce could pass into the Confederate States through Matamoras free from any interference by the United States. The continuous voyage rule, as laid down by Great Britain before the Civil War and as laid down by the national government during the Civil War, has no connection whatever with the issue today between the United States and Great Britain. The continuous voyage doctrine as laid down by Great Britain was with reference to her colonies, and limited to them, and does not touch our issue.

FRANK GREENE

Representative from Vermont

THE native born citizen of the United States of America that can tell the country just what Abraham Lincoln would do if he were in the White House today (and would do it himself) is the very man the Republican party is looking for to take its nomination for the presidency next June.

The proposition is so purely an academic speculation so far as I am concerned, therefore, that the privilege of writing anything at all about it must be regarded as simply affording an opportunity for several thousands of us that are not Abraham Lincolns to compare our minds about something that is not going to happen. It may perhaps furnish innocent amusement to us to see how clumsily we grope to materialize a majestic spirit of half a century ago to whose benign influence the nation's heart still hopes ever to respond. But its only practical value, after all,—in the clamor and turmoil of present day social unrest and political antagonisms, at a time when all too many millions of unknown toilers in civilization-building are sensible only of yoke-galled shoulders and do not estimate the priceless total weight of good works for humanity that is all the while surely being borne by them,—is to make us pause to take fresh encouragement and quickened hopes from the inspiring example and fragrant memory of the plain man's noblest martyr in our own time.

In such reverential mood, therefore, I might venture to suggest that, if Abraham Lincoln were President today he would not theorize very much. He would not see the world and the men and women in it through the mullioned window of the ancient scholar's shadowed cloister or interpret life and living from a moldy vellum scroll chained, like his own mind, to the desk. He, too, had wrestled with life's ugliest physical problems in the wilderness, and had walked with men that were doing the same as he. He would not fail to remember that the first reason for being of our federal government was based upon the plain, matter-of-fact necessity for self-preservation, both in a physical and an economic sense, just the very same necessity that our cave and jungle ancestors used to understand in their crude way and that may have altered in degree, but never in kind, since their time. The counsel of this experience he carried with him to the White House and it was his monitor all through the critical period in the nation's history that found him there, notwithstanding the theories of idealists and projects of visionaries that were thrust upon him from every side. He did not even attempt to invest the emancipation of slaves with any high moral or religious color. He recognized the stubborn fact that slavery existed under the constitution and that, whatever his natural personal abhorrence of such a system, the problem before him was, first and foremost, to preserve the union, with slavery or without it. The elementary problems in the ceaseless, remorseless struggle for physical existence of men and nations would appeal to him today as the uppermost factors in statecraft, I think. He would not permit any notion that he or his countrymen had an inspired spiritual mission to perform in the world to blind him to the fact that they must have bread for their bellies and raiment for their backs if they would hope to survive as an organized society or nation with any mission whatever for anybody. I do not think he would depart far from elementary first principles in his statecraft, because he would realize that a nation only 127 years old, and founded upon a new proposition in civil government rejected and opposed by most of mankind, at that, is a pretty youthful society as this hoary old world reckons things, and must needs hang to the go-cart of elementary first principles for a while until it is quite sure it is called by any duty to try to walk all over the globe alone and mind any business but its own. I think he would feel that world-wide spiritual missions would all come, if at all, when the time might be ripe for them—after we had set our own house in order and were sure of its foundations.



Lincoln by Victor Brenner (never before published)

I do not think he would bring to the White House theories that must find simply "counterfeit presentment," not actual realization, in law. I do not think he would ignore conditions as they are or treat them as merely psychological, or that he would try to spell a nation's "prosperity" or a people's " physical comfort" out of a school book or search for them in any table of economic logarithms already prepared for use for any and all classes of men.

I think he would despise that consistency that is the "hobgoblin of small minds," to be sure, but that he would not be so afraid of hobgoblins that haunt the right of way of single-track minds where wrecks have frequently occurred, and that most of the time he would start out with a train of thought that was scheduled for a definite destination and that ultimately got there without having to rip any planks out of political platforms in order to make improvised culverts over imaginary washouts. I

think that there would not be much uncertainty about his time-card, as a general thing, and that social order and business might depend upon it to land them where it advertised to take them in the first place, or find the trip cancelled before it was begun. I judge of this by these words from his famous reply to Horace Greeley in 1862: "I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views." Somehow that impresses me as echoing with great vigor the definition of true consistency laid down by St. Paul: "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." I do not think Abraham Lincoln would attempt to prove so many things that he would lose sight of much good that should be held fast.

I do not think Abraham Lincoln would be impatient under criticism. He might silently grieve under it, as, indeed, we know his lonely soul often did. But I doubt if he would explode under it, and I know he would not whimper under it. He would not, for instance, after possibly having made a mistake that had cost a score of human lives, break in upon the public ceremonial of funeral tribute to the sacrifice of those lives with an appeal for sympathy for himself.

I do not think Abraham Lincoln would be other than a candid man in his relations with the great people that he served or the great party that he was leading for that service. I think he could not possibly be other than frank and disingenuous, or that he could possibly press upon his party in Congress a policy the full nature and purpose of which he had not carefully and completely explained to those whom he asked to frame it and also to the great people for whose welfare, in whose name, and by whose authority it was proposed that the thing be done.

I do not think Abraham Lincoln today would be unapproachable by the common man. I do not mean merely the boon of personal presentation in the White House. I mean that Abraham Lincoln would find time an occasion suitable to the public business and compatible with its demands upon himself, to listen to the voices of the masses of the people that often did not find their way to his ear through distinctively official representative channels. I do not think Abraham Lincoln would like to go without frequent heart-to-heart counsels with the chosen leaders of his party. He probably would not agree with all of them, but he would find a gracious way more likely to leave that difference of opinion not a rankling wound but a bond of mutual confidence and understanding among fair-minded men.

But, after all is said, it is the Abraham Lincoln of retrospect, the martyr President in the mellow light and after glow of the softening perspective of half a century, that we are asked in fancy to see in the White House now—not the human being that our fathers saw there. To them he was in truth very human, with faults and weaknesses, with moods and doubts, like any and all of us today. But in the course of time and experience with their leaders in all walks of life, men learn to judge of them by the law of averages, and him they found so far above the average that the multitude took comfort in their abiding faith in his great honest heart and patient soul. Reincarnated today, Abraham Lincoln's mid-nineteenth century mind would have to be taught to understand even the electric light by which these faltering lines about him are maybe read. It is only his sweetly sympathetic soul, resolute spirit, keenly appreciative mentality, and consecrated purpose that can ever abide in the White House again to any public use.

In reading these lines over before sending them before the editorial judgment seat, I notice that for some reason or other I have dwelt almost entirely upon what Abraham Lincoln would *not* do. What genius may have guided the fancy and the pen in such direction only, when the whole boundless realm of speculation as to what he could do if he wanted to was open to them, I cannot say for sure. Perhaps it was because Presidents sometimes try to do too much, and that maybe the most precious contribution to the healthy progress of our government institutions Abraham Lincoln might make today would be at least to let a few of the laws of nature take their own course.

In times like these when that part of mankind that is not at war to kill each other is in no less bitter strife over attempts to fix and enforce arbitrary standards by which each other shall live, there is always grave need of a President whose philosophy of statecraft is born of real experience of life and living among real men in a real world, and realizes that, in order to "live and let live," civilization must painfully, toilsomely, sometimes bloodily work out its own destiny, and cannot expect to have much of that destiny made out of hand for it by any executive rescript or the fiat of law.

CHARLES SPALDING THOMAS

Senator from Colorado

TAUGHT as a child, during the Civil War, to abhor the very name of Lincoln, when I came to manhood it was to regard him as the greatest of Presidents. I am of the opinion from my reading of his life and character that the same patient wisdom and capacity for successfully meeting crises, however great, would characterize his administration of the nation's affairs if he were alive and in the White House today. That policy would arouse, as it did when he was here, much passion and opposition, finding expression in bitter criticism and personal abuse which, unfortunately, is one result among a free people of executive action whether the occasion for it be momentous or trivial. In other words, I think there is a parallelism between what Mr. Lincoln did and refrained from doing with what Mr. Wilson has done and refrains from doing, and that this parallelism will continue to the next generation, whose judgment will be quite as favorable to Mr. Wilson as that which has long ago been ungrudgingly conceded to Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln's conduct of the war, coupled with his foreign policy, made him intensely unpopular in the winter of '63 and '64, so much so that the opposition to his renomonation assumed organized form. Both he himself and his friends believed that he probably could not be re-elected. We see the same opposition, although not organized, and hear the same predictions about Mr. Wilson, but unless the latter should encounter something wholly unexpected, I feel confident that he, like Mr. Lincoln, will the second time command the approval of his countrymen and be continued for another term in the control of the nation's affairs.



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When Abraham Lincoln was steering the ship of state this magazine supported him. Wa



The personal character of the President is the rock upon which the opposition is wrecked. It dashes against him and his administration, hissing and venomous, but falls back again baffled.
—*Harper's Weekly*, Oct. 15, 1864.



It is now a little too late to call him "well-meaning," "incompetent," "a mere joker," because it is general conviction that he is no man's puppet; that he listens respectfully to his cabinet and then acts from his own convictions; that by his calm and cheerful temperament, by his shrewd insight, his practical sagacity, his undaunted patience, his profound faith in the people and in their cause, he is peculiarly fitted for his solemn and responsible office. Nor is it likely that the people who elected him when he was comparatively unknown will discard him because . . . he has steadily grown in popular love and confidence.
—*Harper's Weekly*, March 5, 1864.



It is clear that under no circumstances whatever could the policy of a man like the President be altogether agreeable to them (his critics). It will be a more cautious and patient policy than they approve.
—*Harper's Weekly*, May 7, 1864.

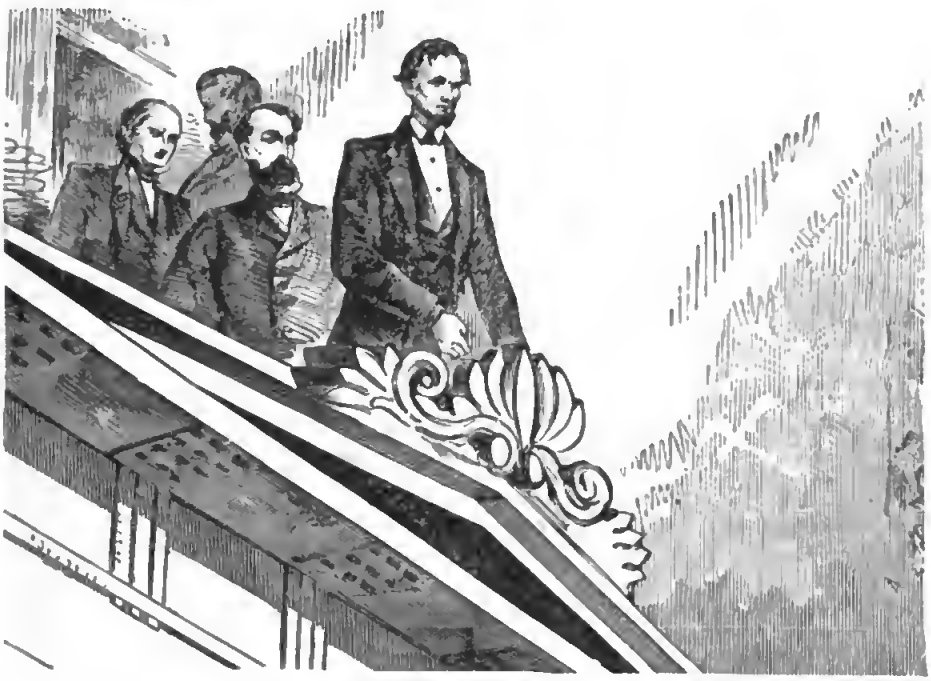
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D ABRAHAM LINCOLN

; Wilson's problems resemble those of Lincoln. Read the following in the light of today

On this day President Lincoln enters upon his second term amidst the benedictions of all loyal citizens of the United States. No man in any office at any period of our history has been so tried as he, and no man has ever shown himself more faithful to a great duty. His temperament, his singular sagacity, his inflexible honesty, his patient persistence, his clear comprehension of the scope of the war and of the character and purpose of the American people, have not only enabled him to guide the country safely in its most perilous hour, but have endeared him forever to the popular heart.

—*Harper's Weekly*, March 11, 1865.





They fill the air with grumblings and growlings, and the newspapers with insinuations, and when they have done all they can to depress and discourage the popular heart, they sigh and groan with renewed vigor at the want of persistence which the public displays.

—*Harper's Weekly*, February 25, 1865.



Party hate has dashed itself to pieces against his spotless patriotism. Friendly impatience has long since hushed its hot criticisms. Foreign skepticism and affected contempt at length recognize in him a purely characteristic representative of that America which conquers by good sense and moral fidelity.

—*Harper's Weekly*, March 11, 1865

HITS ON THE STAGE

RUSSIAN ART AND THE POLICE FORCE

THE Russian Ballet was not only censured but censored—"caviared" in Russian newspaper style—and America considered its morals safe—even if perhaps not sound. Kings and queens had seen this ballet, without so much as the batting of an eyelash, nay, even with evident pleasure. One might have supposed it safe for the self-respecting citizens of liberal-minded America to follow in those royal footsteps.

On the surface all seemed well. What could be more acceptable to the New York artistic palate than a blowout in a harem—the charm of which was doubly guaranteed by the masterly, gorgeous settings designed by Bakst—that wonderful "Russian" artist! "Thamar," too, a counterpart almost to "Schéhérazade," was another ballet predestined to popularity. That consisted of a pink tea in the castle of a Caucasian queen, endowed by nature (and no doubt by native auxiliaries) with a marvelous beauty. To her secluded house, the story runs, she would lure each day some unsuspecting passerby of the unfair sex, give him the time of his life for a few hours, and then chuck him off a cliff into the rocky river below, while she set a trap for the next one—a delectable legend to say the least. Americans have judged favorably of the ballet in imitation of it. Seeing things is so much more fine than reading them.

This is what Russian art with its slogan "art for life's sake," has produced—this is the climax of the great spiritual uplift that our morals are to get from the contact with the youngest and strongest country of Europe—this is the real thing! If this is so, we must have much in common with our faraway bearish brothers. However, there is one difference between us—the Russians can stand all of "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune" or even all of "Schéhérazade." When they accept an idea they are frankly and fearlessly willing to follow it to its logical artistic conclusion. But we, after accepting the idea, whatever it may be, suddenly get squeamish at a detail, call in the police and cry, "Halt! hang the Nymph's shirt up another way!" or "Make the eunuchs watch their steps!" And perhaps this difference between us goes deeper than it would seem on the surface. Perhaps our hypocritical prudery grows out of our belief in "better late than never"—"never too late to mend" or some such rubber stamp—or perhaps we haven't yet had enough of the Bakst atmosphere to become innoculated—perhaps we should wear poison gas masks. Unless we have a predilection for a "perfumed death"— á la D'Annunzio—we might do well to go out between the acts and breathe some pure air. Possibly this is what the Russians do, to save their souls from eternal perdition. It would seem that they must have something to fall back on.

Without undue partiality for things Russian it seems to me that one might push a little farther into the realm of life and art in Russia without endangering our moral welfare. Perilous as this undertaking at first blush may seem, still its hardships might be counterbalanced by possible benefits. Of course some may not just care for Turgenief's style of writing or never crack a smile over Gogol's stories. You never can tell just whose point of view will strike a snag in Tolstoy's books, or whose human sympathies are so kindly and broad, so enlightened that he will not lose himself in the seemingly impenetrable gloom of Dostoyefsky's works. Others still, whose accustomed surroundings have left little of the mystical in their lives or religion, may be cloyed by the so-called "pleasant religiosity" of the Russian peasant.

But there will still be a few left—a modest minority perhaps—who will appreciate what Russia really is and means. They, it is to be hoped, will be the ones to discover what Russians and Americans really have in common—a breadth of conception and thought as wide as their steppes and our prairies. If we take any pride in our civilization and still find so much that is mutual between ourselves and Russia, we may yet live to learn that Russia is not as bad as Bakst paints her. And, if by some strange turn of the Wheel of Destiny some of her morals should be grafted onto our own—should it happen to be a branch of that sweet, open kindliness of theirs—we would hardly be the losers by the deal. Moreover, were our life, which has grown so harsh in many ways, to be softened by it—we might even consider that something had been added to us.

But this is of course all conjecture. The Ballet would hardly put anyone on this track. To find it we must go so far as to step over the dead bodies of the last scene of "Schéhérazade"—and is there anyone who would go to such an extreme? As D'Annunzio would say, "Forse che si—forse che no!!"

E. K. R.

ALIKE IN ONLY ONE RESPECT

EACH HAS CREATED A POPULAR HEROINE



In "The Eternal Magdalene" Miss Lucile Watson made a social outcast seem upright. In "The Fear Market" her new task is to make a social leader seem interesting



The broad comedy of Mrs. Fiske's new play, "Erstwhile Susan," will probably, even for the lowbrow, atone for its intelligence and its originality



Miss Mary Nash's part in "Major Barbara" consisted chiefly in being hit in the eye by a rowdy. She has now given up Shaw, and appears in "The Ohio Lady"



Emily Stevens has made "The Unchastened Woman" "An Uninterrupted Success"



Miss Marjorie Rambeau is a talented actress. She also appears in "Sadie Love"

Photo of Miss Rambeau by the McClure Studios; other photos by White

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G. O. P.: "Guess I'll keep the lively little feller, and drown the others"

ON TEACHING HISTORY

BY WARREN BARTON BLAKE

RIGHTLY or wrongly, one does not look to meetings of learned societies for very much in the nature of constructive work. And yet, at the recent session of the American Historical Association in Washington the committee on "The Definition of the History Course" made its first report, which, taken in consideration with the past and projected work of its members, is regarded by forward-looking students of history as the most important step taken by teachers of history in n great many years. The committee on the Definition of the History Course is expected to recommend a new basis for history instruction in our secondary schools. In the past, lessons in history have too often been lessons in Greek history, Roman history, or American history, and nothing more. Each story of a nation—Greece or Rome, Britain or America—has been kept boxed in a water-tight compartment. Many a high-school boy never gave a thought to what happened in Greece after the battle of Salamis, or in Italy after the Goths and Vandals wreaked their worst against an empire grown pacifist and soft. They conceive of European history as one vast blank between the date when their Roman history waved them good-by and the year 1492, when Genoese Columbus set sail. In many a college, students learn nothing at all of French history since 1815—though perhaps they are taught a few facts about the great revolution and Napoleon. One reason why most Americans have been dazed by the heroism of France's rôle since August 3, 1914, is that for them the outstanding facts in all French history have been St. Bartholomew's Day and the Reign of Terror. It is significant that the present war obliges teachers of history to overhaul their methods. The modernists among them believe that American boys and girls ought to be taught something about republican France and the unification and aggrandisement of Germany under Bismarck and his successors.

Teaching history to inexperienced and often incurious minds is no easy task if something more is meant than names and dates. One of the discouraging factors is the lack of agreement among the historians and critics as to whether history is a philosophy, an art, or a science; as to whether or not the nation can fairly be studied according to the same principles as a living organism. But perhaps that disagreement is, to agile minds, less discouraging than stimulating. May history teachers succeed in stimulating their pupils also, and may they give them some useful conception of the oneness of all experience, of the inter-relation of all historical happenings!

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TOP SPEED INDOORS

BY HERBERT REED

THE Millrose Athletic Association seems to have the happy faculty of gathering under one roof the best amateur athletes in the country, whether sprinters, distance men, jumpers or weight throwers. It is almost a safe wager that some record will be beaten, or at least equaled, and it is also a safe wager that every man who has had anything to do with the building up of track sports will be on hand. The Millrose meet draws competitors from the Pacific Coast, from Chicago, and, indeed, from every athletic centre. Howard Drew came all the way from California to reestablish himself as the premier American sprinter. Incidentally he equaled the indoor record, beating such good men as Roy Morse, who has cut quite a wide swath in the east, and Joe Loomis, of Chicago. Loomis, I think, is more at home on an outdoor track. Seventy yards is a little too short for him, and the board floor is hardly fitted to his stride.

THE Rodman Wanamaker trophy went to J. W. Overton, of Yale, who ran one of the best judged races at the difficult distance of a mile and a half that I have ever seen. For the major part of the race he was in last position, but it was evident that he had his field nicely gaged. This man, I think, is a really great runner. He has an easy, natural stride, remarkable judgment of pace, and the courage at the finish that is born in a man and cannot be taught. Overton is the cross-country champion. In the Millrose meet he was matched against some of the best middle distance men in the Metropolitan circuit. Mike Devanney, Sid Leslie and Willie Gordon made a hot race of it, and their fast pacing forced the Yale man to an indoor record, although the distance is so unusual that the new figures probably will seldom be attacked.

DAVE CALDWELL, of the Boston A. A., and formerly of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and Cornell, in which institution he had the benefit of the clever coaching of Jack Moakley, accounted for the special event at 600 yards. This was not unexpected, for Caldwell has developed his natural ability to make a rush for the tape impressively. The Bostonian has won so many races in the last lap that he can hardly any longer be classed as a "surprise finisher."

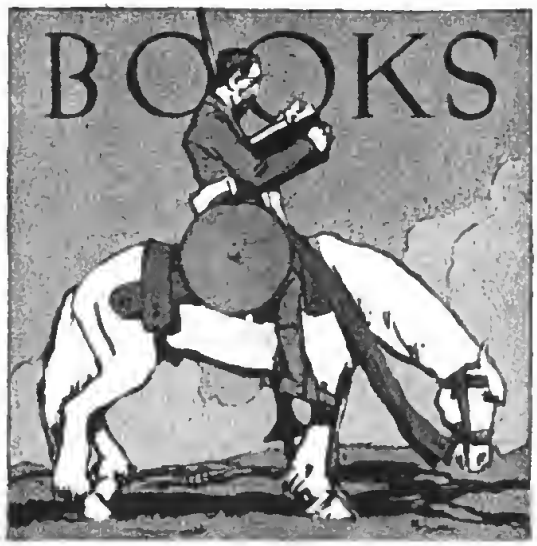
THE handicapper apparently was as much in awe of George Goulding, the wonderful Canadian walker, as the rest of the populace, for he gave away so many seconds to Eddie Renz, the American champion, who, by the way, is not such a poor walker himself, that the Canadian could not get home in the lead. For some reason or other walking has not been popular in the time between the days of Eddie Lange, Boercheling and Lloyd Collis, and the advent of men like Goulding, Renz and Remer. I confess to a liking for the walking game, and sincerely hope that it will get a fresh start. I doubt if any follower of track sports will ever forget some of the performances of Samuel Liebgold at Travers Island —Sammy usually being on scratch and therefore to be "rooted" for as Goulding is today. There is more time in which to get thoroughly worked up over a mile walk than a mile run. And when one has a chance to see the present day walkers, who are by no means the contortionists that were so prominent in the old intercollegiate meets, one gets, I think, a new appreciation of one of the best competitive sports in existence.

DEAN LE BARON R. BRIGGS, of Harvard, is in type again with a little constructive criticism of amateur sport. Anything that the good Dean has to say cannot fail to help sport even outside of Harvard. There is one statement of his, however, that can hardly go unchallenged. It is as follows: "it is the hope of the committee to avoid those bickerings, which, magnified by the press, have from time to time aroused unfriendly feeling." As a matter of cold fact there has never been any unfriendly feeling of the Harvard-Yale or Harvard-Princeton or Yale-Princeton stamp that was "magnified" by "the press." The poor old "press" simply had to report various misunderstandings between graduates. Having a speaking acquaintance with a few of the myrmidons of the "press" who are mainly interested in college athletics, I think I can say for them that they are only too glad to support Dean Briggs in every way they can, or, for that matter, any other forthright man.

WITH the call for candidates at the University of Pennsylvania, the rowing season is really under way. Work on the machines seems to be of more importance in the east that in the west. Climate may have something to do with it, but I think the Coast crews make a mistake when they slight the work on the machines. I doubt if the followers of the intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson have ever seen better material than manned the shells of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, but that same material, it seems to me, would be closer to winning if the preparation dated back a trifle, and if Mr. Guerena, the coach, would get his men started on the machines. Stanford will be very welcome again on the Hudson, and followers of one of the best sports there is will approve of the meeting between Princeton and Harvard. One of the most attractive races of the season will be that between Columbia, Princeton, Pennsylvania and the Navy, for the Childs Cup, this time on the Schuylkill river course, one of the best in the country, from both the spectator's and the oarsman's view-point. This year there will be more intercollegiate racing than ever in the past, which is an unmixed blessing. Thanks to men like Guy Nickalls, at Yale, and Dr. Spaeth at Princeton, rowing is no longer a grind.

PRINCETON'S hockey seven this year looks like a good one. It is made up largely of veterans, and these veterans St. Paul's School boys. So far I have seen it in action only once, but the team impressed me as getting a better start than it did last season. The combination play shows vast improvement, and I doubt if the positions of the men will have to be shifted often. Peacock again is the star, but he is well supported by the two Humphreys, who are among the best ever turned out at Concord. Yale was no match for the Tigers in the early season games, and there will have to be rapid improvement at New Haven if the Elis are to be in the hunt with Princeton, Harvard and Dartmouth.

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JOSEPH CONRAD'S new book, *Within the Tides*, is made up of four short stories. Of these "The Partaer" and "Because of Dollars" seem most typical of Conrad, and best. Both of them have that curious combination of detachment aad irony that makes Conrad so pleasantly baffling to those who would analyze him.

The other two stories are "The Planter of Malata" and "The Ina of the Two Witches." Both are good tales, but only that. Any talcated writer could have told them. The Conrad lover will regret the time spent over them. However, two real Conrad stories make the book a bargain. The initiate will feel, in the two stories first referred to, the same strong charm of *Nostromo* and *Lord Jim*. And the man to whom Conrad is still a gold name on blue covers may have his interest quickened by the very shortness of the tales.

IT IS often difficult to determiae where personality leaves off and artistry begins—or vice versa. Particularly is this true in a small volume of *Verses*, by Adelnide Crapsey. Miss Crapsey died recently in her thirty-sixth year, leaving behind her a little collection of fragile poems. They were written whea she knew that death was approaching; yet there is no grimness. Rather, charm.

The poems are chiefly of a decorative nature—for instance, the "Cinquaias," a five-liae form that is quite her own. Niagara, "seen on a night in November," is typical:

> How frail
> Above the bulk
> Of crashing water haags,
> Autumnal, evanescent, wan,
> The mooa.

Like Gray and Collins, Adelaide Crapsey left aa "immortal residue" of scanty proportions. But what there is must entitle her to rank as an exquisite artist.

TO HELP in the work of relieving the children made destitute by the war, Mrs. Edith Wharton has gathered together *The Book of the Homeless*. There have been several similar volumes compiled since the war began, but none of them represeats a collection of more permanent interest. Amoag the Eaglish authors who have contributed papers are Joseph Conrad, Joha Galsworthy, Henry James, Thomas Hardy aad William Butler Yeats. Of Freachmea there are Rostaad, Hervieu, Bourget—together with Verhaeren aad Maeterlinck. America is represented by William Dean Howells, Robert Grant and a few others. Add musical scores by Straviasky and Vincent d' Indy, illustrations by artists like Max Beerbohm,—aad you will see what a really remarkable volume Mrs. Whartoa has compiled. *The Bock of the Homeless* is not only a charitable institution that should be patronized; it is a book of artistic importance.

W. L. GEORGE, author of that fine novel, *The Second Blooming*, has just published a story called *The Stranger's Wedding*, in which a young Englishman of the comfortable-income class marries the daughter of a London washerwoman. The husband believes he can educate his wife up to any social event, but the results do not bear out his confidence. Mr. George handles with sympathy a story alternately pathetic, satiric aad broadly humorous.

The reader's sympathies are almost evenly divided between the two protagoaists, but probably most male readers will feel that the wife might have become as accomplished a lady as could be desired, if only her husband had been more patient. Alas, poor husband! For him bad taste is the uapardonable sin. He suffers from the chronic spiritual indigestion produced by living on the "literature" and "art" of a snobbish education. After all his wife was the more cultivated; she was sufficiently cultured to be tolerant of her husband's "culture," whereas he was blind to her delicious naïveté.

SINCE the outbreak of the war there have been a nummer of books aad moving pictures portraying the subjection of this country by a hostile force. We have read of Hartford's downfall, and seen paper New Yorks blown to bits. J. C. Muller's *Invasion of America* is the latest offering. Where Mr. Muller's book differs most from its predecessors is in the fact that so much of it is documentary. The author never ventures a statement or estimate on his own authority, but invariably quotes official reports and the writings of army and navy officers. He claims merely to work out "according to the inexorable mathematics of war" what may happea, the facts beiag what they are, to a nation "which in a world of men, failed to prepare for what men may do." His book foretells the taking of New Englaad by an enemy which holds it for ransom while the rest of the country spends a year or two "preparing for war."

A GAY and hopeful story is *The Bent Twig*. It has timeliness as well. True desire for expansion is a praiseworthy quality in any girl. But too often it is only repulsion from monotony. Sylvia Marshall is a keen and vigorous young lady. She has no opportunity to match her individuality against the world. Instead, she lives in a westera town named La Chance, and has an economics professor for a father. Being youthful she quite naturally takes a false step. But the twig is finally bent toward the wholesome and natural. After that it has a very splendid growth.

While the book thus becomes the protagonist of plain living, it is nevertheless interesting. Even the creed of plaia living cannot dampen the buoyant fire of a good story.

BOOKS REVIEWED

WITHIN THE TIDES	*By Joseph Conrad*	
Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City		$1.25
VERSES	*By Adelaide Crapsey*	
The Manas Press, Rochester		$1.00
THE BOOK OF THE HOMELESS	*Edited by Edith Wharton*	
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York		$5.00
THE STRANGER'S WEDDING	*By W. L. George*	
Little, Brown & Co., Boston		$1.35
THE INVASION OF AMERICA	*By J. C. Mullen*	
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York		$1 25
THE BENT TWIG	*By Dorothy Canfield*	
Henry Holt & Co., New York		$1.35

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NECESSARY TRIMMINGS FOR MOTOR CARS

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

HAVE you ever had the excruciating pleasure of motoring up a Swiss mountain? I have. It happened some years ago. Some friends and I were in a small town on Lake Geneva for the day. We missed the last train out and were confronted with the problem of reaching, in time for dinner, a hotel that was perched on top of a mountain about a mile high and fifteen miles away. It sounds a bit absurd, but all we could do was to take a taxi.

There is no need to bore you with the details of the ride—although what with stalling on turns and meeting hay-wagons and shy horses on a ribbon of road over a precipice, it was eventful—the point that sticks out in my memory was that for two solid hours I sat beside the chauffeur and pumped gasoline with the frenzied regularity of a life-saver working over a drowned man. The motor fairly drank the stuff. The slightest let up on my part and the needle on the fuel gage would drop down to zero.

Thousands of motorists have been bothered with a lack of fuel on hills, and most of them have not even had hand-pumps on the dashboard. For the sake of those who still have trouble with their gasoline systems, I am reproducing on this page the picture of a device which assures a plentiful supply of fuel at all angles—provided the tank contains even a few drops. According to the makers—and I can find no reason to doubt them—this device is part of the regular equipment of fifty per cent of all 1916 motor cars. It works by means of a vacuum, and can easily be installed on any car, old or new. Considering the value of its service, the price of this device is negligible.

Unless you have a chauffeur—and even when you have one—it is hard to achieve the distinction of being able to say that the clock on the dashboard of your car has never been allowed to run down. It is a peculiarity of clocks and watches that one finds it an effort to remember that they need winding. In the centre of this page is a memory-proof motor clock. It is memory proof because it never needs to be wound. And it never needs to be wound because it winds itself. It is an electric clock, you see, and one dry cell will keep it going. Or, if you think you might forget to renew the battery you can have the clock attached to the automntic electric system of your car.

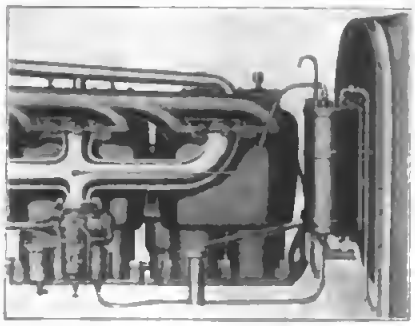
With open-air touring only a short time distant, it is well to remember in advance the manifest joys of tire pumping under the old-fashioned, manual-labor method. If you have ever indulged in a bout of it on a torrid summer's day, you don't need to be reminded of it. Wonderful exercise, yes, but you don't go motoring for exercise. If you wanted exercise you'd walk. When overhauling your car preparatory to its spring touring campaign, it will pay you to remember the motor-driven tire pump shown on this page. Your engine will run it.

With thermo-syphon and other modern cooling systems the danger of boiling the water is not nowadays as threatening as it used to be. But even so, it is a good plan to be prepared. There is at present on the market a radiator thermometer which tells you every minute just how hot your motor is. Screwed on the water cap of the radiator, this device gives you constant advice. If the day is cold, and you are not sure whether you ought to throw a cover over the radiator, this thermometer will tell you. If you have been going up hill on low and things are heating up, this thermometer will appraise you of the fact. It is made in three sizes, one for large cars, one for medium, and one for small.

It has been said that men seldom die of hunger, but often die of thirst. Regardless of the truth or falsity of this statement, it is certain that motoring—especially through dusty rural America—does tend to engender thirst rather than hunger. It is convenient, therefore, in fact highly necessary that the equipment of any car intended for touring include facilities for moistening the tourist's larynx. And if these facilities are combined with receptacles for solid food—then so much the better. The leather case illustrated here contains, first: two non-conducting bottles, which will keep liquids hot for twenty-four hours, or cold for three days. In addition it contains knives, forks, spoons, plates, drinking cups, salt and pepper shakers, and two nickel-plated lunch boxes. The case may be had in brown or black leather.

For more extended tours, when an automobile party plans to leave early and return late, a more comprehensive luncheon basket may be had. It is illustrated on page 164. Including two of the aforementioned non-conducting bottles, each holding a quart, plates, knives, forks, spoons, drinking cups, napkins, salt and pepper shakers, jelly jar and large lunch boxes, its equipment is complete and com-

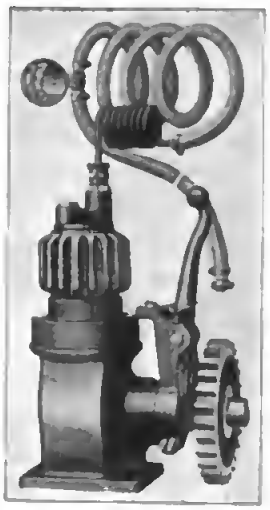
The Motor Editor of *Harper's Weekly* will gladly tell you where any of the articles here described or illustrated may be bought



Vacuum gasoline system that costs $10



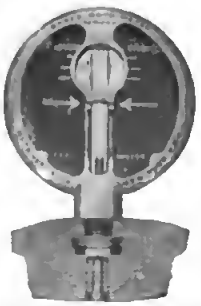
Electric clock, $15



Tire pump driven by the engine, $12



Leather lunch case complete except bottles, black $20, *tan* $24



This heat gage comes in three sizes, costing $10, $5 *and* $2.50

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BOUNDING JOYOUSLY AHEAD

are the newsstand sales of the new Harper's Weekly. People who know a good thing when they see it are proving that they do by snapping up Harper's Weekly as soon as it appears.

Great men are writing for Harper's Weekly. Here are a few whose work will be in next week's issue:

Louis D. Brandeis

one of the country's foremost lawyers—contributes an article of importance to every thinking man.

Samuel Harper

Professor of Russian in the University of Chicago—describes his visit to the front with a Russian general.

F. P. A.

conductor of the "Conning Tower" and the most popular newspaper humorist of the day—writes another of his new series, "Plutarch Lights of History."

Brian Hooker

twice author of a $10,000 prize American opera—writes another of what is perhaps the most important series of poems appearing in an American periodical.

All these, plus the latest Washington news, reviews of the new plays and books, exclusive photographs from the theatres of drama and war, the most recent happenings in sports, and many other interesting features will come to you without fail—if you fill out the coupon below and mail it without delay

HARPER'S WEEKLY

251 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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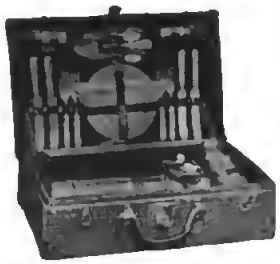
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H.W 2-12-16

pactly arranged for two, four or six people. The luncheon basket illustrated has the virtue of being specially designed and built for use in an automobile. It is made of woven fiber rattan over a dust-proof frame, has leather corners and is lined on the inside with waterproof material. One other feature of this basket, carrying out the dust-proof quality of its frame, is a heavy felt pad fitted in the lid, which prevents any leakage of dust through the hinged side.



Dustproof luncheon basket, complete except bottles, $15 to $38

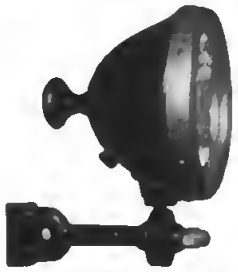
While tires and tire fabrics have been greatly improved of late, so greatly in fact that their makers guarantee a certain mileage for them, motorists should not think that the makers ought to shoulder all the responsibility when a tire does not live up to its guarantee. No one can expect good service from tires who does not see to it that the correct air pressure is constantly maintained. The adjustment departments of tire companies are justified in asking pointed questions regarding pressure maintenance. It is a great help to the motorist to be able to measure, at any time, the amount of air in his tires. And the air gage illustrated here is made solely for that purpose.



An air gage for measuring the pressure in tires. It costs $1

In driving through hilly country or along twisting roads, the light from your headlamps may be shot up into the air—be stopped by the side of a hill—or be directed at an angle away from the general course you are traveling. If your headlights are mechanically dimmed in accordance with the anti-glare laws of most cities, you are obliged to feel your way more or less blindly through dark streets and around dangerous turns in the road. With the adjustable light shown here, you can instantly flash a brilliant spot of light far enough ahead to insure safety. Then you can switch it off. This is quite within the law.

Thousands of accidents occur every year due to glaring headlamps blinding the driver of an approaching car and forcing him into collision with your car, or into the ditch. This light, however, does away with all dangers connected with the glaring features of undimmed headlights. It throws a bright spot of light on the road or up side streets—in fact anywhere. It is one of its main advantages that the light from this lamp can be directed at your will by a touch of the finger.



Swivel searchlight, $7.50

RUBBERLESS MOTOR TIRES

BY JOHN PATRICK

THE problem of making a satisfactory motor tire without using rubber has recently been solved by an Australian inventor named Edwin Jones. His unique tire is constructed entirely from closely woven cocoanut fiber that has been specially prepared. It is not subject to "blow-outs" and in use it cannot be cut, not even by a broken bottle. It has given a good account of itself on rough roads, it grips a greasy surface exceptionally well and is therefore not prone to "side-slip;" while on a good, smooth highway it is capable of thirty-five miles an hour. This tire, however, is not intended to supersede the rubber article for everyday work. The inventor's idea in devising it was to produce an inexpensive, serviceable tire that can be carried for emergency use and that will not perish or deteriorate as rubber does when standing idle exposed to the light and the air. Hence the name under which it is being put on the market—"The Homing Tire." It brings you home and it does it cheaply. It can be made and sold for less than one-third of the price of the ordinary rubber tire that is usually carried by every motorist as "a spare cover."

Christchurch, New Zealand.

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THE UNEXPECTED

BY B. RUSSELL HERTS

THE unexpected of today is the looked-for of tomorrow. Thus if one of us pedestrians is bruised by unexpected contact with a passing motor car, he looks out for at least a month afterward, in daily fear of a similar occurrence. Of course it does not happen again, obviously because it has become expected, and one learns in childhood that "the unexpected always happens." We are fated, it seems, to encounter unlooked-for occurrences in unending variety, so that they may remain unexpected. But if the occurrence of the surprising is invariable, then the unexpected becomes the expected, and we have the establishment of a circle (whether vicious or virtuous) like the suggestion in the pronouncement: "Socrates said, 'All Greeks are liars,' but Socrates was a Greek; therefore Socrates was a liar; but if he was a liar, what he said was untrue, and therefore all Greeks are not liars," etc., *ad infinitum*.

The whole fallacious adage is based upon the fact that the unexpected occasionally happens, and it frequently does so at moments when we have very importantly counted on its not doing so. It succeeds in annoying us greatly, and so we disdain the condition and salve the irritation by resorting to the aphorism. We seldom pursue the more valuable course of reducing the sphere of the unexpected. For certainly we must realize, if we think about it, that the unexpected could never happen if we were in full possession of the data controlling our expectations. It is only our ignorance of many factors at work on our experience that makes our careers so completely subject to chance.

If the unexpected always happened, there could be no theory of probabilities, for in that case the most probable thing would become the most perfectly impossible. Any wild and outrageous happening might come to pass, but not the normal and natural course of events, which could never occur because it would be expected. And when the unexpected became expected, man's imagination having supplied it to him in advance, then some new and madder exploits would have to be devised so that the unexpected might still be given the power to occur. Our minds are incapable of pursuing the maxim to any logical and sensible conclusion.

$2 INVESTED IN VOGUE *will* SAVE YOU $200

Before you spend a penny on your Spring hat or clothes, before you even plan your new wardrobe, consult Vogue's great Spring and Summer Fashion issues, beginning with the

MILLINERY NUMBER*



THE gowns you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown! Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford!

Why take chances again this year when by simply sending in the coupon, and at your convenience paying $2—a tiny fraction of the loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you can insure the correctness of your whole wardrobe?

Vogue is a beautifully illustrated magazine; the acknowledged authority on what is worn by well-dressed American women.

Here are your 12 numbers (and one extra):

Spring Millinery Feb. 15*
The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures

Spring Patterns and New Materials Mar. 1
Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe

Paris Openings Mar. 15
The complete story of the Paris openings establishing the mode

Spring Fashions Apr. 1
The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories.

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes Apr. 15
First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means

Brides and Summer Homes May 1
A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride

American Travel May 15
Places in our own country well worth a visit at least

Summer Fashions June 1
The final showing of the Summer modes that will be

In the Country June 15
Society takes to sports and life in the open

Hot Weather Fashions July 1
The correct wardrobe for all outdoor sports

Hostesses July 15
The newest ideas in mid-summer entertainments

London & Paris Aug. 1
War-stricken Europe regains her balance and sends us new and fresh ideas

Children's Fashions Aug 15
Outfits for the infant and for the school boy and girl

*OUR SPECIAL OFFER

The Spring Millinery Number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose the $2 with the coupon below, we will send you, with our compliments, this authoritative outline of the new millinery, making thirteen numbers instead of twelve. Or, if more convenient, send coupon without money. Your subscription will then start with the Spring Patterns Number, and continue through the next eleven numbers.

"Nine out of ten women copy what the tenth does; the tenth is a reader of VOGUE"

VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Send me twelve numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Spring Patterns Number, and I will remit $2 on receipt of bill March 1st (OR) I enclose $2 herewith and shall expect thirteen numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Millinery Number.

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Have you seen anything more definitely in the very foremost rank of automobile designing?

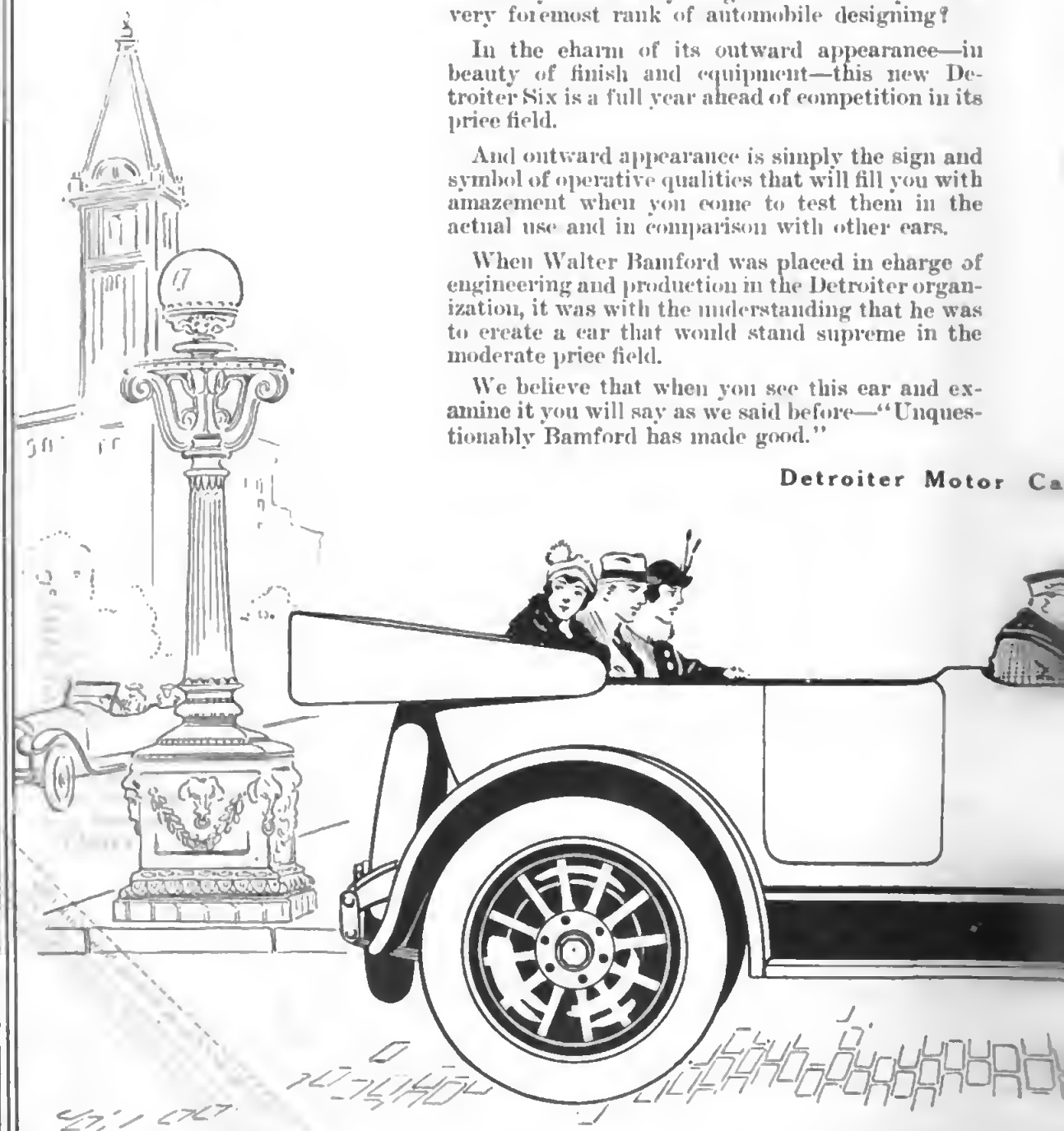
In the charm of its outward appearance—in beauty of finish and equipment—this new Detroiter Six is a full year ahead of competition in its price field.

And outward appearance is simply the sign and symbol of operative qualities that will fill you with amazement when you come to test them in the actual use and in comparison with other cars.

When Walter Bamford was placed in charge of engineering and production in the Detroiter organization, it was with the understanding that he was to create a car that would stand supreme in the moderate price field.

We believe that when you see this car and examine it you will say as we said before—"Unquestionably Bamford has made good."

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MADE IN DETROIT USA

"Six-45"---$1098

WORTHY of the NAME

THE new Detroiter looks like a thousand dollars more money—and in operation it gives you the sensation of luxury and completeness of power and flexibility that you don't expect to find in any but the highest priced cars.

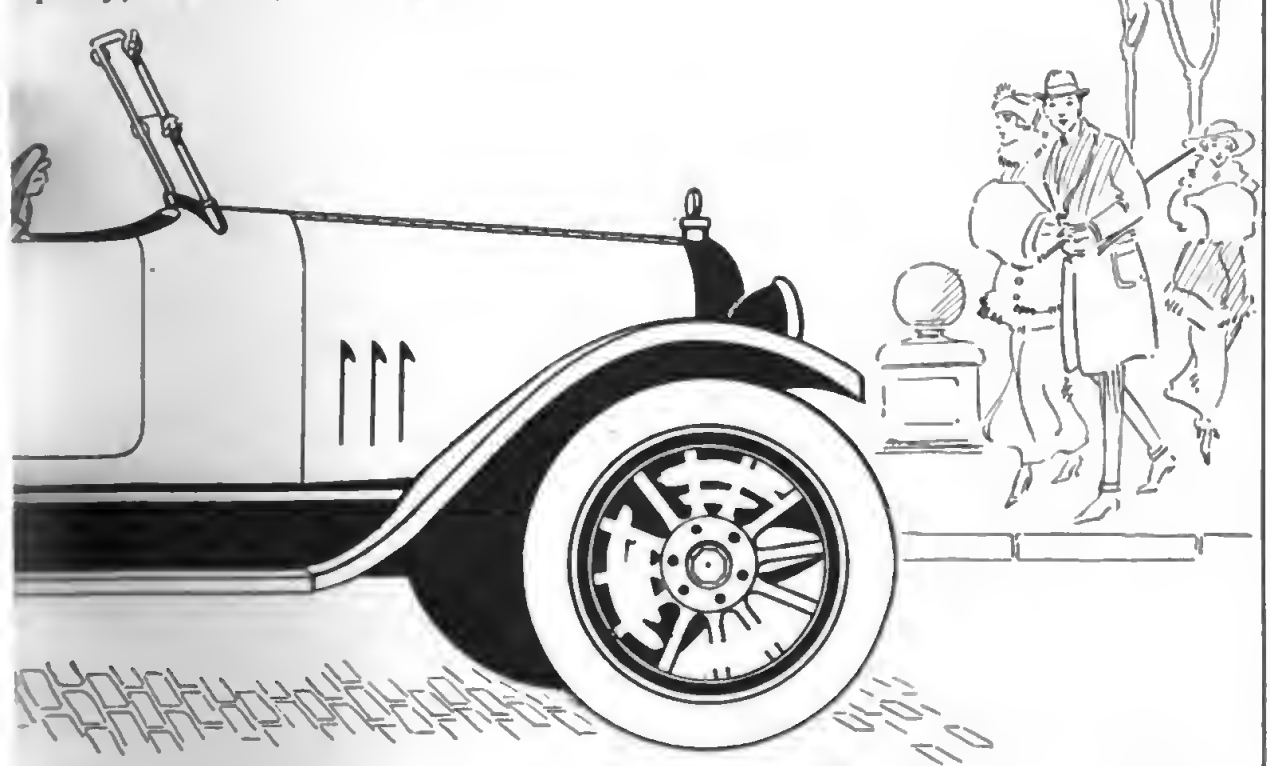
Continental motor—multiple disc clutch—long, flexible under slung springs—vacuum gasoline feed—and genuine leather upholstery, are specifications of a strictly quality car.

The wheelbase—118 inches—is the ideal length for general use—long enough for the development of perfect riding qualities—not too long for economy in construction and operation.

The new Detroiter Six does not claim to be the biggest car in its price class—It does claim to be the best car in its price class—the most impressive—the most luxurious—the most thoroughly standard in quality—a car that we can be proud to refer to next year and the following years.

Send today for the complete specifications of this truly wonderful quality car.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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THE SAFETY VALVE

THE NEW COVER

From the *Herald*, (Washington, D. C.)

WE CONGRATULATE *Harper's Weekly* on its new cover.

COMMENDATION

From *The Oregon Country*, (Portland, Ore.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY is a publication that handles current items in an interesting manner, covering a variety of subjects which make it delightful from a number of standpoints.

LAVISH PRAISE

By W. L. Barbour

I ENJOY your magazine very much. You have the European conflict doped out minutely correct.
Colebrook, N. H.

BEGINNING 1916

From the *Publisher's Weekly* (New York City)

HARPER'S WEEKLY begins 1916 in a shape slightly different, changed typography, and a decorative cover which is a distinct improvement.

INDORSEMENT

From the *Chronicle*, (Rye, N. Y.)

IN CHARACTERIZING the policy of President Wilson toward the belligerent nations as "patience, not timidity," and declaring that the majority of the people of the United States are with the President, Norman Hapgood shows himself possessed of an accuracy of vision worthy of the reputation of the ancient independent journal over whose destinies he presides.

A PRESCRIPTION

By Doctor H. A. Royster

YOUR new cover is much better than former ones, and I am particularly glad to see that you have changed the size and shape of the *Weekly*. Last year it was too narrow and too long,—I mean in measurement, not in matter.

Every medical man in America aught to be on your subscription list.

Raleigh, N. C.

The War's Effect on American Business

A remarkable series of articles by well-known economists, now running in The Annalist; any one of which is worth more than the cost of a year's subscription. A sample copy will be sent free on request.

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TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK

$15 — $10

also a year's and a half year's subscription are offered as prizes in the Harper's Weekly Motor Contest. For full particulars as to how you can enter the contest, write to

THE MOTOR EDITOR
HARPER'S WEEKLY
251 Fourth Avenue, New York

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October, 1915	MUSIC AND OUR CHILDREN: discussed by JOSEF STRANSKY, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
November, 1915	HAS AMERICA NO TIME FOR MUSIC? Written from an interview with ARTUR BODANZKY, the new conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House.
December, 1915	THE MUSIC OF DEMOCRACY; By DR. KARL MUCK, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
January, 1916	MUSIC FESTIVALS AS A SOURCE OF EDUCATION IN AMERICA; By DR. ERNST KUNWALD, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.
February, 1916	WHERE DOES AMERICA STAND MUSICALLY—AS CREATOR, PRODUCER AND AUDIENCE? By LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.
March, 1916	MUSIC IN THE WEST; By FREDERICK STOCK, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

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In order to give you a chance to standardize your bookshelves, we offer in connection with our unusual set of Stevenson, a limited number of six volume sets of famous authors:

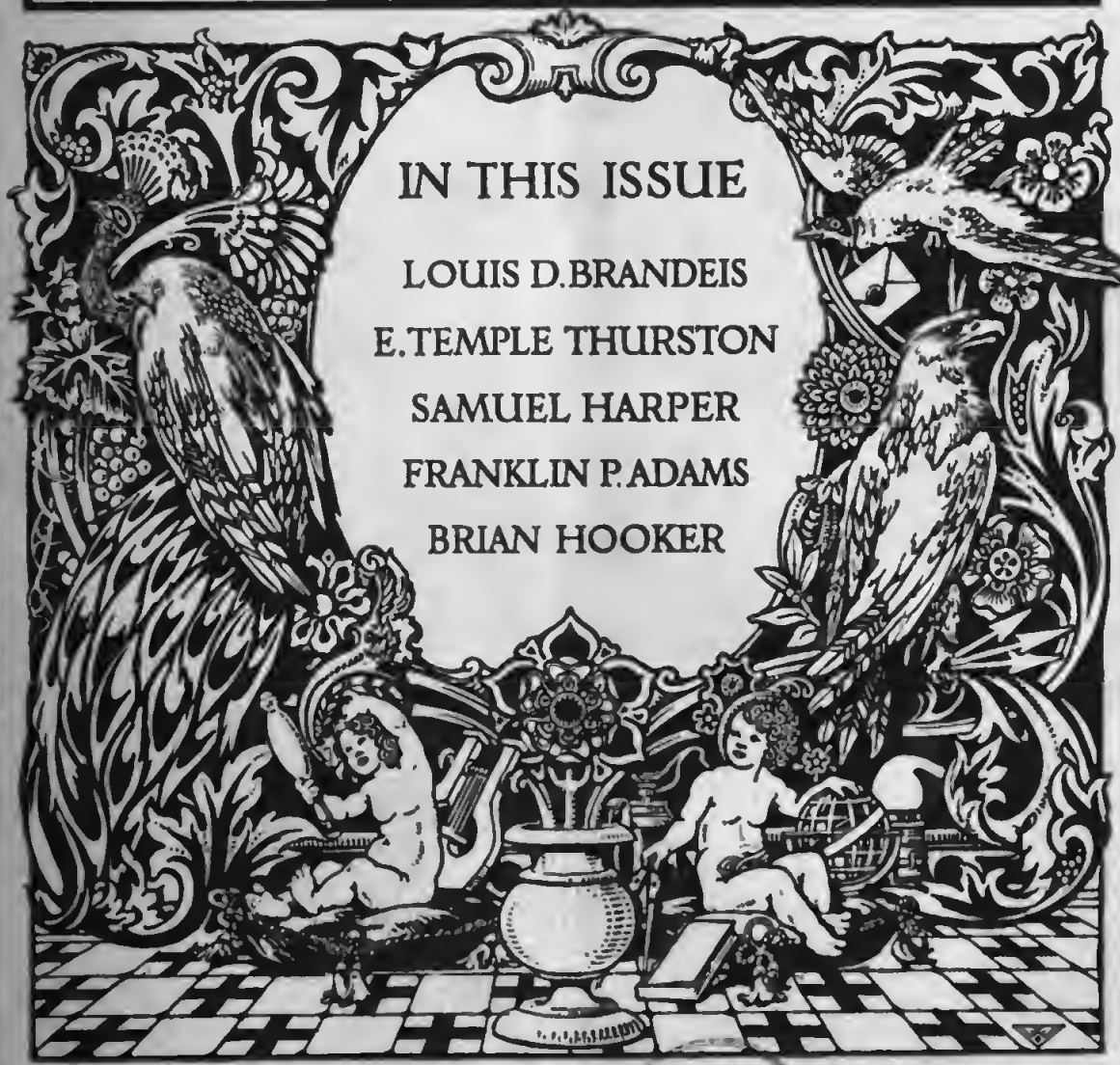
Shakespeare Kipling Dickens
Dumas Poe Thackeray
Scott Hugo

The binding, paper, type and size of these standard sets are uniform with the Stevenson sets, and the same price—$1.60 a set, including delivery charges—will prevail as long as the sets on hand last.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



IN THIS ISSUE

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

SAMUEL HARPER

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

BRIAN HOOKER

FEBRUARY 19, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Library 1916 16

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY



HOW THE BANKERS USE IT

President Wilson's nomination of

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

to fill the late Justice Lamar's place in the Supreme Court of the United States has reminded the country that besides being a lawyer of exceptional ability, Mr. Brandeis has an astounding grasp of finance, financial institutions and systems.

Five years before the Metropolitan Traction Company of New York went into the hands of a receiver, Mr. Brandeis prophesied, in a speech, that the company must fail. Two years before the downfall of the New Haven, Mr. Brandeis wrote to Mr. Hapgood a private letter in which he said: "When the New Haven reduces its dividends and Mellen resigns, the 'Decline of New Haven and Fall of Mellen' will make a dramatic story of human interest with a moral—or two—including the evils of private monopoly. Events cannot be long deferred, and possibly you may want to prepare for their coming."

Everyone knows what those events were, and how Mr. Brandeis's prophecy became an actuality.

Among the many written works of Mr Brandeis, one of the most interesting and important is his concise volume entitled

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

REPUBLICAN MONEY

THE Republicans have a lot of money. They are spending it in the recognized channels of publicity. The candidates for whom the most money is being spent are Root and Weeks. Jonathan Bourne's publicity bureau in Washington is being carried on at a high cost, and this is only one among many expensive Republican publicity works. It is a mistake to suppose that the Root people have stopped their effort. They will keep up the fight to the end, not knowing what may happen. As things look now the President is so strong that it seems as if only Hughes or Roosevelt could give excitement to the race, but old politicians watch for accidents.

A trainer at Harvard, many years ago, was getting a youth ready for the hundred yards dash. "There is really no use in my entering," said the youth. "So and so is going to enter, and he is the best in the country." "Well, you go in anyway," replied the trainer. "He might fall down."

THE RUMPUS OVER BRANDEIS

SOME of the workings of the human mind since the nomination of Mr. Brandeis for the Supreme Court have been choice. A distinguished senator from New England observed to a friend, "The foundations of our liberties are endangered." He did not say more exactly whose liberties. Several gigantic statesmen have said Mr. Brandeis was not a sufficiently good Democrat. How partisan a Democrat it requires to make a great judge has not yet been scientifically ascertained. It is only fair to Washington, however, to say that even here one hears most amazingly appreciative statements about the significance of such an appointment. Several fairly conservative and very well known members of the administration have said that the presence of Mr. Brandeis on the Supreme bench would of itself quiet the public distrust of the Supreme Court that led to the movement for the repeal of judicial decisions. Another member of the administration said it was the first time labor had ever had a sympathetic interpreter in so high a judicial place.

As to the charges, old and discredited as they are, everybody thought it far better they should be thrashed out. Mr. Brandeis as a private citizen has never but once in his life been willing to dignify even with a denial any of the charges made against him. That once was when the Shoe Machinery Company got its attack into the records of the Senate. Mr. Brandeis replied, in a letter to Senator Clapp, in order to keep the official record complete. In spite of his dislike to paying any attention to slander, he felt that if he was to go on the bench a different situation was created, and these time-worn mud-balls ought to be examined with complete carefulness.

Members of the Shoe Machinery trust were on the ground in Washington the very day after the appointment was announced, having taken the first available train. The old Ballinger crowd showed equal energy. Such wounds apparently do not heal. To make any case against so highminded and self-sacrificing a public servant, lies of course were necessary, but they were in many cases lies that the perpetrators themselves believed. For example, the Ballinger crowd undoubtedly have never been able to conceive that Mr. Brandeis got his extraordinary knowledge of the inside trickery of the Taft administration by mere Sherlock Holmes deduction from public documents and newspapers. They believe to this day that he had a spy in Ballinger's office: hence their violent interest in and grotesque distortion of the Kerby case. The whole thing is rather sad and trivial,—the last blind, stupid effort to discredit a great man because he had stood for breadth and improvement, instead of selling his talents to the priviliged insiders,—but the general satisfaction that the President had made such a bold and inspired nomination was in no way diminished by the final struggle of the enraged "system." It helped to show the President's courage, and it helped to show the everlasting irony lying in the fact that calm acceptance is the tone of the tories when the most commonplace standpatter is appointed, while shock and fury are painted in their faces when the best equipped of all the liberals is put among the judges.

T. R.'S "IF"

IT WAS the famous General Kuropatkin who said to a friend a few weeks ago, "Russia will never stand for another Portsmouth." As has been stated on this page before, some men in high office think the Portsmouth treaty, that gave us the Japanese problem, the greatest mistake ever made in American diplomacy.

An intimate and constant adviser of Colonel Roosevelt narrates a conversation with his chief. The Colonel had been talking as usual against the President and for a "vigorous" policy.

Friend: "What would you have done after the *Lusitania* was sunk—declared war?"

T. R.: "I should not have declared war, but I should have seized the interned German ships and used them to transport munitions to the Allies."

Friend: "What would you have done when the *Arabic* went down?"

T. R.: "In the face of so firm a stand, the *Arabic* never would have gone down."

Friend: "But suppose it had?"

T. R.: "In that case I should have declared war."

The Colonel has had a hard time deciding upon his *ex post facto* position, but this seems to be his final decision.

GENEROSITY

TALK about making this country a "dumping ground" for cheap goods after the war seems to be the fashion. We are doing nothing to speak of for suffering Europe now, and we are alarmed lest she obtain some economic help out of us when the time comes for her to heal her wounds.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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PROBABLY

ACCIDENT is a mighty factor in human affairs. To-day especially it may take charge of the ship at any time. A sudden accident in any one of the perturbed fields may create a new political fighting ground. Lacking something dramatically upsetting, however, the issue will be tariff, taxation, and toryism. The money, already pouring in by the hogshead, comes from men who have grown indecently rich through a special-privilege tariff, and the men who pour in the money are likely to have something to say about the candidate, the platform, and the issues. These creatures desire no method of taxation based on the idea that they should pay most who have most. They long for a system under which the incidence of taxation is successfully disguised and falls upon a bewildered and double-crossed consumer. It is the good old principle of putting the government into the hands of those who know exactly what they want for themselves and how to get it. The army of the predatory plutocrats will be well prepared, well munitioned, well officered. They will put up a most formidable contest against the more loosely organized forces of political and industrial freedom.

TARIFF COMMISSION

"TAKING the tariff out of politics," a grand old phrase, is now being revived around Washington because the tariff commission idea is revived. Seeing the point clearly the President was reluctant to separate far from the lawmakers or the administrative machinery what must forever remain a question of political philosophy. "The cost of production," so much emphasized when Mr. Taft appointed his commission, means close to nothing. It varies not only according to the country, but also according to the season of the year, in any country, and in any country it varies in the individual shops. It is true that the tariff hearings before Congressional committees are most discouraging, since there is in the witnesses more selfishness than imagination and in the committee members more jockeying for political advantage than statesmanship; but it is equally true that underlying any tariff must lie a public policy, a political idea. What a commission may do is to make recommendations in a broad spirit, instead of with log-rolling or jockeying; but the government already has departments fitted for such work of collection and recommendation. The extent to which there has been reached an agreement between the President and those who imagine there is such a thing as a non-political tariff, cannot be judged clearly yet. It is safe to prophesy now, however, that such a commission will not do anything that the Federal Trade Commission or the Department of Commerce could not do, or anything that the Taft commission failed to do, and that it is therefore a mere device to check partisan tariff agitation for the present, a laudable enough object, since the principle of general tariff reduction needs a fair trial. The idea that there can ever be a "scientific" demonstration that can do away in tariff matters with the differences in general political principle, is half-baked, however, and disproved by the history of every country on the earth.

SELECTING AMBASSADORS

PERHAPS the most successful ambassador now in the United States observed to us the other day that in his thirty years of service no one had ever asked to what party he belonged. Henry White, well known for his many years in our diplomatic service, has issued as a pamphlet an address of his before the American Historical Association, in which he points out the long terms of foreign ambassadors and the short terms of ours. The brothers Cambon are not known ever to have even subscribed a franc to any political group, and they support none. Switzerland has had two ministers in London since 1891, two in Berlin since 1882, two in France since 1857; and Switzerland is far more democratic than the United States. The excuse usually given for making spoils of ambassadorships is that men are needed in sympathy with the administration. A much stronger reason is that the foreign method tends to select the conventional, beauracratic mind. Lord Bryce's service here is not estimated at its full value by the class in British society that is accustomed to inherit foreign positions. He was an "outsider." The best course is a combination of the two principles,—selecting the ablest men and where it is possiblo retaining and promoting. Mr. White points out that the present administration has retained one ambassador and two ministers from the previous administration and promoted one of the ministers to be an ambassador; that two men, appointed merely because they were "good Democrats," have been recalled, and been succeeded by men who had earned their way in the service. The case of Mr. Lansing is a notable and brilliant example of promotion. We may add that two of the ambassadors most criticized were appointed after efforts to obtain more suitable men had failed. This last fact suggests another of our difficulties, that our rich country and our silly Congress pay our representatives so little that the principal posts are almost of necessity given to men of wealth.

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EACH AND EVERY

FROM C. V. Osborn, Jacksonville, Florida, comes a personal declaration in favor of "each and every" as the most rasping of experiences. It certainly is annoying, both in its futile, mechanical emphasis and in its bad English, and if it does not enrage the editorial soul quite as much as some other stereotyped bits of style, it may be because we are not among those who read announcements such as "a prize in each and every package."

AN AD.

READ Lynn Haines's article in this number. It is worth it. Read it, and then don't go to sleep. Do something about it.

PORK

THE article by Lynn Haines on pork in this issue, above referred to, and other articles on the subject yet to come, make it fitting to present, as bearing on the subject, a letter from the Rev. Sam W. Small:

> You are aware, of course, that our Congressmen are not necessarily elected from the districts they represent. The Constitution requires that they be "inhabitants of the state" they represent. (Art. I, Section II, Par. 2.)
>
> In earlier days Congressmen were, in some states, elected upon general tickets, for the whole state, without respect to districts. In 1876, I believe, Hon. Ben Hill was chosen to represent the Ninth Georgia district, although he was a resident of Atlanta in the Fifth district.
>
> President Andrew Jackson, December 16, 1832, in his famous proclamation to South Carolina, affirmed "that Representatives in Congress are representatives of the United States and not of particular states, are paid by the United States and are not accountable to the state for their legitimate acts.

One of the most effective ways of decreasing the addiction of Congress to an exclusive study of fences and pork would be to introduce the habit of sending to represent any district famous men from any part of the state. How many of the men who have made the glory of England could even have broken into parliament under our system?

THAT BILLION IDEA



WE DROPPED last week the thought that the human mind has no conception of the meaning of a billion. When it reads that the German debt is ten billion marks, or the French patriotic loan fifteen billion francs, it does not at all conceive the number. We suggest now that some of our readers try on their friends the illustration we mentioned. Ask an acquaintance how many billion minutes he supposes have elapsed since the birth of Christ and see how much chance there is that he will answer between one and two billion. Whoever does will have more of a mind for figures than most of us have.

DRESS

THERE are three cardinal principles among the dressmakers, milliners, designers who set the fashions of the world.

1. Make the fashion this year so that last year's apparel cannot be made over.
2. Do not make the materials too durable.
3. Make the styles attractive.

A French statesman, with the candor of a humorous soul, replying to the toast of a dressmakers' association in Paris, thus finished his speech: "May your styles become more and more attractive, your material more and more flimsy." To have completed the ideal he need only to have added, "your changes more and more sudden, extreme and expensive."

DIRECTION



HOW many of us have sufficient direction to our lives? Outside of the fundamental necessities of support and education for our children it would be difficult for the majority to give a scheme of existence planned to bring the fullest value to life in its changing phases. On the intellectual and spiritual side, the existence of most is not unlike that depicted in the pleasing ditty:

> A mother was chasing her boy 'round the room; she was chasing her boy 'round the room; and while she was chasing her boy 'round the room, she was chasing her boy 'round the room.

The direction in early childhood, as far as it is not taken care of by natural tendencies, is in the hands of parents and teachers, often conducted as in the above quoted masterpiece. In youth we often have an ideal, but by middle age it has too frequently been replaced by a more ambition. In age how many of us are fit to enjoy the possibilities of contemplation, as thus suggested in Maccabees?

> The ancient men sat in the streets,
> They all communed together of good things.

Life ought to be like a great drama, reaching its height at the end of the third act, but requiring the last two acts to clarify its meaning, round out its story, and complete its unity.

LIGHT AND CONDUCT

"KEEP thy heart," we read in Proverbs, "with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." The mind can guide the heart, but not so much as the heart can guide the mind. The Canon of Westminster, pointing out how imperfect is the moral standard expressed in the most inspired or most orthodox gospel of any era, adds: "And yet there can be no complaint, for the measure of our light is always in excess of the measure of our obedience."

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GALLOPING TO AVOID BEING SNIPED

There have been many daring exploits in the Dardanelles. The dispatch carriers at Anzac ran great risks when they had to pass in full view of the enemy's sharpshooters



A ROUGH WEATHER SNAPSHOT

The vigilance of the British navy has been a factor of great importance. This photograph shows the ability of the British sailor to keep up the watch under difficulties

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THE LIVING LAW*

BY LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

THE history of the United States, since the adoption of the Constitution, covers less than 128 years. Yet in that short period the American ideal of government has been greatly modified. At first our ideal was expressed as "A government of laws and not of men." Then it became "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Now it is "Democracy and social justice."

In the last half century our democracy has deepened. Coincidently there has been a shifting of our longing from legal justice to social justice, and—it must be admitted—also a waning respect for law. Is there any causal connection between the shifting of our longing from legal justice to social justice and waning respect for law? If so, was that result unavoidable?

Many different causes contributed to this waning respect for law. Some related specifically to the lawyer, some to the courts and some to the substantive law itself. The lessening of the lawyer's influence in the community came first. James Bryce called attention to this as a fact of great significance already a generation ago. Later criticism of the efficiency of our judicial machinery became widespread. Finally, the law as administered was challenged—a challenge which expressed itself vehemently a few years ago in the demand for recall of judges and of judicial decisions.

Many different remedies must be applied before the ground lost can be fully recovered and the domain of law extended further. The causes and the remedies have received perhaps their most helpful discussion from three lawyers whom we associate with Chicago: Prof. Roscoe Pound, recently secured for Harvard, who stands preeminently in the service in this connection; Professor Wigmore and Professor Freund. Another Chicago professor, who was not a lawyer but a sociologist, the late Charles R. Henderson, has aided much by intelligent criticism. No court in America has in the last generation done such notable pioneer work in removing the causes of criticism as your own Municipal Court under its distinguished Chief Justice Harry Olson. And the American Judicature Society, under the efficient management of Mr. Herbert Harley, is stimulating thought and action throughout the country by its dissemination of what is being done and should be done in aid of the reform of our judicial system.

The important contribution which Chicago has made in this connection makes me wish to discuss a small part of this large problem.

THE challenge of existing law is not a manifestation peculiar to our country or to our time. Sporadic dissatisfaction has doubtless existed in every country at all times. Such dissatisfaction has usually been treated by those who govern as evidencing the unreasonableness of lawbreakers. The lines "No thief ere felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law," expresses the traditional attitude of those who are apt to regard existing law as "the true embodiment of everything that's excellent." It required the joint forces of Sir Samuel Romilly and Jeremy Bentham to make clear to a humane, enlightened and liberty-loving England that death was not the natural and proper punishment for theft. Still another century had to elapse before social science raised the doubt whether theft was not perhaps as much the fault of the community as of the individual.

IN PERIODS of rapid transformation, challenge of existing law, instead of being sporadic, becomes general. Such was the case in Athens, twenty-four centuries ago, when Euripides burst out in flaming words against "the trammelings of law which are not of the right." Such was the case also in Germany during the Reformation, when Ulrich Zäsius declared that "All sciences have put off their dirty clothes; only jurisprudence remains in its rags."

And after the French Revolution, another period of rapid transformation, another poet-sage, Goethe, imbued with the modern scientific spirit, added to his protest a clear diagnosis of the disease:

> Customs and laws, in every place
> Like a disease, an heirloom dread,
> Still trace their curse from race to race,
> And furtively abroad they spread.
> To nonsense, reason's self they turn;
> Beneficence becomes a pest;
> Woe unto thee, thou art a grandson born!
> As for the law, born with us, unexpressed
> That law, alas, none careth to discern.

IS NOT Goethe's diagnosis equally applicable to the twentieth century challenge of the law in the United States? Has not the recent dissatisfaction with our law as administered been due, in large measure, to the fact that it had not kept pace with the rapid development of our political, economic and social ideals? In other words, is not the challenge of legal justice due to its failure to conform to contemporary conceptions of social justice?

Since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and notably within the last fifty years, we have passed through an economic and social revolution which affected the life of the people more fundamentally than any political revolution known to history. Widespread substitution of machinery for hand labor (thus multiplying hundred-fold man's productivity), and the annihilation of space through steam and electricity, have wrought changes in the conditions of life which are in many respects greater than those which had occurred in civilized countries during thousands of years preceding. The end was put to legalized human slavery—an institution which had existed since the dawn of history. But of vastly greater influence upon the lives of the great majority of all civilized peoples was the possibility which invention and discovery created of emancipating women and of liberating men called free from the excessive toil theretofore required to securing food, clothing and shelter. Yet while invention and discovery created the possibility of releasing men and women from the thraldom of drudgery, there actually came with the introduction of the factory system and the development of the business corporation, new dangers to liberty. Large publicly owned corporations replaced small privately owned concerns. Ownership of the instruments of production passed from the workman to the employer. Individual personal relations between the proprietor and his help ceased. The individual contract of service lost its character, because

* Simultaneous publication being made with *The Illinois Law Review*

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of the inequality in position between employer and employee. The group relation of employee to employer, with collective bargaining, became common; for it was essential to the workers' protection.

POLITICAL as well as economic and social science noted these revolutionary changes. But legal science —the unwritten or judge-made laws as distinguished from legislation—was largely deaf and blind to them. Courts continued to ignore newly arisen social needs. They applied complacently eighteenth century conceptions of the liberty of the individual and of the sacredness of private property. Early nineteenth century scientific half-truths like "The survival of the fittest," which, translated into practise, meant "The devil take the hindmost" were erected by judicial sanction into a moral law. Where statutes giving expression to the new social spirit were clearly constitutional, judges, imbued with the relentless spirit of individualism, often construed them away. Where any doubt as to the constitutionality of such statutes could find lodgment, courts all too frequently declared the acts void. Also in other countries the strain upon the law has been great during the last generation; because there also the period has been one of rapid transformation; and the law has everywhere a tendency to lag behind the facts of life. But in America the strain became dangerous; because constitutional limitations were invoked to stop the natural vent of legislation. In the course of relatively few years hundreds of statutes which embodied attempts (often very crude) to adjust legal rights to the demands of social justice were nullified by the courts, on the grounds that the statutes violated the constitutional guaranties of liberty or property. Small wonder that there arose a clamor for the recall of judges and of judicial decisions and that demand was made for amendment of the constitutions and even for their complete abolition. The assaults upon courts and constitutions culminated in 1912. They centred about two decisions: the Lochner case,* in which a majority of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States had declared void a New York law limiting the hours of labor for bakers; and the Ives case,† in which the New York Court of Appeals had unanimously held void its accident compensation law.

SINCE 1912 the fury against the courts has abated. This change in the attitude of the public toward the courts is due not to any modification in judicial tenure, nor to amendments of the constitutions, but to the movement, begun some years prior to 1912, which has more recently resulted in a better appreciation by the courts of existing social needs.

In 1895 the Illinois court held in the first Ritchie case* that the eight hour law for women engaged in manufacturing was unconstitutional. In 1908 the United States Supreme Court held in Muller vs. Oregon † that the Women's Ten Hour Law was constitutional. In 1910 the Illinois court held the same in the Second Ritchie case.‡ The difference in decision in the two Ritchie cases was not due to the difference between a ten hour day and an eight hour day; for the Supreme Court of the United States has since held (as some state courts had held earlier) that an eight hour law also was valid; and the Illinois court has since sustained a nine hour law. In the two Ritchie cases the same broad principles of constitutional law were applied. In each the right of a legislature to limit (in the exercise of the police power) both liberty of contract and use of property was fully recognized. But in the first Ritchie case the court, reasoning from abstract conceptions, held a limitation of working hours to be arbitrary and unreasonable; while in the second Ritchie case, reasoning from life, it held the limitation of hours not to be arbitrary and unreasonable. In other words,—in the second Ritchie case it took notice of those facts of general knowledge embraced in the world's experience with unrestricted working hours, which the court had in the earlier case ignored. It considered the evils which had flowed from unrestricted hours, and the social and industrial benefit which had attended curtailed working hours. It considered likewise the common belief in the advisability of so limiting working hours which the legislatures of many states and countries evidenced. In the light of this evidence as to the world's experience and beliefs it proved impossible for reasonable judges to say that the Legislature of Illinois had acted unreasonably and arbitrarily in limiting the hours of labor.

* Lochner v. New York, 198 U. S. 45.
† Ives v. South Buffalo Ry. Co., 94 N. E. R. 431.

* Ritchie v. People, 40, N. E. R. 454.
† Muller v. Oregon, 208 U. S. 412.
‡ W. C. Ritchie & Co. v. Wageman, 91 N. E. R. 695.

"The Living Law" will be concluded in the next issue of Harper's Weekly

REAL FEELING

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

ALL day he stood before the bulletin boards. A man on a stepladder was chalking up figures and information about the war: Russian Regiment Annihilated Near Warsaw; Half a Mile of Trenches Retaken by the French; Submarine Blows Up the *Frosconia*.

The man looked at the figures and then at the huge war map. Now he pointed to Paris, now to Berlin, now to Petrograd. With an interested glance he scanned the charts and noted the positions of the contending forces where little groups of flags indicated mobilization.

"Russia is staking her last *moujik* on this war. What's one regiment, heh?"

Darkness fell. The flare of the huge arc lights reminded the man that he had loitered long on his way home from work. Unmistakably he felt the call of hunger. Buying an evening newspaper he joined a dense mass of people that budged their way down the subway stairs. This made him swear softly.

But a worse disappointment was in store. Owing to a serious block on the road no tickets were being sold. As the call of hunger asserted itself more insistently he cursed the company. "Horrible!" he exploded to a pale-faced grub in eyeglasses who had been tossed up against him in the crush. "Supper will be cold when I get home; cold potatoes, coal meat, cold coffee. Horrible! It's a beastly outrage against civilization."



Courtesy the New York Edison Co.

MADISON SQUARE: CHRISTMAS

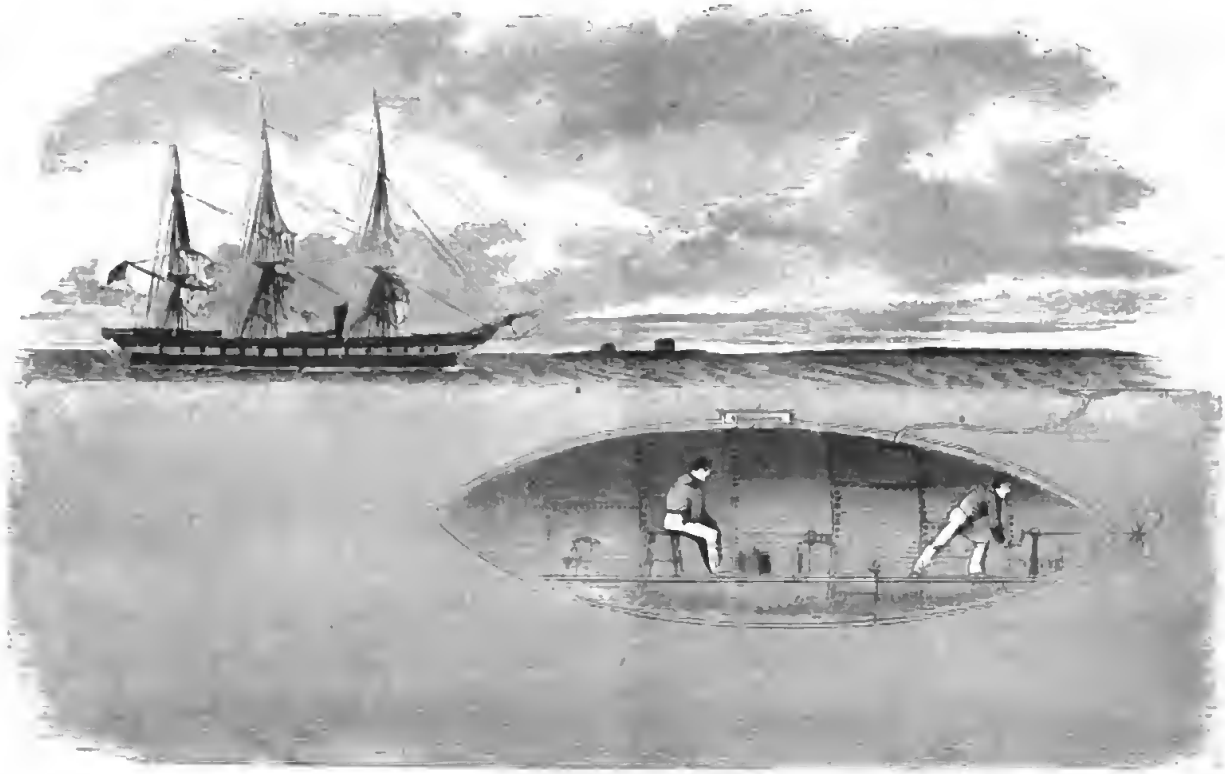
BY BRIAN HOOKER

HERE is our worth. We cannot rear the towers
Of other times, nor bid our deeds remain
Where lesser generations dream in vain,
Nor sing their songs, nor crown us with their flowers.
The kingdoms and the glories and the powers.
Have been; yet it may be the slow years gain
A thought more sorrow for a brother's pain,
A little joy in other joy than ours.

We in whose sight the world is newly known,
Shall we match works with Babylon, or wars
With Rome, or arts with Athens? Which of them
Will praise our pride? This only is our own—
This dead tree blossoming a thousand stars,
And every one a Star of Bethlehem.

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A SUBMARINE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO



A, Propeller.—B, Rudder.—C, Force-pump for ballast.—D, Dead light.—E, Torpedo.—F, Man-hole plate.—G, Cock to let water in the ballast-room.—H, Ballast-room.—I, India-rubber suction-plate.—J, India-rubber air-tube.—K, Foul-air pump.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, NOV. 2, 1861

AN INFERNAL machine was sent down from Sewall's Point for the purpose of blowing up the flagship. . .

From the gentleman who made the statement I learn the following particulars in relation to the machine. He states that it is built of iron, of a similar shape to the Ross Winans cigar boat, of a sufficient capacity to accommodate two persons, who work it ahead by means of a small screw propeller. It is guided by a rudder, and it is ballasted by water, let in and forced out by means of a pump. A compass guides them, and a velocimeter shows how great a distance is run each moment. Bearings and courses are given the men, and they go on a hazardous voyage, with a large chance of accomplishment. An India-rubber-tube, which is floated on the surface, furnishes them with fresh air, while a force-pump forces out the foul air. On arriving at the place desired, a grapple catches the cable of a vessel, and the machine is veered away until it is supposed to be near one of the magazines; the water-ballast is then pumped out, and the machine floats up under the ship's bottom. By means of an India-rubber sucking-plate this machine is attached to the bottom of the ship, while a man-hole plate is opened and the torpedo is screwed into the vessel. It is fired by the means of a time fuse. As soon as this is set in motion the men inside place a prepared sheet of rubber over the man-hole, and while one lets the water into the compartment to sink the machine, the other person screws up the plate, the grapple is let go, and the infernal machine is left to explode, while the machine is worked in shore out of harm's way.

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, MAY 10, 1915

IT WAS my rare fortune to be one of four people who saw the torpedo of the German submarine fired at the *Lusitania* at a distance of probably not more than two hundred yards.

I had just come up from luncheon in the dining saloon and was looking across an uncommonly calm and beautiful sea when I saw on the starboard what at first seemed to be the tail of a fish. It was the periscope of our assailant.

The next thing I observed was the fast lengthening track of a newly launched torpedo, itself a streak of froth. We had all been thinking, dreaming, sleeping, and eating "submarines" from the hour we left New York, and yet, with the dreaded danger about to descend upon us, I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes.

Then we were hit. My impression of the contact of the torpedo was that it was an indescribably terrific impact, though not marked by anything such as the imagination might fancy in the way of a roar.

The point of contact was about beneath the grand entrance to the saloon, and the result of the explosion was that it blew everything in that immediate vicinity into smithereens. Then the tremendous water tanks on the funnel deck burst, releasing their enormous contents, and flooding everything.

The moment the explosion took place the *Lusitania* simply fell over just as a house, kept up by underpinning, would topple the instant the main props were pulled out.

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RUSSIA AND A SEPARATE PEACE?

BY SAMUEL N. HARPER

I WENT to Russia last autumn with a list of questions to put to all my friends as I looked them up. One question, addressed to me time and time again, in conversation or after a public lecture on Russia, had been: "Will Russia sign a separate peace?" In spite of the agreement between the Allies on this point, Russia seemed to be suspected of being ready to talk peace. Vague rumors, current almost from the very outbreak of hostilities, fanned this suspicion. It was often whispered around that a conference between representatives of Russia and Germany was about to be held; this rumor was very persistent, though the exact date of the conference was always being advanced by a month.

In the last September number of the *Century Magazine*, an article on Count Witte, by Joseph Melnik, gave a letter which the writer of the article had received from the late Count. The letter was written last spring, just two weeks before the death of the Russian statesman, and used the following phrase: "I cannot just now foresee any business that can bring me to Copenhagen." The writer of the article is a Russian, but he has lived in Germany for the last ten years. This letter was taken by some as a confirmation of the rumor that conferences between Russian and German public men were being organized; the only object of such meetings would of course be to discuss the possibility of arriving at terms of settlement.

With the article on Witte as a kind of basis, I began to make the rounds of my friends on this question of a separate peace. I talked the matter over with radicals and conservatives. When in the villages I suggested the idea of a separate peace to peasants. During my visit to the front I again brought up the subject.

THE reaction varied according to the man, but there was a remarkable unanimity in the answers I received; in substance they all agreed. Many in Russia also had had doubts on this same point. There had been rumors of "premature peace" also in Russia. No one connected Count Witte with these rumors, though all knew that he had always been a stanch champion of Germany and of German methods and ideas. Germany had always had a great influence on the thought and perhaps even the acts of certain groups is Russia. This fact had given force to the rumors. Some of those to whom I talked had been more worried than others. There had been moments when they were particularly anxious. But the source of any such talk had come to be clearly understood.

One prominent Russian knew from personal experience of an effort to bring about a meeting of representative Russians and delegates from Germany. He had received an invitation from a well known Dane to come to Copenhagen; he had turned the communication over to the authorities in the greatest possible haste. Perhaps the letter of Witte's to Melnik, quoted above, was an answer to another such proposal. The recent news from Russia that many prominent Russians had found on their desks similar proposals is another instance along the same line.

For it is generally recognized in Russia that Germany wants now to talk peace. This does not mean that Russians consider Germany near the end of her resources. For the public the newspapers write about the increase in the cost of living in Germany. They emphasize any indication of even the slightest break in the unanimity of the Central Powers. But the leaders realize that the military machine of Germany is still strong. "Nevertheless," they say, "Germany wants peace. She has her pockets full—Northern France, Belgium, Poland, the Baltic Provinces, Serbia. She could discuss terms now with more force behind her proposals, for her pockets will not be so full in a few months."

It seemed clear, therefore, to the Russians, that Germany would like to talk matters over; and there have been groups in Russia who seemed ready to listen. Without clearer definition these groups were referred to as "our pro-Germans." Most interestingly these "pro-Germans" were also the frankly reactionary elements in Russia, represented in organized parties. The official organ of the leading reactionary party has written: "The press of the Right has always pointed out that in principle Russia has never had any ground for quarrel with monarchical Germany. Russia must look out for her own interests . . . but she does not need to prevent Germany from finding markets in exotic countries. Likewise, the substitution by Germany anywhere, even in our immediate neighborhood, of the monarchical principle for that of the so-called right of the people, is not at all harmful for humanity, for the peace of Europe, or for the developments of these peoples. Such was the attitude of the Right before the war, such it remains during the war, and such it will be after the war. With monarchical Germany we must live in peace and friendship." The article denied the charge that it wished peace with Germany now. It stated that of course the Germany military machine must be crushed, for it had become a menace, but in the next sentence one read: "We should imitate that education which has been able to preserve the German spirit, so that no social-democratic or anarchistic Jews have been able to pervert it and turn it from love for the Fatherland and loyalty to the monarch."

LAST December the Monarchists, one of the reactionary parties of Russia, held a congress. The resolutions passed at the congress were directed against the Progressive Bloc formed in the Duma last September. Though this Bloc included members of the conservative Nationalists, the Monarchists saw here, as they see everywhere, danger of revolution. An account of this congress was published in the New York *Times* of January 28th, emphasizing the resolutions urging action against "revolution."

Of course the Monarchists had been watching with apprehension the organization of the public for the more effective prosecution of the war. When they saw Moscow becoming the organization centre of the country, with its unions and committees formed to bring about a real mobilization of Russia, they shouted: "It is revolution"; and in a sense they were right. But it is not the kind of revolution they wish; it is not the kind of revolution that will weaken Russia in her struggle with a foreign enemy. "After the war the country will decide who showed real patriotism, the workers or the intriguers," a prominent Russian wrote.

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TWO of the most prominent participants in the Monarchists congress of last December were the ex-Ministers Maklakov and Shcheglovitov. These men had been largely responsible for the internal administration of Russia during the first year of the war. It was reported that Maklakov, as Minister of Interior, had made every effort to block the growth of the All-Russian Zemstvo Union, one of the institutions representing the Russian public assisting in the prosecution of the war. I described in another article a Russian bath established by the Union at a point just behind the line, where I saw soldiers refreshing themselves after a week in the trenches. Maklakov was unable to persuade the military authorities that this organization was revolutionary and dangerous, and went out of office as a result of his efforts. The resolutions of the Monarchists' congress, against which even conservatives protested, will certainly not accomplish what a Minister was unable to do. In spite of their violent expressions of anti-Germanism where it fits into their immediate program, these reactionaries are dubbed "our pro-Germans," and their statements at other moments explain their general characterization of them.

"But these people have great influence," I suggested to a Zemstvo worker. "They may deny the charge of pro-Germanism, but are they pleased with the turn of affairs? They see that the war is becoming a national war in the broadest sense of the word, and that every day of the war means a more compact organization of the public. This interferes with their policy of a bureaucratic administration of the country." The answer to this suggestion was straight to the point: "Perhaps they would like to see the war come to a close as soon as possible. Some of them may be actually talking of peace, but they will not go beyond words. They will intrigue—that is their idea of politics. They may be able to interfere with our work, but they know the line beyond which they dare not step. Certain departments of the government seem to support them in their attitude toward our work; some of our bureaucrats seem to think it would be better to win the war without too much help from the people; but they really want to defeat Germany."

ALTHOUGH I had thought it might be a little difficult to discuss the question of a separate peace down in the army, I found myself introducing the subject on many occasions. One morning the Captain accompanying me rushed into the car, calling: "Come quickly, Pureshkevich is outside." Everyone had been urging me to see Pureshkevich. He had been the *enfant terrible* of the Russian Duma. A man of nervous energy, a reactionary, he had been the bitterest opponent of Pole, Jew, Finn, the declared enemy of liberalism, a Monarchist often "more royal than the king." "Pureshkevich has become a wonderful patriot," liberals had told me. "You must see him to understand some of the changes that have taken place."

Pureshevich had come to the station at which I had left my car, to replenish one of the "feeding points" which he had established at the front. I had been having breakfasts in one of his tents and getting medicine from the doctor attached to this point. Pureshkevich, whom I had known in the Duma, showed me his train and then we went to breakfast. His tent was full of officers. We were given real delicacies—mineral water and fresh butter, and cigars were passed—articles of luxury at the front. During the conversation I brought up the subject of a separate peace. Pureshkevich jumped up, hit the table with a loud slap and turned to me: "I am a Monarchist and an Extreme Right, but I tell you that if there is anything like that, then there *will* be a revolution, and I shall take a part in it." The approval of the audience was very significant. Pureshkevich did not attend the Monarchist congress of last December.

"There is no power in Russia that could make a separate peace," said General Kuropatkin; and the Emperor has proclaimed time and time again, and as recently as the Russian New Year last month, that Russia will continue to fight so long as a single soldier of the enemy is on Russian soil. His assumption of the command of his armies emphasized his promises to the Russian people. But in Petrograd some Russians were laying themselves open to the charge of pro-Germanism, by their refusal to see the situation in its true light; for the failure to show confidence in the people was easily, though probably wrongly interpreted as working in the interests of the enemy. "It is stupidity, not treason," insisted one radical leader with whom I discussed the point for the better part of a night. "I don't know whether it is stupidity or treason," said another man, this time a conservative. And on all sides I was told: "It need not worry you. These intriguers know how far they dare go, and they know that we know about it."

I WAS told that the peasants understood the war, knew that it must be pushed to complete victory, and would not therefore listen to any talk of a premature peace. I met one old peasant who had two sons at the front. He had rented one of their homes to the commune, to be used for housing the refugees assigned to that village. Financially he was not feeling the burden of the war—two healthy daughters-in-law were well able to take care of the land of the family. "But you will have to pay for it later," I explained. "The longer the war lasts the heavier will be the taxes after the war, and you peasants pay a large share of the taxes. In America we hear that the Germans are offering you good terms of settlement."

His answer came without a moment's hesitation: "But that would be treason to England." I was surprised, and many of my Russian friends to whom I repeated the incident also were astonished, though they had been telling me that the peasants had become educated by the war, and had begun to think in terms of Russia, seeing beyond their small village. The old man added: "It would be selling Russia to Germany to make peace now."

The Russians are much interested in all that is going on in America. The pro-German propaganda and the strength of the pro-German organizations in America are of course greatly exaggerated as reported in their newspapers. It seems to them that the Germans are trying in some way to get America to help them secure peace now when it would mean a German victory. Many Russians said to me: "If America helps Germany in her present effort to get what for us would be a premature peace, Russia will never forgive America." Many in Russia are convinced that another two months would have given the Russo-Japanese war another aspect. The sympathies of America at that time were very clear. It was also felt that the military situation was known to those in authority in America. These facts perhaps suggested the phrasing of the comment made to me by General Kuropatkin when he said, in speaking of the question of peace: "Russia would not accept a second Portsmouth."

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PLUTARCH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

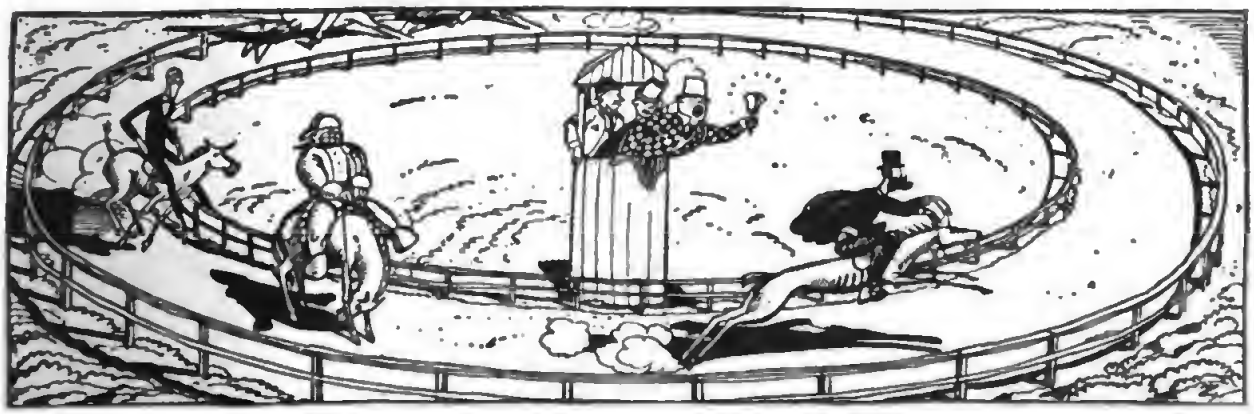
CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

BY F. P. A.

AS IT is remembered of Cicero that he had a nick, or dent, at the end of his nose, his very name springing from that fact, namely, *Cicer* meaning veteh, and the nick resembling, so Plutarch himself says, the opening in a vetch, Cicero being therefore the nickiest nickname in history, so the Lobrovii, or those of slight frontal elevation in the United, as they were named and even yet are so called, States, do remember and chiefly associate Charles Hughes with the hairy adornment known as whiskers; which I think he should not wear, and for this reason: that they violate the principle of Economy of Attention. Forasmuch as of a thousand men, nine hundred and fifty will think first, when Hughes's name is mentioned, of his whiskers instead of of his fine mind and intrepid and incorruptible heart.

Of all the things he did two I hold in the highest esteem, forasmuch as I did benefit thereby, which is logic as unsound as it is human: these being the mutualization of the insurance companies, which causeth my premia to be lower than they had been, although even at this moment I am overtroubled at the imminence of having to pay $29.84 before the March Nones; and the elimination of betting on horse-races, a so-called sport that enticed me, in the hope that I might gain sudden wealth, but which left me poor indeed. Of it all I have retained but this: a knowledge of odds and chances. And, studying the auguries, I do find that the chances of Hughes gaining to the Presidency, if that he gain the nomination, to be eight in thirteen, the odds being 8 to 5.

But these odds I feel to be overcautious. I would offer to wager twelve new sestertii to a plugged denarius on it.



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HITS ON THE STAGE

A MIDSEASON GUIDE TO CURRENT PLAYS



DRAMAS

THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN.—The best American drama of the season—with splendid acting by Miss Emily Stevens.

Treasure Island.—Interesting proof that scenic melodrama is possible on a small stage.

The Weavers.—After leading the American public to Björnstjerne Björnson and finding that it would not drink thereat, Mr. Emanuel Reicher produced this drama by Gerhart Hauptmann. Both acting and staging are excellent.

Margaret Schiller.—A part played by Miss Elsie Ferguson in what may be called Hall Caine's play of the same name.

The House of Glass.—A play about a woman who has dodged the law and is being pursued by it. Interesting, if you are a woman who has dodged the law and is being pursued by it.

The Clod and *The Tenor.*—Two one-act plays presented by the Washington Square Players. Interesting and worth seeing.

The Pride of Race.—Mr. Robert Hilliard was unable to find a manager who would produce this play—which is a telling blow to those who contend that managers as a class are devoid of brains.

The Fear Market.—A discussion of society blackmail. Like *On Trial* it is written backwards, though probably unintentionally.

Just a Woman.—Biggest success of 1913, when—by all laws of sequence and order—it should have been produced.

COMEDIES

Hobson's Choice, Erstwhile Susan, The Boomerang and *Major Barbara*—far apart though they be in method and matter—are the best comedies of the season. In all four there is fine acting, real humor and characterization.

Cock o' the Walk.—Henry Arthur Jones plus Otis Skinner in a light and amusing play.

The Cinderella Man.—Acclaimed by the press agent as "another *Peg o' My Heart.*" Lacks only the latter's remarkable run.

The Great Lover.—Mr. Leo Ditrichstein cast in his familiar rôle of a matinée idol.

The Little Minister.—A play that will be running when the rest of the items on this page have been discarded by the stock companies.

FARCES

Fair and Warmer.—A brilliant success at entertainment. The audience laughs, by actual count, three hundred and ninety-five times—which would seem to justify the press agent's claim: "gales of laughter."

The Red Cloak and *The Roadhouse in Arden.*—One-act comedies at the Bandbox. Not up to the usual standard maintained at that theatre.

Our Mrs. McChesney.—A good argument against dramatizing popular short stories.

Hit-the-Trail-Holliday.—By George M. Cohan.

Maonlight Mary.—What usually happens when a play is written for a comedy star—in this case Miss Rose Stahl.

Potash and Perlmutter in Society.—More of the same, but thoroughly amusing.

MUSICAL COMEDIES

Alone at Last.—An operetta by Franz Lehar, composer of *The Merry Widow.* Like the latter play, *Alone at Last* has better music than the average. The lyrics are silly, but successfully mouthed by the chorus.

Stop! Look! Listen!—The gilded vehicle in which Mlle. Gaby Deslys returns to the American stage. An all-star arrangement, with a cast including three comedians and Harry Pilcer. Worth seeing, for Doyle and Dixon and the leading lady's hats.

Hip-Hip-Hooray.—A remarkable spectacle of dancing, skating and scenic effects. "The biggest thing ever done at the Hippodrome."

Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic.—Supposedly, a reason why western buyers go back home thinking what a gay place New York is. In reality, an incidental event which takes place while New York's most important business deals are being transacted in the audience.

The Blue Paradise.—Well-staged operetta with several laughs. A way to spend the evening innocuously.

Katinka.—See notice for *The Blue Paradise.*

Very Good Eddie.—See notice for *Katinka.*

Sybil.—See notice for *Very Good Eddie.*

MIRACLE PLAYS

Cammon Clay.—A play of social injustice, the miracle being that it is now in its sixth month.

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STARS OF THE MIDWINTER SEASON

IN PLAYS THAT VARY IN IMPORTANCE

Photograph of Miss Ferguson by Underwood and Underwood, others by White



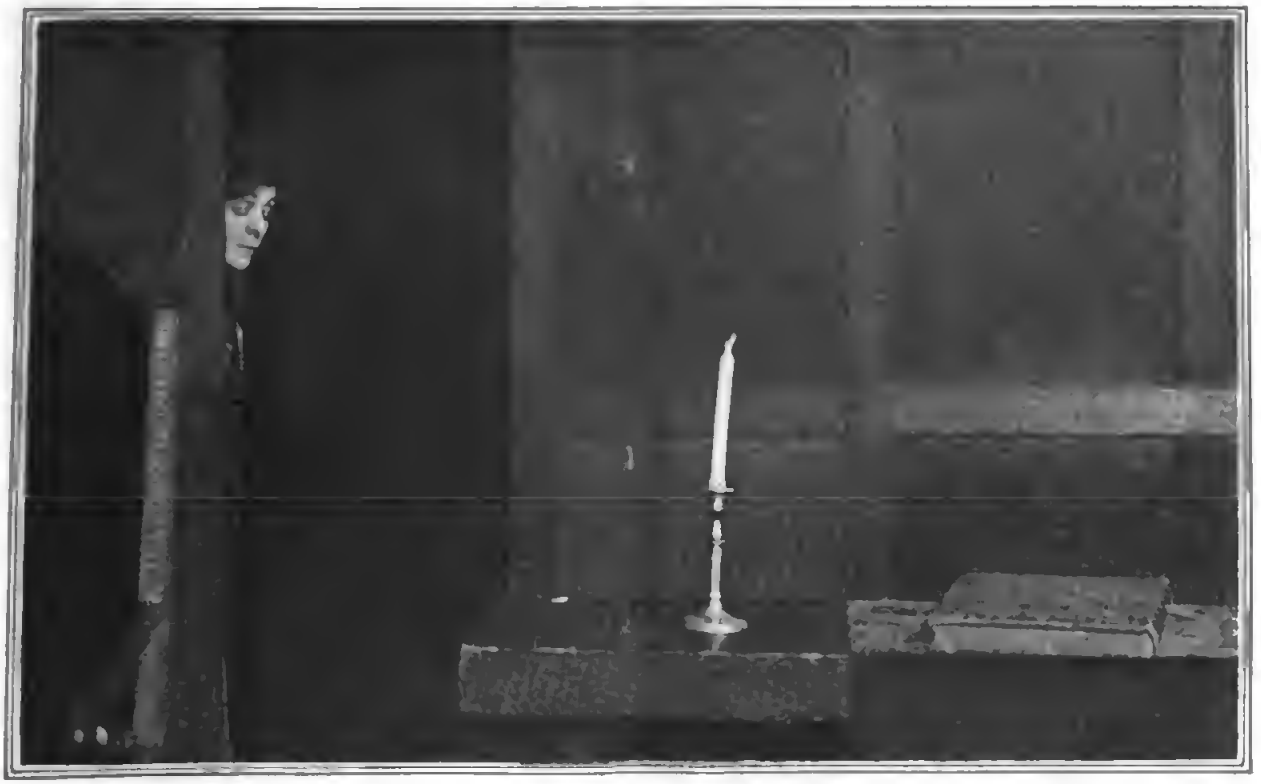
There is no more popular actress in New York and its environs—including San Francisco—than Miss Elsie Ferguson. Recently she acquired a new rôle—"Margaret Schiller," in what may be called Hall Caine's play of the same name



Miss Mizzi Hajos atones for the hyphen in "Pom-Pom"



Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who was so successful last season in "Trilby," will appear shortly in another all-star revival: "The Idler." This play, by C. Haddon Chambers, was first produced at the St. James Theatre, London, in 1891



Lord Rintoul's daughter—better known as Miss Maude Adams—has been out in a gypsy costume, calling on "The Little Minister." She now returns to the ancestral castle through a secret door—first making sure that the coast is clear

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A LARK WITH A BROKEN WING

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON



HE HAD never seen a Lord Mayor's show in his life. This can happen to those who have lived in London for years. He had lived in London for years, and now, after eight months' aeroplane reconnaissance work over the trenches in Flanders, had come back for a week's leave, and there was London having a Lord Mayor's show.

The incongruity of it attracted him. He slipped into mufti, just for the feel of a pair of creased blue serge trousers on his legs and the sensation of a starched collar and a colored tie around his neck, and walked down into the Strand.

All the time he kept muttering to himself—"The Lord Mayor's show—good Lord!" And there were plenty of chaps he knew who, that very morning, would be up sky high, dodging the bullets over the German trenches, while he was going to see a procession. He dropped down Buckingham street into the Strand, still muttering "Good Lord" as he went.

And there were the crowds, hustling each other on the pavements, to see the procession go by. Plenty of young men there were, crowds of women of course, and the mounted police parading their horses up and down with a sense of importance, as if the Lord Mayor's show was the very devil of a business.

Over the heads of those in front of him he watched the new recruits go by in proud and conscious step with the band. Everyone cheered them. Knowing better than most what was wanted out there, he cheered louder than the rest, so loud that women looked round at him.

Then came band after band and regiment after regiment, all with a sprinkling of young men in mufti in the ranks, just joined up. And the men in khaki were neat and clean and their buttons shone. He thought of the chaps out there in the mud of the trenches. It would have been a Lord Mayor's show to see them go by.

Presently came German guns, captured a few weeks before, rumbling on their wheels. The crowd stared at them with open mouths. They were no new sight to him, and he cheered because he thought of the sweat and blood that had bought them, to be dragged there through the Lord Mayor's show. Again the women looked at him, not only at his youthful face, but all up and down him, as women look at a new dress on a friend's back, at his neat blue serge trousers, at his starched collar and his colored tie, then back again at his youthful face.

It had just entered his head to return their stare with interest, when something in the procession, coming towards him, caught his eye. An aeroplane—an old battered British aeroplane, the wings riddled with bullet holes, a wreck of a thing being dragged along on its rickety bicycle wheels. Its number was still on it, and it was the sight of the number that caught his breath. It was his machine! The first machine he had flown in over there, the old wreck of the thing he had seen last in France, discarded, like a wounded soldier, unfit for further service.

Like a sea-captain, whose heart is in the very timbers of his ship, he felt his own heart going out to that crippled piece of machinery, whose only service to its country now was to jog along the Strand in the Lord Mayor's show, crying out with its battered wings and its crumpled frame, its fearless message to the men of England.

With an odd feeling that despite himself rose in his throat, he pushed his way violently through the crowd to reach the curbstone so that he might the better see it on its last journey. Clung to earth now, with no more power to soar into the heights of heaven—clung to earth like a lark with a broken wing, but still singing its song, still lifting its note of victory. It was not the note he knew so well, that humming throb of power, but another note, more imperishable, more ceaseless than that; a silent note of great endeavor that brought a roaring

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cheer out of the very hearts of all those people who were looking on.

A fat recruiting sergeant barred his way. He tried to push him aside.

"Here there, steady—steady!" said the sergeant. "Where the deuce do you think you are going to?" Then he too looked him up and down. A likely specimen he appeared to the sergeant's eyes, standing there in his dark blue serge, with his young face alert with excitement and his eyes dancing with the glow of emotion.

"Want to get out there and fall in?" inquired the sergeant.

"No! no!" said he testily. "I want to see that aeroplane, that's all."

"And why don't you want to fall in?" The sergeant persisted—"a young chap like you? That's the place for you—there in the ranks with the other young chaps, doing your bit." He extracted a pamphlet from his pocket and thrust it out.

"You read that," he went on, seeing out of the corner of his eye that the crowd was with him. "You read what Lord Kitchener says about the men he needs—read what the King says and Mr. Asquith says. You take it 'ome and read it if you don't want to fall in now."

SO FAR, he could not realize the incongruity of the situation. There was his aeroplane passing by with its broken wings, passing by a spectacle in the Lord Mayor's show. At one moment he could have clapped his hands; the next he could have shouted with laughter. It seemed as ludicrous as the most foolish of dreams. The recruiting sergeant with his importunities had no power to wake him out of it, but a woman's voice directed at him brought him suddenly to a realization of the situation that was rising about him.

"Why isn't he in khaki?" She called out with the querulous note that comes into a woman's voice when she nervously attempts to make herself heard in public. "Why isn't he in khaki?" she repeated. "Is he going to let the married men do his bit for him?"

He turned round to find a crowd of eyes all turned on him with expressions that varied but slightly between contempt and indifference. In his best Oxford manner, which he had not even yet had time to grow out of, he inquired what concern that was of hers.

"As much concern as any woman what has got her man out there in the trenches," she flung back.

"I'm glad to hear it," said he; "there can't be too many of 'em."

"Now, now, young man," interposed the sergeant. "None of your clean shaven lip to the lady."

HE WAS swiftly getting into difficulties. The crowd was against him, and there was his aeroplane trundling down the Strand in the Lord Mayor's show. It seemed ludicrous to explain.

"I've no intention of offering my lip," said he, but that sort of humor was lost on the crowd and only stung her to further retaliation.

"Hark at him!" she cried out. "Lazy young snob! He and his sort ought to be made to join, spending their money at home, while married men as work for their living are serving in the trenches! He ought to be ashamed of himself!"

"Slacker!" said another woman's voice in the crowd.

He turned at that.

"Do you see that aeroplane!" he cried out.

"Well, what of it?" retorted the recruiting sergeant.

"Oh—nothing!" said he, and pushed his way out of the crowd. For what was the good of explaining? Not one of them there would have believed.

They groaned and hooted at him as he went. He could hear the woman's voice crying after him as he walked down the street. She was still smarting under the sting of his retort. He had no intention of offering her his lip. And she was a good-looking woman too.

"As if I wanted your lip!" he heard her calling out.

Then he began laughing at the folly of it all, laughing, in his Oxford manner to himself, till he came abreast of his aeroplane once more as it trundled down the Strand in the Lord Mayor's show. There she was with her riddled, crumpled frame.

"Just like a lark with a broken wing," he kept saying to himself. Many was the time she had soared with him over the cornfields in France where the shells were bursting, reaping the fragile wheat. "Just like a lark with a broken wing."

And always as she passed through the crowd, there was that same lifting cheer from the hearts of the people. That was her song now, now that her wings were still. That was her song—the song of Victory.

He saw another recruiting sergeant coming towards him, and with one last glance at his aeroplane he sped up Bedford street into Covent Garden, cursing his blue serge trousers with their crease, cursing his stiff collar and his colored tie.

"There's only one material for clothes," he said.

LOVE!

BY NEITH BOYCE

IN THE poultry-yard a little black crow hopped and fluttered about pathetically. The feathers of one wing had been clipped, so he could not fly. The fat golden and white hens, busy about their domestic affairs, paid no attention to the stranger. They were absorbed in family duties, calm, complacent. The roosters, stepping about proudly, sometimes glanced out of one scornful eye at the crow, but pointedly ignored him. He was certainly not respectable.

The little wild bird was very unhappy. His light, brilliant eyes glanced fiercely over the placid throng about him; he made desperate efforts to escape.

Clarissa pointed him out to me through the wire meshes. "It's so hard to tame him!" she grieved. "We have to keep clipping his wing all the time or he would fly away."

She smiled with pleasure as she looked at the crow, who just then made one of his frantic and futile attempts at flight. "Isn't he charming!" she cried. "What a beautiful color—and just look at his wild eyes!"

"Why don't you let his feathers grow—why don't you let him fly away, if he wants to so much?" I inquired, sentimentally.

Clarissa opened her lovely eyes wide at me.

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" she said, reproachfully. "I love him too much!"

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Playing politics again

A PALACE IN THE WAR ZONE

BY L. G. RANDALL

IN GALICIA, seven miles from the ancient city of Cracow around which the warring Prussians and Russians are fighting for supremacy, is located the famous salt mine of Wieliczka.

The mine has been actively worked ever since its discovery, almost seven hundred years ago. At the present time the excavations reach a depth of over a thousand feet.

The descent into the mine is made by shafts and staircases. The latter, being carved entirely of rock salt, sparkle so brilliantly that one feels at each step as though he were treading upon crystal glass.

Before reaching the bottom of this great cavern it is necessary to travel over many of these beautiful stairways, for the mine of Wieliczka is divided into three distinct compartments called fields; each field consists of seven stories and each story is made up of several chambers.

Some of these chambers are a hundred feet high, a hundred feet long and eighty feet wide. They are left in the process of excavation, and when any addition is required it is built with salt and water. Masses of salt are piled one upon another and water is thrown over them dissolving a portion of the salt, which fills up the crevices. When the water evaporates it leaves a solid mass. Columns of salt are left to support the roof.

As there are no springs at so great depth, the air is very dry, and everything is kept in the most perfect state of preservation.

One of the largest chambers is used as a ballroom where gayly dressed men and women glide over the smooth, shining floor to the strains of Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz.

In another chamber the nobles of Austria and their friends sometimes attend banquets. On these occasions, when the light falls upon the walls, ceiling and pillars, the immense room looks like a palace carved out of aquamarine.

But the most wonderful thing in the great salt mine of Wieliczka is the chapel of St. Anthony, where the floor, walls, ceiling, altar, niches, pedestals and statues are all of solid salt, yet everything is so translucent that a torch held behind one of the statues shows light through its thickest part.

When the chapel is lighted everything in it sparkles as though studded with countless diamonds.

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PORK AT WASHINGTON

BY LYNN HAINES

IS THE United States a nation? An intimate study of Congress would make you wonder. If you did not know in advance of our national existence, and had to judge solely by what could be seen and heard in legislative circles at Washington, you might well conclude that senators and representatives had come together in friendly fashion to dicker and trade in behalf of innumerable independent little countries. Supposedly an institution for the consideration and settlement of general public matters that are national in scope, fully nine-tenths of the business of Congress is purely private and local.

THE Sixty-fourth Congress assembled December 6, 1915. It adjourned for the holiday vacation on December 17. Between those dates the House was in session seven days. In that time 6848 bills were introduced. A careful examination of these measures reveals their character as follows:

Pension Bills introduced	4144
Changing Military Records	191
Claims	1037
Local Improvements	453
Miscellaneous Local Matters	265
Total Political Bills	6090
Public Bills for the same period	758

In making this analysis, wherever a question arose as to whether a measure should be classified as public or private, the benefit of the doubt was given to the introducer. Probably fifty of the bills recorded as public should have been listed as private. And beyond all doubt fully 400 of the 758 bills classed as public were, like the private and local measures, presented primarily for political effect.

For the first seven days of the House, only a trifle over eleven per cent of the bills were of public, or national, importance. Perhaps 25,000 bills will be introduced before the session is over, and the proportion of local measures will increase a little as the total grows. About the same ratio will prevail in the Senate. In many cases identical bills for the benefit of some locality or individual are introduced by a representative and senator.

FORTY-ONE hundred and forty-four of the first 6848 House bills were for private pensions. One hundred and ninety-one more involved the changing of military records, in many cases preliminary to pension claims. About two-thirds of the total of December bills were of this class.

There are numerous general pension laws, to which Congress adds frequently. The object of these statutes is to empower the pension department to deal with all pension matters. The pension department is now expected to handle all applications for pensions. And it does. *Practically every private pension claim in the list of 4144 bills was first presented to the pension department and rejected.* Then the congressman whose voting constitutent the applicant happens to be steps in and introduces a bill to accomplish what the pension department has too much integrity or too little authority to do.

The question as to whether or not these private pension claims, in whole or in part, are legitimate, need not be considered. The important point is that there is not the slightest excuse, excepting professional politics, for congressional action in any individual case. Most liberal pension laws have been enacted. It is the intent and purpose of these statutes to bestow upon the pension department authority to deal with all matters. If the laws are not sufficiently elastic, if the pension department needs more equity jurisdiction, it could easily and quickly be given. Congress could once and for all be rid of that corrupting influence.

But, being primarily a political and not a public institution, Congress obviously prefers to worse than waste its time with these petty personal issues. There is a political commission for the congressman in each personal or local action. That commission is not measured in money, but in votes. This explains why ninety per cent of the business of Congress is purely personal and local, which means political.

POLITICALLY, the private claim is a first cousin to the private pension. In the first seven days of the House only 1037 such bills were presented, whereas there were four times as many pension bids for votes. The difference is in number and not in political character.

The United States has a Court of Claims. This institution is supposed to have jurisdiction over private claims. But when the Court of Claims rejects a private bill against the government as questionable or illegitimate, or some technical reason, the matter may be taken up by Congress in the form of a bill.

The remedy here is just as simple. Congress could and should, if such a general statute is necessary, assert its own national character by making the Court of Claims supreme in such matters.

THE pork barrel influence, although wholly local, is so common to all localities that it has become almost a public institution. Individual representatives and senators should not be censured, excepting in so far as they lack vision and courage to work for a better system. Practically all members, however much they may pose and play in a public rôle, have continuously in mind but one object, that of reelection or further advancement in political life. Perhaps the confusion is innocent and unconscious in a majority of cases, but in this connection it remains a fact that not more than one congressman in a hundred sees any distinction between public and private service. Why should they when the people, the people with votes, the only people with whom they are concerned, seem to demand only local service.

You may ask why members from other districts who have no political interest in some private bill do not oppose it. How can they? There are the same local and private interests to be served among their voting constituents. They may not be concerned about another member's bills, but to attack his measures would be to disturb the foundation forces of the system. Instead, they help him and he helps them. The public pays for it all, not only in money, but in having a Congress which

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is not national, but primarily a political stock exchange.

Why do not the departments protest, both against the illegitimacy of certain claims and the encroachments of Congress on their functions? How can they? Congressmen and senators are directly in control of patronage. These administrative officials owe their positions to the influence of congressmen and senators. More than that, Congress appropriates the money upon which these departments exist. There will be no conflict between the departments and Congress so long as Congress continues to disburse pork and patronage.

Congressional interference in executive circles is not confined to pensions and claims over which the departments should have independent authority. For example, if the navy officials were to reject an applicant for enlistment because his character was questionable, or his record criminal, a congressman might go to those officials and virtually demand that their decision be altered. Even the work of the civil service commission, supposed to be immune from political influence, is hampered in this way.

The average congressman has become little more than an attorney for the communities and individuals in his district that require or demand some special service, either in or out of Congress. In many cases justice is plainly on the side of those seeking this personal service of public servants, and there may be no other way for them to receive their rights. Therefore wholesale criticism of congressmen in this connection is not fair; it is the system that is indefensible.

THERE was one vacancy in the House, leaving 434 members. If the 4144 private pension bills introduced during the first seven days were divided equally among that number, each congressman would be sponsor for about nine. But numerous representatives do not present any measures of this kind, and some only a few. Those who introduced more than fifty each during the period considered are as follows:

Name	State	Party	Number
Sam R. Sells	Tenn.	R.	208
Courtney W. Hamlin	Mo.	D.	162
Warren Gard	Ohio	D.	111
Joseph Taggart	Kans.	D.	97
George F. O'Shaunessy	R. I.	D.	93
Robert Y. Thomas, Jr.	Ky.	D.	90
Joshua W. Alexander	Mo.	D.	83
John A. Key	Ohio	D.	75
Joseph J. Russell	Mo.	D.	74
William G. Brown, Jr.	W. Va.	D.	72
John A. M. Adair	Ind.	D.	71
Philip P. Campbell	Kans.	R.	68
Clyde H. Tavenner	Ill.	D.	63
Champ Clark	Mo.	D.	60
Dick T. Morgan	Okla.	R.	57
Lincoln Dixon	Ind.	D.	56

As a further index to the petty character of the American Congress, consider the fact that twenty-one bills were introduced to authorize the War Department to place cannon in little towns. These are not intended for warfare, either aggressive or defensive, but to ornament some public square or park. The title of one such measure, introduced by Champ Clark December 6, 1915, is as follows:

"A bill (H. R. 409) authorizing the Secretary of War to donate to the city of Elsberry, in the county of Lincoln, Mo., two bronze cannon or field-pieces, with their carriages."

THE municipal affairs of the District of Columbia, which is the City of Washington, are handled by the national legislature. Without any sacrifice of municipal dignity, some of the smaller details might be delegated to local bodies, but, as though jealous of its city hall functions, Congress has reserved the exclusive right to deal with many ward matters. For example, the Sixty-second Congress changed the name of "Sixteenth" street to "The Avenue of the Presidents." The next Congress changed it back.

Two Mondays a month in the House are given to Washington matters. That means about one-thirteenth of the whole time of the House. There can be little doubt that citizens of the District of Columbia would be more equitably served by self-government. Nor is there any doubt that the general public would benefit if the one-thirteenth of the time now worse than wasted in this local field could be saved for the consideration of public questions.

THERE are three reasons for the condition so clearly defined in the ratio of 6090 local to 758 national bills:

1. Congressmen and senators, presenting and fighting for purely private and community issues, are responding to the demands of the people who send them to Congress.

2. In the House, owing to the parliamentary system that prevails, fully 400 of the 435 members are figureheads. They have neither the opportunity nor the power to exercise their representative functions, excepting in this one field, that of initiating legislation. Their right to introduce bills is unlimited and unrestricted. As other avenues of action and political influence have been closed to them, this has opened wider and wider. Since pork is what the people demand, and there is no way for the average congressman to win the approval of constituents through public service, local and private measures have come to predominate to a demoralizing extent. Reelection now depends, not upon some signal achievement or influence in national affairs, but upon the sum total of petty local accomplishments.

3. The third reason for its local character is that Congress does not seem to contain any members with sufficient statesmanship either to comprehend conditions or to present a plan of reconstruction which would remedy them.

NOT one of the 6090 political measures introduced during the first seven days of the House should or need be considered by a national lawmaking body. Two questions are involved in such a transition: (1) the saving of time for national matters; and (2) the divorcing of the pork barrel and legislation. The elimination of all local issues would go far to remove both obstacles. But it is equally important that the present method of making appropriations be replaced by a responsible budget system. There are now from twelve to fifteen separate appropriation bills in every regular session. These measures are privileged, and require from one-fourth to two-thirds of the time of Congress. More than that, the corruptions of the pork barrel ramify in all directions from each of them.

Plain honesty and efficiency are the only principles involved in the basic changes outlined here.

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CARTER, GOLF DANGER SIGNAL

BY HERBERT REED

NORTHWARD bound after a record of play at Pinehurst that some have dubbed "unhuman," others "inhuman," is one Philip Van Gelder Carter, of Bridgehampton, Long Island, golfer extraordinary, nephew of "Dutch" Carter, who once played inhuman baseball for Yale, and son of Dr. Colin S. Carter, who, like his boy, is one of the finest types of American sportsmen. In the past this homecoming of the younger Carter (he is just over twenty) meant little more than serious trouble for players of the first class in purely sectional tournaments, and the certainty of another leg on the Metropolitan Junior Championship. This time it will mean trouble, I think, for the cream of American amateurs—for richly experienced champions and ex-champions like Jerry Travers, Chick Evans, Bob Gardner, Francis Ouimet, Max Marston and others who have been in the habit of passing the famous trophies around the little circle in a clubby sort of way.

And the easy-moving, keen young man who has been cleaning up in the southland in somewhat better than 4s, will be more than welcome, menace as he is to the veteran semi-finalists, for he is a native product, a home-bred of the home-breds.

It cannot quite be said that he rolled out of the cradle in order to play the royal and ancient game, but he did get under way at the ambitious age of five, like Harry Vardon, of whom his play reminds one mightily, and at the ripe age of twenty plus he has had six years of markedly successful active competition, always in the east—once, indeed, as far east as Algiers. The west was watching for him last year, for it was hoped that he would appear in the National Amateur at Detroit. His health, however, had not been robust for some time, and he did not then feel up to the test of endurance that the big tournament would have imposed upon him. In that decision he was wise, for I do not think the course would have suited his type of game. He will be thoroughly at home in the two big events this year, however, for the Metropolitan is to be held at Nassau, his home course, and the National Amateur at Philadelphia.



Philip Carter, youthful golfing terror

The junior metropolitan champion, through his wonderful play at Pinehurst, looms up as a member of the next triumvirate—or big four

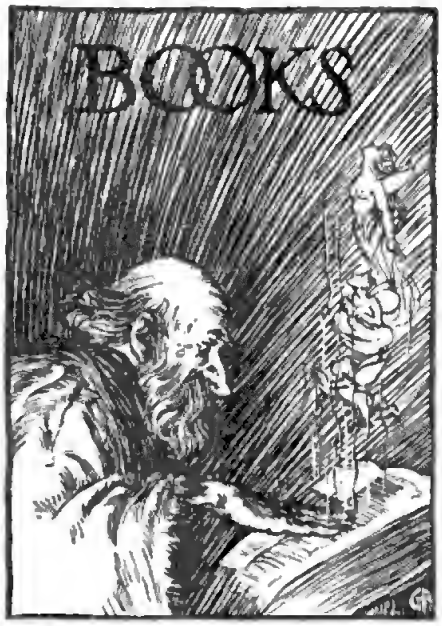


Pinehurst's golfing marvel putting

The stance is not one very generally adopted by the topnotchers, but it seems to suit this young man perfectly. Carter uses the interlocked grip both with the iron and putter

Should this young golfer win through to the amateur crown, it would be another triumph, in a way, for a combination of games, just as was Gardner's victory last year. The present champion was a wonderful pole-vaulter at Yale, and it was the development due to pole-vaulting that had a large share in carrying him through the trying ordeal at Detroit. It was golf on top of pole-vaulting that made Gardner such a terror with the iron. Now in the early days of his youth young Carter played a deal of croquet at home, with his father—not your summer resort, tea-time croquet, but the scientific article, better known around Norwich, Conn., as roque. This steady work at croquet undoubtedly has had a great deal to do with making Carter a terror on the putting green, and in general with tuning up his eye and his judgment for the short game of which he is a master. Not that his long game is not all that it should be. It will measure up with the best. But it is Carter's devilish work with the mashie and the putter that so often pulls him under par figures even on the most difficult holes, and that so frequently harries his opponent, who faces the pleasant task of tackling a putt of thirty feet for a half.

About natural gifts, now, without which few men, young or old, ever attain to the championship class. Phil Carter's build is of the long, swinging type. He is easy on his knees, easy on his hips, and his hands are ample—well-boned. It is hands such as Carter's that make the overlapping grip so formidable, and the club itself such a slave to the will. The grip is commanding, certain, yet comfortable. It is the natural ease of the youngster that makes him so fascinating a player to follow—that is, when one can keep up with him. For he says no prayers on the green, neither does he carry a microscope for the inspection of worm casts and such. His putting is more on the style of the best professional.



AWHILE ago a book called *Secrets of the German War Office* was taken very seriously. The other side can now get even by taking *Revelations of* on *International Spy* with an equally straight face. It is more or less the same formula. Mr. I. T. T. Lincoln has had a certain amount of experience as a spy. He (or some colloborator) has read the familiar published parts of recent diplomatic history. He has heard some gossip from diplomatic underlings. He has written himself (or more likely someone else has written), a lot of Dumas stuff, and Sherlock Holmes stuff, for flavor. The petticoat interest is taken care of by a lady named Clarice. The mixture is good and will satisfy a widefelt need. There is no reason why it should not rank as entertainment with *Fighting in Flanders*, for example.

JOHN COWPER POWYS'S new novel, *Wood and Stone*, is a hard one to break into. On the cover the publisher has anticipated the author with this: "Following the lead of the great Russian Dostoyefsky, he proceeds boldly to lay bare the secret passions, the unacknowledged motives and impulses, which lurk below the placid seeming surface of ordinary human nature." Inside a second sign-post signals: Mr. Powys, in his introduction, confesses that he will attempt to disprove the Nietzchean theories.

To knock Frederick Nietzche into a cocked hat with a Dostoyefskian uppercut is no small feat. What actually happens is an interesting story in which sex is frequently, though never inartistically, in the foreground. As in *The War and Culture* and *Visions and Revisions*, Mr. Powys writes with satisfying finish. This newest book has a character and distinction quite its own.

MISS ELLEN GLASGOW is a careful and conscientious writer. *Virginia* showed her craftsmanship. A new novel, *Life and Gabriella*, shows maturity of thought in addition.

Gabriella is a true, optimistic girl. Unconsciously she sums up her own character when she says, "But one can also do something—if it's only to scream." That is her outlook on life: a courageous one, unwilling to accept things resignedly.

Against this girl are matched three men, all of whom play important parts in her life. One is Arthur Peyton, gentle and well-bred. The second is Ben O'Hara, the true example of that damnable phrase—"a diamond in the rough." The other is George Fowler, physically attractive, mentally selfish. This man Gabriella marries.

The book tells the story of her life from youth to middle age. It is well written and centred on an inspiring philosophy of life. There is nothing pessimistic in concluding that it will be one of the best novels of the year.

THE old gods are dying and a new generation clamors to be heard. Here comes a girl of twenty-two who has out-Chestertoned Chesterton. Not that Miss Stella Benson imitates G. K.'s delightful clowning. *I Pose* resembles no other book. In manner and method, perhaps, it comes rather close to James Stephens's *Crock of Gold*. Like the fantasies of Stephens this book, *I Pose*, is full of thoughtful ingredients, philosophy, pathos, wit, psychologic insight. And, it is as clever as Chesterton,—which is only another way of saying it is as clever as the Devil.

Miss Benson tells the strange tale of the Gardener who fell in love with a Suffragette, and would have married her if—but it wouldn't be fair to tell. The perverse Mrs. Rust, the commonplace Courtesy, the American millionaire, the all-wise child, like the Gardener and the Suffragette, spend their lives posing. Even as you and I spend ours . . . The tale of their adventures is pure joy.

ONE is no longer a geographer by virtue of an ability to bound Vermont and give the capitals of North and South Dakota. In geography—as in other sciences—mere statistics are dropping out, and cause and effect is gaining in attention. Among recent publications that make for an advance in a science that we are apt to regard lightly is *Civilization and Climate*, by Ellsworth Huntington. Mr. Huntington says: "The old geography strove primarily to produce exact maps of the physical features of the earth's surface. The new goes further. It adds to the physical maps an almost innumerable series showing the distribution of plants, animals, and man, and of every phase of the life of these organisms. Among the things to be mapped human character as expressed in civilization is one of the most interesting and one whose distribution most needs explantations." This is an aim broad and lofty enough for any textbook. In Mr. Huntington's hands, geography loses its mineral aspects and approaches philosophy.

FEW authors who write on large subjects are sufficiently impressed by the undertaking. No subject on earth, probably, can be covered completely in a single volume. And yet we have "complete pocket histories" of the Renaissance and two-ounce "guides to music." In view of this proclivity it is pleasant to come across a writer who has the proper respect for his field. Such a one is Mark Perugini, who has written a history of the ballet. Mr. Perugini has resisted the temptation to compress centuries into chapters, and has contented himself with "some leading phases of the history of the modern Art of Ballet as seen more particularly in France and England." These phases he goes into with some thoroughness. He has also resisted the temptation to write technically. There are many excellent photographs—from Carlotta Grisi down to the imperial Russians whose limbs were but lately draped by modesty and the New York police force.

BOOKS REVIEWED

THE REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPY *By I. T. T. Lincoln*
Robert McBride, Boston $1.50

LIFE AND GABRIELLA *By Ellen Glasgow*
Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City $1.35

CIVILIZATION AND CLIMATE *By Ellsworth Huntington*
Yale University Press, New Haven $2.50

WOOD AND STONE *By John Cowper Powys*
G. Arnold Shaw, New York $1.50

I POSE *By Stella Benson*
The Macmillan Co., New York $1.25

THE ART OF BALLET *By Mark Perugini*
J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia $2.50



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FEATHERED FOLK

BY B. RUSSELL HERTS

PEOPLE talented in one field are seldom satisfied with their abilities; they frequently ache to paint, if they are able to write, and if they are musicians who have achieved wide recognition, they sometimes wish to be architects. So it is with the little man. If he tires of his poverty, he may begin to ape the rich, and toady to them; if he is well-to-do already, his money bores him and he becomes a philanthropist or a leader of the Simple Life.

We human birds but rarely willingly travel with our kind. The robins search the fields for adventure; the swallows fly south *en masse*, but probably separate when they get there; even the nightingale more than likely tires of her song if she is left without an audience of less capable craftsmen. Who, after all, appreciates the peacock, unless one is seen alone: a horde of peacocks would be almost tiresome. Even the owl, with her distorted view of things, has the good sense to avoid crowds of her species. There are many birds of every feather, but few of them willingly flock together.

Our friends are backgrounds for us at the best; at the worst they are screens behind which we hide. If we believe ourselves great, we delight in the presence of intellectual reflectors; if we think ourselves beautiful, we select contrasting plainness as a necessary attribute in our acquaintances; if we know ourselves to be dishonest, mean and undesirable, we find folk whose presence clothes us in more estimable garments than our own nature can afford. We crave audiences if we have anything to give out; authors of ideas, if we can mimic; dilletante pretenders, if we are too lazy for either and crave merely to be amused. But in any case we seldom seek the counterparts of ourselves, and rare indeed is that brave man who finds and flocks with anyone equally keen, equally able, equal in all or many senses to himself.

A THEORY

Colonel Roosevelt is bitterly opposed to the use of hyphens. Probably he objects to being referred to as an ex-president.

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

WHAT THE DIXIE HIGHWAY IS

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

The Dixie Highway is such an enormous undertaking that it is impossible to do it justice in one article. Mr. Hilder will present further details concerning it in future issues of the magazine

THE Dixie Highway is conclusive evidence that the spirit of civic pride, whose outward manifestations have for so long taken the form of cannon balls piled in sentimental pyramids on our village greens, has at last awakened to a realization of its potentialities for lasting good.

Briefly stated, the purpose of the Dixie Highway is to join the north and the south by means of a concrete road of uniform excellence. It takes no clairvoyant to see what benefits will accrue from this plan, not only to those states through which the Highway is to pass, but to the entire country. And the enthusiasm with which those states have seized upon the Dixie Highway idea is a healthy sign. It shows that their citizens have come to realize that cooperation is the engine not only of today's but tomorrow's successes. A few years ago, during the throat-cutting period of American history, the slogan was "Every state for itself, let the nation survive as it may," a thought echoed by every business man with respect to his competitors. Today we find groups of men, making and selling the same kind of product, pooling their advertising appropriations for the good of the group and depending on the resultant increased demand for their product to swell their individual revenues. The states and countries through which the Dixie Highway will pass are doing the same sort of thing. Instead of improving their own roads at random, they are cooperating with other states in making a great highway intended to unify an enormous section of the country. When the project is completed, they will undoubtedly receive far more in money and influence through being a part of the unit, than they would if they spent an equal amount in purely intensive work. Consider the fact that land values have already increased in sections which lie along the Dixie Highway route. Consider also the money that will be spent daily by each one of the thousands of motorists passing along the Highway in regions which, except for the Highway, they would not be able to visit. Think of the interstate business that will be thrown open to owners of motor trucks when their trucks can safely start on long runs without fear of being engulfed in mud and sand.



Judge M. M. Allison, of Chattanooga, a prominent jurist and president of the Dixie Highway Association

As it now stands, the route laid out for the Dixie Highway resembles in shape an hour-glass. From Mackinac, Michigan, the Highway's most northerly point, the route follows the shores of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron, the two routes running practically parallel down through Kalamazoo and Detroit respectively. Further south the two routes run into Indiana and Ohio. The western road is met at Indianapolis by a branch which starts at Chicago. And from Indianapolis also runs a cross-road, connecting the western with the eastern route by a junction at Dayton. From Indiana and Ohio, the two routes run down into Kentucky and through that state into Tennessee, where they converge at Chattanooga, headquarters of the Highway's administration. From Chattanooga the road goes to Macon, Georgia, where it again splits in two. One branch goes southwest to Tallahassee, Florida, and thence inland to Arcadia and on to the coast, and Miami. The objective of the other branch has not yet been decided upon, both Savannah and Jacksonville being under consideration. The latter is on the Highway anyway, since a cross-road runs from Tallahassee to it and continues along the coast to meet the inland route at Miami.

I started this article by talking about civic pride, and then switched into the subject of rewards. This may have seemed paradoxical and contradictory. But is it? The standard of road construction and maintenance set by the Dixie Highway should prove to be such that no state will rest easy until all its roads are equally good. Civic pride will play a part in that. And then, too, the problem of beautifying the Highway in places where nature and steam shovels may have chanced to be harsh will afford another opportunity for the exercise of pride. Will the citizens of Ohio, for instance, allow it to be said that the citizens of Georgia are getting ahead of them in the matter of tree planting, or in the quality of the buildings erected along the Highway? I leave it to you.

AS can be imagined, the job of building four thousand miles of uniformly good roads is one that needs a strong executive organization. Formal recognition of the need and the value of the Highway came in April, 1915, when at Chattanooga there was held a conference of the governors of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida. Later these governors each appointed two directors, from their respective states, who began on the work of designating the route of the Highway through their own territory. These directors formed the nucleus of the executive organization which became known as the Dixie Highway Association, and are influential men representative of the most active classes in their states. Judge M. M. Allison, of Chattanooga, was elected president of the Association, and since it is the central point of the Highway, Chattanooga was selected as the headquarters of the organization. In October, 1915, Michigan was admitted to the Association.

In order that the residents of the various counties may have part in the work of the Dixie Highway Association, county councils are being organized in each county. These councils are composed of the various classes of members in the Association residing in the county. They have charge of the Dixie Highway interests in their county and assist the Association in the gathering of data and in carrying on the actual work of construction. Altogether the Association seems to be organized on an unusually sound and efficient basis.

JEWS IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

The series which recently appeared in Harper's Weekly on this subject has received wide comment. We publish here a number of comments that have been received from our readers

FOR THE COMMON GOOD

By Charles G. Griffith, Jr.

YOU are making a very definite contribution to the thinking college man in your series of articles. I wish it were my opportunity to call attention of Dartmouth undergraduates to the series. Yet I believe that this college has singularly honored the worthy Jew along with the worthy Christian,—that is, on the part of the undergraduates, because the faculty of this, as well as every other college, has long given many of the choicest honors to the brilliant Jew.

May I as an enthusiastic graduate, interested in the common good for all college men, thank you for your part in the movement to make the college man better understand his friendly and brilliant neighbor, the Jew.

Syracuse, N. Y.

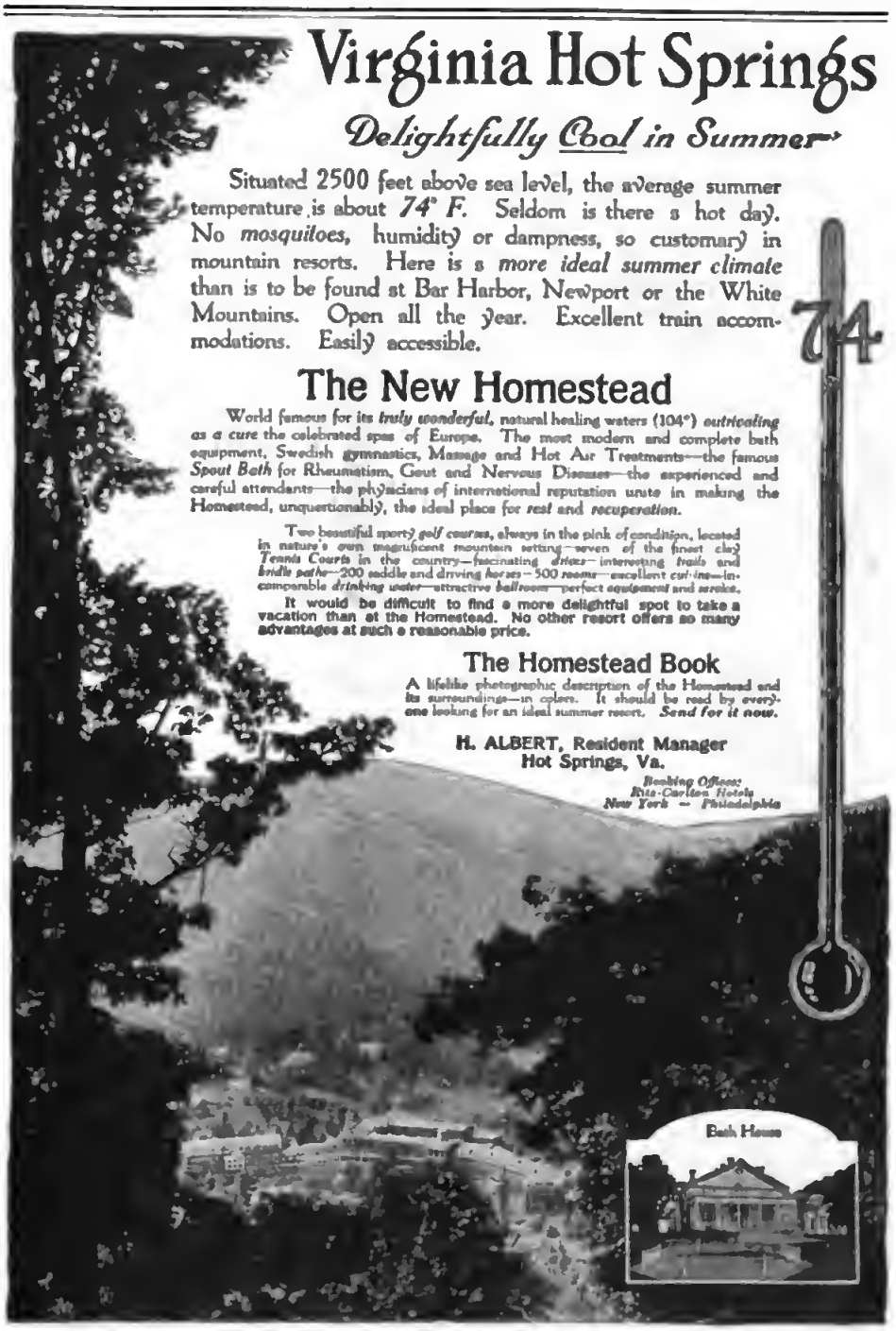
NO COMPROMISE

By Isidor Lazarus

AS AN admirer of yours, and of your paper, I note with regret your (of course well intentioned) inauguration of a series of articles doomed to be ridiculous, *viz.*, on the subject apparently of race prejudice in institutions of learning.

The reason why I believe these articles must prove ridiculous is that they involve the paradox of an honest man (yourself) complacently and therefore hypocritically discussing the sacred foolishness of humanity (myopia and astigmatism of social vision).

I recommend for subsequent consideration, by your intellectual readers who will appreciate the present series, the following sensational questions: What punishment shall be meted out to the pagan, W. J. Bryan? Are Germans human? Shall Dr. Pease be lynched? Is Mr. Gompers an anarchistic socialist or a moral degenerate? Does the New



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York State Constitution bar the governorship to Catholics?

The Jews whom I know,—when they cannot have the association of their equals in education and manhood (and plenty of Gentiles measure up to this standard, Heaven be praised)—prefer the stupid but sincere misapprehension of avowed anti-Semites rather than the equally stupid and positively insincere deliverances of apologies. Let *Harper's Weekly* don the cap which fits.

Incidentally, the writer and his fellow Jews in the Phi Beta Kappa society (no, not a fraternity, *only* a mere pedantic organization) have never lost any sleep over prejudices of any sort. However, articles such as yours which I have just read, are in my opinion as mortifying as anything can be to persons minding their own business and giving the world such service in material and in ideal as will hasten and extend that broad education of society which our Jesus tried to start, but which a barbaric universe demands a living and a national Christ through ages to complete. If there is anything to discuss, then my sentiments are that the chosen people want to confront a cleancut division of those who are for us from those who are against us—but *à bas les complaisants!*

A nation of priests cannot be deprived of privileges they do not seek. The question is the other way about: How readily are Gentiles availing themselves of the best that is in Jews?

New York City.

PERSONAL EVIDENCE

By Helen Kneeland

I HAVE just read "Jews in Schools and Colleges" and I feel moved to write to you of the sad experience of two Jews I have known, a brother and sister. The boy, who bears little resemblance to a Jew, was sent to one of our best universities. He made a good appearance and was taken into a fraternity. He was a quiet, inoffensive student, doing good work all of the time, but making no effort in a social way. While he had plenty of money, he showed little generosity with his student brothers and they became indifferent toward him. After living a number of months in his fraternity house, the members discovered his nationality, and just what occurred no one outside knows, but he left college and for a year looked worn and ill. His family seemed to know little of his college life. His mother remarked to a friend, "It seems so strange to me that my son never made friends while in college."

The sister was sent to a girls' seminary. She was a fine student, and to a friend who prophesied that she would win high honors, she whispered: "You must not expect great things of me. I am a Jew, and Jews have always been persecuted and always will be." Her first year at the school would make a sad, sad story; the cruel indifference she met was endured, and with the persistence of her people she remained the four years. She was a good student, but no mention has been made of her attainments.

For many reasons I have not given full particulars, but you can read between the lines of my letter how much the two had to bear while in college.

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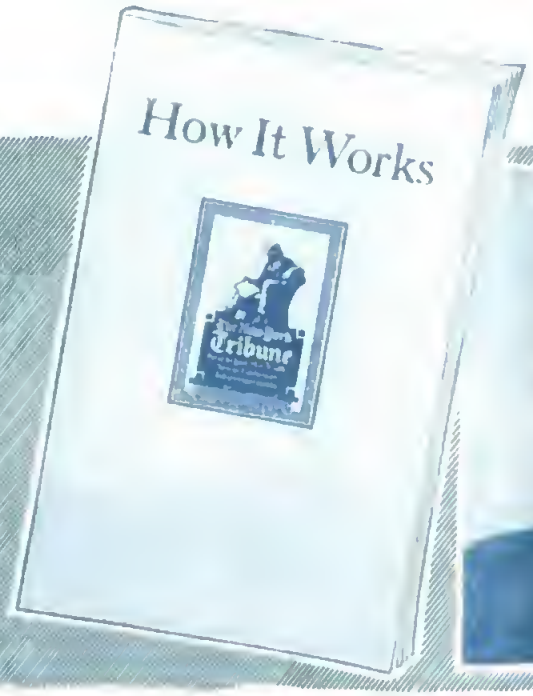


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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

THE BIG WATER-POWER FIGHT

THE preceding Congress ordered the Secretary of Agriculture to furnish the Senate with all information in his possession as to the ownership and control of the water-power sites in the United States, showing what proportion of such water-power sites is in private ownership and by what companies and corporations such sites in private ownership are owned and controlled; what horsepower has been developed and what proportion of it is owned and controlled by such private companies and corporations; and any facts bearing upon the question as to the existence of a monopoly in the ownership and control of hydro-electric power in the United States.

The Department of Agriculture, with much time and labor, made the most complete study ever made of the situation, and reported. The anti-conservation senators, headed by Senator Smoot, have been endeavoring to stop the report from being printed. They have been beaten. Of course a sounding excuse had to be given. The reason chosen was the cost of printing. First look at Senator Smoot's accuracy. These are parts of the dialogue:

Mr. Smoot: "Mr. President, I want the Senate to understand distinctly that this $21,000 is only the beginning of the cost. There is no question but that just as soon as this report is printed as a public document there will be a request for the printing of additional copies, and they will not be for the information of the members of the Senate or the House; not at all. They will make rather an elegant set of books when printed, I think some seventeen volumes, and when bound will be put into libraries throughout the country and never opened nor looked at unless the children look at the pictures contained therein."

Senator Fletcher: "There would not be over three volumes. . . . I think the Senator from Utah is thinking about the work of the Industrial Commission."

Senator Smoot: "I did have in mind the report of the Industrial Commission."

Now as to Mr. Smoot's argument that he was moved by economy to stop the knowledge of the water-power situation from reaching the Senate and the public:

Senator Norris: "It has cost the taxpayers more money by the fight and the delay that has taken place up to this hour upon this resolution by the Senator from Utah than it would cost to print the document." . . .

Mr. Smoot: "Mr. President—"

Mr. Norris: "I will not yield now, and I will tell the senator why I will not yield. . . . I want to get a vote. I am just a little bit inclined to think that there is some filibustering tactics that are being used to delay this matter, because it has been put off three times, and I do not want to be the means of talking it to death."

Mr. Smoot: "There is no filibustering on my part."

Mr. Norris: "If it is talked to death, it will be the Senator from Utah who has to do it. . . . The Senator from Utah is going to start to do it now, in the face of his denial and in the face of my refusal to yield. . . . The Senator from Utah will claim that we can get everything somewhere else. If we had a bill here to take the census of mules and hogs in Utah, I suppose the Senator from Utah would get up and say, 'Why, I can get that information in Utah; we do not need any census; we will save the money. If anybody wants to know how many mules and hogs there are in Utah, let him go to Utah and count the hogs and count the mules, and he can get all that information.' . . . We have had this matter up three times, and on every occasion it has been talked to death. On each occasion it has been discussed until we had to adjourn or until the morning hour was over. It is not fair to stifle this resolution. Let us come to a vote on it."

The vote was finally forced, against the obstructionists. The only yea and nay vote was on an amendment, the ayes here being those opposed to the printing. It was as follows:

> YEAS 17. Bankhead, Brandegee, Clark, Ark., du Pont, Harding, Jones, Lodge, Martin, Va., Oliver, Shafroth, Smoot, Sutherland, Swanson, Thomas, Thompson, Vardaman, Wadsworth.
>
> NAYS—39. Ashurst, Beckman, Broussard, Catron, Chamberlain, Clapp, Cummins, Fletcher, Hardwick, Hitchcock, Hollis, Hughes, Husting, Keoyon, Kern, La Follette, Lane, Lea, Tenn., Lewis, Martine, N. J., Nelson, Newlands, Norris, Owen, Page, Pittman, Poindexter, Pomerene, Ransdell, Reed, Robinson, Shepherd, Shields, Simmons, Smith, Ga., Smith, S. C., Sterling, Underwood, Walsh.

What was there in the report that was sufficient to create such a furious contest? That question will be answered in this department next week. It is a central point in the whole conservation program of the administration, now battling in the shape of several bills.

AFTER MR. GARRISON

AS MR. GARRISON stated, immediately after resigning, that he intended no opposition on the outside to the administration, but on the contrary cooperation as far as he was active at all, there is no general criticism of his step. It represented his conviction. Moreover, it was, in the circumstances, inevitable. No President could allow to his cabinet officers more administrative freedom than Mr. Wilson does. It is only in matters that are inevitably and closely connected with general national policy that he interferes. The harmonious relation between the administration and the legislative branch is necessarily such a matter. Little attention was given, in the first excitement over the resignation, to that part of the correspondence that showed the President's intention to veto any inadequate measure and appeal to the country. But he means to give Congress every chance.

It is not difficult to analyze the general drift in Washington of opinion that is at once moderate and informed. Leave out pacifists, who desire no improvement in preparedness, those who urge universal service or any other degree of preparedness politically impossible at present, and those who are locally political in their point of view, and the majority favor the following program:

1. A regular army about twice as large as it now is.
2. A first line of reserves made out of men who have been trained in the regular army.
3. A second line of reserves made up of a militia that is at least enough under government control to get more or less real training.

Having men pass through the regular army and become reservists, in place of the present useless system, would not only give us the best kind of a first reserve; it would also give us better officers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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JEWS AND THE WAR

NUMEROUS Jewish readers have wished to write articles in reply to a side remark made by Mr. Stanley Washburn in his article on "America's Chance in Russia," in our issue of February 5th. The opinion expressed by Mr. Washburn, that the Jews object to, was beside his main point, and we do not care, by elaborate discussion, to confuse his principal issue, which is whether the American government will or will not take advantage of the vast and exceptional trade opportunities that Russia desires to give us now, to take the place especially of her former trade with Germany. The Jews would be the gainer from such a treaty, since according to our information Russia would make substantial concessions to us on the Jewish question. It might not be much, but it would be something. It must be conceded, even by the most optimistic, that the outlook for the Jews is dark enough, since a self-governed Poland, one of the probabilities of the war, would treat the Jews worse than Russia treats them.

Those who wish to realize sharply what the Jews are suffering from the war might read "The Jews in the Eastern War Zone," just published at 356 Second avenue, New York, by the American Jewish Committee, including in its membership Julius Rosenwald, Jacob Schiff, Louis Marshall, Julian W. Mack, and Oscar S. Straus. One half the Jews of the world were trapped in a corner of eastern Europe that is cut off from neutral lands and from the sea. Russian Poland has over two million Jews, Galicia one million, the Russian Pale behind Poland, four million. What has been done to that region we all know. Armies may wish to some extent to court the good-will of the Poles or Ruthenians. The Jews inevitably received the worst of all war's horrors. The Belgians had England, Holland, the United States. What have the Jews?

BETTER UNSAID

MANY of the most significant facts are frequently unsaid, because it is pleasanter so. It is not pleasant to say that a considerable part of the opposition to Mr. Brandeis, if really analyzed, is racial. We speak from some knowledge. The biggest opposition is class: the bitter struggle of the specially privileged, who conceive their plunder to be in some vague way threatened. Next to that passion comes the race feeling. It fears to speak in the open, even more than the class dread does. Some people think it a disgrace to the Senate and to the community that so ideal a nomination should be "investigated." Not so do we think. It is altogether fortunate that the malicious gossip in which class watchfulness and race bigotry express themselves should be subjected to the light of day. Only thus can the Senate and the country know of what long-mumbled charges actually consist.

HARVARD AND LOWELL

HARVARD under President Eliot held the intellectual leadership of the United States. He was a national force, individual, powerful, and progressive. Mr. Lowell is a popular gentlemen, respectable, conventional, a product of his class, even a flower of it, and wholly subdued to it. What they understand he understands, and nothing more. Going to China to convert heathen, establishing an orchestra or art museum in Boston, they comprehend. It is what gentlemen do.

But gentlemen do not disturb things. Gentlemen do not introduce savings bank deposits when Major Higginson tells them not to. Gentlemen do not give warnings that the New Haven finances are unsound, when Major Higginson is selling the stock. Gentlemen do not try to save the public domain, when it interferes with Mr. Taft, Mr. Wickersham, and many other agreeable souls, in good society, friends of Major Higginson. If the person who does these things comes from Kentucky, an interloper, a Jew, and is successful, it is hard to find a punishment to fit the crime.

When President Lowell, therefore, comes out against Mr. Brandeis he acts only according to his intellect, his experience, and his nature. He knows absolutely nothing about the subject, but he is loyal to his dinner parties, to his family associations. Gentlemen will be gentlemen. But may we, as rank outsiders, suggest that even gentlemen might stop short of mean slander?

We use the word mean advisedly, and also slander. The editor of this paper has had some experience in investigation, and thinks he knows the need of thoroughness. Several years ago he had occasion to probe to the bottom the record of Mr. Brandeis. He went to original sources in every case. He found the current charges contemptible lies, repeated all over Boston, but relating to cases that, once understood, redounded all the more to the glory of a great lawyer, a noble citizen, one of the bravest and most disinterested of men. Harvard men must blush that their president, by innuendo, should support inexcusable defamation. Better would it have been to speak more directly, but such open speaking would have meant responsibility, and these splendid dress-suit patriots preferred mud without courage. It was a wretched, lamentable performance by a few men, nearly all trustees for estates with large holdings in the New Haven road, its associated banks, or the Shoe Machinery Company. The

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pity of it, that the President of Harvard was among them, and that he took the step after the professors of his own law school had paid to Mr. Brandeis, the most brilliant product of that school, so well-deserved a tribute. The deanship of the law school is now vacant. The professors would like to have the largest available lawyer for the place. The president is expected to insist upon an admirable nonentity.

ASSIST

IN FRENCH *assister* means to be present; "to sit around" it might be jocosely translated. You assist at a ceremony if you sit in the audience. If the meaning were the same in English it would not be the shortstop who was credited with an assist, but the fan in the bleachers.

STAMPS AND SUPERLATIVES

FROM Fort Smith, Arkansas, E. L. Bennett writes thus:

> I have been somewhat interested in the sanatorium for overworked words you are conducting with such excellent discernment. Have you quarters in it for "natural" and "most important"? They need to go some place where they can get a long rest.

But Miss P. M. Winterrowd, of New York, takes a crack at our more or less innocent selves, as follows:

> In one of your recent editorials I read that you have a friend who "nearly dies of rage" when such expressions as "worth while" and "a sea of faces" are waved in her face. I rubbed my eyes twice to make sure there were no quotation marks about "nearly dies of rage." Is not this intensity of expression as reprehensible as triteness? I, for one, am ready to become a charter member of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Superlatives.

We are not strong for quotation marks. However, we will join that society with pleasure, only reserving the right to use exaggeration now and then in the search, however vain, for humor. It is an established method. Falstaff, Rabelais, Mark Twain, are masters. Ordinary people, especially Americans, are addicted to the imitation of this school.

KINSHIP

SEVERAL people have discovered that the Kaiser is Anti-Christ. Under this interpretation a new element comes into the biography of his grandmother, Queen Victoria.

THE JAPS AND THE PLATE



A WHILE ago we quoted a Japanese proverb, accepting trustfully the translation. A reader thereupon urges this point:

> You draw a very true and good moral from a Japanese proverb which is, alas, not only misquoted but exactly reversed. The proverb is "Doku kuwaba sara made"— "When you eat poison—to the plate," or roughly, "lick the plate!" The proverb is always used as we use the proverb, "As well hang for an old sheep as a lamb."

The writer's point is correct, but he also has fallen into trouble in tackling the Japanese. We went to a Japanese friend in our perplexity and learned that the literal translation is this: "When you eat poison—even the plate!" It doesn't mean "to the plate," but the plate also.

MOVIES AS ART



VACHEL LINDSAY, the poet of Illinois, who has stirringly sung the American circus, the Salvation Army, and Mary Pickford, is out with a prose book glorifying the art of the moving picture. Mr. Lindsay is persuaded that here is a "new art," worthy and susceptible of rich development. The movies are to have a profound literary influence and to give an impulse to sculpture and painting, to science and invention. "The key words of the stage," he writes, "are *passion* and *character;* of the photoplay, *speed* and *splendor*."

Here is an effective description:

> The young couple go with their first-born, and it sits gaping on its mother's knee. Often the images are violent and unseemly, a chaos of rawness and squirm, but scattered through is a delineation of the world. Peking and China, Harvard and Massachusetts, Portland and Oregon, Benares and India, become imaginary playgrounds . . . In the next decade simply from the development of the average eye, cities akin to the beginnings of Florence will be born among us as surely as Chaucer came, upon the first ripening of the English tongue, after Caedmon and Beowulf.

Obviously, the motion picture has come to stay; let us hope it will justify some of the poet's high hopes. There are already notable triumphs. As one example, in his grasp of the movies' epic possibilities, David W. Griffith has in "The Birth of a Nation" shown us what may be achieved under actual conditions. And there are others, and will be more.

NOTHING NEW

HOW often do we come back to the words of the Preacher—

> There is no new thing under the sun.

One might have supposed that the favorite contemporary expression that such a person is a has-been was at least modern. The other day we threw ourselves on a sofa with a volume of Burns, and almost the first line that turned up was this:

> My han' afore's a gude auld has-been,

or, in other words, my near forward plow horse is a good old has-been. Did Burns invent the term? More than likely it circulated among the farmers of his day, even as it is passing about from mouth to mouth, in sport and politics, in another country a century and a half later in the little history of the world.

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In "The Wounded" there is an endless field of agony—the horror of war



The sharp slant of the bayonets gives a sense of impetus to "The Attack"

PEN, INK AND WAR

BY ELON JESSUP

STOP before a bookshop window in a European city and you fairly hear the ghastly chuckles of the grim spirit of war. For in that window are post-cards, books, magazines, booklets and even soldier dolls suggested by cartoons—all of war.

The familiar cardboard covers of Mother Goose and other nursery rhymes attract you. The book is opened and your eye meets very gruesome militaristic illustrations and verses of unkind parody. A volume with the rather unusual title, *Malice in Kulturland*, is examined. On a full page stand the familiar bodies of Tweedledee and Tweedledum, the Walrus and the Carpenter, but the heads are those of German warriors and statesmen.

In the many strange manifestations of art in the war, few are as noteworthy as the silhouettes of the Dutch artist, Jan Wiegman. The artist has accomplished a notable achievement with his fanciful black and white, something that the English weekly artist, with all his lines, has not given; a sense of reality not only of the whole but of the individual.

Contradictory as it may seem, it is perhaps a certain obliteration of the personality of the individual in the treatment of these silhouettes that lends the individual element notable significance. At any rate, these fanciful creations, so suggestive of the art of the Napoleonic wars, possess astonishing powers of personality, emotion and action. Always is the horror of the machine here, but with it always the human element.

We are told that in this war each soldier, under stress of circumstances, must look for his own preservation; there is no time for the disabled. In "The Bridge" we see a terrific impact of brute force. Yet in the water below is a striking contrast; one soldier is straining every effort to help another out of the water. For some reason we believe the silhouette.

A successful grouping of misery and comedy is a difficult work; few artists in this war have accomplished it. In "The Refugees," Wiegman has been eminently successful. Partially hidden by the wounded soldier's crutch is a bird cage; further back, the banker with his armful of paper scrolls, and then a little girl and her doll. We know that all were in that flight.



"The Bridge"—a peculiar effect in masses

These pictures copyrighted by S. L. van Looy



The few silhouetted figures in "The Surrender" give the effect of a whole army



As is the case in war, comedy and tragedy are mingled in "The Refugees"

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WHAT I SAW IN POLAND

BY W. H. HAMILTON

I LEFT Berlin a few minutes before midnight on December third, on a train packed with soldiers returning to the eastern front. Hundreds of women and girls crowded the platform to bid farewell to their men, and as the train slowly pulled out, they ran along with it holding to the hand of their husband or brother for a last press. Then, out we rode into the night, due east.

I had a more or less vague idea that Poland had been miserably torn up by the constant surging back and forth of huge armies, that her people were destitute and that help was sorely needed. But the farther east the scene is laid the more difficult it seems to be for us to comprehend the situation, even though the main theatre of this war has been and probably will continue to be on the Vistula and not on the Marne.

The open wounds of Belgium have been exposed and her misery has been splendidly dramatized before the entire world. But her seven millions of people have been under the protection of America, England and Holland, and they have always had a place of refuge. Poland's twenty millions, on the other hand, have had no friends and no place to look for help. In a single onward rush of the invader, Belgium had four towns destroyed, and immediately thereafter an efficient government was introduced which brought at least material comfort. Poland has been swept three times by the "scourge and pest," and it is only the exceptional city or town which has escaped destruction. Poland has a hundred Louvains and its razed villages run into the thousands.

Poles are obliged to fight in two opposite camps for a cause which is not theirs. They must engage in fraternal strife; and in many cases cousins and even brothers have met in a bayonet charge. No delay, no exemption of military service is accorded to them as it is to those in the interior provinces of the belligerent states and to the great towns of certain important branches of industry. On the contrary, they are subjected to a most rigorous system of conscription in order quickly to do away with all the conscripts who might be taken by the enemy. The Poles have furnished one million and a half of soldiers, almost equally divided between the Russian and German-Austrian armies. Perhaps six hundred thousand of these have already been lost in killed, wounded and prisoners. It seems that the "Finis Poloniae" of Kosciusko has at last become a fact. . . .

About four o'clock in the morning a helmet pushed its way into my compartment growling, "Sie müssen herabsteigen." My protest that I had passports through to Warsaw was half-hearted, for I knew well from previous experience that there was no gainsaying his peremptory command. But then this is all part of the game. Foreigners, no matter what their mission or business, are not only looked upon with suspicion, but are not wanted around. And they have to prove the necessity of being where they are. So I pulled on my clothes and, with my suit-case and blanket, dropped off the train and watched it pull out into the darkness. I was the only civilian on the train and therefore the only unfortunate to be ejected at this little frontier town, Alexandrowo by name. Here the usual inquisition was my fate.

Everything that I had in the nature of passports and credentials was examined with extreme care. The contents of my suit-case were then separated into two different lots, and all the letters and books which I had were set apart to await my return to the frontier. The lining of my clothes was opened, my collars were held up to the light to see that no writing was on them, and I was subjected to the most minute personal search, being gradually stripped of everything I had managed to put on. The "latest wrinkle" in up-to-date espionage seems to be the carrying of a map or valuable notes tattooed on the skin—hence the intimacy of my examiners. It was an extremely cold process and I was mighty happy when the ordeal was over. I was then informed that I could take the next train through to Warsaw, it being due in about five hours, and in the meantime my time was my own.

I WANDERED aimlessly for several hours around the filthy streets of this little village, the mud of which was above one's ankles, and was tremendously impressed by the comparison between the dirty, thatched huts of the Russian peasant, and the neat, sanitary dwellings on the German side of the border, a comparison of which much has been written. Whole families, including the usual quota of pigs, crowded into the one small room, and the sanitary conditions were frightful. The early morning service at the Russian church was in progress, and, entering, I stood at the back listening to the monotone chant of the much berobed priest, and pitying in my heart the hundred odd peasants who knelt on the stone floor, clinging to the only remaining consolation—their faith.

The accommodation train for Warsaw which was made up of only third-class compartments and required approximately eight hours for the run, drew in almost on time, and, wrapped in my blanket, I planned a much needed bit of sleep. At the first stop, however, three Russians, bundled to the ears in great coats, entered the compartment, and sleep was an impossibility. They eyed me rather curiously and, finally, in very poor German, one of them, a man I should say sixty years of age, suggested that it was curious that I, being a German, should have on civilian dress. I replied that I was "Amerikanski," whereupon his eyes brightened, he lost immediately the hangdog look which he had had, and we proceeded to become extremely good friends. He pulled out a basket containing a huge chunk of roast beef and a loaf of bread, of which he pressed upon me a large share, and also a black bottle full of a wicked tasting substance which after one trial I guessed to be vodka.

I listened to his intensely interesting and pathetic story of the oppression which had been the fate of him and his neighbors since the outbreak of the war. He was a wholesale wheat merchant in the town of Skernowitz, situated half way between the frontier and Warsaw, and a man of some wealth in the community. All of his stock had been commandeered by the Germans at a low price and taken into Germany to be made into flour, which was then sold back by the German officials to him and to the local retail dealers at a price six times greater than that paid him. He did not complain, but simply

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shrugged his shoulders. He had been used to that sort of thing to a greater or less degree all his life, and guessed it was not of so much importance after all.

On both sides of the track the evidences of war soon became apparent. Village after village that we passed through was simply leveled to the ground, nothing but stark, gaunt chimneys marking the places where there once had been the houses of the peasants or, in isolated cases, beautiful chateaux. As I remember, not a single station that we stopped at had a roof on it, and of only a few were the four walls standing. Not a single bridge of the dozens that we passed over but was a temporary structure, with the twisted steel girders of the old bridge lying below in the stream. The track was bisected by line after line of very solidly constructed trenches which originally had been occupied by the Russians, but which were now being turned by Russian prisoners under German supervision into first, second and twentieth lines of defense back from the eastern front; and on either side, in many cases stretching up to the horizon as far as one could see, were little wooden crosses a foot or a foot and a half high, marking the graves of invader and defender. Here and there were larger crosses four or five feet high, which told of the location of a common grave. Mile after mile of forest had been literally torn into kindling wood by artillery fire and much of it had been burned out.

I had seen the destroyed towns in the invaded French provinces; I had looked at Messina, not yet rebuilt, from the deck of our ship as we lay in the harbor, and both of these seemed awful, but they were child's play compared to the devastation in Poland.

The concluding instalment of "What I Saw in Poland" will appear in next week's issue

THE SENATE AND REPUBLICAN VICTORY

BY McGREGOR

THIRTY-TWO senators are to be elected or reelected in the national elections next November. The loss of eight seats by the Democrats will result in a tie vote as between the two parties, the Vice-President casting the deciding vote when party lines are drawn. The loss of nine seats will give the Republicans a majority of two. Who will control the Senate in that case?

In the reorganization of the Senate, when the Democrats took control, it was bravely proposed that the committees of the Senate should elect their own chairmen. But the seniority rule nevertheless prevailed, even with a majority of the majority having progressive tendencies. With Republican control, the seniority rule will be all the more potent, since the Old Guard and their recent allies will have a clear majority, and the maintenance of the seniority rule will be of great advantage to them. *No matter how progressive the President elected next fall may be, the Senate will be absolutely under reactionary control if the Republicans have a majority in it.*



"The Tariff Bill can be named in advance, the Penrose-Fordney Bill"

Consider the present personnel of the Senate unchanged, (except for the new senators elected in November).

Gallinger will be President pro tem and Chairman of the Committee on Rules, and a member of the Finance Committee.

Penrose, prince of reactionaries, will have the choice of three chairmanships, of committees on which he is now ranking minority member, Finance, Post-office and Naval Affairs. Undoubtedly he will take the Committee on Finance, the powerful committee which rewrites the revenue bills as they come from the House, including this time a new tariff bill, in the event of a complete Republican victory. *The Tariff bill can be named in advance, the Penrose-Fordney Bill*, Fordney being the ranking minority *member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, Fordney of Sugar Trust, Inter-Ocean fame. See proceedings of the Lobby Committee.*

Warren of Wyoming will be chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Warren, of Sundance Public Building fame and of the Wyoming military posts, himself "the greatest shepherd since Abraham," to quote a Dolliver tribute.

Lodge will become chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and doubtless responsibility will sober him. Just now he is clamoring for war with either Mexico or Germany, it does not matter very much which.

But if Lodge should be defeated next fall, Smith of Michigan, who made such an incredible ass of himself in the *Titonic* investigation, will take the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Smith is the member of the committee whose propensity to babble about delicate diplomatic matters has prevented President Wilson from taking the Foreign Relations Committee into his confidence.

With Lodge chairman of this committee, Smith will lead

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the Naval Affairs Committee and will doubtless make sufficiently weird proposals for the guidance of military experts. You will believe this if you remember his *Titanic* views.

Clark of Wyoming will become chairman of the Judiciary Committee, the Junior Supreme Court to which constitutionally doubtful questions are referred in advance. Page of Vermont will be chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. Nelson, of Ballinger whitewashing fame, will be chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. Townsend will take the Committee on Post-office and Post Roads. Smoot will lay undisputed claim to Public Lands.

Oliver is ranking member on the Committee on Manufactures, and with Jones taking either Conservation, or Irrigation and Reclamation, Lippitt will be eligible to the chairmanship of the Committee on Commerce—the man who assisted Aldrich in writing the cotton schedules of the Payne-Aldrich Bill. Senator du Pont, of Powder Trust fame, will naturally have the Committee on Military Affairs. Sutherland will take Public Buildings and Grounds; Colt Immigration; McCumber, with his unequaled tenderness for the old soldier, will be the head of the Pensions Committee, and start the pension appropriation climbing upward again; Dillingham, of the District of Columbia; Brandegee of Interoceanic Canals; Catron (of New Mexico) will have charge of Coast Defenses.

Of the Republicans of progressive tendencies, Clapp is the only one entitled, under the seniority rule, to the chairmanship of an important committee, that on Interstate Commerce. La Follette will have the choice between the Census Committee and Indian Affairs; in the event of his taking the latter, Cummins can have Census or Civil Service and Retrenchment. Borah can take his old committee on Education and Labor. Poindexter can have Pacific Islands and Porto Rico, and McLean, the Philippines, while Works will be able to head off the nefarious plans of the Medical Trust by controlling as chairman the Committee on Public Health.



Warren, "the greatest shepherd since Abraham"

That will be the layout, unless there are changes due to death, resignation or defeat.

The Presidency is not the only question next November. The country may well consider how it likes the idea of the great issues under the powerful committee control of such men as Penrose, Gallinger, Warren, Smith, Smoot, and Du Pont!

MOBILIZING THE AD.

BY BRUCE O. BLIVEN

THE way in which British habits of thought are conditioned by the great war is clearly shown by running over the advertising in the English periodicals of recent dates. A large proportion of this advertising is directly influenced by wartime trends of thought. For example:

"HOW WAR IMPOVERISHES THE NATION'S HAIR.

"Hair, the most sympathetic part of the body, becomes weakened by nerve strain and worry.

"Many thousands of persons who are troubled by the state of their hair are asking themselves the question, 'Does war, and particularly the nervous strain and worry of the war, affect my hair?'

"The answer is decidedly, 'Yes.' Scientific tests prove conclusively that the hair is the most sympathetic part of the whole body, responding most quickly to changes in health."

Clever advertising which makes use of the affection felt by the English for "Tommy" in the trenches is that of a well-known soap. They show a soldier holding up a big bath towel, and printed across the face of it the words, "I have a fine towel—will some kind person send along a box of So-and-So's Soap?"

A decidedly interesting appeal to the same fondness for the soldier is used by a player piano company. A picture of a young woman playing one of these instruments is used, with three stalwart young officers lounging about her. "Because the future holds danger in the field for some," the legend runs, "and long days of waiting at home for others, the pleasures of the passing hour are all the more precious."

Quite a different strain is taken up in the advertising of a baby food. Under a picture of a sturdy youngster, the advertisement reads:

"IF EVER THERE WAS A NEED—

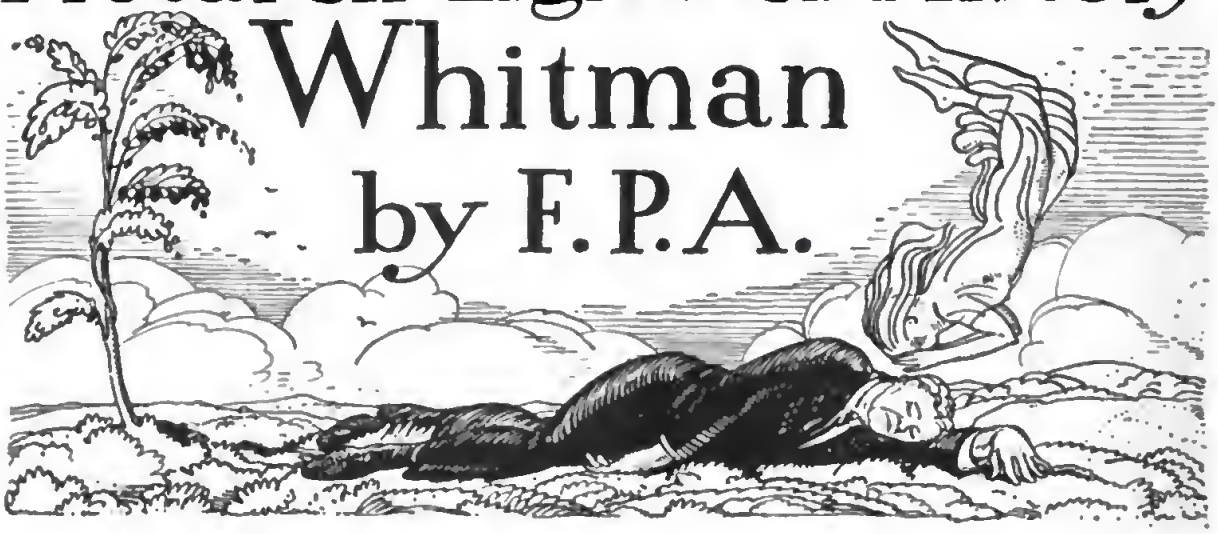
"If ever there was a need that the health of Britain's babies should be more than usually safeguarded—if ever there was a call for solicitude and wisdom in their rearing, that need and call are vitally insistent now."

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Plutarch Lights of History

Whitman

by F.P.A.

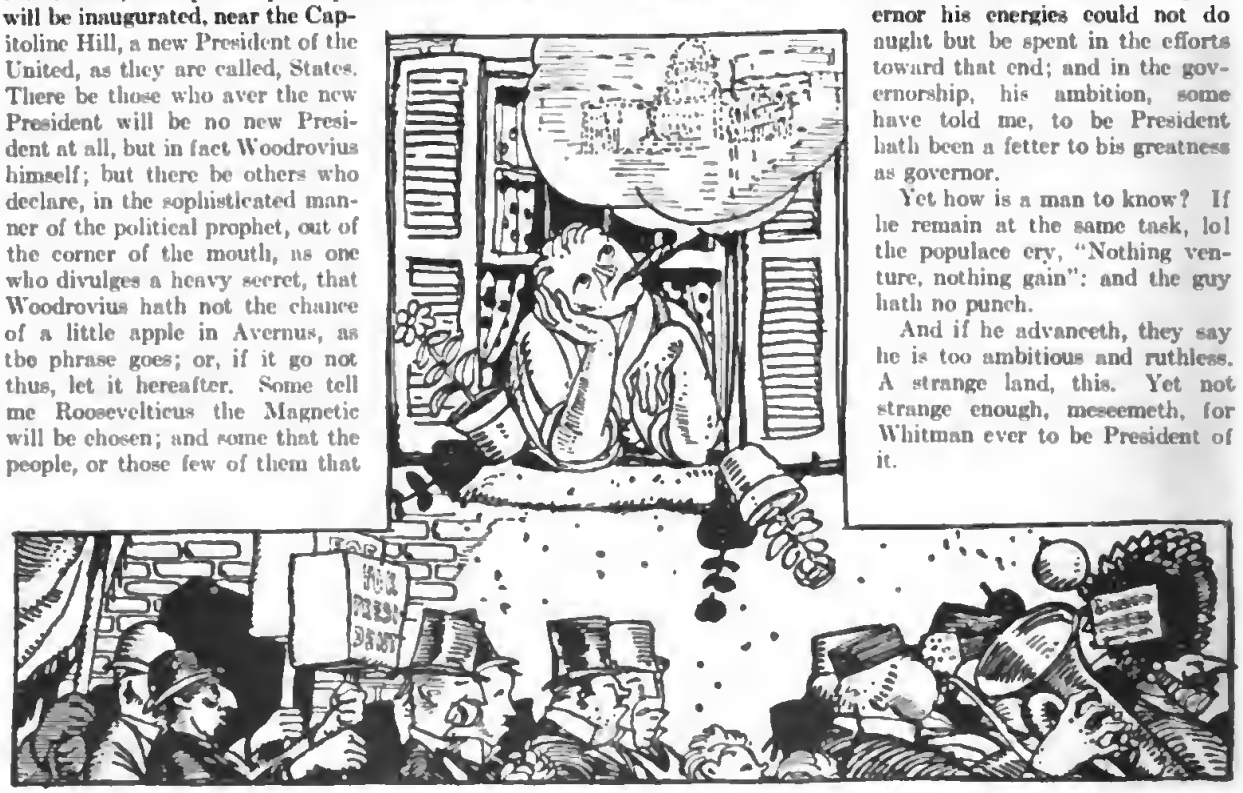


THE date upon the cover of this papyrus being three days before the Nones of March the thought came to me, among thousands of other speculations, such as whether Maurice the Red is to win another championship at lawn-tennis and whether the Giants may do better, as indeed they could do no worse, than last year (from the founding of the League the fortieth) that precisely one year from this date there will be inaugurated, near the Capitoline Hill, a new President of the United, as they are called, States. There be those who aver the new President will be no new President at all, but in fact Woodrovius himself; but there be others who declare, in the sophisticated manner of the political prophet, out of the corner of the mouth, as one who divulges a heavy secret, that Woodrovius hath not the chance of a little apple in Avernus, as the phrase goes; or, if it go not thus, let it hereafter. Some tell me Rooseveltius the Magnetic will be chosen; and some that the people, or those few of them that in our democracy do guide such matters, will choose Root the Altruist, or Hughes, or Burton, or even Taft the Weighty. And there be some I have heard say that Whitman will be President; and to that averment I can but laugh, and do so forthwith: Ha! ha!

For always a man's job is a greater thing than he; and in Whitman's mind, it seemeth to me, lurketh the conviction that he is greater than the job. Forasmuch as when he was attorney of the district of New York he did distinguished work; but when he desired to be governor his energies could not do aught but be spent in the efforts toward that end; and in the governorship, his ambition, some have told me, to be President hath been a fetter to his greatness as governor.

Yet how is a man to know? If he remain at the same task, lo! the populace cry, "Nothing venture, nothing gain": and the guy hath no punch.

And if he advanceth, they say he is too ambitious and ruthless. A strange land, this. Yet not strange enough, meseemeth, for Whitman ever to be President of it.



THE LIVING LAW*

BY LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

The first instalment of Mr. Brandeis's article appeared in last week's issue. The conclusion is presented here

DECISIONS rendered by the Court of Appeals of New York show even more clearly than do those of Illinois the judicial awakening to the facts of life.

In 1907, in the Williams case, † that court held that an act prohibiting night work for women was unconstitutional. In 1915, in the Schweinler case ‡ it held that a similar night work act was constitutional.

Eight years elapsed between the two decisions. But the change in the attitude of the court had actually come after the agitation of 1912. As late as 1911, when the court in the Ives case § held the first accident compensation law void, it refused to consider the facts of life, saying:

"The report (of the Commission appointed by the legislature to consider that subject before legislating) is based upon a most voluminous array of statistical tables, extracts from the works of philosophical writers and the industrial laws of many countries, all of which are designed to show that our own system of dealing with industrial accidents is economically, morally, and legally unsound. Under our form of government, however, courts must regard all economic, philosophical, and moral theories, attractive and desirable though they may be, as subordinate to the primary question whether they can be molded into statutes without infringing upon the letter or spirit of our written constitutions. In that respect we are unlike any of the countries whose industrial laws are referred to as models for our guidance. Practically all of these countries are so-called constitutional monarchies in which, as in England, there is no written constitution, and the parliament or lawmaking body is supreme. In our country the federal and state constitutions are the charters which demark the extent and the limitations of legislative powers; and while it is true that the rigidity of a written constitution may at times prove to be a hindrance to the march of progress, yet more often its stability protects the people against the frequent and violent fluctuations of that which, for want of a better name, we call 'public opinion.'"

On the other hand, in July, 1915, in the Jensen case, ‖ the court holding valid the second compensation law (which was enacted after a constitutional amendment), expressly considered the facts of life, and said:

"We should consider practical experience, as well as theory, in deciding whether a given plan in fact constitutes a taking of property in violation of the constitution. A compulsory scheme of insurance to secure injured workmen in hazardous employments and their dependents from becoming objects of charity certainly promotes the public welfare as directly as does an insurance of bank depositors from loss."

THE court reawakened to the truth of the old maxim of the civilians *ex facto oritur jus*. It realized that no law, written or unwritten, can be understood without a full knowledge of the facts out of which it arises, and to which it is to be applied. But the struggle for the living law has not been fully won. The Lochner case has not been expressly overruled. Within six weeks the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, in supposed obedience to its authority, held invalid a nine hour law for certain railroad employees.* The Supreme Court of the United States which, by many decisions, had made possible in other fields the harmonizing of legal rights with contemporary conceptions of social justice, showed by its recent decision in the Coppage case † the potency of mental prepossessions. Long before, it has recognized that employers "and their operatives do not stand upon an equality"; that "the legislature being familiar with local conditions, is primarily the judge of the necessity of such enactments." And that unless a "prohibition is palpably unreasonable and arbitrary, we are not at liberty to say that it passes beyond the limitation of a state's protective authority." And in the application of these principles it has repeatedly upheld legislation limiting the right of free contract between employer and employee. But in the Adair ‡ case, and again in the Coppage case, the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional a statute which prohibited an employer from requiring as a condition of his securing or retaining employment, that the workman should not be a member of a labor union, refusing to recognize that Congress or the Kansas Legislature might have had good cause to believe that such prohibition was essential to the maintenance of trade unionism, and that trade unionism was essential to securing equality between employer and employee. Our Supreme Court declared that the enactment of the anti-discrimination law which has been enacted in many states was an arbitrary and unreasonable interference with the right of contract.

THE challenge of existing law does not, however, come only from the working classes. Criticism of the law is widespread among business men. The tone of their criticism is more courteous than that of the working classes; and the specific objections raised by business men are different. Business men do not demand recall of judges or of judicial decisions. Business men do not ordinarily seek constitutional amendments. They are more apt to desire repeal of statutes than enactment. But both business men and working-men insist that courts lack understanding of contemporary industrial conditions. Both insist that the law is not "up to date." Both insist that the lack of familiarity with the facts of business life results in erroneous decisions. In proof of this business men point to certain decisions under the Sherman Law, and certain applications of the doctrine of contracts against public policy—decisions like the Dr. Miles Medical Co. case §, in which it is held that manufacturers of a competitive trade-marked article cannot legally contract with retailers to maintain a standard selling price

† People v. Williams, 81 N. E. R. 778.
‡ People v. Charles Schweinler Press, 108 N. E. R. 639.
§ Ives v. South Buffalo Ry. Co. 94 N. E. R. 431.
‖ Jensen v. Southern Pacific Co. 109 N. E. R. 600.

* Commonwealth v. B. & M. R. R. 110 N. E. R. 264.
† Coppage v. Kansas 236 U. S. 1.
‡ Adair v. U. S. 208 U. S. 161.
§ Dr. Miles Medical Co. v. Park & Sons Co. 220 U. S. 409.

* Simultaneous publication being made with *The Illinois Law Review*.

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for their article, and thus prevent ruinous price cutting. Both business men and working-men have given further evidence of their distrust of the courts and of lawyers by their efforts to establish non-legal tribunals or commissions to exercise functions which are judicial (even where not legal) in their nature, and by their insistence that the commissions shall be manned with business and working-men instead of lawyers. And business men have been active in devising other means of escape from the domain of the courts, as is evidenced by the widespread tendency to arbitrate controversies through committees of business organizations.

THE remedy so sought is not adequate, and may prove a mischievous one. What we need is not to displace the courts, but to make them efficient instruments of justice; not to displace the lawyer, but to fit him for his official or judicial task. And, indeed, the task of fitting the lawyer and the judge to perform adequately the functions of harmonizing law with life is a task far easier of accomplishment than that of endowing men, who lack legal training, with the necessary qualifications.

The training of the practising lawyer is that best adapted to develop men not only for the exercise of strictly judicial functions, but also for the exercise of administrative functions, quasi-judicial in character. It breeds a certain virile, compelling quality, which tends to make the possessor proof against the influence of either fear or favor. It is this quality to which the prevailing high standard of honesty among our judges is due. And it is certainly a noteworthy fact that in spite of the abundant criticism of our judicial system, the suggestion of dishonesty is rare; and instances of established dishonesty are extremely few.

THE pursuit of the legal profession involves a happy combination of the intellectual with the practical life. The intellectual tends to breadth of view; the practical to that realization of limitations which are essential to the wise conduct of life. Formerly the lawyer secured breadth of view largely through wide professional experience. Being a general practitioner, he was brought into contact with all phases of contemporary life. His education was not legal only; because his diversified clientage brought him, by the mere practise of his profession, an economic and social education. The relative smallness of the communities tended to make his practise diversified not only in the character of matters dealt with, but also in the character or standing of his clients. For the same lawyer was apt to serve at one time or another both rich and poor, both employer and employee. Furthermore—nearly every lawyer of ability took some part in political life. Our greatest judges, Marshall, Kent, Story, Shaw, had secured this training. Oliver, in his study of Alexander Hamilton, pictured the value of such training in public affairs: "In the vigor of his youth and at the very summit of hope, he brought to the study of the law a character already trained and tested by the realities of life, formed by success, experienced in the facts and disorders with which the law has to deal. Before he began a study of the remedies he had a wide knowledge of the conditions of human society. . . . With him . . . the law was . . . a reality, quick, human, buxom and jolly, and not a formula, pinched, stiff, banded and dusty like a royal mummy of Egypt." Hamilton was an apostle of the living law.

THE last fifty years have wrought a great change in professional life. Industrial development and the consequent growth of cities have led to a high degree of specialization—specialization not only in the nature and class of questions dealt with, but also specialization in the character of clientage. The term "corporation lawyer" is significant in this connection. The growing intensity of professional life tended also to discourage participation in public affairs, and thus the broadening of view which comes from political life was lost. The deepening of knowledge in certain subjects was purchased at the cost of vast areas of ignorance and grave danger of resultant distortion of judgment.

The effect of this contraction of the lawyers' intimate relation to contemporary life was doubly serious; because it came at a time when the rapidity of our economic and social transformation made accurate and broad knowledge of present day problems essential to the administration of justice. "Lack of recent information," says Matthew Arnold, "is responsible for more mistakes of judgment than erroneous reasoning."

The judge came to the bench unequipped with the necessary knowledge of economic and social science, and his judgment suffered likewise through lack of equipment in the lawyers who presented the cases to him. For a judge rarely performs his functions adequately unless the case before him is adequately presented. Thus were the blind led by the blind. It is not surprising that under such conditions the laws as administered failed to meet contemporary economic and social demands.

WE ARE powerless to restore the general practitioner and general participation in public life. Intense specialization must continue. But we can correct its distorting effects by broader education—by study undertaken preparatory to practise—and continued by lawyer and judge throughout life: study of economics and sociology and politics which embody the facts and present the problems of today. "Every beneficent change in legislation," Professor Henderson said, "comes from a fresh study of social conditions and social ends, and from such rejection of obsolete laws to make room for a rule which fits the new facts. One can hardly escape from the conclusion that a lawyer who has not studied economics and sociology is very apt to become a public enemy."

Charles R. Crane told me once the story of two men whose lives he should have cared most to have lived. One was Bogigish, a native of the ancient city of Ragusa off the coast of Dalmatia,—a deep student of law, who after gaining some distinction at the University of Vienna, and in France, became professor at the University of Odessa. When Montenegro was admitted to the family of nations, its prince concluded that, like other civilized countries, it must have a code of law. Bogigish's fame had reached Montenegro, —for Ragusa is but a few miles distant. So the prince begged the Tsar of Russia to have the learned jurist prepare a code for Montenegro. The Tsar granted the request; and Bogigish undertook the task. But instead of utilizing his great knowledge of laws to draft a code, he proceeded to Montenegro, and for two years literally made his home with the people,—studying everywhere their customs, their practises, their needs, their beliefs, their points of view. Then he embodied in law the life which the Montenegrins lived. They respected that law, because it expressed the will of the people.

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ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT IS an amazing fact, but it is nevertheless true, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling or Sir James Barrie, or, let us say, ex-President Eliot of Harvard, would fail hopelessly in English in the entrance examinations of any American or Canadian university. King George, from whom presumably the King's English flows as from its fountain source, might get perhaps halfway through a high school in the subject.

As for Shakespeare, I doubt if he knew enough of what is called English by our education departments to get beyond a kindergarten. As to passing an examination of one of his own plays, such as is set by our colleges for matriculation, he couldn't have done it; he hadn't the brains,—at least not the kind of brains that are needed for it.

These are not exaggerations; they are facts. I admit that when the facts are not good enough, I always exaggerate them. This time they don't need it.

Our study of English—not merely in any one state or province, but all over North America, except in happy Mexico—begins with years and years of the silly stuff called grammar and rhetoric. All the grammar that any human being ever needs, or that is of any use as an intellectual training, can be learned in a few weeks from a little book as thin as a Ritz-Carlton sandwich. All the rest of the solid manuals on the subject is mere stodge. It serves no other purpose than to put royalties into the pockets of the dull pedants who elaborate it.

Rhetoric is worse. It lays down laws for the writing of sentences and paragraphs about as reasonable and as useful as a set of directions telling how to be a gentleman, or how to have a taste for tomatoes. Then comes English literature. This is the last stage, open only to minds that have already been debilitated by grammar and rhetoric.



"Shakespeare hadn't the brains"

We actually proceed on the silly supposition that you can "examine" a person in English literature, torture it out of him, so to speak, in the course of a two hours' inquisition. We ask him to distinguish the "styles" of different authors as he would the color of their whiskers. We expect him to divide up authors into "schools" and to sort them out as easily as a produce merchant classifies fish.

The truth is that you cannot examine in English in this way, or only at the cost of killing the very thing that you wish to create. The only kind of examination in the subject I can think of would be to say to the pupil, for example, "Have you read Charles Dickens and do you like it?" and when he answered that he didn't care for it, but that his uncle read it all the time, to send a B. A. degree to his uncle.

We make our pupils spend about two hours a day for ten years in the silly pursuit of what we call English.

And yet at the end of it we wonder that our students have less real appreciation of literature in them than when they read a half-dime novel for sheer artistic joy of it.

CIVIL AND EUROPEAN WAR VIEWS:





In the Civil War Battery Brown did quite as effective work, in its way, as the French battery shown in the picture on the right. There are only a few details, such as the costumes, that distinguish the American scene from the European one





Which is which? One of these photographs shows a Civil War fortification, the other a modern European defense. Without the evidence lent by the uniforms it might take an expert's eye to tell that the Civil War fortification is the larger one

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HAVE THE METHODS REALLY CHANGED?



This is a Civil War scene in Battery Meade. The rows of sand bags and the lines of wicker defenses bear a striking resemblance to the methods of fortification that are being used by the soldiers in the modern battery shown below

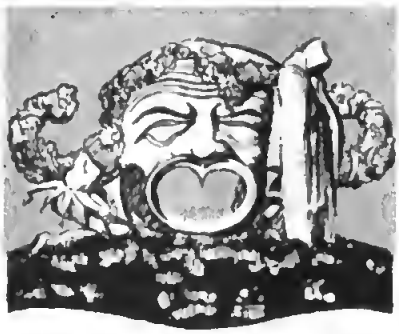


The chief difference between this and the Civil War battery pictured above seems to be that today overhead fortifications are more necessary. The soldiers in Battery Meade stood in no danger of attacks from aeroplanes or Zeppelins

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HITS ON THE STAGE

COHAN AND MACBETH:



IT HAS occasionally happened, during the course of the present season, that two very unlike plays were produced in the same week: *Just a Woman* and *The Cinderella Man* came together; so did *The Devil's Garden* and *Very Good Eddie*. But the first-nighters apparently ran the theatrical gamut when, on a recent Monday, they witnessed Mr. James K. Hackett's revival of *Macbeth*, and then followed it up on Wednesday by appearing at Mr. George M. Cohan's *Revue* 1916.

Mr. Hackett's contribution to the week was a splendidly staged, but inadequately acted performance. Playing the rôle of Macbeth Mr. Hackett was so earnest in his efforts to give a good interpretation that he gave a new one. The audience caught on to some hitherto unsuspected traits of the Thane of Glamis. The co-star, Miss Viola Allen, gave an interesting performance of Lady Macbeth, but one which, like Mr. Hackett's, was bound to suffer by comparison with greater ones. Banquo was scarcely as Shakespeare conceived him, and more like the proprietor in one of Mr. Belasco's realistic grocery scenes. The witches were so over-enthusiastic that they were actually silly, the lords and ladies were worse than this species usually is, and Banquo's assassins were probably the two least desperate villains that ever applied for supes' parts at the stage door.

But still it was Shakespeare,—and Mr. Cohan's production certainly was not. The first page of the latter program bore this:

First Take-off on Any Stage
The Two Boys, George and Sam,
Present
THE COHAN REVUE 1916
A Musical Crazy-Quilt, Patched Together, Threaded with
Words and Music and Staged
By George M. Cohan,
Author of "The Firemen's Picnic" and "The Barbers' Ball"
Typical Bosco Cast

In this vein of playful intimacy Mr. Cohan starts out on a three hour and a half travesty of the current plays of the season. There is Andrew Overdraft with his toy cannons and his daughter, a soubrette in the Salvation Army. If you think that Shaw satirizing satire is amusing, you must see Cohan satirizing Shaw satirizing satire. Music and lyrics by Cohan, book and costumes by Shaw—what a knockout it would be! There is also Jane Clay, "not a common Clay," but niece to Bertha M. and Henry—manufacturers, according to Mr. Cohan, of nine-tenths of the country's output in literature and cigars; Dr. Booberang, who dispenses anti-love potions to Major Barbara; Gaby Deslys, Bill Bones, and all their confrères. As Richard Carle admits, it's the darnedest show he was ever in.

AT FIRST glance it would seem as though two more unlike plays never existed. Hackett's *Macbeth* and Cohan's *Revue*: from the sublime and ridiculous to the ridiculously sublime. And then comes the obvious thought that the plays are fundamentally alike, since

A STUDY IN METHODS

both Shakespeare and Cohan were writing what their publics wanted: Shakespeare supplying kings and sword-fights for his history-mad contemporaries; Cohan giving his own age burlesque and ragtime. But since all dramatists at all times—appearances to the contrary notwithstanding—have tried to please their audiences, the comparison is not particularly significant.

A nicer one can be made by forgetting Shakespeare and considering Mr. Hackett's *Macbeth*. The comparison in mind is the desire of both producers to use up-to-the-minute methods. For example, the nation is agog over preparedness. Trust Mr. Cohan to seize the trumpet, run up the red, white and blue tights, and sound the call to arms. The audience yells its approval. Again we suggest a combination: this time it's Theodore Roosevelt for President, and George M. Cohan for his running-mate.

THERE are other up-to-the-minute appeals in the Cohan *Revue*: skating girls, fresh-every-hour slang, and a troop of boy scouts who go through a drill on the stage. Similarly, Mr. Hackett and Miss Allen have sought the latest vogue. Their scenery, for example, has been done by Joseph Urban—beautifully done, but done so as to attain novelty. Inverness Castle is bathed in a golden glow of Los Angeles sunlight. In one mind, at least, there arose visions of Universal City, Cal., and the expectancy of seeing Mr. Chaplin come volplaning through the castle gate, garbed as a *dégagé* porter. The witch scene in the fourth act is also in line with the times. The murdered Duncan, the bloody child, and the eight kings appear and disappear with the precision of a well-ordered "snap-back." And there is a new *Prisoner of Zenda* death scene injected in the last act, and some jaunty inflections used all the way through by Miss Allen.

A FURTHER likeness between the two plays lies in the fact that neither is fit food for the uninitiate. Unless you have seen most of the plays on Broadway, you cannot appreciate Mr. Cohan's burlesque.

Unless you are a true, dyed-in-drama playgoer you cannot comment effectively on Hackett's suitability to Shakespearean rôles, and the rise or decline in Viola Allen's charm.

And this brings us at length to some sort of a conclusion: that both plays will be popular with the uninitiate because they demand a background which he doesn't possess. The same diffidence—or self-esteem—that prompts a subwayite to take his chances rather than inquire of the guard whether his train is bound for Van Cortlandt Park or the Bronx, will work to Mr. Hackett's and Mr. Cohan's box-office advantage. You and I will want to go, along with the other knowing ones, and enthuse over the brilliant imitations of plays we've never seen. You and I will want to explain, in authoritative tones, the significance of the witches, and compare Hackett's Macbeth with Booth's Macbeth—even though Booth died when we were, at the age of two years, unable to appreciate the banquet scene.

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REPRESENTING THREE NATIONS

LADIES FROM ENGLAND, SPAIN AND AMERICA



So far as is known, Miss Eve Bolfour is the only living moving picture stor who is not receiving o salary of at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars o year

THE Russian advance in the art of dancing has been met with a counter attack by Spain. La Argentina, whose picture appears on the right, is a dancer who has met with considerable recognition. The court of her own country has conferred many honors upon her. She has rereceived decorations from the Atheneum and the Beaux Arts. And her portrait has been painted by such artists as Sorolla and Zuloaga. La Argentina is also a favorite in South America, for her dancing ability—as well as for the popular appeal of her geographic name.



"The greotest Sponish dancer in the world today." This is the title bestowed on La Argentina, who has been giving a series of Spanish matinées for lovers of the artistic

Photo of Miss Balfour by Underwood and Underwood; Miss Eagels by Sarony; La Argentina by Marveau

THERE is a certain inaccuracy in including England in the three countries represented by these actresses. Though Miss Eve Balfour is at present upholding Great Britain on the films, she is a native of New Zealand. From that country she came, six years ago. Her début was made on the legitimate stage, with Miss Gertrude Kingston, at the Little Theatre. She was hardly more than a girl when she understudied Mrs. Pat Campbell in *Folse Gods*. Later she played the energetic rôle of Hecate in *Macbeth*, at His Majesty's Theatre, and, after that, the part of Dora in Sardou's *Diplomacy*.

Despite this promising start Miss Balfour gave up the stage, and turned to moving pictures,—as so many American actresses have recently done. In taking this step Miss Balfour did not issue a statement setting forth the eight reasons why the silent drama is superior to the stage. Neither did she admit, under pressure, that she was to be paid fifty thousand dollars a month. She thus stamped herself as an artist of remarkable self-control.

Her first big part in the moving pictures came in *Five Nights*, adapted from the novel by Victoria Cross. In this drama Miss Balfour played the part of Viola with such success that the chief constable in a Lancashire town took exception to the film. It was consequently banned in that locality. At this point in the narrative we quote Miss Balfour herself: "There is nothing in *Five Nights* to shock the ultra-sensitive,"—an artist in differentiation, you see.

In conclusion, and here we quote Miss Balfour's press agent, she has just been photographed in a new film in which "she will thrill the film world by her beauty and dramatic power."



Miss Jeanne Eagels is one of a large number of stars who will appear shortly in o revival of "The Idler"

FALSE GODS IN GOLF

BY HERBERT REED

LIKE other games permitting concentration of the individual, golf may be learned by a combination of imitation and self-study. And by that I mean, of course, fairly advanced golf. The process of imitation is aided by the careful analysis of the photographs of men who understand the finesse of the game, the process of self-study by the lavish use of expert, and usually professional, outside criticism. It is possible, for instance, for John Doe to improve his game by conscious imitation of the methods of Jerry Travers, of Francis Ouimet, of Chick Evans, and a host of others. He may choose for his model a professional of the first class, such as Louis Tellier, two photographs of whom are presented herewith in order to point a moral and adorn a tale as only photographs can in sport.



This is Tellier as he thinks he is at the finish of his stroke



And this is Tellier as he really is, after making the stroke

One of these photographs has been posed, the other is a slice of action. One is Tellier as he thinks he is at the finish of his stroke, the other is Tellier as he really is at the finish. The chances are better than ten to one that John Doe will choose the posed Tellier for his model rather than the real Tellier shown in the suspicion of a second that has caught his real finish. It is natural enough that he should do so, for the posed Tellier is easy to copy, whereas the real Tellier is not to be copied absolutely by said Doe, since it is Tellier's self that has been prisoned by the lens.

The most careful copyist of the posed Tellier doubtless would differ when trapped by the camera at the finish of the stroke, just as the temperament, the physical build and the preparation, muscular and mental, of the copyist would differ from those of the camera-trapped Tellier. There is also to be considered the immediate situation, and no posed attitude in golf can possibly include that situation.

Let me put it this way: The posed picture always represents the golfer's interpretation of a stroke on which nothing save a properly driven ball depends. The status of the match, whether it be against a human opponent or against grim, impersonal par, cannot be expressed. No man, for instance, ever posed for a golf picture entitled "Playing the odd." His state of mind cannot be posed. It can be nipped in the raw. In that case it is a slice of his own personal golf under certain conditions.

From which it might be gathered that the pose was the more interesting, the more valuable, after all. Since a man must learn, let him copy the attitude of the player as that player thinks that attitude should be. False worship of a false god. The action picture is the more valuable in that it shows how far conditions have made it necessary for the chosen model to depart from formula. It encourages the copyist in the belief in his own individualism, and forces upon him the realization that that individualism must be catered to to a considerable extent. Tellier, or any other first-class professional, could teach such a man far more than he could show him.

I have also in mind a snapshot of Robert A. Gardner, the present amateur champion, making an iron shot in the final last year at Detroit. It was reproduced in *Harper's Weekly* at the time. It was a full iron shot, yet the picture shows the iron past the perpendicular at an angle hardly greater than forty-five degrees. Had Gardner, with correct golf in mind, posed that picture copy-hook fashion, it probably would have shown a far more complete finish, and a great deal more torsion of the body, not to mention a vast amount of knee action. The actual snapshot, accompanied by the explanation of the fact that Gardner's wonderful back and arm development made unnecessary a full swing for full distance, would teach the copyist far more than any posed picture possibly could. It would lead him into the paths of self-study, and would release him permanently from the slavery of apish imitation.

Unthinking imitation, therefore, is a worship of the false, whereas the enlightened imitation of real action, with a full realization of both the possibilities and the limitations of both copied and copyist, is profitable.

Careful study of the posed and snapped photographs of the completion of the full swing have led me to believe that very few golfers can really pose that stage of the stroke as it is in action. In the posed photograph there is almost always more grace and freedom, and incomparably more restraint. There is a check on the forward impulse of the entire body, with consequent apparent awkwardness of the legs and feet, that is never found in action. And in the snapped picture the club almost never gets so far around behind the back, or so low. I do not mean, of course, that the follow through has been choked, but I do mean that the follow through of real action is not the follow through of pure theory.

Pretty pictures, these posed affairs—but I challenge any golfer to find one that is really as apparently awkward as the real thing. There are far more possibilities in the human body that the camera man wots of save when he is working in terms of a trifle of a second.

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HOW PARIS GETS THE NEWS

BY HENRY G. DODGE

"ARTILLERY actions in the Vosges and in Artois. Comparative calm on the rest of the front."

Not very detailed news, but there have been many days since the war began when Paris has received no more than this. Sometimes, when the infantry have been active, it is a little longer, with more detail, but one never sees the big type, the three-column-wide stories or the scare heads of the American journals. Just a frame with the words, "Official communiqué, —th day of the war" and the few terse sentences issued by the Chief Censor. It is meager, but you know, at least, that it is true. When the censorship was established at the beginning of the war, M. Messimy, the then Minister of War, in a letter to Arthur Meyer, the editor of *Le Gaulois*, gave assurance that though the official bulletin "might not be all the news, it would be invariably true news," and there has never been a moment since then when the confidence of the Parisian in the ministry's reports has been shaken.

We, in America, who are surfeited with war-news, who skim over detailed stories from all the theatres of war, at our breakfast table, can hardly realize how eagerly Paris awaits and devours her daily crust. In the American papers the official report is tucked away on an inside page and few of us trouble to read it. We get too much news. In Paris it is practically the only fresh news of the campaign on the western front. The man in the street reads it, and it alone, and then throws his paper away.

The *communiqué* is issued at three o'clock in the afternoon and in the evening. The afternoon news is posted in front of all newspaper offices and public buildings and in the windows of many restaurants and stores and it is always surrounded by an interested though undemonstrative crowd. Later you buy your *Intransigeant* or *Presse*, and, at a marble-topped table in some sidewalk café, you read and digest the news again and perhaps discuss it with your neighbor at the next table. And often, "Nothing to report," will provoke quite as lively a discussion as the taking of a trench or the destruction of a Zeppelin.

It is the open sesame to conversation for the homegoing crowd in the late afternoon. The guard in the subway looks at the front page over your shoulder as he punches your ticket, and comments upon the news. The handsome old lady in the tobacco shop, where you stop every evening for your package of Marylands, no longer volunteers the time honored formula as to the vagaries of Parisian weather, but says instead,

"Always the same thing, this boast of a *communiqué n'est-ce pas, monsieur?* These stupid duels of artillery put us no nearer to Berlin."

And the soldier on his furlough who borrows your paper in the café, though he shrugs his shoulders at the statement that there has been no infantry action, is nevertheless resigned, if not optimistic.

"What would you, monsieur, these devils of *Boches* are underground like rabbits. But wait a little. Our Papa Joffre knows which way the wind blows. We shall see."

Even the cabby, the sphinx-like, occasionally unbends to the extent of inquiring for the news, and if you know the species, you will realize that this is interest indeed. It takes an accident to draw from him, in ordinary times, more than a gruff *"Bien, monsieur."*

The *communiqué* is not always the dull, prosaic story of artillery duels and grenade-throwing. There have been big days in Paris—days whose news will never be forgotten. There was the day of miracles in September, 1914, when the Franco-British troops, after their dogged retreat from Mons almost to the gates of Paris, took up the offensive and began that gigantic struggle which we know as the Battle of the Marne. The report of that day's work was meager, but it recorded the halting of the German advance. Can you imagine how a city which had prepared for a siege, and perhaps a sacking, would receive the brief report that it had been saved?

There was the dark day in January, 1915—the Kaiser's birthday—when the Germans, after a four months' deadlock along the Aisne, crossed the river again near Soissons, and, though they left thousands upon the frozen ground, won back a part of what they had lost in September. That day's news gave Paris a bit to think about.

The best news that Paris has heard since the Battle of the Marne, she heard this autumn when Joffre decided to try the strength of the German line in Artois and Champagne. On Saturday night, September 25th, I dined with several newspaper men at Hubin's, a little restaurant patronized largely by journalists. The talk was all of the imminent offensive. For days the French artillery had been pounding away, over the heads of the infantry waiting in their trenches, at the enemy's position beyond the barren No-Man's Land that lay between the lines. All Paris knew that the infantry was only waiting the word,—that all this artillery preparation had but one object, the paving the way for an advance. And though the afternoon's bulletin had been almost barren of news—just the old story of continual bombardment—yet every man of the little group at Hubin's felt that we were on the eve of a great piece of news, the news for which Paris is always eager—an attack *à la baionette* by their adored infantry.

ALL day rumors had been creeping in from no one knows where,—unofficial news that gained strength as it ran,—that the advance had been made and that the German first line positions had been taken by storm. These rumors had been on everyone's lips when the meager three o'clock news had been read, and we at dinner discussed them, certain, with the superstitious certainty of a "hunch," that the big news would be out that night.

A little before ten we started for the Ministére de l'Instruction Publique in the rue de Grenelle across the river, where the Chief Censor has his offices, and where all official news is first given out to the press.

The streets were almost dark after we crossed the river, for we were not far from the Eiffel Tower and the Military School, and few lights are permitted in the neighborhood of military structures. The entrance to the ministry was quite dark as we came up to it—so dark that we almost walked into a carriage that was waiting at the curb—and we picked our way under the archway and through the vaulted passage into the wide stone-paved court, where at last one little light burned, over the doorway leading into the Censor's offices. The court was full of automobiles,—official cars of one sort or another, with their khaki-clad soldier-chauffeurs negligently

rolling cigarettes as they waited for Colonel This or Senator That, who were conferring with Mr. Somebody Else in some inner room of the ministry.

The courtyard of every public building in Paris has always, in these days, its quota of waiting staff cars. Where they are going, whence they have come, and on what mission, one never knows, and the cabalistic lettering on their hoods makes you nooe the wiser, but somebow they always give one a feeling of security. Things are being accomplished. Things are being done quietly and quickly. The car is waiting. An officer hurries out from some doorway, and without n glance to the right or left takes his place. The chauffeur cranks up, springs to his seat and the huge gray car glides through a dingy archway into the crowded boulevard. To the Ministry of War? To the *Elysée?* To Havre? To the front, perhaps? What does it matter? Things are being done, and the army is on the job.

In the stone porch, under the single light, were the rear guard of the assembled correspondents, and the hallway inside was packed with them, waiting for the opeoing of the swinging doors that led into the room from which all Fraoce learned the news of her armies.

It was as cosmopolitan a crowd as you would meet in a Sabbath day's journey. There were, besides the representatives of all the Paris papers, a most heterogeneous assortment of newspaper men from almost every neutral and allied European country,—Russian, English, Italian, Spanish, Swiss, Swedish, American. All the prominent news agencies were represented, several New York papers, and the most prominent French provincial dailies. And every man was earnestly saying the same thing to his neighbor in all gradations of good or bad French, the scholurly, impeccable French of the Parisian, the broad, labored French accent that means a Britisher the world over, and the sibilant, exotic-soundiog French of the Spaniard. "I dined tonight with the *Chef du Cabinet* of the Minister of . . . and he assured me . . ." or, "The Embassy told me this afternoon that," . . . or, "Colonel X said to me unofficially not an hour ago, that" . . . And all the "tips" were the same—the advance had begun.

There came the throbbing drum of a motor, as a big gray limousine swung into the courtyard. The Chief Censor stepped out and walked hurriedly through another door into the building. The talking ceased and the crowd expectantly turned their faces towards the mysterious leatber doors—official-looking, swinging doors, flanked on either side by red-brnided, white-belted gendarmes.

For a moment no one moved, and then the doors were thrown open and we filed silently into the nntechamber of the Chief Censor's office and took our places, standing, around the great, green, cloth-covered table. The door of an inner room opened noiselessly and closed again behind someone who held a sheaf of typewritten sheets in his hand.

"Gentlemen, the *communiqué* is puhlished," was all he said, but his smile told us far more. The sheets were passed around and the news was out. There had been no anti-climax in our day of waiting. The British troops had successfully attacked Loos and Hulloch and gaioed a footing in the enemy's trenches at several points. The French in Champagne had stormed the German front between the Aisne and the Suippe and had occupied their first line trenches along the whole front attacked! And at the end nf the page were the heartening words, "Our progress continues."

After days of ceaseless nrtillery preparation Papa Joffre had let loose his infantry aud had found that the Germans were not invincible. The news was brief, but it was what Paris had been waiting for. The next two days told us more of detail, of prisoners, of guns captured, of further progress, and second and third line trenches taken, but it was enough for Paris to know that night that the long expected attack was succeeding.

The news was too good and too important for any display of excitement among the newspaper men. The suspense of the days was over; the news was out; the expected had happened. For them, that was the important point. They hurried into the street with their reports in their hands and dispersed to their offices, already planning the form of the morning article. With the foreign correspondents, I ran to the Central Telegraph Bureau, where the dispatches were sent to New York, London, Rome and every corner of the globe. All telegraphic messages sent out of France must bear the *visé* of the police, or the stamp of a ministerial or administrative military official, but as our typewritten sheets already bore the stamp of the Ministry of War when they were distributed, it was only necessary to write an address at the top, a signature nt the bottom and push them through the wicket, like ordinary telegrams.

THE press had the news, but I had yet to see it received by the people. After leaving the telegraph office, a few of us stopped at a moving picture theatre on the boulevard, just in time for the last film of the evening. As the lights came up at the end, nnd before we could leave our seats, a man appeared on the little stage and held up his hand. He was holding a sheet of paper, and every man and woman in the house knew instinctively what was coming. Then, in a breathless silence, we heard for a second time the few concise, glorious paragraphs that told of one of France's great days. At the closing words, "Our progress continues," a storm of hnndclapping and "bravos" burst forth from pit and gallery. There was no hysteria, no shouting, no ebullition of that proverbial Latin frenzy which, before this war, we were too ready to associate with a French crowd. There was just genuine, proud, heartfelt applause. Voices from all over the house were calling, "La Marseillaise!" "La Marseillaise!" and when the poor, improvised wartime orchestra struck up the opening bars of that miracle of songs, the house stood to a man, and sang it as I have never heard it sung before, in victory or in defeat. Then they filed quietly out into the street. "Good news," said every man to his neighbor, and there was much hand shaking and smiling. And in every face you could see that the unshaken confidence of France in her army, and the unspeakable loyalty of the fathers and mothers and wives of those at the front had received but an added spur and a new encouragement.

PERHAPS the lack of hysterical excitement was only natural. Perhaps they were thinking of the awful cost of good news such as this. An offensive always costs dearly, and maybe many in that theatre crowd had lost sons or husbands in Papa Joffre's experiment that day.

That is how Paris receives her good news—with n splendid confidence, a sane and beautiful enthusiasm, and a deep realization of the price she is paying for it. Next to being good losers, which the French have shown themselves to be, there is nothing so admirable as to be good winners.

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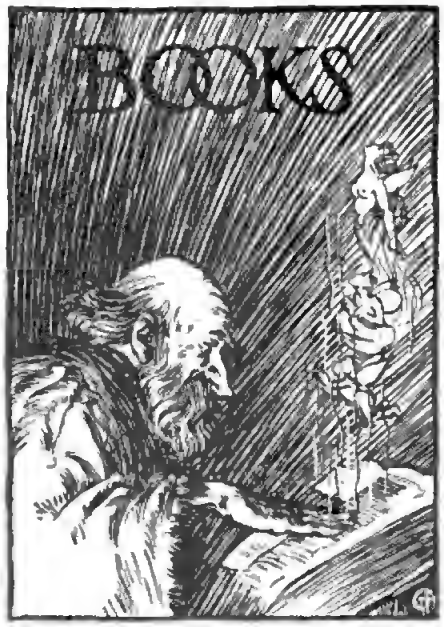
HORIZONS

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THE mighty marriage ring of sea and sky
Glimmers around. Behind thee, the long foam
Flows to the centre. Turn aside therefrom,
And thy course still holds true as destiny
Toward the dim verge whereunder, smiling, lie
Those golden islands feigned by hearts that roam
Homeless, to hold the promise of a home
Unbroken, and a hope that shall not die.

Sail on from dawn to even. Thou shalt not find
At the day's end thy way's end the more near,
Because a dream is evermore withdrawn
Before thee. Therefore, when black thunder and wind
Bring down a dreadful darkness, have no fear:
Thou shalt not fail. Sail on from even to dawn.

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IN A certain sense the publication of Rupert Brooke's *Letters from America* is not unlike a reprinting of the early poems that John Keats wrote for Hunt's *Examiner;* and they will be of relatively the same importance in a final valuation of his efforts. Journalistically Brooke's letters are excellent; but we have come to look upon him as other than a journalist.

The letters are written on a variety of subjects: "New York," "Boston and Harvard," "Montreal," "Outside," "The Indians," "The Rockies," "Some Niggers." All of them are interesting, observant, but never really penetrating. After all, in this case Brooke was merely a reporter on assignment, and interesting observation was his job.

The chief hope in a necessarily brief review is that it can give a touch of intimacy to the author. Consequently we shall slight Henry James's enthusiastic introduction, in order to quote Rupert Brooke on a purely American institution: the cheer-leader. In no more certain way, perhaps, can he be brought closer to the people who ought to know him—and never will, unless through such a byway as this: "A big, fine figure in white springs out from his seat at the foot of the stands, addresses the multitude through a megaphone with a 'One! Two! Three!' hurls it aside, and, with a wild flinging and swinging of his body and arms, conducts ten thousand voices in the Harvard yell. That over, the game proceeds, and the cheer-leader sits quietly waiting for the next moment of peril or triumph. I shall not easily forget that figure, bright in the sunshine, conducting with his whole body, passionate, possessed by a demon, bounding in the frenzy of his inspiration from side to side, contorted, rhythmic, ecstatic. It seemed so wonderfully American, in its entire wildness and entire regulation, with the whole just a trifle fantastic."

WE IN America think nothing of sitting down before breakfast and explaining, in a letter to the *Times* or the *Press*, why the nation's chief executive is incompetent. The oriental attitude of reverence for the high official is quite foreign to us. It is for this reason that a new publication of the Princeton University Press —*The Mikado: Institution and Person*—is of particular interest. "Mikadoism," says the author, "is the symbol of all that is dear to the Japanese; yet, like all social forces, whether religion, or the magic of a great name, or the national flag, the dogma is often abused by its so-called friends, is made an unnecessary engine of cruelty, or is debased to selfish or mercenary purposes."

The author has been a student of Japan and the Japanese for more than forty-five years. He has a personal impression of the great Mikado who died in 1912. With Japan looming larger and larger on the political horizon, this is a textbook that would merit attention.

"REALIZING the existing need for plays for children, the officers of the Drama League of America conducted a contest in the hope of finding suitable material in this field. Out of the hundreds of manuscripts that were submitted, Miss Meigs's *The Steadfast Princess* was selected as the prize winner."—This is the announcement that appears on the cover of a small volume published by the Macmillan Company.

The habit of awarding prizes for literary endeavors, rapidly becoming so prevalent, has not been a wholly successful one. Theoretically such a practise ought to encourage originality. Actually it demands conventionality. For there is no winning a prize without competing for it; and competing means the recognition of arbitrary standards as a starting point. Thus Mr. Winthrop Ames's prize plays have been—just Mr. Winthrop Ames's prize plays. And Miss Leona Dalrymple's prize-winning novel—*Diana of the Green Van*—is exactly what it started out to be: a fine example of American novel-writing.

The Steadfast Princess offers further evidence. Being a play for children it necessarily has to do with the little girl who is really a princess, but who has grown up to believe that she is just a person. Ultimately she discovers the deception, her royalty, and a handsome young prince. We hold no brief against Miss Meigs's story. She tells it brightly, in very easy blank verse. And though it has been better told a thousand times, it has been worse told a million.

Nor would we be thought unappreciative of a gallant old entertainer, in thus seeming to turn from the princess story. It is the enforced imitation of old patterns—and the consequent failure to arrive anywhere—that we find unsatisfying in the existing order of the literary prize. *Treasure Island*—retold to win $500 or a gold badge—would lose its charm. And, though we shall doubtless rue the rashness—when this line is cast in type—we wish that Miss Meigs had been able to win a prize by dropping her prince and princess, and substituting a red cow and an old soldier.

CENTRAL AFRICA has come in for visits by many well-known persons who have returned with rhinoceros horns, stories of tiger hunts, and dull, informative accounts of native life. Quite different is Mr. James Barnes's chronicle: *Through Central Africa*. Mr. Barnes admits that he went on his trip in search of neither lions nor uncharted rivers, but to make some good pictures of the life and country. The illustrations of his book show how well he succeeded in his purpose. He also brought back the most interesting travel account that has come to our notice for some time. It is direct and simple, and incidental enough to give a real picture of a little-known country and its people.

BOOKS REVIEWED

LETTERS FROM AMERICA *By Rupert Brooke*
(With an Introduction by Henry James)
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York $1.25

THE MIKADO: INSTITUTION AND PERSON *By W. E. Griffis*
Princeton University Press, Princeton $1.50

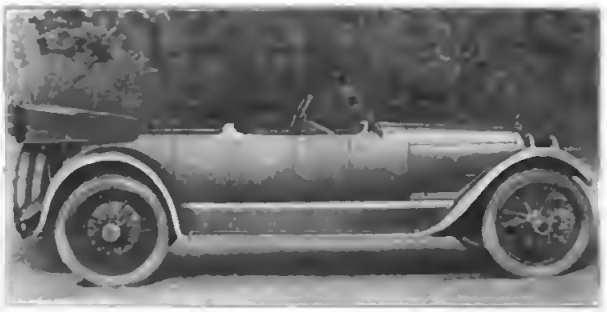
THE STEADFAST PRINCESS *By Cornelia L. Meigs*
The Macmillan Co., New York $.50

THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA *By James Barnes*
D. Appleton and Co., New York $4.00

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The Lancia roadster of Mr. George W. Gould

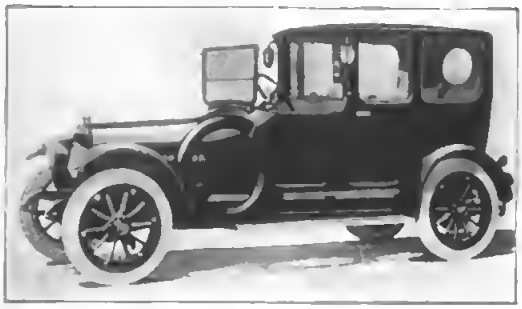


Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt's Mercer touring car

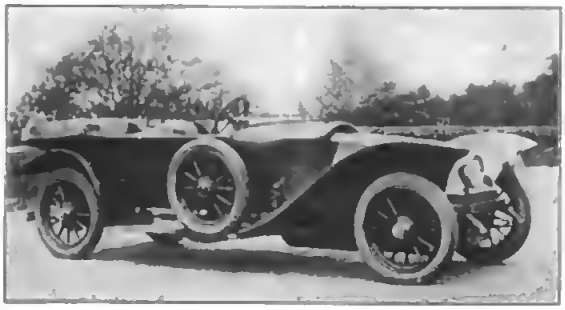
MOTORS WITH GILDED OWNERS

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

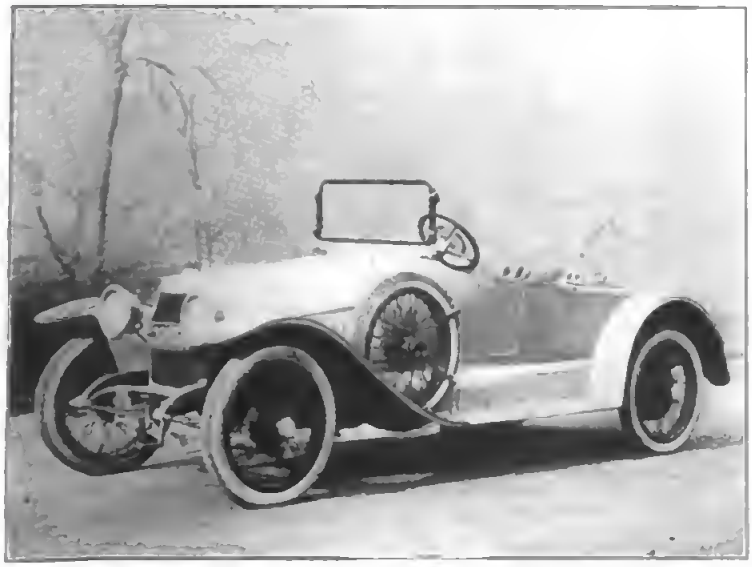
THIS page is intended to confuse the public's mind. For some time past, motor car manufacturers have been contradicting each other, in one particular. The makers of low-priced cars have claimed that the exceedingly wealthy are no longer buying high-priced cars, because they can procure equally good machines for less money. The makers of high-priced cars are pointing to the fact that they are selling more machines than ever to the exceedingly wealthy. All of which, as this page should show, means very little. It is well known that the exceedingly wealthy are not to be coerced, either into spending or saving their money. If one of them should see an inexpensive car that happened to strike his fancy, he would buy it. If he saw a car of enormously high cost,—and liked it—he would buy that too. The truth is that the price does not matter. For here we have Mr. Gould's fairly costly Lancia—R. L. Goldberg, the incredibly predatory cartoonist, has one like it—right next to Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt's inexpensive Mercer. Below them we have Mr. Waterbury's Hudson, mingling serenely with the Renaults of Messrs. Snell, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Woolworth, and the Owen-Magnetic of Mr. Straight. The excessively wealthy have neither gone wild about low-priced cars, nor are they irrevocably wedded to ambulatory palaces. If you expected this page to prove something definite, please do not be disappointed. We warned you at the beginning. You must admit, however, that it is hard to tell the low-priced cars from the others, at a glance.



Hudson owned by Mr. J. M. Waterbury, Jr.



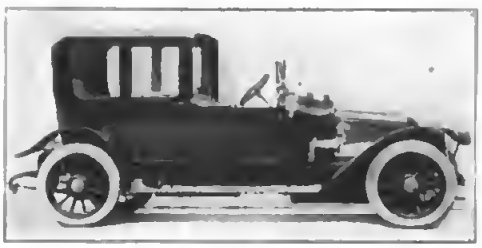
Renault touring car owned by Mr. Thomas Snell



One of Mr. Willard Straight's fleet—an Owen-Magnetic



Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's Renault



A Renault owned by Mr. Woolworth

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First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means

Brides and Summer Homes — **May 1**
A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride

American Travel — **May 15**
Places in our own country well worth a visit at least

Summer Fashions — **June 1**
The final showing of the Summer modes that will be

In the Country — **June 15**
Society takes to sports and life in the open.

Hot Weather Fashions — **July 1**
The correct wardrobe for all out-door sports

Hostess — **July 15**
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London and Paris — **August 1**
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Forecast of Autumn Fashions — **September 1**
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The Spring Patterns Number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose the $2 with the coupon opposite, we will send you with our compliments, this authoritative display of the new patterns, making thirteen numbers instead of twelve. Or, if more convenient, send coupon without money. Your subscription will then start with the Paris Openings Number, and continue through the next eleven numbers.

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LITERARY LAPSES

BY MARGARETTA TUTTLE

SEVERAL weeks ago an editorial of yours gently set a hobby of mine rocking. You quoted an obscure small-town newspaper in the use of *expect* when the word *suspect* was the right one.

You were, of course, right. But why attack the small-town-newspaper-with-a-busy-editor, when our supposed masters of English, with careful publishers and excellent final reviewers and competent readers, are doing the same thing?

I marked for you the pages in Galsworthy's last novel—was it not called *Graylands*—where this doughty gentleman used "expect" when suspect was meant. But a fiend in human shape went off with my new novel and I cannot this minute give you the exact page.

Finally, here on my desk lies the bright red copy of Arnold Bennett's last, *These Twain*, and I am going to append a list of five pages where Arnold makes this mistake. Somebody ought to correct both him and George Doran, publisher. I hope it will be you. (I've always thought Bennett's novels outrageously overrated. They are an attempt to be realistic by the record of a thousand insignificant details; and the details are not well chosen. True realism is the selection of significant details. But Arnold Bennett is an example of wonderful advertising and how opinion can be formed thereby.) I only got *These Twain* to find out what he did with Hilda Lessways, whom he had left unmarried and about to have a child and quite destitute—no place for an amiable man to end a story! I found *These Twain* insufferable with a thousand petty animosities in the breasts of people I would have fled from in real life as the abomination of boredom. And in addition "expect" for "suspect" every six or seven pages. Here is a brief list. Page 19, Hero speaking: "I expect you've been drawing horses instead of practising the piano."

Page 33. "I expect it was in the Sussex papers," Albert replied.

Page 53. "I expect he's had a puncture."

Page 59. "I expect the little one's the gravedigger's kid."

Page 60. "I expect they're out somewhere."

Maybe your small-town paper is but following the great writers, English and American?

THE LESSER EVIL

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

IT IS a common argument in American suffragist circles that if women are "personal" in politics, exerting at times an unfair pressure upon legislators, it is merely because their legitimate political outlets are blocked. Have they not always been urged to let men represent them, carrying out their wishes? Must they not therefore impress their wishes upon men, use that very backstair influence one deplores? With the vote this "personal" attitude of women will disappear.

It may and—it may not, at least not for some time. There are so many features in women's lives, political wire-pulling apart, that indicate their aptitude or predisposition for exerting personal pressure or rather pressure upon the private life. Their nursery experience is one long course of working on fellow creatures, their domestic economy in servant-keeping circles, another, their "social" life, as we call it, another. The conventionalities are supported by women rather than men—among us at least and in their more superficial, generally recognized aspects—and conventionalities in this definition are largely ways of bullying or wheedling or coaxing the malleable. As for the still more elaborate and systematic formalities, how favorably disposed toward them are women? How fond they are of ceremonialism! Of turning the child into a youth or maiden, the youth or maiden into a man or woman, of matchmaking, of mourning. Coming-out ceremonies, weddings and funerals all get their strongest support, among us in modern culture at least, I had better repeat, from women. Now this kind of ceremonialism is the outcome in large part of the desire to run other people's lives for them, to have them meet the changes in their life not as they occur and as they, the affected, like, but as *you* like and when *you* like. So that if women are indeed more given to ceremonial than men, it is evidence that they are more given to *managing* others.

There is such evidence about women outside of ceremonialism. Perhaps it is of too scattering a nature for me at this moment to compile, but one particularly apt illustration I cannot forego. It is the exclamation so much indulged in by women: "If I had my way, I'd pass a law against *that*," "that" being like as not an individualistic, not a collective, matter, a matter of drinking or eating, of dressing, of sleeping, of love making—some mode of behavior a woman has been wont perhaps to disapprove of in the conduct of her children or servants or husband.

And so when women do come to making the laws the apprehension men entertain that they will concern themselves a great deal with private conduct, with laws regulating personal habits, is not ill-founded, I think, nor exaggerated. If anything, it is not strong enough. The prohibition legislation women have already been found to favor is but a modest sample of what the enfranchisement of women will tend to promote. Of their political representatives too, women and men, women voters will require the same references, I suspect, the same testimonials of good character, as they would of their nursemaids or cooks, testimonials not only of their honesty and competency, but of the company they keep and the hours.

I do not mean to imply of course that women voters will side together in regard to candidates or measures. There will be no such sex alignment, no distinct women's party for the reform of morals, no grouping of women in behalf of anti-vice laws or sumptuary measures or of the enforcement of opinions in general in regard to age or sex or "social position" or nationality or race. But to the existing tendency in political groups to work upon human beings rather than upon the conditions under which human beings must live, to this primitive, persistent tendency women in politics will give new life. And they will thereby check in government that movement toward respect for personal liberty, towards toleration, which is the essential underlying character of modern culture.

Why then enfranchise women? Why not continue to keep them out of the way of doing harm? Because you can't. Because disfranchisement is of itself a corrupting condition, contributing indeed, as the suffragists argue, to the tendency to work upon people instead of upon conditions, and because politics are a very small fragment of life. If by giving women the opportunity to be dangerous in politics they are rendered less dangerous in life at large, will not society, *i. e.*, men and women and children, be the gainer?



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THE SAFETY VALVE

A NEW DAWN

From the *Post* (Boston, Mass.):

WE OBSERVE with interest that our old friend, *Harper's Weekly*, has come out in a brand new suit of clothes, which is truly becoming. It reminds us very much of a friend of our youth who always looked so bright and happy in a delightfully red necktie that you never would have guessed that his liver spent nine minutes out of every ten on strike. We find ourselves devoutly hoping that some of the newly acquired outer beauty of this weekly of splendid traditions will strike in and result in our having again a glimpse or two of its brilliant constructive past, than which nothing in the whole history of American journalism was more brilliant. The country never so much needed a clear-headed, sane thinking weekly as it needs today, and if the spick and spandy new duds of *Harper's Weekly* are an intimation that it has seen a new light and is going to try to get back into good company once more, nobody will be more delighted than ourselves, who have wept many bitter tears over its seeming total eclipse as a periodical of influence and power.

A PRINTER'S TRICK

From the *Free Press* (Milwaukee, Wis.):

NORMAN HAPGOOD of *Harper's Weekly*, than whom there is no more sycophantic among Wilson's supporters, in the current issue of his publication, classes Wilson with Washington and Lincoln as a strong and wise LEADER of the nation. We employ the capitals to emphasize the absurdity of such terminology.

PREPAREDNESS

From the *Republic* (St. Louis, Mo.):

PRESIDENT WILSON'S plan for a great system of industrial and military education brings vividly to mind Kent E. Keller's suggestion of a "school army," made in an article in *Harper's Weekly* a month or two ago. Senator Keller pointed out the fact that the economic argument operated powerfully against creating an army by training adults, who would have to be taken away from profitable work for training, and as powerfully in favor of training boys, who are necessarily supported during the educational period and could learn to shoot, march and keep clean in camp without prejudice to the rest of their training.

PROPHECIES

From the *Advertiser* (Montgomery, Ala.):

HARPER'S WEEKLY originally suggested Louis Brandeis for a place on the Supreme Court bench. He was chosen. More recently the Hapgood journal suggested that Robert M. La Follette be nominated for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket. Let us at least trust that that calamity will not befall the Democratic party.

WELL PLEASED

By William Waterall

I HAVE been thoroughly satisfied with your forceful, just and dignified treatment of foreign affairs during this clash of world interests, and am well pleased with your broad and comprehensive treatment of another big question, our duty in relation to the Jews—a wonderful people.

Camden, N. J.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE

By B. F. Pierce

I WANT to add my mite of appreciation for that article by David Starr Jordan: "Peace at Any Price."

That's great. I wish it might be put into the hands of every voter in the country, and then, that every voter would write his congressman just how *he* feels about it.

Brockton, Mass.

WILSON AND LINCOLN

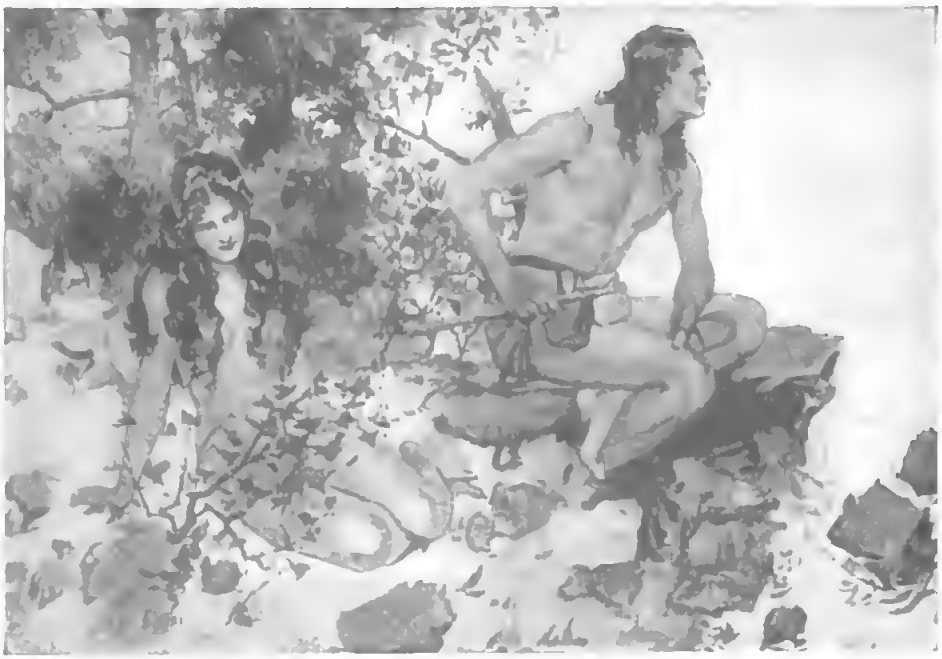
From the *Messenger* (St. Albans, Vt.):

IF NORMAN HAPGOOD is a friend of Mr. Wilson, and he seems to try to be one, then Mr. Wilson may fervently pray that he be delivered from his friends. The assertion that Wilson is a leader of the Washington and Lincoln type is not unlike defying lightning. There will be hundreds and hundreds of admirers of Washington and Lincoln who will be stirred into anger by the comparison Hapgood makes. It won't be that they think any less of Wilson—that in many cases would be an impossibility—but that they love Washington and Lincoln more.

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It Took a Genius to Write This Love Story

Copyright American Sunday Magazine



MORGAN ROBERTSON'S genius leaped beyond the conventional love story. In this idyll of young love he pictures man and woman in an amazing situation—in conditions as primitive as when Adam found Eve.

The story—"The Three Laws and the Golden Rule"—is found in the new Metropolitan-McClure edition of Morgan Robertson. It continues the narrative told in "PRIMORDIAL"—of the boy and girl shipwrecked on a desert island. It shows how each life responded to the instincts of the race. The reader sees vividly unfolded in these two young lives the whole drama of human existence. The world's first wooing was like this.

The new edition is a treasure trove to the lover of unusual, absorbing stories. It contains "Sinful Peck," a novel of 70,000 words—Morgan Robertson's master creation. "Sinful Peck belongs in the same immortal company with Long John Silver and Robinson Crusoe," said Irvin Cobb.

In these stories you will meet Chinese pirates, hypnotists, stowaways. The mystery of undersea life will be unfolded to you. You will peer into the wonder realm of Personality. Here's how you can get them:

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For though his imagination swept the seven seas and his stories laid bare the rudimentary impulses of men and women of all conditions, though his sheer untutored genius stamped his work with a deathless fame, grinding poverty was the life-long portion of Morgan Robertson and his devoted wife.

His dream of dreams was the hope that some day he would receive sufficient recognition to lift the burden of penury from his wife's declining years.

A year ago Metropolitan and McClure's joined forces to make Morgan Robertson's dream come true. But it was not in the great scheme of things that he should feel the heart-life of appreciation.

On March 24th, 1915, on the third day of the first vacation of his weary life, he died.

His last look was at the ocean he loved; the last sound he heard was the beat of the surf upon the shore.

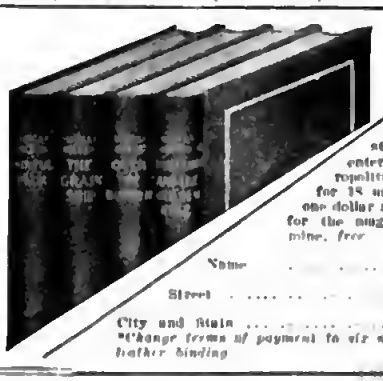
The efforts started by Metropolitan and McClure's for Morgan Robertson's benefit will be continued for Morgan Robertson's widow; for she has no income other than the royalties she will receive from the sale of her husband's books.

You can help. You can make these four handsomely bound volumes of Morgan Robertson's stories yours if you send us your subscription now for Metropolitan and McClure's. We will pay for the books. We will pay the carriage charges on them. We will pay Mrs. Robertson a generous royalty if you will pay for the magazines just what they would cost you at the newsstands, and you may pay for your subscription in easy monthly payments.

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MARCH 4, 1916

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD



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Secretary of Labor



JOSEPHUS DANIELS
Secretary of the Navy





DAVID F. HOUSTON
Secretary of Agriculture

WHO WILL BE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

WATER-POWER BILLS

A CROWD of bills have been introduced providing for new ways to distribute the public property to private ownership. There are bills to turn all or a portion of the public lands and national forests over to the states, to grant away the water-power sites, to abolish certain national forests or portions of them. There has also been agitation to get private control of coal, oil, gas, and salines before it is too late.

Last week we described in this department the sharp fight made by Senator Smoot and his cohorts to prevent the publication of the facts about water-power. What are those facts? They can be considered wholly apart from any question of right or wrong, or of policy. The people may decide that such concentration is well or ill. They may decide for unrestricted private control, private ownership with public control, limited private ownership, or public ownership. In any case the facts are needed, since millions, perhaps billions, of public money are involved.

The report of the Department of Agriculture shows that more than half of the water-power used in public service operations in the United States is controlled by eighteen companies, as follows:

1. Stone and Webster.
2. Montana Power Co.
3. Utah Securities Company.
4. E. W. Clark & Co., Management Corporation.
5. Southern Power Co.
6. Hydraulic Company of Niagara Falls.
7. Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
8. Pennsylvania Water & Power Co.
9. Pacific Light & Power Corporation.
10. H. N. Byllesby & Co.
11. The Niagara Falls Power Co.
12. Washington Water Power Co.
13. Georgia Railway Light & Power Co.
14. New England Power Co. of Maine.
15. Western Power Co.
16. Alabama Traction, Light & Power Co.
17. Commercial Power, Railway & Light Co.
18. United Railways Investment Co.

These together control 2,356,521 water horsepower (51.1 per cent).

The first six control more than one-fourth, the first nine more than one-third.

This control is definite and complete. It is either ownership, lease, or direct management. The report says:

> A study of the interrelation of the various public-utility electric corporations with each other through common directors or principal officers leads one into an almost endless maze.

One of the elaborate charts given in the report shows the interrelations, through common directors or principal officers, that exist between 195 of the principal electric-power holding companies; a second chart shows the connections between such holding companies and banking corporations, and a third chart shows the interrelations through common directors of the banking corporations themselves.

Sixteen diagrams take up the relations between various companies more in detail. For example, the Stone and Webster Management Association and concerns with which it is interrelated control 29.4 per cent of the water horsepower of the United States.

As to undeveloped water-power: 120 companies claim to own or control unused nearly four million water horsepower. The report goes on:

> The chief factor in control is not so much the ownership of undeveloped power sites as it is the control of the market. . . . The proportion of entirely new enterprises will for this reason grow progressively less. . . .
>
> Great concentration of power development under present conditions will depend only in a minor degree upon control of undeveloped sources of power; the determining factors will be control of the markets and control of the sources of credit.

To make the three principal charts required an officer of the department and two clerks working all the time for six months. The electric power census took one officer and a clerk ten consecutive months. The 1915 data are available nowhere else and never would have been, if the Smoot crowd had succeeded. They failed, however; the report will be published; it will be before the House and Senate while they fight over the conservation situation. The Ferris water-power bill, backed by the conservationists, and satisfactory in most of its provisions, has passed the house, though the Senate Committee has substituted a bad measure in its place.

There are a number of other bills providing for the handling of water-power sites on the public property, and some of them are so thoroughly bad that they should have the enthusiastic support of Senator Smoot.

Senator Myers fathered a bill, like one reported favorably at the last session by the public lands committee of the Senate. It has several resemblances to the Ferris bill, but is far inferior to it. A substitute for the Ferris bill, even worse than the Myers bill, has been reported out of committee.

The senators and representatives from the western states are, as usual, those who are bringing most pressure against conservation and for private grabbing. Yet while water-power development in the United States increased 98 per cent from 1902 to 1912, it increased 451 per cent in the western states. Primary power installation in the electrical industry in the western states has increased nearly 47 per cent in the three years since 1912. The average annual increase has been 296,000 horsepower, compared with 191,000 for the five years from 1907 to 1912. The western states have in general more power at the present moment than they are able to dispose of.

This epoch-marking report of the Department of Agriculture also shows that the cost of construction as reported by the private companies averages $301 per horsepower of primary power installation, whereas in municipal stations it is $138.

If you follow this page you will find a considerable number of other facts while your representatives at Washington are deciding what to do with your property. Next week you will find something about the great grazing bill.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

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NATIONAL DEFENSE

THE situation in Congress in regard to national defense can be put in a nutshell.

The representatives of the state militia are working in force at the capitol, trying to prepare bills than can be slipped through Congress and will still leave the state militia as pork. Be is understood that two types of men join the state militia. Some join because they are military enthusiasts. Nobody could be better material for soldiers than they. Others join to enlarge their acquaintance and get on in business, law, medicine, or politics. If the states are left to decide who will draw the national pay, this last class will flourish. If the nation's money is given only to those who have passed a national army examination, the state militia, reasonably federalized, will be a useful second line of reserves.

That the first line of reserves should be passed through the regular army, whatever the term, is agreed by everybody without a special bug. Nobody is taking care of this important feature. Mr. Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate committee on military affairs, is occupied with plans for much-needed reorganization in the regular army. Mr. Hay, chairman of the House committee, is occupied with the state militia. The all-important question of the first-line reserves has nobody in power to concern himself especially with solving it.

GETTING AT THE KERNEL

THE batting average of F. P. A. on the Brandeis' case is so far 1.000. A while ago we quoted him on the President's motives. He more recently said:

> It is almost impossible for a sensitive person to get work done these days. Yesterday, ferxamp, we put in three hours weeping for the poor shoe machinery crowd whom Louis Brandeis has oppressed for so many years.

And the next day his comment was:

> It takes all kinds of persons to comprise the 101,208,315 who dwell within the confines of this broad land, including those who are trying to prove that Brandeis is a crook.
> And not excluding those who are attempting to demonstrate that former Senator Lorimer is an honorable gentleman.

General intelligence, so somebody must have long since observed, is a help in the discussion of public affairs.

MAYBE

IS THERE any significance in the fact that the Brandeis nomination is most enthusiastically approved by progressive publications like the Philadelphia *North American*, New York *World*, Baltimore *Sun*, *New Republic*, and *Independent*, while the reactionary organs, headed by the New York *Sun* and *Leslie's Weekly*, are having fits?

IMPORTANCE

NONENTITY is seldom so objectionable to the world as significance. When Story was put on the highest court there was a fine row. Warren, in his *History of the Harvard Law School*, says "The appointment of Story was severely criticized." Josiah Quincy, Jr., in his *Figures of the Past*, speaks of the rage of one of the two great parties, adding that Story "had written a Fourth of July oration which was as a red rag to the Federal bull." The way to be let alone is to remain at the average level, or somewhat beneath it.

GALSWORTHY'S "JUSTICE"

THE production in this country of Galsworthy's play *Justice* is one of those events in the theatre that have fundamental importance. Although it would be significant any time, it gains an added force by coming in the middle of the struggle to put an end to Tom Osborne, because he endeavored to conduct Sing Sing on modern principles. A stirring meeting at Carnegie Hall, in New York, was admirably presided over recently by a man who had served twenty-one years. About a dozen ex-convicts spoke, one of them having been released that very morning. They all told stories with the same moral. The first wrong step as boys was so treated as to increase their knowledge of evil and to instil the dislike of society, and so began the steady march through the prisons. "The Subway Terror" said his new life began when he secured Mr. Osborne for a friend. There was touching testimony to the amount it means to a criminal to be promised a job when he comes out. He will dwell on it for years. They all expressed the philosophy that what is needed is to teach men in prison to have better thoughts. Our prison system is built on revenge. It is built on the idea that you correct criminal tendencies by forcing men to live an unnatural life, full of pain, isolation, idleness, and hatred of society. The idea that the way to turn a criminal into a better citizen is to force him to lead an industrious and normal life for a certain time is looked upon by the reactionaries as undermining and vicious.

Mr. Galsworthy is a gifted story teller, and some of the scenes in this play are thrillingly dramatic. He is also a thinker, and when he turns his mind on public questions of the day, as he did in *Strife*, for example, and as he does in *Justice*, he keeps

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his characteristic subtlety and orginality and throws light into the discussiou. *Justice* will be produced first in New York, hut for the sake of getting ahead with a difficult and most important problem, it is to be hoped that the New York engagement will be followed by engagements from Boston to San Francisco.

BUILDING ON ROCK

SO MUCH of what looks like political progress in the United States is ephemeral that anything fairly substantial is a joy-giving phenomeon. The Municipal Voters League of Chicago lus been alive twenty years. Some of its early workers, such as Charles Crane, Walter Fisher, William Kent, have since been prominent in nation-wide movements. Others succeeded them, and many of these later ones have also been heard of in other fields. The pleasant thing is that the league goes on and does its work regardless of the change in personnel. The report just out is equal to any that huve preceded, and it is all the more inspiring in that a new group of officers are in charge. The best result of effort toward progress is that progress shall continue when its initiators are no more.

JAPAN'S FINANCES

JAPAN is to use all of the thirty million yen (nearly $15,000,000 gold) of her sinking fund for the redemption of the 4½s issued abroad. In former years, fifty per cent of the fund went usually for the redemption of the internal debt. Not a cent of it is for the home market this year. That is not all: Instead of paying off her domestic loans, Japan is to float about $20,000,000 domestic loan for the purpose of taking up a portion of her two hundred million franc exchequer bonds floated in France in 1913. Nor is this all. Reports come that she is about to float a $25,000,000 loan for Russia. All of which throws an extremely suggestive light on Japan's new finances.

THE GERMAN MOOD



GERMANY'S ablest writers nn foreign affairs have frequently been quoted by us on the German outlook. Let us now go to a typical jingo, which Harden for example is not. Let us tako Fritz Bley:

> We are indobitably the most martial nation in the world. . . .
> We are the most gifted of nations in all the domains of science and art. We are the best colonists, the best sailors and even the best traders. . . .
> The German Empire is not the end but the beginaing of our national developmeat. . . .

That sounds childish, and yet we have ourselves heard attractive and cultivated Germans say almost as much. And they really think it, whereas our old Fourth of July orators, now almnst obsolete, could scarcely be said to have thought at all.

It is guesswork. Our guess is strong, however, that all nations, including Germany, would be in a more useful mood through a just and generous peace, based on a draw, than they would through any conquest. We do not, however, think the question a practical one, since all our information is that the German people are still being fed with the idea of an indemnity and the government would not dare to consider any peace terms in which they do not appear as victors. Therefore the chnnce of peace before next fall seems slight. By then the world will know how much or how little can be accomplished by a coordinated advance on both fronts, with the Russians supplied with ammunition.

GENEROUS



THIS weekly is willing to receive contributions to a fund, to be divided equally among those newspapers which have refrained throughout the war from stating that any body of soldiers was "decimated."

ONE WOMAN'S WORK

A VISITOR to Richmond during the legislative session will soon find that a familiar figure about the halls of legislation is that of Mrs. Beverly Munford, indefatigable in the advocacy of the Coordinate College for Women at the University of Virginia. At the last session of the Virginia Legislature her bill passed the Senate by a vote of 23 to 14. It lacked six votes of securing a majority in the House.

Mrs. Munford has been connected with the educational work in Virginia, in a semi-official way, for many years. She has seen the boys of the state well cared for not only by the University but by the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, by William and Mary College, and by the Virginia Military Institute, with no state institution for the higher education of women. Only in recent years has the educational department turned its attention to the work of high schools. Now there are 446 such schools in Virginia, enrolling 9,190 boys and 12,724 girls. The girl graduates from these high schools are in the proportion of 100 to 60 to the boy graduates. The high school system made complete the educational plan devised by Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the University of Virginia, connecting the common schools with the university. But the number of girl pupils and graduates makes a demand which cannot long be resisted for the Coordinate College, which will stand in the same relation to the university that Radcliffe does to Harvard or Barnard to Columbia. President Woodrow Wilson has supported the idea, as have Secretary Houston and Commissioner of Education Claxton, John Bassett Moore, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Presidents Lowell of Harvard, Craighead of Tulane, Butler of Columbia, Thwing of Western Reserve, Dabney of the University of Cincinnati, Judson of Chicago, and Alderman of the University of Virginia. When it is erected it will be as a monument not nnly to the wisdom of Virginia, but to the insight and energy of one of her daughters

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WAR AS A STIMULUS TO INVENTION



In the picture reproduced above there is shawn one of the powerfut new searchlights used by the Germans in France. It is built sa that it may be telescoped, ond corried on a specially canstructed wagan

Not all of the inventions brought on by the war have been of a destructive nature. The photograph an the right shows o new fobric designed ta protect the soldier against barbed wire entanglements. The inventar guarantees his fobric nat ta tear. He is here seen in the precariaus task of demanstrating his product







In cantrast to war's gift af a vatuable fabric comes the machine shawn obave—designed to tear up the roads behind a retreating ormy

On the left is a benzine engine used by the Austrians. It is equipped with wheels which make it serviceable on both roilroad and highway

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A WEEK WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY

BY SAMUEL N. HARPER

"IF YOU wish to feel the spirit of the country, you must go to the army, for the real Russia is at the war." This advice, repeated so frequently, finally convinced me. In Petrograd and Moscow I had met many officers, wounded or on leave, who had just come from the army. I had talked with soldiers as I visited hospitals. This, however, would not answer, I was told; all insisted that one had to get into the life itself of the army, to understand. Public workers were constantly returning from or leaving for the front. I heard of the American surgeon, working in the Russian army, who comes back every few months to get a bundle of American papers at the consulate. Each time, it seems, he brings new spirit into the American colony living in the pessimistic atmosphere of Petrograd.

So one November afternoon I started for the headquarters of the General Staff, having finally received the official pass for which I had made application. I also had a letter of introduction to the Chief of Staff, General Alexeyev.

As we journeyed southward, an officer boarded the train and came into my compartment; he had to be helped in by the porter, for he was wounded. Immediately we began to talk, in the simple, friendly way which is the habit in Russia. We did not sleep much that night; he was eager to tell me all about the war as he had experienced it. He was a Cossack officer, from Siberia. He had been wounded four times, and was going to Kiev for an operation. He pointed to the wound in his cheek, and opened his mouth to show a broken tooth: "It happened during the retreat from Warsaw; we were attacking, and shouting as we rushed; the bullet passed through my open mouth, but I kept on shouting."

I arrived at the small, unattractive town, the headquarters of the General Staff, as I might have arrived at any provincial centre; a large proportion of officers among the passengers was the only thing out of the ordinary. I jumped into a sleigh and drove to headquarters. My letter of recommendation, to supplement the official pass, was from a prominent public worker, the president of the War-Industry Committee, Mr. Alexander Guchkov, and it secured immediate and most cordial recognition. General Alexeyev received me, and said that I could go to any or as many sections of the front as I wished. I chose two armies on what the Russians call their western front, because they were more accessible, and I had friends there. It did not much matter where I went. At that moment no active fighting was in progress. I wanted simply to "feel" the army, and any portion of it would do.

Supplied with more passes and a sealed letter, I set out for the headquarters of the front which I had chosen. The journey was slow and halting; we were constantly sidetracked for army trains. I did not fret, however, for I was meeting and talking with men from the army. Finally I reached another small provincial town, some sixty miles from the actual front. Here I felt a different atmosphere. Everything was astir; the streets were full of carts loaded with provisions; military automobiles raced through the mass of traffic. There were officers and soldiers everywhere. I presented my letters—the headquarters were in a large school building—and again was given a most hearty reception. For a whole day I hung around the headquarters, talking now with one group, now with another. I spent a great deal of time trying to explain to them what was happening in America. I was allowed to walk around very freely, even into the rooms filled with telephone and telegraph instruments. The commanding general worked out my trip for me, on his own maps, by which he directed the movement of his armies. I lunched at the officers' mess, went to a moving-picture show with a crowd of officers, visited a hospital, and that same evening started for the fighting line. A young officer was detailed to accompany me, a reserve officer only recently promoted to the rank of lieutenant. He had been in heavy fighting; it was interesting to note his enthusiasm when he learned that he was going down to the line, even though it was only as guide. I felt reassured when I overheard the instructions he received, to be careful. An American correspondent had picked up a bullet only a few days before my arrival.

WE WORKED our way westward gradually, first presenting ourselves to the commander of the army to which we were going. The simplicity of it all impressed me. We arrived at the General's headquarters very late, after a wild ride through a driving snow-storm in a powerful army motor. The General took us into his small room, first served us supper—without vodka or wine—and then we talked into the early morning hours. He was particularly glad to see me, for he wanted me to translate some sentences in the book by Stanley Washburn, of the chapter which described him and his army.

We drove back to our railway coach, which we used as headquarters, and continued the journey westward. Another officer joined us; he also was pleased that I had turned up; it gave him a chance to get down to the line again, for he had been brought back to the staff because of a severe contusion. We visited several regiments in the rear reserve, then left the car at the end of the railway line, only a few miles behind the advanced positions. We could hear the distant artillery, but were in a sheltered place, out of range. We motored north and south, back of the line, going up to the advanced positions where opportunity was offered; at one point we were only a few hundred yards from the trenches of the enemy.

The first day at the front was a bit trying on a novice. I had been watching the map closely; I wanted to know when we got within range. The officers kept reassuring me by casual remarks: "One cannot dodge a shell. One does not hear the bullet that hits one. After all it's simply a question of luck." On this first day at the actual front, we arrived at a picturesquely situated estate about noon. It was the estate of a Polish landlord, abandoned by the owner and now used by the staff of an army corps. We were only a mile or so behind the line, but in a sheltered nook behind a small woods. Here we had lunch.

For a week I played around in the army, visiting various regiments. I stood behind a battery in action. I spent several hours at an observation station from which the artillery fire was being directed. They were constantly "worrying the Germans" as they put it, dropping shells in their trenches, or shooting at a village behind the line where the enemy was doing some construction work. At night it was most impressive, when the rockets or searchlights illumined the space between the trenches, or a fire

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was started behind the enemy's line. It is at night that one has to be on the alert against attacks. For a week I watched and questioned, talking with soldiers as well as with officers. I always inquired for soldiers from a district where I had just spent ten days. They were interested to hear of the work and organization I had seen in their home district.

I saw the soldiers under many conditions. In the reserve regiments, even in those just behind the line, there was long and severe drilling every day. "We have to keep them busy to keep them happy," was the explanation. One day we came to a village where the famous M— regiment was stationed. I saw only the sentinels as we drove up; but I was able by this time to recognize the methods for concealment and knew there were long lines of underground shelters here, full of soldiers. These *zemlyanki* (houses in the ground) are built with heavy timber—ample protection again light shell; they cannot be detected by the aeroplane scout. Fir branches are used for the bedding and in the ceiling, giving out a pleasant pine odor. Large brick stoves keep the underground dwellings dry and warm. They are clean and sanitary. One officers' mess would have made a pleasant country bungalow, a little dark perhaps, for they had the windows only on one side, facing east.

THE M— regiment had just come from a week in the trenches and the soldiers were having a day of rest. I urged the General not to disturb them, but he ordered the alarm to be sounded. In less than ten minutes the entire regiment was under arms, lined up to be inspected. As they marched by, shouting their "Glad to strive" to the General's salute, the old General began to shout himself, and jumped up and down in his joy. For there was strength and determination in the faces of the men, and their voices rang with vigor and spirit. I thought of the officer I had met on the train; the bullet that passed through his mouth had not interrupted his shouting.

I came on regiments at play, during the noon hour of recreation, when the soldiers were having snowball fights and games, entering into the horseplay like mere children. The regiments always sang as they broke ranks after inspection. The peasant-soldiers were constantly singing, continuing the custom of their peasant village. When the colonel wished to reward a regiment or a squad, he gave them a day of singing. One night I was returning from an observation station just back of the trenches. It had been a hard day, physically and mentally, and I felt slightly depressed as I thought of what I had been witnessing. We were driving through a thick wood, and suddenly the sound of singing reached our ears. We found a whole regiment gathered in the dark forest—no lights were allowed, for we were just behind the line—and they were singing, celebrating a regiment holiday. When I dined with officers, a chorus of soldiers always entertained us. I shall never forget one dinner where the selected choir of a Cossack regiment sang for us the old, fifteenth century Cossack songs. The Russian soldiers sing in the trenches. One officer explained: "We understand that it irritates the Germans, so we let the soldiers sing." A general had sent the regiment band down to the front trenches, to play to the soldiers.

Thus for a week I lived the life of the army. Then I began to understand why my friends had urged the visit. It is probably somewhat the same in all armies. But here in the Russian regiments there was the atmosphere of the village life from which the soldiers come. They play and sing when they are not working or fighting; ten hours out of the trenches and they are normal once more. This makes for great strength in this army of peasants. After a severe retreat, or after a long spell of fighting, the Russian soldier is able to recuperate with remarkable rapidity. General Kuropatkin emphasized this point to me, and he has seen the Russian fight under many conditions.

ANOTHER source of strength in the Russian army is the comradeship that exists between officers and men. It is now a national army, in the broadest sense of the word. Reserve officers have filled in the gaps in all the regiments; this may impair strict military discipline, but it creates a wonderful spirit. The general always addresses his soldiers with the word "children." They told a typical story about one general. He was inspecting for the first time a certain trench position. The soldiers gave their salute in a low voice, not wishing to draw the fire of the enemy. But the general yelled at them: "Shout it out, so that the Germans may know that your generals come down to you, to the front trenches." It was in the front trenches that I came on General Kuropatkin. One day after the inspection of a regiment, we were asked if we would watch the dancing. Some of the soldiers were real artists, especially the "comic" of the regiment. The general was so carried away with the dancing and music, that he began to do steps himself, to the great delight of the soldiers.

There were many young faces among the soldiers, but I was assured that they were all over nineteen years of age. Every regiment had its boy scouts. The youngsters had run away from home; they were allowed to stay in the army only after the consent of the parents had been obtained. The diminutive soldiers, some of them wearing two or three St. George crosses, did most valuable scouting service, and were the pride of the regiment.

The number of soldiers, the thickness of the line extending back through several reserves, astonished me, though I had no basis for comparison. All were well clothed and properly equipped. Now, at any rate, no soldier goes to the front without his complete equipment.

I saw the more pleasant side of war; it was almost joyous life at the front, though a life of hard and constant work, except for the intervals of play. The scouts were busy, however, especially at night, bringing in prisoners. The entire staff of an army corps, including three generals, had been captured shortly before my arrival. Men were being picked off every day. I had watched the shelling of a trench.

When I came back to Petrograd, my friends smiled at my enthusiastic account of what I had seen and heard and felt. "Well, you caught it too; everyone comes back from the army full of confidence and spirit." I recommended to all pessimists the easy cure. An American competent to judge from a military point of view, used the expression "a brilliant army." All that is needed is more efficient organization in the rear, more ammunition. I have already described how I saw Russia "mobilizing all the forces of the country," and "organizing for victory." The Minister of War announced only a few weeks ago that the problem of ammunition is now well in hand. I heard an officer announce to a regiment that the artillery parks were full to overflowing. The shouting of the soldiers lasted several minutes. One of the soldiers explained to me, "They don't need to hit anything, but we must hear our artillery behind us. It's hard when the guns are silent."

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PROPHECY

BY EDWIN BJÖRKMAN



IT IS one of those blustering, sleety days in late winter when the soul ceases to resist and summer seems a legend that never has been and never can be true.

The ashen, smudgy sky appears to touch the housetops almost. In the streets below the soppy and slippery pavements are an offense to the foot of man and beast alike.

Up and down the wide avenue whirls the east wind with hungry, restless howlings and shriekings. Under its lash the icy spray explodes stingingly into the weary faces of the passers-by.

The few people abroad walk unsteadily, with bodies bent far forward, and cling in bitter resignation or profane rebellion to their wind-tossed umbrellas. As they drift by me, straining now this way and now that, I catch shreds of muttered curses, and I think of débris harried by the waves on some angry ocean shore.

But the busy motor cars in the roadway slither along impatiently, splashing showers of muddy water far up on the sidewalks and tooting raucously at too venturesome pedestrians.

The utter dreariness of all this futile flurry sears my soul with a sense of ignominy that makes life seem all but unendurable. Nowhere a sign of hope, or a tiny gleam of light to presage the coming of a better day.

Then my ear suddenly catches a new and weirder sound—a distant roaring as of wild beasts. It issues from one of the side streets ahead of me, and as it draws nearer little by little, rising in power and fury, it silences the howling wind and the tooting horns, and at last it seems the one sound left in a world struck dumb.

A touch of curiosity pierces the general apathy of my mind and makes me increase my pace slightly.

At the next corner I become aware of two poorly clad men halfway up the side street. One of them is pushing a cart loaded with small open boxes. They crawl along step by step, yelling incessantly at the wet walls of the houses, and every so often they pause to look upward expectantly.

Their voices are shriller than that of the wind, and more raucous than the braying, leering motor horns. They are crying out I know not what, with a sort of passionate defiance, like men foredoomed, but still struggling against a hopeless fate.

In spite of wind and rain I stop to watch their gradual approach, and soon I can make out the words . . .

Good Lord, can it be possible?

And I listen as if my whole future were bound up in the meaning of those words.

The men are now within a few feet of the corner. A mistake is no longer imaginable. Indeed, they are yelling:

"Strawberries! Strawberries!"

For a moment, as the import of that cry comes home to me, the whole thing seems unutterably ridiculous, grotesquely incongruous, farcically improbable. But then . .

Ah, it must be true—it *is* true!

Even now summer reigns in faraway places, and some day it will be here again, and the whole world, now so dismal, will grow young, and beautiful, and friendly once more.

Yes, summer, with its sapphire skies, radiant sun, gentle breezes, and tender, trembling leaves, will come again —and peace, too—some time.

CONCERNING FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY FRANKLIN K. LANE

WE HAVE no enemies, but we have rights which we cannot yield. The man who has anything which anyone else wants must protect himself or it will be taken from him. If this is not so, the policeman and the courts are not needed. Even in a church pickpockets have been found. A good watchdog is not a bad institution on a country farm. This world is not good enough yet to abolish the use of the safe. To think constantly of war is to bring about war. But to think constantly of the value of peace will not insure peace when others are on the hunt, not unless the hunted is craven.

Broadly the question has been presented from the first day of the administration: Shall we go to war because foreign nations do things which are opposed to the pledges they have given to us and to the world? Our policy is shown in our preparedness program, our treatment of Mexico, and our attitude toward Europe.

When this administration came in, Madero, who seems to have been an unpractical idealist, had been murdered. Huerta, his commander-in-chief, had taken the rulership and announced that the constitution and the courts were to be disregarded. The friends of Madero and of the constitution had risen in revolt and held most of the land along our border. Huerta had not been recognized by President Taft. Should we recognize him? The moral sentiment of the country would not stand for it; though the *cientificos* in the United States, as in Mexico, pressed for such recognition. What then was to be done? Either restore order in Mexico by force or treat Mexico as a land in which two parties were at civil war. Some are always for the strong hand because it gives the army something to do. Some believe in a policy of aggression as the only way to establish firmly our own position and insure against foreign injustice. We went into Cuba and came out. But in Cuba we found a people fighting an unending rebellion against a foreign monarchy in whose harbor the *Maine* had been destroyed. After we refused recognition to Huerta, the revolutionists divided, and when things came to a pass where one element clearly had the ascendant and conditions of poverty made necessary outside aid, we recognized Carranza, after he had pledged himself to his fellow Latin-Americans and to us that religious and civil liberty would be reestablished and persons and property protected.

How many men do you think there are in the United States who believe that it is the holy duty of this country to rush into a neighboring country whenever an American citizen is killed within its borders by ruffians calling themselves an army? If there are many, they will yet have abundant opportunity (I regret to prophesy) to spread a sense of fear—for the time never was when some part of Mexico was not in a turmoil and Americans were safe. The American people who have the making of war would not have stood for war either to seat Huerta, which was our first alternative, or to take the country out of the hands of Carranza and Villa and clean up the Mexican house. And that decision became firmer as they saw what war meant in Europe.



Secretary Franklin K. Lane

As to the war in Europe, Chief-Justice White said that in securing from Germany a declaration that she would carry on submarine warfare in accordance with the rules on which we insisted, the United States had achieved the greatest diplomatic victory of the past generation. We have sought through diplomatic means to gain the recognition of those rights which we might have secured by war. This is the function of diplomacy; but of course it is not picturesque. It always requires time and patience. You cannot dramatize negotiations by letter. And after all we like the drama. We want scenery and a well-set stage. Personalities enchain our minds. We want to see "our man going up against their man." To ask for facts and endure the red tape of the mysterious Foreign Office is not half so appealing as to "call out the guard" and "go to it." That is to say, it is not half so appealing if you want the guard called out and if you are anxious to be one of the guard yourself and to pay the bill yourself in your own dollars and in your own blood.

The good lawyer settles his case out of court if he can. And in dealing with foreign powers the President is the attorney for the people of the United States. He is not a patient man by nature. His own affairs he handles in a very direct and forthright manner. But in handling the affairs of his country the President dare not be rash or do the attractive, dramatic, impulsive thing when the burden of his act must fall on others.

This nation is not willing to sacrifice self-respect rather than fight. But a courageous and virile people with such a war record as ours, and resources of men, money and minerals such as we have, is not looking for a fight just to establish its position in the world, or out of an insane, egoistic notion that it is its duty to police a world that is the victim of national egoism.

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Courtesy of the New York Edison Co.

WASHINGTON SQUARE: THE ARCH

BY BRIAN HOOKER

MEMORY? We have broken with the past
That bred our heroes. Could this man arise
Nameless today, with what superior eyes
We should smile down on him! His faith held fast
Even to God; his antique fancy cast
A spell of semblance over Right and Wise;
He feared his honor, not his enemies,
And owned his first word father to his last.

Here stands his triumph, planted yesterday
While our young men remember. On one side,
The creedless prophets of extreme desire
Fashion strange gods; around, the hollow pride
Of old homes; and beyond, upon the way
Whither our guardian merchants guide us. . . Fire.

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"Race Track Scene," by William Glackens

AN EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART

UNIQUE IN THE WIDE SCOPE OF ITS APPEAL

AT ANY exhibition of art there are always certain onlookers who have been forced into attendance by public-spiritedness, a feminine relative, or a desire to appear among the cultured. At the usual exhibition this sort of individual has a most unenjoyable time. He is compelled to enthuse over enigmas, and to feign acquaintance with names that mean nothing to him.

Not so with the Philistine who was fortunate enough to attend a recent exhibition held in New York City for the benefit of the *Fraternité des Artistes*. The drawings shown there were loaned by Mr. A. E. Gallatin, and the proceeds went to the assistance of the families of artists in the war. At this exhibition there were subjects that appealed to the artistically unenlightened man, artists whose names were familiar to even the most untutored mind. There were etchings by John Sloan, black-and-whites by Boardman Robinson, pastels by Whistler, and water-colors by Maxfield Parrish. There were works by Forain, Glackens, Zorach, Henri, Cushing Hassam, Lawson, Gay and Everett Shinn. The average man had every cause to feel at home.



This is an interesting lithograph to which John Sloan has given the title "Ping-Pong Photos"

Moreover, the subjects pictured were surely variegated enough to catch almost any interest. For example: "Gramercy Park," "Poppies," "The Police Court," "Shoveling Snow," and "Anschutz Talking on Anatomy."

On this and the following page we reproduce four of the most interesting drawings that were shown at the exhibition. One is a lithograph by the French draftsman, Forain, another is the work of William Glackens, and the other two are by John Sloan.

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The lithograph reproduced above is the work of one of the best known and most able French draftsmen—Forain. M. Forain has entitled this work "En Avant!"



John Sloan has chosen an interesting subject for this etching. To appreciate "Fifth Avenue Critics" one need have only a slight acquaintance with New York City

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"Preparedness"

READING HORACE

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

OH, were we good when we are wise!—
  Or haply, wise when we are good!
But, fool or sage, some comfort lies
  In knowing Horace understood
Our follies in their olden guise!

Of all the full Augustan choir
  Our one contemporary hard,
Who strikes upon a silver lyre,
  Where not a note is harsh or hard,
The human chords that never tire.

Live how he may, whene'er he sings
  A poet is a democrat;
Down two millenniums there rings
  The song of Leisure's Laureat
In praise of all the simple things.

What deep contentment broods above
  That refuge in the Sabine Hills
From all that Rome was fashioned of—
  Strife, envy, the luxurious ills
Men, town-imprisoned, learn to love.

Though oft he dwells on death, 'tis e'er
  With swift recoil to life. Joy, joy
Is all his goal! Though reefed sails dare
  The dreaded seas to Tyre or Troy,
His placid song is foe to care.

Poor hater was he, save of greed
  And gluttons and the vulgar mind—
(Thou votary of thy surer creed,
  Ask heaven if thou be more kind
Than was that heart of pagan breed!)

Vowed to the laurel from the day
  The doves descried his lids supine
And hid his limbs in leafy play;
  A nursling of the dancing vine,
His verse was vintage gold and gay.

Give me the glowing heart, or none—
  Not friendship's altar but its fire.
In his red veins how life did run!
  Had ever poet wiser sire?
Had ever sire tenderer son?—

He, humble, candid, sane and free,
  Whom e'en Mæcenas could not spoil;
Who wooed his fields with minstrelsy
  As rich as wine, as smooth as oil,
And kept a kiss for Lalagé.

. . . . . .

Ah, dear to me one night supreme—
  A voice he would have joyed to hear,
Its music married to his theme—
  When two new-mated minds drew near
And mingled in his lilting stream.

Oh, lover of sweet-sounding words,
  That in thy tones but glow and soar,
Come! . . . Horace with his flocks and herds
  Waits thy revealing voice. Once more
Bring back to me the brooks and birds!

WHAT I SAW IN POLAND

BY W. H. HAMILTON

The first instalment of Mr. Hamilton's article appeared in last week's issue. The conclusion is presented here

WE ARRIVED nt Warsaw about four thirty in the afternoon. It was hailing and raining and miserably cold, and I was very happy at the prospect oi a wsrm meal with a comfortable bed. My dismay was great, therefore, when I was informed at the hotel that they could not give me a room, but that I had to obtain the same from the military *kommandatur* of tbe city, "just around the corner." Leaving my baggage in the hotel lobby, I hastened to this dignitary's office, where I found a line three blocks in length made up of the most bedraggled lot of people that I have ever seen, all of them, I subsequently learned, Poles of the city who had to report every two days to have their passports viséd.

Walking up to the *landsturm* sentry on guard outside, I was received with a push in the chest which knocked me back about five feet, and the instruction to go to the foot of the line. The prospect of waiting several hours on this same line did not appeal to me ia the slightest, and I rebounded with the information that I did not happen to be a Pole—but was an American, and I insisted on being allowed to go directly to the *kommandatur*. (It is hardly fair to mention this incident without adding that the greater proportion of the German military officials with whom I constantly came into contact were most courteous at all times; and I have nothing but sympathy for the old sentry. He probably had a family waiting for him some place and wanted to go home. I know that most of those I talked with at various times and in various places felt that way.) I was let by with an approach to an apology, and eventually for the agreeable sum of three marks I was assigned to a splendid room in the best hotel, the Bristol. I saw a fine outlook here for economy, but they made up for it later in the food prices.

Early the next morning, though it was Sunday, I called at the American Consulate, and found gathered in the hallway downstairs about fifty Poles and Polish Jews, awaiting their turn to see our overworked representative, hoping through him to get into communication with their relatives or friends in America. Mr. Fernando de Soto, the consul, a most agreeable and efficient person, showed me a table stacked with letters in Polish, German and Russian which had been pouring in to him at the rate of over one hundred a day from these refugees. This comprises a task which has been quite too much for the consular force, and the present endeavor of the Jewish societies in America to take some of the burden in this direction from his shoulders will be most welcome, I am sure. The German aeroplane raids over Warsaw previous to its fall were almost productive of a great calamity. All of the bomb dropping was done by a young American volunteer, and the explosions almost without exception took place within a radius of a few blocks of the consulate. One bomb in particular landed just before the door—raising havoc with all of the windows and glassware in the building, and several days thereafter another dropped just behind the building, taking care of anything fragile which had managed to escape the earlier raid. The nerves of Mr. de Soto and his family are about as shattered as most of his possessions.

The greater part of my day was occupied in securing the passports necessary for circulation in the occupied provinces. The most important of these papers is the *lousweiss*, a harmless looking certificate issued by the medical authorities conveying the information that the bearer "is free from contagious diseases and vermin." This precaution is indicative of the lengths to which the German authorities have been forced to go in an effort to prevent the spread of the deadly typhus.

WARSAW is nominally under Polish administration. The mayor, Prince Wladislaw Lubowiski, and his staff still occupy their former posts, but this of course is purely a paper government and allowed to exist merely for the sake of expediency. After the Russian evacuation and previous to the German entry, a *garde civile* was hastily organized to prevent the lawlessness which might have followed the withdrawal of the Russian police force. The members of this *garde* are drawn from the best Polish element in the city, and are designated by a red and white brassard. This voluntary organization is still in being, but at the present time is of use chiefly to furnish information to the German soldiers and any strangers who happen to be in the city.

An apparent attempt has been made to preserve the normal life, industrial, educational and social. Although the interior metal fittings of the manufacturing plants were torn out by the Russians and carried away in their headlong retreat, as was everything else which was not destroyed, where parts can be supplied from Germany, these plants are resuming operations. The University of Warsaw has been reopened with great acclaim; productions are given every evening at the large Municipal Theatre and at the Opera, curiously enough in both cases the performances being in the Polish language; and in several of the restaurants a but partly successful attempt is being made to create some sort of night life.

The Polish people, however, are obviously restless and do not seem at all inclined for the moment to revert to their normal habits of life. There are many underlying reasons for this resistance on their part, most of which are political. All of the shops are open, but the merchants have a decided complaint against the German soldier, namely, that he spends no money. They speak longingly of the olden days when the Russian officer was there, supplied with unlimited funds which he spent freely, particularly in the jewelry shops. Just what an officer in the middle of a rigorous campaign wants with quantities of jewelry is rather difficult to imagine, but a description of the camp followers of the other sex who accompanied the army on its retreat suggested a reason. Outwardly the city has been damaged practically not at all. The side of the tower of the gorgeous Russian Cathedral was blown out in order that the bells might be carried off, and here and there a building has been destroyed by a stray shell, but there was no bombardment of the city from either side, and only the destroyed bridges over the Vistula bring home the fact that the city was directly in the path of the destructive retreat.

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Russian prisoners are everywhere. I was told, for example, that there are more of these on the eastern front than there are German soldiers, and that they are doing everything except the actual fighting, thus doubling the efficiency of the forces in the field. Hour after hour day and night, haggard and worn, they are marched through the streets of Warsaw, either en route to Germany or out into the provinces, where one sees them clearing out forests, double-tracking the railroad, and cultivating the fields. Concentration camps are unknown; every prisoner earns his keep and a great deal more.

Now as to the condition of the inhabitants of Poland. The practical American mind thinks that it likes facts and figures, and here are a few. The districts occupied by the German army, which is the only part of Poland that I visited, are inhabited by about seven and one-half million people, and include an area of seventy-five thousand square kilometers. Three-fifths of Poland is practically dependent on agriculture for its living. Of the two-fifths, in towns, nearly thirty per cent are factory workers and their families. During the Russian retreat there was carefully planned and radically carried out as a military measure the laying waste of a broad zone of the country by burning its villages, destroying its crops and herds, and breaking up its means of transportation and communication. Five thousand villages were burned and four million people made homeless. Innumerable country houses and farms were burned, and more than a thousand churches totally destroyed. One million horses and two million cattle were taken for the army or destroyed. Even the bare earth was ravished by the digging of endless trenches, and by the effect of heavy shells. The fertile soil was swept away or buried under clay and gravel, and even in the richest districts of Lublin and Radom, made unproductive for at least a decade. The whole of the agricultural production, valued at $500,000,000 per year, has been entirely stopped by want of seed and implements. Thus there is a rural population of five millions reduced to beggary, dying of hunger and cold, feeding on roots, bark, and in some cases the potatoes which can still be found in the fields. Of fuel there is none, even in the large cities. The coal pits of Dumbrowa were blown up and flooded at the beginning of the war and, although partially reopened, are supplying barely enough for the military needs. The difficulties of transportation are overbearing because of the lack of rolling stock. The Russian railroads, for strategical reasons, were built on a broad gage. The Germans have standardized this gage, but this change has rendered useless all of the Russian rolling stock which was left behind. All freight cars, therefore, had to be supplied from Germany, and a very great shortage is the result. It is interesting to note that in standardizing the railroads the Germans have cut the ends of the railroad ties even with the edge of the tracks, thus making it impossible in the event of a Russian reoccupation of this country, to again broaden the gage without laying down an entirely new set of ties.

PRIVATE philanthrophy such as America, or, for that matter, all of the neutral countries combined, would be able to concentrate in Poland, is by no means sufficient to care for the requirements of the situation. The budget in Belgium for the single month of last December was fifteen million dollars; America, with all the publicity which was given to the cause of Belgium and with all the enthusiasm which existed for that country, has contributed perhaps six or seven million dollars since the beginning of the war, or in other words, enough to take care of Belgium for about two weeks. This then, illustrates the absolute necessity of organizing the work in Poland under governmental subventions and backed by the credit of the Polish people. This credit, the Poles are ready to mobilize immediately provided the available supply of food can be increased from outside. Sending money into Poland at the present time is an extremely unsatisfactory process, for the prices of what small quantities of foodstuffs are available have increased from 200 to 1500 per cent. The following figures show this situation clearly:

	Prices before the war	Present price
Sack of wheat flour	8 rb.	50 rb.
Sugar, one pud (16 1-3 kilos—36 lbs.)	4.40	16 rb.
Barley grits, one pud	2 rb.	12 rb.
Pease, one pud	1.50	12 rb.
Soap, one pud	4 rb.	36 rb.
Candles, one pud	10 rb.	30 rb.
Naptha, one pud	2 rb.	30 rb.
Bacon, one pud	10 rb.	64 rb.

I say, what food there is, for there is an actual total exhaustion of certain foodstuffs. There are practically no fat meats or other fats and no dried vegetables such as rice, pease and beans. The sugar stock is almost totally exhausted because of the destruction of the cattle, and milk is available in only very small quantities. There is great need of condensed milk. The children and the infirm aged are suffering terribly from the lack of milk, both for direct consumption as drink and as means of preparing special food for children and invalids. There is a certain limited quantity of flour and a larger supply of potatoes. What foods are available can of course be easily distributed in Warsaw, Lodz, and other cities, but in the country means of distribution are wanting, and if it were not for the fact that potatoes are still scattered in the fields in which they have grown, the starvation of the people would already have assumed horrible proportions. Thousands of families, including old and infirm men and women, are maintaining life at present on practically no other food than potatoes. These alone, however, in whatever quantities available, without fats and proteins, cannot long support life, especially in a cold country and among people subjected to exposure. The weak, of course, go first; then the children, the aged and the sick. Then the strong become weak and the new weak succumb. Besides the lack of food, the lack of footwear is very serious. When I visited in Warsaw a number of the eighty odd soup kitchens which have been established there by the civil government, and which distribute once a day a bowl of carrot soup and two hundred grammes of bread to about one hundred thousand of the absolutely destitute, it was bitterly cold. Even though I was wearing a very heavy leather overcoat I felt the cold intensely. A large proportion of the women and children on these bread lines, some of whom had been waiting four and five hours for their daily ration, did not have on shoes and stockings. Some of them were barefoot, with their feet bloodless stubs; other had pieces of bags or other cloth or even newspapers wrapped around them.

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THOSE who would see John Masefield as a rough-and-ready sailor, rather than as a very subtle artist, will have their seagoing idol severely shaken by the publication of his new volume: *Good Friday and Other Poems*. In this new book of verses Mr. Masefield stands out more clearly than ever as a subtle writer and a careful student.

The shirt-sleeve conception of Masefield was natural enough. It is easy to read *Dauber* so intensely that the artistry of the poem is never observed. It is easy to read *Salt-Water Ballads* and feel spray, rather than the ability to write. Moreover, there were stories of Masefield as a bartender in the Columbian hotel, and as a sailor before the mast. There was his frequent use of vigorous expletives. And there were such lines as these (from *Evening—Regatta Day*):

Your nose is a red jelly, your mouth's a toothless wreck,
And I'm atop of you, banging your head upon the dirty deck;
And both your eyes are bunged and blind like those of a mewling pup,
For you're the juggins who caught the crab and lost the ship the Cup.

Certainly, from all these sources, there was sufficient material to conjure up a perfectly good poet with shirt-sleeves, red nose, and even a battered ear.

But Mr. Masefield's new book of poems proves the fallacy of this somewhat widely prevalent romance. Good Friday is a subject which invites sensationalism. Mr. Masefield does not attempt the bizarre in his story of Christ's death. He tells it simply, beautifully, and with quiet reverence. The scene is outside the Roman Citadel in Jerusalem. Pilate bids his centurion have Jesus scourged and cast outside the gates. He will not listen to the warnings of Procula, who has had a prophetic dream. Then come citizens who swear that Jesus is a blasphemer, and cry for his crucifixion. Pilate at length gives in to their clamoring, and Christ, who does not appear in the play, is sent to the cross.

Good Friday, as well as the sequence of sonnets and the brief monologue that complete the book, is as fine as anything John Masefield has ever done—worthy of the great artist that he is.

MR. RICHARD PRYCE has by no means the power of John Masefield, but he too is an artist in the telling of a tale. His particular forte is in presenting situations and persons as a child would see them. *Christopher*, a story that merited twice the attention that was given it, showed Mr. Pryce's ability in this direction. His new novel, *David Penstephen*, has another young boy for its hero. It is seldom that a highly diverting novel of this sort carries with it material for serious thought. *David Penstephen* has both qualities—with plenty of charm and freshness of style to boot.

MR. WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT, author of an interesting volume on *What Nietzsche Taught*, has written a new book on the no less baffling subject of modern painting. Mr. Wright attempts a comprehensive study of art from Turner and Daumier up to the present time. He seeks to inquire into the psychology and function of the new movements, and to set down the results of his inquiries in fit manner for the uninitiate. If he fails it is because his purpose is admirable. He has put so much into a single volume that the unitiate has to hold grimly to the thread lest he lose it entirely.

It is assumed that the book has been written for this uninitiate, since the author never presupposes wide knowledge on the part of the reader. His attitude is a logical and entirely commendable one: that "the habit of approaching a work of art from the naïf standpoint of one's personal temperament or taste and of judging it haphazardly by its individual appeal, irrespective of its inherent esthetic merit," is a faulty one. If one is to judge works of art accurately he must master the principles underlying them.

Mr. Wright is therefore careful to enforce his own tastes and preferences with sound reasons. One may disagree in certain points—such as in Mr. Wright's comparative valuation of Manet and Renoir—but one may always find a just ground for any personal opinion. With this broadminded attitude, plus its thoroughness, Mr. Wright's book becomes the most valuable *critique* of modern art and its tendencies that has yet been given to us. The Pont-Aven school is handled with skill. The chapter on Cézanne is thorough and searching enough to make most recent magazine literature on the subject seem ineffectual indeed. Of J. L. Forain, an example of whose work appears on another page of this issue, Mr. Wright says: "Forain is the second greatest caricaturist the world has produced. He was not the artist that Daumier was, but as a serious creator of types and as a highly intelligent critic of contemporary shams, he is a master, even as Daumier was a master of a realm far above him."

LOOKING FOR GRACE is a title that piques the curiosity as well as any other. Mrs. Wilfred Massinger has given her husband, wretchedly but with courage, to her country. She accepts his death philosophically until information comes from the front that his last words had been "Grace, Grace, tell Grace I have done what I could." Since the widow's name is Margaret, and there is no Grace in the family, the question arises, "Who is Grace?" *Looking for Grace* is a diverting enough occupation, but it is in the sympathetic description of a resolute, wartime London that the value of the book really lies. Few authors have written of this London with as much understanding.

BOOKS REVIEWED

GOOD FRIDAY AND OTHER POEMS — *By John Masefield*
The Macmillan Co., New York — $1.25

DAVID PENSTEPHEN — *By Richard Pryce*
Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston — $1.35

MODERN PAINTING — *By W. H. Wright*
John Lane Company, New York — $2.50

LOOKING FOR GRACE — *By Mrs. Horace Tremlett*
John Lane Company, New York — $1.25

HITS ON THE STAGE

"THE EARTH"



WHEN the average actress has found a success she hangs on like grim death. She plays it in New York as long as extensive advertising can keep her in the public eye. She follows with a Chicago run—does her big scene on a phonograph—plays Boston for eight weeks—has her picture taken on the running board of a 1918 Chalmers—tries Philadelphia—writes her impressions of war and philosophy—plays one-week engagements in Detroit and Scranton—indorses non-slip rubber heels—plays one-night stands through Ohio and Pennsylvania—has a scandal—returns to Chicago for four months—plays her success for the movies—plays an act of it in vaudeville—plays two scenes of it in cabaret—retires to Yonkers—writes articles on agriculture—marries a glove merchant—and returns to Broadway for a revival.

On these grounds do we feel justified in calling Miss Grace George the most remarkable actress in the world. Miss George set out to give New York a repertory theatre. Her first play—*The New York Idea*—was a brilliant success, and the prospect of repertoire grew dimmer with each dollar that came rolling into the box office. But Miss George was in earnest, and Broadway had the unusual spectacle of an actress—sane, and in good health—abandoning a play at the height of its success. She produced *The Liors*. When it got under way and began to draw crowds, she turned to *Major Barbara*. The Winter Garden coterie began to quote Shaw before breakfast. And now Miss George has produced *The Earth*. A lady of infinite variety.

The Earth has been published in book form, and is familiar to many people who are interested in drama. It is the work of an English author, and pictures the power of the press and its willingness to stoop to any means in order to wield that power. Sir Felix Janion owns a chain of newspapers and makes use of them to oppose the labor bill of a young cabinet member. Finding that his forty odd journals are ineffectual, he seeks a more subtle and journalistic method. He discovers that the cabinet member is in love with another man's wife, and, by threatening to use this information to ruin the woman, forces the withdrawal of the bill. But when the wife learns of this she declares that she will sacrifice herself, and expose the whole situation. Since such an action would involve his own ruin as well, the newspaper proprietor admits his defeat. This last-act climax is rather tediously reached—and even then nothing is settled. The cabinet member has not given up the wife, nor she her husband. And the bill is still unpresented. However, there is abundant wit and natural conversation.

Miss George made an attractive heroine, but an unconvincing Countess. Nor did her company give the impression of being particularly English. However, the play is just as apt in this country as abroad, so the lack of tone is not harmful. And on a purely theatrical basis the acting was good enough to assure Miss George of a new and fourth success.

"THE MELODY OF YOUTH"

THIS is a title that will arrest the attention of many persons on their way to *The Cohan Revue* 1916. It would, in fact, be a splendid title for a musical comedy, but perhaps much too difficult to live up to. Actually it is the name that Brandon Tynan has given to his new Irish comedy of the post-Boucicault school.

The scene is laid in Dublin of 1830 and at "the little house on the top of the hill" which is somewhere in the country. A somber young man is studying for the Church. Through one of those accidents of the theatre that have been responsible for driving so many persons to the movies and then, in the further quest of the probabilities, to the musical comedies, this good young man finds himself the guardian of a girl of his own age.

As everyone must expect, *The Melody of Youth* is love, and the guardian falls in love with his ward. It is all so pretty and so sweet and so certain that a harsh word seems a rude intruder. But really, there is no plot and no suspense, for even when Kathleen says that she loves the passively wicked Lord Kiltartan, we know that she loves her guardian as a ward should in a play of the sort.

All this does not mean that Mr. Tynan has not written some most effective scenes and many clever lines. To the confusion of the latter, it must be recorded that few of them arise from the situations. The author is no novice in the theatre, even though he has failed to revitalize the old Irish drama.

In the days when Chauncey Olcott's name was a household word and Andrew Mack was a youthful contender for his laurels, most of the episodes of this play were to be seen every season. To be sure, the responsibilities and perplexities of property holding do not figure. At no time is anyone in danger of being evicted. Nor does the hero sing. The heroine does, and the best that the hero can do is to follow her haltingly. There is a dog, even if for the sole purpose of leading the blind musician about. The villain hits the hero with a glove. A duel is fought—off stage; and the somber young man, who has now changed his black clothes for ones of lavender, is not hit by his adversary. Of course he himself does not fire. His honor is satisfied. Most of the shafts of sure-fire Irish wit have as their targets death, the English and the Church. But then the traditions must be maintained!

Throughout the acting was most commendable. Brandon Tynan was more successful as the guardian than as the writer of the play. That good comedian, George Giddens, William Harrigan, Lily Cahill, Florine Arnold and Maggie Holloway Fisher, all gave finished performances and were better than their rôles. James O'Neill, who in years past carried dramatized Dumas to the far places, appeared momentarily as a blind musician of the strolling type. He got the most applause. Unfortunately, it was for nothing that he was given to do in *The Melody of Youth*.

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STARS IN "THE HEART OF WETONA"



The second joint production of the Belasco and Frohman offices has a number of Comanche Indians in its cast. Mr. Carleton plays one of them



Miss Lenore Ulrich



Another Indian is Miss Ethel Benton. "Nauma" is her part in Mr. George Scarborough's new drama — described as "a love story of universal appeal"



"The Heart of Wetona" was the original name by which this play was known while in the period of rehearsal. Later, when it opened in Boston, it was given the title of "Oklahoma," that state being its locale. The picture on the left shows Miss Ulrich and Mr. Courtleigh

Centre photo of Miss Ulrich by Moffett; others by White

OVER THE GREEN CLOTH

BY HERBERT REED

"IF YOUTH would and age could" was never said of the ancient game of billiards, the orthodox as well as the pocket variety, for the ranks of the first-class players are swelled annually from all ages. As in other sports youth has the advantage, and as in other sports our coming billiard experts, such for instance as the two Applebys of Columbia, the real sensations of the year, took up the game when still in knickerbockers. In the case of the Applebys, as in the case of R. Norris Williams, the tennis player, and Philip Carter, the surprising young golfer, the youngsters were blessed with a father who himself was keen for the game. Really the Appleby brand of billiards is largely a home product. Nowadays the youngster begins at home and graduates to the famous billiard parlors, such for instance as Maurice Daly's, which is much like a club, and as unlike the billiard parlor of years ago as one could well imagine. The case of Willie Hoppe is too familiar to be rehearsed here, and indeed, youthful champions are no longer novelties. The point is that the top of the list is soon to be increased in numbers.

Once fitted for open competition the youngsters of today have better opportunities to improve steadily, for they have every opportunity to study the play of such masters as Firmin Cassignol and Welker Cochran, the latter a player of remarkable finesse who would be much more of a billiard idol than he is were it not for the fact that he is so often pitted against the wonderful Frenchman. The newcomer also gets better coaching than of old, for the game has been reduced as nearly as possible to an exact science without at the same time hampering the individualist. Most of the game's problems have been settled to the satisfaction of the experts, the principal remaining contention being whether English on the cue ball may be imparted to the object ball. And it is possible that some one of the rising generation of tournament players will settle this too. I have seen not a few experiments which seemed to demonstrate the truth of the theory, but the old-timers are hard to convince.

IT IS hardly necessary to recall the fascination of the game in its pocket form, then called pool, for the youth of the land, but there has been a change in surroundings for the better, and great improvement in the implements, which, even now, are seldom exactly alike owing to temperature and other conditions over which not even the masters have achieved perfect control. It was indeed Hoppe's ability to play his best game under constantly varying conditions that made him famous. This was an expression of his individuality. No two men play exactly alike even in so thoroughly standardized a game.

For the man of middle age taking up the game for the first time there is just one thing to do—begin right, under competent advice. The older man must remember that his muscles are old and not so easily controlled as those of the youngster, but he has the advantage of an older head to partly offset that. To the boy the game is fun, to the man an intellectual study of many fascinations. I should advise the latter, even before he takes a cue in hand, to study the history of the game, and then have that history demonstrated on the table through all the intricacies of the anchor nurse and the rail nurse with the gradually growing limitations placed on their use, to the end that the expert might not count points to weariness. There was a time in the old days when runs were practically without limit. Ives, for instance, before the modern limitations came into effect, frequently made runs that mounted into the thousands and were terminated only through exhaustion.

The problem presented by three balls close to the cushion, with the menace of the balkline close at hand, is quite worthy of the brainiest business man, tired or otherwise. The draw, the massé and the dead ball play want a deal of mastering, and even if the older brain enjoy an advantage when it comes to theory, the same cannot be said of the older muscles when it comes to practise. Ah, practise—that's the word. And, incidentally, that practise should be as often as possible against at least a slightly better player. That way progress lies.

For the home the numerous variations of the pocket game make a sufficient demand upon anyone's skill, and indeed the pocket billiard player is often indignant when it is suggested that his pastime is less exacting than the balkline game. Indeed, the various forms of pocket billiards abound in penalties, without which, many sportsmen assert, there can be no true competition. To them a game without risks is no game at all.

BILLIARDS, often called the Royal Game, while perhaps not as old as Methusaleh, has a history that runs back quite a respectable number of centuries. Its origin has been variously attributed to Spain, Italy, France, Germany and Ireland. Certain French writers believe that it originated in England and was brought into France by Louis XIV. Certainly it was well enough known in England in Shakespeare's time. In Cotton's "Compleat Gamester," published in 1764, we are told that "This most gentle, cleanly, and ingenious game" was first played either in Italy or Spain, and the ancient chronicler adds, "for the excellency of the recreation it is much approved of and played by most of the nations of Europe, especially England, there being few towns of note therein which hath not a public billiard table, neither are they wanting in many noble and private families in the country."

Other chroniclers only add to the obscurity of the game's origin, but it seems that it was brought into this country by the Spaniards who settled in St. Augustine, Fla., in 1565. Its spread here has been both rapid and steady, especially with the marked improvement in the implements, which are today as near perfection as human ingenuity can make them.

Even so, the ivory billiard ball is frequently a tantalizer to the best of them, and the expert is far from always in complete command of his tools. There is one man in New York who probably knows more of the vagaries of ivory under varying conditions than any other in the country. He is the veteran, Maurice Daly.

And of these vagaries he will not tell. That is his own secret.

OWNER JUDGED BY THE CAR HE DRIVES

BY C. W. CHURCHILL

THE motor car has woven itself into the fabric of social life: it has become an intimate and necessary part of good living. The place it fills in our affairs is so conspicuous, and the association of the owner with his car is so noticeable, that public opinion does not fail to classify men and women according to the cars they select for their personal use. The owner is known by his car, whether he wishes to be or not.

However little one may care for the opinion of others, the balance of credit is always in favor of the owner who selects a car of high character—so basic in human nature are indifference toward the commonplace and admiration for excellence and beauty. The buyer who gratifies his personal taste by the purchase of a maximum car, soon realizes that, by satisfying his own desire for excellence, his selection is everywhere admired.

Especially is this true where the owner expresses his individuality in a color scheme that differentiates his personal car from other cars. Nobody is blind to beauty: its appeal is universal. The love of beauty is especially characteristic of successful people. They express it in the splendid homes they build, the superb gardens they plan and cultivate, in their entertainments, in all their surroundings.

The tremendous increase in the number of cars that look much alike emphasizes the importance of individual beauty. The streets and highways are filled with cars of monotonous likeness. Traffic forms a double stream of similarity. Here and there the observer notes a distinctive relief. It is a car whose owner has shown his taste in a color treatment that is good to behold. It is not a commonplace car. It is not merely anybody's car: it is the personal car of Mr. ——

Distinctively individual body designs and color treatment take time: they take so much time that it is the one sure index of mechanical excellence. And the manufacturer who takes the time to build highest quality into his mechanical structure is the *only* maker who will take the time to cater to your personal taste.



"No-Not This"

"Go Get Your Own Puffed Wheat"

Every child has dainties she dislikes to share.
You did and we did. Children always will.
And in every home that serves Puffed Wheat, that dainty is among them. We have often watched it. With a great big dish, and a package-full in waiting, one hates to share a taste.

Flaky, Flavory Bonbons

These bubbles of wheat look and taste like confections. Children love to eat them like peanuts—carry them in bags when at play.
Adding cream and sugar makes a breakfast dish with which nothing else compares. And they are about as delicious as a good-night dish, floated in bowls of milk.
Another pleasant fact is that at any hour one may eat his fill. For these thin, crisp morsels are simply whole wheat puffed. Every food cell has been exploded. So, beyond all other grain foods, Puffed Wheat easily digests.
It is quite a mistake to be sparing of a food so fascinating and so hygienic.

Puffed Wheat Except in Far West 12c
Puffed Rice 15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c



These are the foods in which Prof. A. P. Anderson solved the problem of perfect cooking.
In other forms these grain foods are cooked or baked or toasted. Thus part of the food cells are broken, but rarely more than half.
In Puffed Grains alone is every food cell exploded. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in each Puffed Grain. Thus every atom of every element becomes available as food.
Your doctor will tell you that wheat and rice, in every way, are best when served in puffed form.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1229)

THE HARPER'S WEEKLY IDEAL MOTOR CAR CONTEST

The many letters sent in by our readers as contestants for the Motor Contest prizes are now being read and judged. The winners will be announced, and their letters published, in the issue for March 25th.



1616-1916

Is it really 300 years ago?

Just 300 years ago in April

And— on March 28th

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

For April—The Magnificent

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Mr. Horace Howard Furness Jr. will write on the gloves of Shakespeare—his closest personal relics—which are in his possession. Other contributors are Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," Mr. William Winter, veteran critic, Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, Robert Mantell and Percy Mackaye.

The Theatre Magazine has gathered from all over the world rare engravings and old wood-cuts, pertaining to the intimate and public life of Shakespeare. Six full-page engravings of scenes in his plays from the famous Boydell Collection.

Edith Wynne Matthison has posed for the cover a special picture of "Rosalind" in "As You Like It."

This issue will be necessarily limited. Inasmuch as as we have difficulty in satisfying all calls for our regular numbers of the Theatre Magazine we anticipate a great many orders for the Shakespeare number that we will not be able to fill. We therefore suggest that you send along your order as early as possible.

The Theatre Magazine

We will be glad to enter you as a subscriber to The Theatre beginning with the March issue if you will sign and address the coupon at the side. We will bill you April 1st for the year's subscription, or you can send us your check for $3.50 if you prefer.

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SING SING THE CRUCIBLE

BY E. H. BIERSTADT

LET us start with two hitherto unpublished letters, both received by Thomas Mott Osborne, Warden of Sing Sing, in June, 1915. During that month an Italian serving a short term escaped from Sing Sing and was not recaptured. Several days after his escape Mr. Osborne was amazed to receive the following letter, written by the man from his hiding place in New York. This letter is probably unique in prison history.

"MOST KINN MR. WARDEN:

"I beg to be excused for the way that I have taken my liberty and for abusing the law that forced me to do what I did, but the circumstances forced me to this act, as I have five persons depending on me, three in Italy and two here. In conclusion, dear Warden, no blood was spilled in my case as my offense is like Bigamy and the infamous police made it appear like White Slavery.

"Believe me, dear Warden, at the age of seventeen, I had learned the trade of bricklayer, plasterer, and cement worker, and you can inform yourself of the best contractors in Rochester that I always have been a hard working man. I was also admitted to citizenship in the same city, and a small misdemeanor with a bad woman threw me over into the depths. In conclusion also I have served half of my sentence with good conduct, and I wish to inform you that in two weeks I will be in Naples.

"I salute you and beg to remain your sincere subordinate.

"ROCCO SCALZO."

This is indeed a naïve epistle, with a deal of unconscious humor, but the truly remarkable thing is that it was ever written at all. A prisoner escapes, and then writes a really sincere letter of apology to the warden; it "gives one to think" with a vengeance.

The second letter was written by a colored man, an inmate of Auburn, in whom Mr. Osborne became interested during his self-imposed term at that prison.

"DEAR FRIEND:

"I wish to thank you for the opportunity that you offered me a few

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weeks ago" [Mr. Osborne offered him a job when his term was up if he would do his best to "go straight"] "and I *know* that I will *make good*. And you, Mr. Osborne, are the first and only one I have ever promised that I would. When I was first sentenced on this charge my pal double-crossed me, and I swore that I would get him. Friends of mine here have almost begged me to let him go, but it didn't listen right to me. But after you offered me a chance to live on the level, why, the next time I thought of getting that fellow, well, it seemed out of tune to me. Have you ever listened to someone playing a song that you were familiar with, and as they played it along and you hum it to yourself, and then they make an awful discord? That is just the way the thought of getting that fellow affects me now, out of tune with everything.

"It's pretty hard, Tom, but I'm through, and I will be very thankful for all the help that you can give me, and I can never pay you back, but if my making good can just half way pay you, then I know that won't be far behind. If you will grant me an interview when you come up again, Mr. Osborne, I will be able to explain matters more fully. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience,

"Sincerely,

"H—— H——

"P. S. Please excuse poor writing and mistakes.

"HAPPY."

This letter speaks for itself, and that eloquently, but the phrase, "seemed out of tune," is worth especial consideration. It was perhaps the first time that the writer had heard his song sung truly.

Some weeks ago another prisoner escaped from Sing Sing. By night no trace of him had been found, and Warden Osborne took fifteen men from among the prisoners and sent them out after the escaped man. Some of these men were serving a life term and had nothing to lose by disappearing among the trees. Their punishment could not be added to if they were caught, and that made escape rather better than a sporting chance. There was not a moment of the many hours they were out that they could not have disappeared easily. They were practically alone, with few guards, scattered about in the woods, but in the morning they came back, and were readmitted to Sing Sing. They felt that they were responsible, not to themselves, but to their fellows, and to the man who was giving them their chance to make good. And they made good.

Jack the Dropper was generally considered a hard case. He was



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HARPER'S WEEKLY ADVERTISING SECTION

called "the Dropper" because of his facility in administering knockouts to his intended victims. In the old days Jack spent most of his time in the punishment cells, and the first two or three months that Warden Osborne was at Sing Sing the man was a constant trouble maker. One night, Mr. Osborne had Jack sent in to his office and there he had a talk with him. Several days later the Warden was given a leaf, torn from the horse-chestnut tree in the yard, and with it a message from the Dropper: "Warden, this is the new leaf I've turned over."

In time Jack was given work in the Warden's quarters. One morning, not long ago, as the Warden and Jack were alone together, the big Dropper turned to Mr. Osborne and said with complete sincerity: "Warden, if everyone around here was like you and me, this would be an ideal place, wouldn't it?"

These are simply a few instances; a few indications of what has been accomplished during the last year at Sing Sing. A suggestion as to what method has made this possible is now necessary.

It is not the idea of individual moral responsibility that Mr. Osborne is trying to inculcate among men at Sing Sing—it is community responsibility; and civilization is based upon the idea of a community. Not infrequently a man reaches a state where, if his responsibility is vested in himself only, he is willing to disregard the ego and take a chance on being caught and punished. But if his responsibility is to others, it is a far different matter. He is much less willing that punishment should fall on them as a result of his wrongdoing. To "double-cross" a pal is the last and worst offense the world over. That is summed up in the phrase, Mutual Welfare League. That is why men are working together at Sing Sing for the first time. They are working not for themselves alone, but for each other, for the "gang"; and of that "gang" Mr. Osborne is the first in importance. It is not because any new and exotic luxuries have been introduced in the prison, for they have not. If anyone does not think it is sufficient punishment to be sent to Sing Sing under the new system, let him go there and spend twenty-four hours. The proof of the pudding is quite as usual.

For their work in the shops the men receive from the state one cent and a half a day, or five dollars a year. Under the old system, under which the men were fined on any and every occasion for petty offenses, a man was fortunate to reach the end of the year and find his five dollars waiting for him. It is said that sometimes the fines went to the men higher up. This is the way, so it is said on good authority, that the game was played. When a man was discharged he would receipt for an amount that included his fines which had never been charged against his account on the prison books. He received the amount to his credit—less the fines; and somebody pocketed the difference. Even Mr. Osborne is not legally sure whether this was done or not, but at least it would have been easy and safe.

The cells in Sing Sing are seven feet long, six and one-half feet high, and three feet three inches wide. Measure that out on your own floor and see what is comes to. When the prison is crowded, many of these cells hold two men. The only ventilation



ASK THE MOTOR EDITOR OF HARPER'S WEEKLY ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW CONCERNING MOTOR CARS OR ACCESSORIES

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is by means of small flues in the stone walls—many of them closed up to stop the ingress of vermin. In some of these cells on the bottom tier, where the sunlight never penetrates, you can wipe the cold sweat from the walls in the hottest days of summer. This cell-row was built in 1826 and, not many years afterward, was condemned. It is still in use, however.

The so-called underworld has always been in very close touch with a certain portion of the upper-world. The hyphen is here sanctioned. This portion of the upper-world is out for graft—for money—and the underworld is the tool with which it works. The game is played both ends against the middle, for the underworld receives the condemnation and punishment of decent society and, at the same time, is bled most unmercifully by its masters. In the old days at Sing Sing it was common enough for the keepers to knock down four or five hundred dollars a month from the prisoners. They would make a man pay for an easy job, anywhere from ten to a thousand dollars, depending on what he had. It was not uncommon for a prisoner to march the length of the cells with a rubber bag around his neck, hanging down behind, and with a long tube leading from the bag. This tube he would pass through the bars to any prisoner who had the price and would allow the man to consume all the whiskey he desired.

In the Visitors' Room at Sing Sing there is a long grating of fine wire running the whole length of the room, with another one opposite at about three feet, running parallel. The prisoners used to stand behind one grating and their visitors behind the other. Ostensibly this was to do away with any possibility of assault, but in reality the system was inaugurated to prevent anything being passed to the men. This was worthy enough on the face of it, but it resulted in a source of considerable income to the keepers in whom now lay the only means through which the men could procure any luxury—at a price. Now that the men are permitted to be within reach of their friends and relatives on their infrequent visits—and this has been so for a year past—no evil has resulted.

It has been said that the underworld has always been in close touch with that portion of the upper-world which directed its movements, profited by its actions, and then sucked it dry and threw it away. Now, for the first time, the underworld is in immediate touch with the other portion of the upper-world, which does not seek gain, but which simply desires to be of service. At first the underworld did not understand. Here was something entirely outside the scope of its activity. A new and unusual element had been brought to bear. But now it is beginning to have faith, and its surprise and distrust are turning to a confidence and a desire to make good that will yet wipe away the deadline which has so far separated it from its fellows.

Only a very little while ago every man let loose from prison was a worse menace to society than he was when he went in. That was society's fault. The man paid—and so did society. When a man comes out now he is a potential gain to the community. The community, not to mention society at large, will find it better and cheaper for them as well as for the man, to help him remain so.

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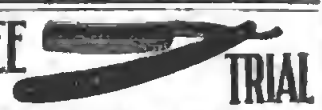
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From the *Israelite* (Chicago, Ill.):

SOME of our contemporaries are finding fault with Norman Hapgood's articles in *Harper's Weekly* concerning the Jews in the United States, on the ground that though he is well intentioned, he is illy informed and does not understand the Jews. Mr. Hapgood can however console himself with the knowledge that these same faults have been found with every other non-Jewish writer, who undertook to inform the world concerning the people of Israel. Mr. Hapgood may not know all there is to know about the Jews of the United States, but he knows enough to enable him to produce a series of most interesting articles for his magazine of such a nature that they cannot possibly do the Jews of the United States any harm and may do them good.

NOT HOOVER; HE'S TOO BUSY

From *Life* (New York City):

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FROM A BROWNINGITE

By C. P. Zondervan

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Grow old along with me,
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5 Why the growing vogue of futurist music has been built up on so-called dissonances.

6 How, at a Broadway cabaret, to tell a lady from a chorus girl.

7 What scrapes the Freudian theory of dreams can get a good girl into.

8 How to get into the Domino room at Bustanoby's *after* three A. M.

9 How to work your way, underground, for the four blocks separating the Park Avenue portal of the Belmont Hotel from the Manhattan Hotel's 43rd Street entrance.

10 What is being talked about today in the grandest, gloomiest, and most marble-and-gold society of America and England.

11 How to worm a private telephone number out of the girl at the telephone central.

12 How to make an orchestra leader in a hotel palm room play Drigo's "Serenade" without tipping him.

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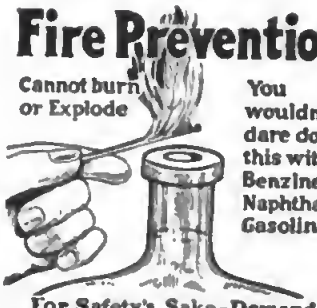
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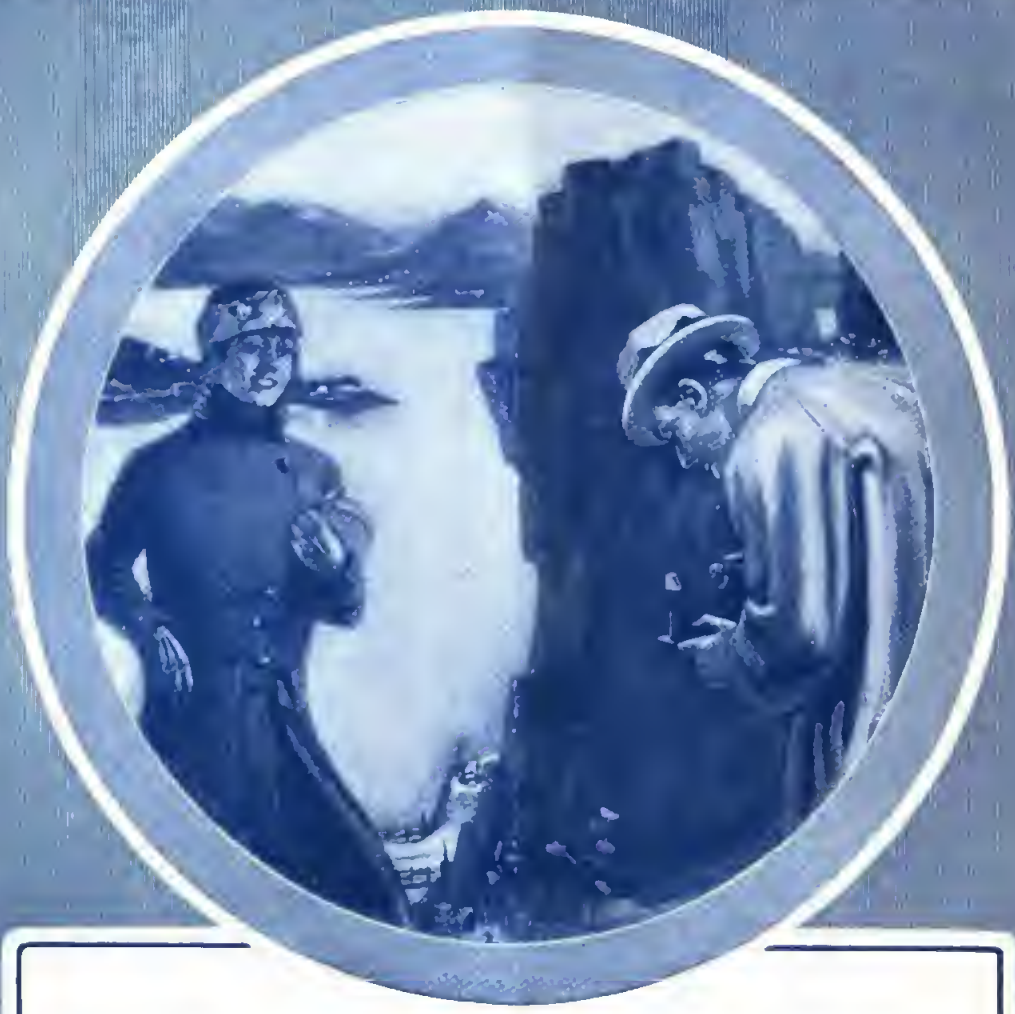
HARPER'S WEEKLY



MARCH 11, 1916

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD



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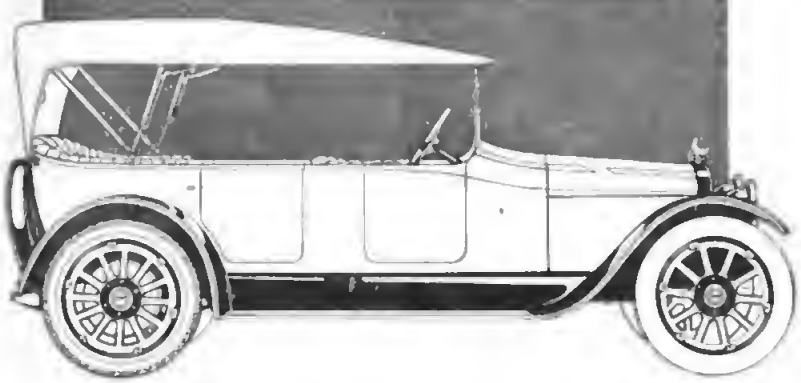
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THE CHURCH

OUR towers look down upon her where she stands
Fronting the tongues of Babylon. Her dress
Is withered beauty, and her deeds confess
One dream before the scorn of many lands.
And out of sorrow numbering the sands
Of hell, and out of joy no heaven can bless,
A sound of hearts crying for holiness
Comes to her, and a lifting up of hands.

Lord, we have seen her promises discrowned,
Her priesthood less than manhood, and her faith
A candle in the sun. Surely thy breath
Blows in a storm of glory and shame around
This great, sad, sweet world. . . Yet—we have not found
A better guide in life nor strength in death.

—BRIAN HOOKER.

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THE NEXT ELECTION

BY SENATOR ROBERT L. OWEN

THE presidential election of 1916 is still many months away at this writing, but already it can be clearly seen what the probable issues will be.

The Democrats will urge the constructive legislation looking to the betterment of the people, and which was written from the standpoint of the public interest rather than from the standpoint of private, special interest.

The Federal Reserve Act, which has concentrated, mobilized, and made the bank reserves of the country at all times instantly available as a working and expansible force, has given a new sense of security to the banking world, and to those engaged in manufacturing and commerce.

This act has stabilized the financial and commercial conditions so that no man has any fear whatever of a future financial or commercial panic. This condition stimulates powerfully men of all classes to go into new industrial enterprises.

It is the basis, the substantial basis, of the era of prosperity which is making itself felt throughout the United States.



Senator Robert L. Owen

The powerful, artificial stimulus to a few industries receiving high prices for materials required by Europe in the war, appeals to the imagination, but it should be remembered that the internal, domestic commerce of the people of the United States is probably a hundred times as great as the exports and imports, and our improving condition should not be erroneously attributed to the war as a controlling factor, although this stimulus has an important, psychological bearing in overcoming the previous "state of mind" of depression.

The second constructive measure upon which the Democrats will depend, will be the reduction of the tariff, putting numerous articles on the free list, reducing prohibitive schedules to a revenue basis, and enlarging our foreign commerce thereby.

The Trade Commission Bill, abating the evil of unfair practises, will be another evidence offered to the people of the intelligent purpose of the Democracy to protect the interest of all the people against the unfair practises of monopoly.

Keeping America out of war, keeping the American people at peace against the demand of our jingoes, will be another great factor upon which the Democracy will appeal to the people. Many other measures of less conspicuous importance will be urged by the Democracy, all of which are based upon the sincere attachment of the Democracy to the welfare of our great producing masses.

We already see the strongest evidence that the Progressive party contemplates absorbing the Republican party. The old Republican Guard, whose chief ambition is power and service to the monopolies and special interests of the country, will probably accept the dictation of the leaders of the Progressive party, in order, upon these impossible terms, to get back into power. The Progressive party, if it makes such a union, will find after it has swallowed this gigantic aggregation of organized selfishness, that its efficiency will be as utterly destroyed, even if they succeed, as would be the efficiency of an acid after it has swallowed a sufficient quantity of alkali. The Old Guard will make it impossible for the Progressives to carry out any progressive doctrine after they have a merger. The only common ground between the Progressives and the old Republican Guard is their common belief in a protective tariff, based upon the cost of production at home and abroad. The Democracy should eliminate this issue by establishing a non-partisan, permanent, tariff commission, by which the truth may be ascertained with regard to the tariff schedules and the interests of the common people promoted by having within certain range mobility of the schedules to enable reciprocal agreements to be made abroad, thereby expanding our foreign commerce and safeguarding American industries from unfair practises from abroad.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization
EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

THREE YEARS

DISTRESSING indeed is the attempt of members of the House and Senate to prove to the country that Democrats are a pack of wild asses, incapable of accepting leadership, even when that leadership is so superior that, in a world crisis, it has continued to be the only asset the Democratic party has. If it weren't for President Wilson the Democrats would have as much chance of beating the Republicans as Henry Ford would have of outboxing Jess Willard.

What is this leadership, for which party members are so little grateful? In less than eight months the voters of the country will pass upon it. The note of it has been purity. If the public verdict is to be a eulogy, it means that in the masses there is underlying intelligence, spirituality, and willingness to advance. Stronger than materialism and inertia are right instincts and love of truth. It requires only that the principles at stake be adequately explained.

When we say that the note is purity, what is it we mean? The abolition of the lobby at Washington was not a sensational act, and it is easily forgotten in these sensational times. It is frequently said that Mr. Wilson does not listen to enough persons. At least he shuts out all voices of the system, of special interests, and listens to his own mind and heart. Loyalty to principle is only one of the requirements. For the other, the answer must be in definite accomplishments. Here are some of them:

1. The money trust broken by the Federal Reserve Act.

2. The tariff actually revised downward after it had been talked about for decades.

3. Asiatic affairs handled courageously and justly, as in the prevention of a six power loan and in our protection of China against Japan.

4. Our relations to South America drawn very much closer.

5. A helping hand lent to the effort toward progress in Mexico, and lent without involving us in a war that would have kept us in that country indefinitely, outraging the feelings of the inhabitants and our own ideals. If you think you know all the facts about what determined our policy in Mexico, you don't. A series of articles, beginning in *Harper's Weekly* on March 25th, will throw sensational new facts into the arena of discussion.

6. Our relations to the great European war have been to impartial Americans as satisfactory as a most desperate and contradictory situation permitted. In other countries partisanship is supposed to end at the water's edge. Here the President's political opponents, in a frenzied search for ammunition, have made especial effort to arouse dissatisfaction with our foreign policy, while members of his own party have acted like geese. Once the opposition, led by Roosevelt, proclaimed that our Hague tribunal signatures obligated us to "do something" about Belgium. They dropped this schoolboy absurdity and said "honor" should have forced us to. Now the cry is that our position would have been "stronger" if we had. They jeer at the administration for writing necessary notes on its own affairs, and at the same time yell because it did not in the case of Belgium write a note that would have been a precedent for one on Japan and England's violation of Chinese territory, England's treatment of Greece, Sweden's recent complaint, and some dozen other moral questions scattered about the earth.

Is that a leadership for a generally unsuccessful party to overthrow lightly?

Is it a leadership that a country truly bent on progress will sacrifice in November?

Congress, however restless, will stand by the President, and by the grace of that reluctant exercise of a minimum of common sense the party will remain in power for four more years.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

THE acute, truly dangerous crisis through which the country has been passing, as Congress tried to break away from the President on the submarine issue, has renewed in thoughtful men reflections on the wickedness of having the Vice-Presidency filled casually, wearily, or as political compromise. It has renewed talk about what might have happened to us if Mr. Wilson had not been President, or somebody else chosen specifically for fitness to fill the chief place.

When the question is considered so, the most frequent answers, among competent observers, is Secretary Houston. The work he has done as Secretary of Agriculture is flawless. That it is original, helpful, responsive to deep needs, we hope to show within the next few weeks. Also he has shown in these three years, besides the long and progressive results of a lifetime of profound study, an extremely high degree of administrative efficiency. It is no secret that on economic matters he has been the President's most trusted adviser. His success in the Department of Agriculture has not been advertised, as his is a nature concerned more with getting things done than with getting them talked about.

It has been objected that two college presidents would constitute a weakness. That might have been true in 1912. Since then, as one of the men concerned has shown himself a great president and the other a great secretary, the point has lost its force. Besides, nobody has made much noise when two lawyers have been on the ticket.

DESCRIPTION OF A LIBERAL

ON JANUARY 3d in a speech before the Bar Association of Chicago (reproduced in our issues of

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February 19th and 26th), Mr. Louis D. Brandeis said:

> In the last half century democracy has deepened. Coincidentally there has been a shifting of our longing from legal justice to social justice, and it must be admitted—also a waning respect for law.

Just twenty-five days after that speech was delivered, Mr. Brandeis was nominated for the Supreme Court. Presumably there was no connection. It is a fact of outstanding importance, however, that in the argument of that speech, as always, Mr. Brandeis seeks to have the law include social justice not by changing the law, but by fulfilling it. In one sense he is not a radical. He sees no need for great, fundamental changes in our institutions, *providing those institutions are worked with intelligence. He prefers wise realization to an untried new path.* So in the law, he applies it to the fully understood facts, and makes no complaint of the basic legal principles. He is a liberal, but a liberal who would proceed by adjusting and running the existing machine more skilfully, not by clamoring for another.

VANITY

TREITSCHKE says: "The history of every country, as written by contemporaries, is in its main lines mythical, if not worse. Not until several generations later does it become true history, if it ever does." The *Volkszeitung*, an intelligent paper of New York, using this idea as a text, speaks justly of the lies of our school books, and puts at two centuries the time needed to correct them. Certainly the war of 1812 is still told in American school histories in a way to cause a moderately informed reader to indulge a sad and silent laugh. Our German friend, being a free-thinking paper, says that even now Napoleon the third is treated as the author of the Franco-German war, and the Ems dispatch is scarcely mentioned. Who could tell from our ordinary histories that the Americans fought worse than the British on land in both our wars? The *Volkszeitung* quotes what *Harper's Weekly* recently said about the Spanish war, and adds the best known of all comments on the brevity of worldly glory—*sic transit gloria mundi*. Our comment on the Spanish war was political. To get an idea of its military features, read Bernhard N. Baker's recent volume, called *Ships*, and published by the John Murphy Co., Baltimore. Our contemporary asks what posterity will say of the present European mass-murder; and echo answers, "What?"

DESTROYING TOOLS?



THE community of our readers is taking a steady interest in the list of the words and phrases made feeble by long-continued and harassing work. E. F. Morneweek of Greenville, Pa., is very sick of the statement of advertisers that their goods are "different," or are "utmost" or "the last word" in style or quality, or are "for him" or "for her" around Christmas time.

A. M. Claybough of Uniontown, Pa., writes:

> Don't kill off all our pet sayings, else how are we to express ourselves—we the commoa people? Still, if you are disposed to salivate a few more useless, meaningless, tiresome set phrases, take this one: "It goes without saying."

That playful warning about the loss of accustomed tools arrests attention, but also arouses denial. In the first place, who are the common people? It is to be doubted whether the laboring class expresses itself as consistently in rubber stamps as do those who are half educated and removed from life's most pressing realities. In the second place, when you use stereotyped expressions it is probable you do not express yourself.

PORK AND RIDICULE



THE House had a great time with itself while it was passing a super-hero bill. The House likes passing pension bills, and this was a bill to give more than their regular pensions to soldiers who had been more heroic than their duty called for,—however heroic that may be. Mr. Sherwood of Ohio introduced the bill—excess over regular pension, $10. Mr. Sherwood said: "I believe God made man erect, with his head and heart above his belly, and that kind of a human being is entitled to more consideration than the unthinking hog, whose head is on a level with his belly." Mr. Miller of Minnesota said $10 extra looked "pitifully small and insignificant to him" and he tried to make it $18. Mr. Sherwood had a clause that "this act and the evidence in favor of each claimant's claim shall be liberally and favorably construed in favor of the applicant." Mr. Tillman said he liked the idea and would later declaim in favor of his bill for federal pensions for Confederate soldiers. Mr. Sherwood's bill, amended, passed the House.

Mr. William Kent then introduced a bill "for the encouragement and relief of might-have-been heroes" which provided:

> That all persons in the United States of warlike aspirations who have been prevented from exhibiting their heroic patriotism and enjoying the emoluments thereof, including the holding of public office, by the action of mollycoddles who have prevented war, shall be examined by a committee consisting of the great militant psychologists, Hugo Munsterberg and the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, and that in consideration of services that they might have performed, if given opportunity under the ennobling conditions of modern war, that they should be granted medals of honor for latent superlative patriotism that they might have exhibited, which might have gone beyond the call of duty, if not prevented from such exhibition by the mollycoddles aforesaid.

The air is thus cleared, and the probability is that the bill will never pass the Senate. Apt ridicule is none too abundant. When found, it is the most effective known device for removing buncombe from the surrounding atmosphere.

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THE SCULPTURE OF PAUL MANSHIP



On the left is "Flight of Night"—delicate in its execution and free from all technical restraint

There is harmonious balance in Manship's "Sun-Dial," on the right

The "Portrait of the Artist's Daughter," combines acute realism with wonderful design





At the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company there closes this week an exhibition of the sculpture of Paul Manship. Of this artist Martin Birnbaum says: "Only his intimates know what deep thought and study go into the making of these facile looking, captivating little figures, and it is characteristic of the artist that no marks of painful effort are left. He calls to mind Zola's dictum. 'Dans l'œuvre d' art, je cherche, j' aime l' homme, l' artiste.' Manship . . . is still too young and his temperament too joyous to create works breathing the poignant pathos of the magnificent fragments at Rheims, or comparable with the creations of the ancient, meditative geniuses, nor is he aiming to produce grandiose figures whose souls are tormented. Already, however, his name awakens in our minds the idea of finesse and perfection as contrasted with artistic slovenliness, which is such a prevailing fashion in our day."



"Salome"



"Dancer and Gazelles"

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

DEFENSE

THE great fear about the defense program is that too much reliance may be made on a state militia, with incomplete federalization, and a bill passed with no sufficient provision for a first line of reserves. A measure has been prepared that has a great deal of intelligence, but it is probably too novel to have much chance in a piece of rush legislation. We quote from the proceedings of the Illinois Senate January 21, 1916:

> *Whereas*, The question of preparedness for the national defense has become and is a vital issue in our country, before final determination of the appropriate policies, the question should receive the most careful and exhaustive consideration. Only the most meritorious plan should be adopted. Among other well-considered plans is one which has been suggested by an able member of this body, the Honorable Kent E. Keller, of Ava, Illinois, whose well-founded views were admirably set forth in an article entitled, "An American School Army," which article was published in a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly* and elicited unusual interest throughout the country; and
> *Whereas*, Together with the other plans suggested by students of the question, this plan should be considered by the National Congress; believing this admirable plan should receive, as well it merits, the careful consideration of the Federal Congress, be it
> RESOLVED, Therefore, that, anxious to have the best plan adopted and with that sole end in view, we beg to call the attention of the members of the National Congress to the article in question and most respectfully solicit its careful consideration.

Senator Keller is now in Washington working at the idea, and he it was who drew the bill to which we have already referred. As it will be inconvenient for members of Congress and for readers in general, to get at Senator Keller's article is our issue of November 20, 1915, and as the present emergency is so great, we shall reprint it in our issue of next week.

THE GRAZING BILL

DO YOU remember, O faithful reader, that last week, after discussing water power, we promised (cut the joke about threatened) to say something this week about what we proclaimed as "the great grazing bill?" Maybe you can take your eye off the news from Europe, the ticker, and the last murder and love scandal in your region, long enough briefly to consider it.

Perhaps of all the conservation measures now before Congress the most important will die from inattention. Little except dull silence seems to be meeting the grazing bill. The public range, covering three hundred million acres, the great source of cheap production of meat, hides and wool, is being rapidly ruined. It bears on the life of every consumer, every household. Shall we, or shall we not stop the destruction of the public range by establishing districts for leasing grazing privileges, and, by classification, provide for the best use of all the remaining public lands? The organized federal control of the public range represents the greatest opportunity for progressive legislation in conservation. Yet there is apparently little chance of the issue getting before the country in a way to make the people understand the problem and support the legislation necessary to solve it. A great opportunity is apparently about to be lost.

WATER POWER

ONE of the ablest of the Democratic senators writes to us water power is another interest that is endangered by indifference, and worse, especially in the Senate.

> Frankly I cannot conceal my astonishment that a subject of such transcendant importance, considering the future industrial development of this country as well as the extent to which the question has been agitated for ten years, should be before Congress without exciting the attention of the press and without engaging the thought of more than a half-dozen members of the Senate. The country refused to trust the Republican party to legislate on this gigantic matter. A responsibility has been thrown upon the Democratic party in respect to it, and a measure is going through the Senate that, in my humble judgment, reflects no credit upon the party that must assume the burden of defending it. Do you realize that 115 miles of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway are now being operated in the State of Montana by hydro-electric power, and that by the first of June cars will be moving over 450 miles of that transcontinental system propelled by the force of the falling waters of our streams; that the cost of operating the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific railway electrically has been reduced 33 1-3 per cent, and that the engineers confidently expect a better saving even than that on the Milwaukee; that such a result means the electrification of the rival lines serving the same territory,—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, and that millions of dollars will be invested throughout the south in water-power development as soon as this or some other workable bill is passed by Congress?
> Do a public service by arousing the public to the importance of the debate.

For the two weeks preceding this we have discussed the water-power situation and shall do so again. The Shields bill is no credit to the Senate. Fortunately, the conservationists have the upper hand in the House, and no bill will become a law at this session unless it is far more in the public's interest than the Shields bill is. The principles of the Ferris bill, as it left the House, may ultimately get through the Senate. The principles of the Shields bill cannot get through the House.

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

LETTING go of the Philippines is a choice of ideals. If we do let them go we choose to take a stand against imperialism, even in a case where it might justly be called the White Man's Burden. Those who oppose the bill might have made much of the educative advantage of a language common to all the tribes. Will the Islands go back to nothing but different dialects and consequent ignorance and antipathy? Who will ultimately rule? China ought to, as her people cross so well with the natives, assimulating pleasantly and producing an intelligent, industrious stock; but China has not developed in government far enough. Would it not be well for the United States, in the interval before we let the Islands go, to admit Chinese freely there, provided they become citizens, as they are very willing to do?

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FEMINISM

BY EVELYN KING GILMORE

EVE was the founder of feminism. She believed in the rights of women, and she stood for them by eating the apple which gave her moral indigestion, and caused her social banishment. She projected her sisterhood into the limelight in the dawn of creation, for which she was promptly punished; and from that day it became the fashion for women to be only females.

There have been feminists and occasionally militants all the way down throughout history, but as a force to be reckoned with feminism has just made its appearance. Like radium and the North Pole, it has been with us from the beginning, but we have been sleeping over it; when it stirred we promptly pounded it down and drowned it with our snoring, but after two thousand years it has suddenly made us sit bolt upright, and proceeded to pummel us with a pillow of unanswerable arguments. There is no more sleeping. Macbeth-like, "it doth murder sleep": it is itself insistent and wide-awake and will not sleep. Only in spots and places can it be lulled with soothing syrups or even chloroformed. Therefore, since it can be no longer pacified it must be assimilated.

Feminism, like that ancient division in our Cæsar, may be divided into three parts.

First, there are the female feminists. These are they who project their feminism by means of bodily adornment. This idea of feminism is world old—Eve in her fig leaf garment, Salome dancing before Herod, Cleopatra with her pearls, the aborigines in their earloops, pendants and beads,—all sought to win the attention of man. Scientists tell us that it is one of the laws of heredity to revert to the original, so that the twentieth century women, with their filmy clothing and beads, show a tendency to work back through pressure of heredity to their primal foremothers, whose almost sole adornments were earrings and pendants. This class of feminists are eminently successful in a way,—the same way in which Cleopatra, Josephine, and Mary of Scotland scored and fell. They are the founders of the school of indirect influence, the guardians and custodians of the pedestal. Female feminists are proficient in the art of indirect pursuit, having inherited through many generations the acquired characteristic of sensing the psychological moment at which to turn and be pursued.



Eve, the first feminist.

This is the prevalent form of feminism today.

Then there is the militant feminist. The militant, too, is race-old,—Deborah of Israel, Joan of Arc, the Amazons, the Suffragettes of England,—all led the fight for freedom because their men seemed sleeping. The militant of today is the apostle of straight-line methods, of hitting square from the shoulder. She strips bare her ancient injustices and, holding them boldly under mankind's nose, demands that he look and give her justice. If he ignores her or refuses her, he is her enemy. Dipping down into her femininity she produces weapons, the knowledge and the use of which are unknown to mere man—and fights! If he grants her demands she accepts them not too gracefully as her rights rather than her privileges. The militant feminist needs no man. Why? She may have had a drunken father, or a prodigal brother, or a non-supporting husband, or a thankless son. These women who seem so anxious to bear a man's part are usually the women who have been compelled by force of circumstances to do that very thing. Their way is the way of the Crusader and on their breast is the shadow of the Cross.

These are the misunderstood feminists.

Lastly, there are the human feminists. Their femininity is of a great, positive quality, of the spirit, not of the body. They believe that women differ from men only in their physical functions; that woman's mentality, virtue, honor and integrity are in no wise different from man's. They believe that the world's greatest mission is the evolution of a worthy race; and they believe that women will give as their contribution to the race an intuition, an energy, an honesty, and a courage in no wise different from man's.

These feminists are the helpers of humanity. They are the women who are giving their strength and their life to service, whether it be the making of a home or the policing of a city.

These are the three classes of feminists. They are to be taken as Sir Francis Bacon took his books, "Some to be tasted, some to be swallowed and some to be chewed and digested."

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED

Lynn Haines has written for "Harper's Weekly" and will continue to write for it. Those who wish to get his facts and principles more elaborated can write to the National Voters' League, Woodward Building, Washington, for its bulletins, or they can write to the same place for Mr. Haines's recent book, called "Your Congress." This article is intended to arouse interest in that book, in the work of the league, and in the reform of Congress. It consists of extracts from the book.

ON AUGUST 25, 1914, the leaders suddenly decided that there was too much congressional truancy. Perhaps they arrived at this decision because the public was beginning to take notice of no-quorum difficulties. At any rate, they started the time clock and arranged to check up members in the most effective way —no attendance no salary. And they advertised far and wide this devotion to public business. . . .

Subsequent developments lacked the spotlight. Only a careful searching of the records would disclose that on March 3, 1915, the last all-night session, with only a sleepy, worn-out few present, under suspension of the rules, without debate, this resolution was adopted:

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION 437

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Speaker be, and he is hereby directed, to certify for payment of the respective amounts heretofore deducted from the annual salaries of members of the House in obedience to H. Res. 601, agreed to August twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and fourteen. And the Sergeant at Arms is directed to pay said members the amounts so respectively certified.

That was the sequel of the sham attempt to make members earn their salaries. The politicians, with blare of trumpets, had docked themselves, and then, with the lights of publicity turned off, quietly returned the money to their own pockets.

Congress is the source and centre of practically all that is perversive in modern politics.

An overwhelming preponderance of congressional attention is being given to matters involving the selfish interests of the politicians as such—spoils, patronage, pork-barrel projects, and all manner of log-rolling bills which strengthen the members in their hold upon the positions and perquisites of public life.

There is one distinctive difference between patronage and pork. The pork barrel merges directly into another problem, the greatest of all; that is, the wholesale manipulation of public opinion in reference to everything political. Legislators bend every energy to get pork-barrel results, because those results create the impression at home that they are influential and working for the "best" interests of their district. As a matter of fact, those members who obtain most for powerful interests and individuals invariably do so through the trading and sacrifice of all that should be held sacred for the welfare of the public as a whole.

Formerly those who profited from the control of government depended upon the old Tammany style of politics —the colonization of voters, the stealing and stuffing of ballots, the bribery of legislators and executives and judges. Now, except in rare localities, such crude means have been abandoned. For a decade professional politicians have been employing the subtler, safer way of getting the same results by so manipulating public opinion that the voters would support their system and their servants, at the same time believing that their own interests were being advanced.

INDIVIDUAL congressmen and senators have at their disposal every conceivable opportunity to practise duplicity in respect to their own public service. There is wholesale abuse of the franking privilege—members may communicate at any time and in almost any way with their constituents at public expense. They engage in cheap advertising schemes through this means. They frank free seeds to the voters. They get leave to print speeches, often written by someone else, and these are franked broadcast. They introduce all sorts of local bills, which are purely for political effect, rarely being pressed beyond the point of introduction. They share in all the ramifications of the pork barrel. The system is such that the member can keep in touch with and appear to do something for every community and influential class in his district—all at public expense—all tending to give him such false character and standing that he will be continued in office.

A Tammany Hall politician once was asked how Tammany got on with the Republicans. He answered: "Oh, we fight some on little things like the tariff, but we agree on the main issue—that them as works in politics is entitled to make a living out of it."

The political plunder system could not exist if it were not bi-partisan. If the rivalry were real, the minority party would always expose the plundering of the majority; the outs would invariably unmask the ins. Publicity then would cure the evil; plunder can exist only in darkness.

The caucus is the instrument of a minority; it means minority rule, the most undemocratic thing in the catalog of political perversities.

It is indefensible enough when a minority in the caucus presumes to act for the House, but that is not the worst of it. The caucus has become the last refuge of the dodgers. Those actually responsible for not bringing politically dangerous questions before the House for an open vote seek shelter in the failure of the caucus to command them to do so.

Only the dominant party uses the caucus regularly. The minority have no need of caucuses, except to organize their hungry forces. In the old Cannon days the Republicans had a caucus. They have it yet. They used it in the last Congress to select James R. Mann, a former Cannon lieutenant, as their candidate for Speaker. Then, after carefully oiling it and giving it a good coating of publicity about "open caucus meetings"—to prevent the rust of unpopularity—they placed it in the machine shed. It is there now, without a nut loose.

A rule of the Democratic caucus provides that two-

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thirds of those present shall be necessary to bind the caucus, with the added provision that those two-thirds must be a majority of the whole membership of the caucus, but this rule is not enforced. A majority of those present determine the issue for all.

NO PARLIAMENTARY institution, save only the conference committee, is darker or more devious than the Committee of the Whole.

The Committee of the Whole is the House itself under an assumed name. The Constitution provides that when one-fifth of the members of the House demand an aye and nay vote, there shall be a roll-call and a duly recorded vote. Obviously to get around that provision of the Constitution, the House assumes a different name and calls itself the Committee of the Whole.

The Committee of the Whole is only a contrivance through which politicians carry on a pretense of deliberation. Its chief purpose is to evade public records. It is the House itself, with the lights out.

The conference committee meets in darkness and keeps no public record of its acts. Its reports are of the highest privilege, and cannot be amended. It is the culminating feature of a parliamentary system that is unbelievably dark and undemocratic. So long as there is a bi-cameral Congress it will be next to impossible to eliminate this evil.

Rules reform alone can eliminate the more superficial and petty congressional plunder; but the bigger spoils of the political system would remain as a perverting influence. Only such fundamental changes as proportional representation and a budget method of appropriations will ever satisfactorily reach and rectify the corruptions of the pork barrel.

The complete conversion of Congress from what it is to what it ought to be is, therefore, a stupendous task. At least a decade, perhaps a quarter of a century, will be necessary for its accomplishment.

The first reform in this field, therefore, is to eliminate at least half of the standing committees. The functions of the remaining committees should then be equalized as much as possible. The House can do this now.

Each committee should select its own chairman. There can be no argument against that. And it would be a body blow to bossism in Congress. The American Congress is about the only parliamentary body in the civilized world which is now organized on a basis of plunder and spoils.

Next important to chairmanships in its spoils influence is the question of the regular employees of standing committees. These clerks should be controlled by the committee rather than by its chairman. They should be used by the committee for public business and not by the chairman for his personal political work. This change can be made at once.

Just a simple rule would abolish executive sessions. It is indefensible and an insult to the public that Congress should have permitted its committees to meet in darkness. Every standing committee should assemble in the open and be required to keep a public record of its proceedings. More than that, a journal of these proceedings should be published at adequate stated times—at least twice a month—in the *Congressional Record*. The work of its committees is at present far more important to the public than that of the House itself.

Each standing and special committee should be required, by a simple rule, to report back to the House, within a stated time, all bills and resolutions given into its hands. Such a rule would shake the foundation forces of the machine.

Congress can and should advance by nearly a year its time of meeting. Members are now elected in November. If there is not a special session, they do not take office until December of the following year. This is absurd. And it contributes vitally to bad legislation and bad politics. The last session of each Congress is held after a new Congress has been elected. For that reason, being the longest possible distance from another election, this short session is notoriously irresponsible and extravagant. Politically dangerous questions are always considered in the short session. A record made then is only about half as important as at other times, because the members already defeated are not so vitally concerned and the new members have not been seated.

Congress is primarily a political playground. This practise contributes to that condition. Not taking office until thirteen months after election, members have less than a year in which to "campaign" for reelection. It is inevitable under this senseless arrangement that ninety-nine per cent of the membership should weigh every word and act only in the light of election precedents and prospects.

A change in this respect would also do away with special sessions, which are an added expense to the people.

Each Congress should be convened in regular session at least by the January following elections. No constitutional amendment is necessary to bring about this reform. Congress already has the authority to make the change.

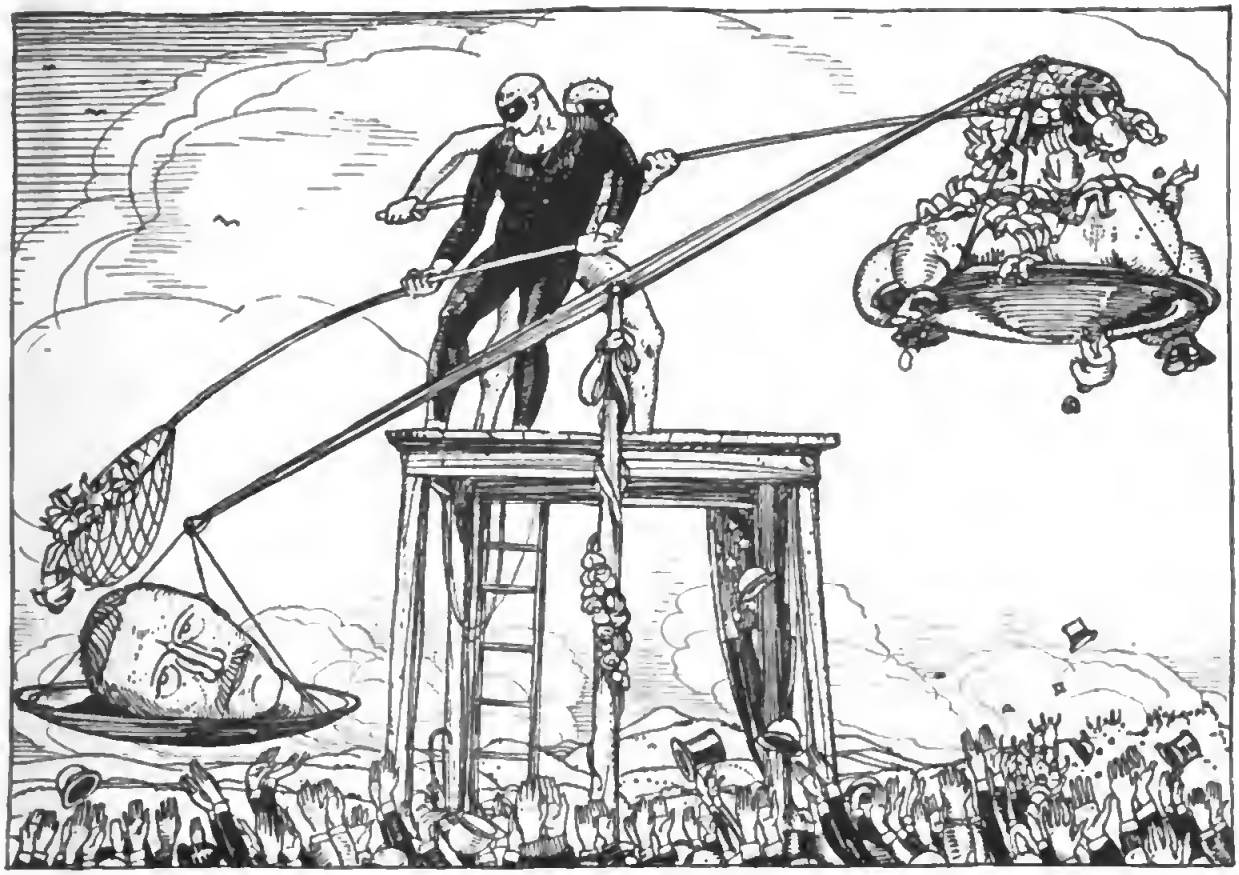
The House now has the power to provide for publicity throughout the processes of legislation; it can abolish the congressional side of plunder; and many parliamentary changes in the public interest may be made at once. But some of the basic difficulties lie deeper.

THE President and his Cabinet should be empowered to prepare and introduce the budget. With the Constitution as at present, this budget would have to be acted upon by Congress at least once each biennium. But once in each administration would be far better. With the budget system adopted, there should be no appropriations committee in Congress. The budget should be introduced by the administration, after full publicity in its preparation, and at once have the same status as would a bill reported from a committee. The President and his Cabinet should be granted the privilege of the House and expected to participate in all debate on the budget.

Deficiency appropriations could be handled in the same way. Abuses and extravagances would probably at first enter into such a budget system; but they could not possibly equal the evils that exist in the present congressional method. The tendency would be toward honesty and efficiency. And the compensations of the change to the public in saving the time of Congress and divorcing legislation from spoils would be immeasurable.

A budget system, together with proportional representation, would eliminate the pork barrel; but the vicious influence of patronage would remain. The best remedy is to place all appointive positions, below those of the Cabinet, under civil service.

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PLUTARCH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

NO. 4: ROOT

BY F. P. A.

AS IN Athens there were those who wearied of hearing Aristides called the Just, and this fact is all that remains to many of us of our study of the history of Greece, for, like many other branches of learning, the last time we gave it thought was twenty, or even forty years ago, when we did study it but to pass in examination with the knowledge, and this, I think, is the curse of much modern instruction, so there are some in the United. as the phrase runs, States who are tired of hearing Elihu Root called the Man with the Great Mind. For, say these dissenters, that he hath a great mind we do not doubt, nor that his intellect is as weighty as any in the nation; but, they continue, and not without, I think, some logic, great for whom? and great to what purpose? and great for whose benefit? And, being so unfair to the mere possessors of wealth that these possessors term them anarchists and hare-brained theorists, they say his mind is great for himself and that his egregious powers of intellect are used to show his clients, corporations for the most part, how to do unaltruistic things, and yet not go outside the law. Of the truth of all this I have no knowledge, and do but say that which I hear, which is all Plutarch, or even Herodotus himself, was wont to do.



As to the origin and derivation of his name I discover a strange fact: that Root springs from the Latin word *radix*, which is the same source that gives us the word "radical." And that juxtaposition seemeth to me to be highly and incongruously humorous; showing, if I may be permitted to originate an epigram, that it is, after all, a small world.

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"Our Father which art in heaven . . ."

IN CONTRAST to the bitter cartoons on the opposite page is this drawing of Raemaekers's. There is no brutality, no ghastly horror. But the inexpressible sadness of the family weeping for a father who has died for his country is as powerful as anything Raemaeker has done.

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LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

BY ELON JESSUP

THE great war art, as the great war literature, is of the future. Hundreds of artists now in the bloody trenches of France and Germany are living and suffering the terrors of the present; later they will pour out their very souls. And it will not be an art of the glamour and glory of war. The remarkable and gruesome cartoons of the Dutch artist, Louis Raemaekers, point to the trend; it will be an art of the horror these many artists have lived, a continuation of what Verestchagin touched upon with more or less conventional treatment.

So far this has been a cartoonists' war. As literary men have turned from accustomed themes and devoted their entire attention to war subjects, so have artists turned to cartoons. We find Henry James writing of the war, Sir Philip Burne Jones making war cartoons. From cartoonland comes a deluge of good, bad and indifferent work, such as has never been brought on by any other crises.



This is Raemaekers's conception of a carload of wounded soldiers

Cartooning has advanced far in the past eighteen months, but generally speaking not so far as its unusual impetus would lead one to expect; this is essentially true of cartoon work in the warring countries. Hackneyed topics have been carried to rather tiresome extremes. The Turk and his scimitar, German *kultur*, English smugness, have again and again been portrayed in a highly entertaining vein, but seldom with the forcefulness that goes to make a great cartoon. *Punch* lightheartedly depicts the humors of a recruit in training camp; the drawing is above reproach — it would make a most acceptable illustration for a short story—and it has keen, satiric value. Turning the page we come upon the same German War Lord that we have seen on that same page as far back as we can remember. France makes sport of German *kultur;* Germany makes sport of the art and poetry of Italy. It is personal ridicule, and for the most part devoid of substantial value.



There is ghastliness in this vision of Death and his goblet of blood

Strange to say, it is the cartoonists of the neutral countries that have approached the goal of greatness in their art; it is they who seem to have grasped the keynote of it all—gruesomeness and horror. This country has made some noteworthy contributions; but the outstanding work of the war is that of Louis Raemaekers.

This master of grim satire, born in Roermond, Holland, on June 4, 1869, although comparatively unknown except in Holland up to a little over a year ago, now has world-wide fame. Until the beginning of the war Raemaekers's theme was political caricature; since then his entire work and soul have been devoted to his depictment of the meaning of war.

The incentive to smile at a Raemaekers cartoon is very unusual, and then that which starts as a smile ends as a shudder. Raemaekers finds no suggestion of humor in this war. It is gruesomeness, horror, death, ashes, that stalk through his pages; never humor. He is absolutely relentless in his attacks on German militarism; there are no limits to the garb of fiendishness in which he depicts the Kaiser and Bernhardi. In no English or French cartoons can be found a feeling equal in malevolence to these portrayals. And right here is where the power of the others stops and the greatness of Raemaekers begins, for to him personalities are of minor consideration. His severe caricatures are more than caricatures; they are impersonal symbolizations of the horrors of war, and such is his power that this impersonal indictment is the element that predominates.

At times Raemaekers lays aside his tremendous realism to take up the allegorical; the Christ and Justice often enter into the composition. One of the best of this type is a cartoon in which the Three Wise Men are represented by the Kaiser, Francis Joseph and the Sultan; the gift of each respective ruler is a large shell, a 42-centimeter gun and a scimitar. The Christ child turns to its mother and silently weeps. The three pictures that have been reproduced on these pages furnish evidence of Raemaekers's remarkable insight into contemporary affairs.

IT IS in ghastly realism and the gruesome unusual that the power of Raemaekers appears. Now it is the death agencies of two victims of asphyxiating gases; now an endless procession of fatherless children; now a mother raving insane before the lifeless body of a child; now the dead bodies of mother and child lying side by side. It is all gaunt, ghastly hopelessness and horror; the portrayal of a civilization in ashes. In the two cartoons reproduced on this page the gruesome unusual is evident. In the originals there is no coloring except the red blood in the glass and oozing out of the side of the car. And that touch of red is thoroughly startling, for it is not cold, impersonal blood in that cartoon; it is warm, sticky, human blood.

A "PUBLIC" SERVANT



"To all men who offer an honest price for them, without respect of persons or principles; to aristocrat and republican, to Nihilist and Tsar, to capitalist and Socialist, to Protestant and Catholic, to burglar and policeman, to black man, white man and yellow man, to all sorts and conditions, all nationalities, all faiths, all follies, all causes and all crimes"
—"MAJOR BARBARA."

FOR THAT TIRED FEELING

THE invalid laid down the pathological, psychological, theological sex novel he had been reading and sighed wearily. His brain was tired with his own problems; why bother it with imaginary ones. The man's eyes glanced languidly toward the bookcase. Suddenly he seized a volume tucked modestly away in the corner.

It was *Molly Bawn*, by the "Duchess." What memories that name recalls! Mrs. Hungerford wrote many of the same sort, just the right kind of nerve sedative for the sick room, for you can lay down one while reading it, pick up another by mistake and actually go on with the story without being aware of the change. For there is always the same Dicky Somebody who plays practical jokes and is the general buffoon of the party; the precocious child who knows just when to make the hero and heroine uncomfortable, and, of course, the unhappy married couple, where the husband is grossly misunderstood, though a baby might see how madly he loved his wife. And that Heroine (one thinks of her in capitals), with her *"trainante"* voice—ah, she is *toujour "charmante," "svelte," "riante,"* and also, it would seem, *toujour* in her *robe-de-chambre*. But, no, there is that "white cotton gown with arms naked to the shoulder," and often this last garment is given a sunbonnet to top off with—generally because "it is so becoming"—and a very good reason too, if one only dared follow it. Then those bare feet of hers, which she invariably slips into "tiny bronze slippers." How cold she must have been on those moonlight nights when she prowled round in just the rooms where the lover, or irate husband, was sure to meet her and be captivated and softened by her *negligée*. It seems that the poor lady got precious little sleep—she must certainly have derived that marvelous loveliness from something besides the old-fashioned remedy. Well, bless her heart, whether she be called Mona, Monica, Muriel or Marguerite, she was always charming and has no doubt delighted thousands with her un-erotic, un-problematic youthfulness—even if she was a Mid-Victorian—a word anathema to the present generation.

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WHAT WOULD LINCOLN SAY TODAY?

In our issue of February 12th a number of well-known persons gave their ideas of how Lincoln would meet the problems that confront our President today. Lincoln is not a subject whose interest is limited to a single day, and we publish several additional statements that have been received since the publication of the earlier ones

WILLIAM P. BORLAND

Representative from Missouri

LINCOLN loved peace. He longed for it, prayed for it, planned for it, but it was peace with honor, peace with national safety, peace with the preservation of the Union. He would not suffer his country to remain unprepared and unprotected while he dreamed of universal peace.

Lincoln never lived in a fool's paradise. To him the facts of life were stern realities. Human rights were true and noble and worth preserving. If he were alive today and saw the terrific possibilities of scientific warfare when made subservient to the lust of power, he would, as Wilson has done, meet soberly and manfully the grave responsibility of national defense in a spirit as far removed from the hysteria of the military demagogue as from the happy hypnotism of the peace-at-any-price pacifist. He would never lead an aggressive war, nor suffer aggression, but he would stand like a rock for neutrality in the quarrels of others. Aye, more, he would be patient and long-suffering under provocation and let the voice of justice cool, if possible, the inflamed mind. Neither the false enthusiasm of friends nor the venomous taunts of foes would hurry him into a useless sacrifice of the lives of American boys.

With his heart already torn by the cries of bereaved wives and mothers, and his brain seared by the sight of mangled men, to preserve his country in peace, safety and prosperity, his own political fortunes would be gladly sacrificed.

Lincoln would give Mexico a chance. He sought no revenge, and would not, against the helpless. He loved the common people and trusted to their everlasting sense of right—the hope of free government. He would go over the heads of the swarming politicians direct to the hearts of the people, and they and he would hold fast to the faith in the destiny of Democracy.

FRANK WHEELER MONDELL

Representative from Wyoming

IN THE days of darkest trial, when friends of the Union were critical and its enemies were seeking its destruction by force and every conceivable manner of intrigue, President Lincoln, with full knowledge of the situation, said, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

A man of Lincoln's mold and view would without pride of opinion or malice toward anyone, have kept his hands free from meddling in Mexico's internal affairs, while at the same time insisting, with that firmness which was as characteristic as his charity, on the protection of American lives and property in Mexico. The policies of Lincoln would probably have restored peace in Mexico ere this; at least, they would have saved the lives of our people and our prestige there.

Lincoln's keen sense of justice and his kindly heart would have prompted him to have proceeded in the name of humanity against the invasion and destruction of Belgium. With charity and firmness he would have insisted upon our rights on every sea, and if we may judge by the way he succeeded in compelling foreign nations in the trying days of the Civil War to recognize the justice of our demands and contentions, he would have succeeded in maintaining and securing the protection and safety of American lives and property.

At a time when the virus of war madness is eating into the hearts and souls of the American people and threatening to tear the nation from its historic moorings, Lincoln would have reminded the people that the strength of a nation lay in the stout hearts and honest purposes of its people, and that at a time when all the world was war mad was the time when the republic should most seek to discourage and discountenance the growth of a spirit of militarism.

IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln"

AS FOR Mexico, I think he would say, as he did in April, 1865, of the new government of Louisiana: "Concede that the new government (of Mexico) is only to what it should be, as the egg is to the fowl. We shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg that by smashing it."

He probably would repeat his Blondin story:

"Gentlemen, suppose all the property you possess were in gold, and you had placed it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. With slow, cautious, steady steps he walks the rope, bearing your all. Would you shake the cable, and keep shouting to him 'Blondin! stand up a little straighter; Blondin! stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean more to the south! Now lean a little more to the north!'—would that be your behavior in such an emergency? No; you would hold your breath, every one of you, as well as your tongues. You would keep your hands off until he was safe on the other side. This government, gentlemen, is carrying an immense weight; untold treasures are in its hands. The persons managing the ship of state in this storm are doing the best they can."

I suspect that he might also remind the country that it is never wise to swap horses while crossing the river, and that we have not at present such a poor horse that we may not make a botch of it in trying to swap.

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The Indians believed that Superstition Mountain held a warning from the gods

THROUGH ARIZONA'S WONDERLAND

BY HOWARD WALLACE

BETWEEN Globe and Phœnix, Arizona, lies "The Valley of Wars." Here, not more than forty years ago, signal fires burned and the hoofbeats of ponies rang out. Here the Apaches roamed on their adventurous raids.

Ask a small boy whether he would rather shoot an Indian or do a piece of constructive engineering, and you will get but one answer. There is no romance in engineering. But engineering has conquered this wild land more thoroughly than ever pioneer could do. For it has constructed a highway over the buttes and mesas—a highway one hundred and twenty miles long and smooth as a city street.

This highway runs over a trail that the Indians followed in the days before the science of engineering had begun its advance on the wilderness. Many important routes of travel have grown up from such pathways. In his excellent book, *A History of Travel in America*, Mr. Seymour Dunbar says: "These Indian trails—the cornerstone of land travel in America—were from twelve to eighteen inches in width, and sometimes, when they led through regions where the native travel was particularly heavy and long continued, were worn a foot deep by generations of soft moccasins. Along such native highways the trained runners of the Indians are believed to have covered, on some few occasions, almost a hundred miles between sunrise and sunset."

WHEN the government built the Roosevelt Dam, the building of the roadway was a natural by-product, since the dam was sixty miles from the nearest railroad. But recently, completed at a cost of $350,000, this roadway stands as one of the most remarkable engineering feats in the country.

It runs through a scenic wonderland. There are mesas and buttes, canyons and overhanging cliffs. And everywhere—color. The gray of the desert serves as a background for the green of the palo verde, the yellow hills that soften into browns, and the purple haze that hangs over the landscape. It is a romantic land. There the cliff-dwellers had their strange abodes. There the Spaniards explored under Coronado, as far back as 1540. There the Apaches held a reign of terror. It was only in 1886 that this reign was brought to a complete close, with the capture of wily old Geronimo.

From Globe, its eastern terminus, the roadway rises steadily to a crest, 4000 feet above the level of the sea. From this vantage point a splendid panorama stretches out. To the northwest is the Mazatzal Range, with its "Four Peaks," 7645 feet high. Across the Tonta Basin a series of hills stretch away toward the Sierra Anchа Mountains. And below, glimmering in the Arizona sunlight, is Roosevelt Lake.

For nearly five years two thousand men worked to construct this artificial body of water, 16,320 acres, held back by a mammoth dam. The dam itself is 280 feet high, with a crest of 1125 feet. The effects of the body of water it holds in check are too vast to be computed at present. Water led by canals from the base of the dam is just beginning to irrigate land that has been dry for

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centuries. The desert is beginning to bloom. Time alone will be able to measure the ultimate value.

Representing as they do the utmost in men's scientific efforts, the lake and its dam stand in marked contrast to the old cliff-dwellings not far away. Here ancient peoples built their community homes in great cracks in the rocky cliffs. These homes contained as many as fifty or sixty rooms. Some of them are still excellently preserved, though Coronado, in 1540, found them long since evacuated. In *The Standard History* there is this interesting account of these strange people: "A writer describing the cliff-dwellings of the Cañon de Chelly, says that the 'mysterious mound-builders fade into comparative insignificance before the grander and more ancient cliff-dwellers, whose castles lift their towers amid the sands of Arizona and crown the terraced slopes of the Rio Mancos and the Hovenweap. In size and grandeur of conception they equal any of the present buildings of the United States, if we except the Capitol at Washington, and may without discredit be compared to the Pantheon and the Colosseum of the Old World.'

"Another writer tells us that 'the whole pueblo country is covered with the remains in single rooms and in groups of rooms, put up to meet some immediate necessity. Some of these have been built centuries ago, some are only a few years or a few months old, yet the structures do not differ from one another; nor, on the other hand, does the similarity imply that the builder of the oldest example knew less or more than his descendants of today—both utilized the material at hand, and each accomplished his purpose in the easiest way.' Some of these fortresses or *casas grandes*, as they are locally called, were capacious enough to contain the whole tribe who built them."



Roosevelt Falls—a miniature Niagara

Past these dwellings and the two great spillways of the dam which leap like Niagaras into the chasm below, the roadway runs on toward Superstition Mountain. Near the top of the mountain there is a white brow of rock which looks much like a strip of foam. According to the Indian legend the gods became angry with the inhabitants of the valley and sent down a flood to punish them, submerging everything, save the top of this mountain. The white brow of rock, to the superstitious Indian, stood for the flood's highwater mark.



The roadway takes a turn here, at Mormon Flats

Past these mountains the roadway runs, now over butte, now desert, until it reaches Phœnix. There it ends, with a hundred and twenty miles of beauty and solid accomplishment behind it. "Through Arizona's Wonderland"—a vast undertaking, but one thoroughly in accord with the spirit of a growing west and a country awakened to its possibilities.

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HITS ON THE STAGE

MOVIE-PROOF:



IT IS not often that the legitimate stage gets a chance to talk back to the movies. We have read so much of the extraordinary success of the all-conquering screen plays, that we were open eyed with dismay when we read that the Criterion Theatre had failed as a movie house and was to return to the spoken drama with *Macbeth*.

Two years ago, when the Strand Theatre in New York and large theatres like it everywhere were being devoted to the movies, it seemed that these places were to be our civic theatres. We were told and marveled at the fact that one-sixth of the population of Cleveland, Ohio, went to the movies every day and that all of the population of Lebanon, Missouri, except one bedridden stand-patter, went to the movies twice a week.

Then came *Cabiria*—truly magnificent. The prophets were agreed that the stage spectacle presented with live actors instead of jumping silhouettes was a thing of the past. Henceforth, only the comedy of manners, and perhaps the farce, would be allowed to live. Big scenes, especially those requiring great numbers and exteriors, should only be done on the screen.

The wonderful success of *The Birth of a Nation* and the unlimited canvas that D. W. Griffith had for this production, seemed to be additional proof. Not on the largest stage could those rides of the Ku Klux been even approximated. It was all over. The dramatic stage had narrowly averted a death blow. Only the musical comedies and the *revues*, protected as they were by their reliance upon sound and color, could hope to compete with the movies.

MORE than a year ago the effort to combine moving picture and spoken drama proved ghastly. But this season there have not been wanting other evidences than that of *Macbeth* crowding out the movies, to prove that everything dramatic is not gold that moves. Strange to say, it has turned out that the lexicon of the movies contains the word "failure." If a play fails to make a hit in a regular theatre perhaps many less than two thousand persons will see it. A screen drama that attracts less than twenty thousand might be called a failure.

But the failures of the movies are more apt to be the financial failures of their producers, since the audiences do not always elect to see what they see. And then there is always the hope that the next picture will be better. In the theatre the only desire is to escape from a bad play. None would want more the same evening.

The Triangle Film Corporation, which has as its artistic directors the best men that the new art of the movie has developed, has put out certain films which have set a standard for almost uniform excellence. Neither in *Life*, a melodrama; nor in *The Lilac Domino*, a musical comedy, did this experiment succeed. It would be unfair to ask for comedy more admirably suited to the screen than Douglas Fairbanks in *His Name in the Papers*, or better straightforward acting than that done by Charles Ray in *The Coward*.

THE DRAMA SPEAKS

But even this company, in spite of the excellence of its direction and photography, has released films which in no way prove the contention that the movie can in every case treat dramatic subjects of pictorial bigness more skilfully than the spoken drama.

The version of *Don Quixote* in which De Wolf Hopper made his first screen appearance, was much less successful theatrically than the rather stupid dramatization of the same story produced by E. H. Sothern some years ago. The stage has never seen a worse D'Artagnan than that of Orrin Johnson in the movies. In justice to the players, it is perhaps necessary to point out that the scenarios gave them no opportunity to act and that the story lost much when taken from out of the proscenium arch—just about as much as the stories did when taken out of the book covers.

EARLIER this season, in an uncomfortable theatre, far from the theatrical district, Emmanuel Reicher produced Hauptmann's drama, *The Weavers*. Twenty-five years had passed since the play created its great stir abroad. There seemed little reason for putting it on now. Then, too, it is a play in which the mob protests, grows and triumphs. Now, as everybody from Bernard Shaw up or down knows, a mob can best be staged in the movies. The mob of *The Weavers* numbered about twenty-seven all told. But not even in *The Birth of a Nation* has a mob been so successfully presented on the stage. Instead of a few performances, the play ran for almost ten weeks. All this is a miracle—local, perhaps, but just as much of a miracle as many of those of the all conquering movies.

The Great Lover, *The Boomerang* and *Fair and Warmer* have been as successful this season as they could have been before the days of the dread competition of the movies. And it was as hard to purchase seats for them as for any of the reigning musical comedies.

The regular stage has taken unto itself few if any players from the movies—the desertion from the stage to the screen still continues. Those regular players who merely dip into the movies have little benefit other than financial, and often some harm, to show for their excursion when they return.

It is not in the future going to be a very easy thing to judge from the films the art of acting as it existed in this period. The player of reputation often plays his most famous rôle on the screen. Too often the result is a sad caricature—as unlike the original and as unreal as only a photograph can be.

When in *The Unchastened Woman* the woman from the Custom House turns out to be the mistress of the husband whose wife has just been caught smuggling, the spectator is almost won over to the belief that in the movies at least this episode could have been treated with plausibility. Of course, what comes afterwards would be silly on the screen. But it is unskilful scenes like this of Mr. Anspacher's which converted many persons in the last two or three years to the belief that the movie might supplant the spoken drama.

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MILE-A-MINUTE TENNIS

BY HERBERT REED

THE title of this little screed on the game as we are likely to find it this year may be inexact. I do not recall that our scientists have ever measured the speed of a tennis ball as driven by those apostles of pace, the Californians. But I know of no other way in which to convey for the benefit of those who have not seen him in action, an impression of the play of Robert Lindley Murray, who has already annexed the national indoor title and is confessedly after the whole string of eastern trophies, concluding with the national outdoor title. Williams, Behr, McLoughlin, Pell, Alexander, and many others of the first class we have always with us, and we know just about what to expect of them under given conditions.

Murray, however, has come back to us from the Pacific Coast after a year's absence. The memory of his first visit is still vivid. He came in like the whirlwind and went out like the storm, in one season attaining to a ranking as No. 4. That he did not accomplish even more execution is due to the fact that he suffered from the heat, that he undertook too much tournament play for any human, no matter how well equipped physically, and that he pounded himself up not a little in the course of making his mile-a-minute style effective against the supreme court craft of men who rely upon guile as well as pace.



Robert Lindley Murray making the stroke that counted so heavily in his gaining the indoor tennis title. He is rounding out his game for the outdoor tournaments

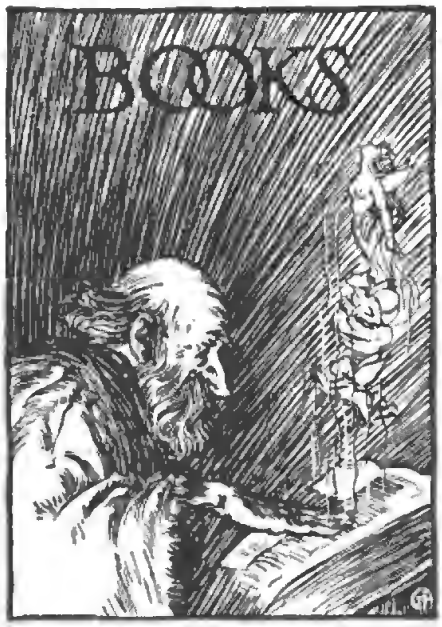
The problem this year is how closely this terrific young sportsman will parallel the career of William M. Johnston, the present title holder. Few close followers of the game will concede that mere pace will carry Murray through to the top. For one, I do not expect that Murray himself believes it will. In the persons of McLoughlin and Johnston, he has seen pace in the overhead game go a long way, but not all the way, and I believe once he goes into action out of doors, he will begin the work of rounding out his game just as did his predecessors, keeping at command all the pace he can, consistent with better footwork and better court generalship. McLoughlin played his best-rounded games against Brookes and Wilding—really "super-tennis" against the former—while Johnston came close to playing this same "super-tennis" clear through his side of the draw at Forest Hills. So far this year, on board floors, especially favorable to extreme pace, Murray has practically smashed his way through all opposition. Yet in the semi-final and final rounds of the indoor tournament in the Seventh Regiment armory, in which he defeated Watson M. Washburn and Alrick H. Man respectively, there were signs that Murray was beginning to have more than just pace at command.

Both Washburn and Man are experienced players who have always used their brains, who have made a close study of court generalship, and put that generalship to the test in many a hard match. When these men can be repeatedly drawn out of position and scored against by deep, driving placement, there is something to be said for the prospects of splendid all-round play to come at the hands of their conqueror.

This, combined with the development of McLoughlin and Johnston, not to mention any more of the hard-court beginners, leads me to believe that any young player ought to learn the game on a hard court. Indeed, McLoughlin has told me that he thought it was the only way to make a beginning. He believes in getting up speed first. An exception is to be made when an absolutely perfect turf court can be found. There are few of these, however, within the reach of the average beginner. McLoughlin would have the beginner get his start on some form of hard court. He believes that the ideal court is one of wood covered with battleship linoleum, which combines the trueness of asphalt with just enough let down in resilience to permit a player to get to work on his ground strokes. In the absence of such a medium the player should work up his game on a hard court and then change to turf, as the Californians do when they come east to play. In the case of all of them the change is at first accompanied by a falling off in play, but that as a rule does not last long. It was not until he reached Longwood last year that the present champion began to show glimpses of the wonderful play that was to carry him through at Forest Hills. And they were merely glimpses.

So with Murray. It is quite possible that his early appearances out of doors will not prove promising, but it is only on the turf that he may be expected to add placing to his cannon-ball service, and the follow through on ground balls that is so necessary nowadays. His footwork, too, will have to be developed. It is not at present that of a champion. But I believe it is in Murray to accomplish all these things. He has a good head, has had a deal of experience, has listened to good advice, both east and west, and is a cool, if fiery player.

Murray has already one real accomplishment to his credit this year. By playing so spectacularly on board floors he has revived interest in the indoor game to a marked degree. When a gallery of a thousand or more will turn out at half-past nine in the morning of a holiday and remain far past the lunch hour, it is a sure sign that the game itself is in a very healthy state. Of course Murray was the magnet, but the rest of the tournament was on a higher plane than it has been in some time.



THERE was a friend of ours who had traveled often enough in England to become indifferent to car-window scenery. Bound from Birmingham to Worcester one day, he sought literature suited to the mileage. In a depot bookshop *The Tragedy of Nan* caught his eye. It was an odd title—this was in the days before John Masefield became such a familiar name—and he purchased it. With that purchase he bought the thrill that is permitted to few of us—the thrill of stumbling over a masterpiece.

In *John Ferguson*, a play by St. John G. Ervine, somewhat the same thrill is waiting for the chance reader,—partly because the treatment is so similar to that in Masefield's play, more especially because there is nothing in Mr. Ervine's earlier work that foreshadows this new power.

The scene of the story is laid in County Down, where John Ferguson is waiting for a letter from his brother in America, sending him the money necessary to lift a mortgage from his home. Through the brother's carelessness, this letter is delayed. And from that trick of Fate there comes tragedy to the six chief characters of the play. The daughter is ruined, the son kills her seducer, and sacrifices himself to save the man who is suspected of the killing. There is the inevitableness, the grimness of a Hardy novel. Through it all the father quotes passages from the Testament, in apology for the workings-out of Fate. There is strength in Mr. Ervine's idea, coherence in the action of his play, and power in the drawing of his characters.

IT IS three quarters of a century since Washington Irving wrote *The Alhambra*, and Moorish Spain has remained practically his own during the period. A newcomer, *The Making and Breaking of Almansur*, is one of the few invaders into a domain that must surely have tempted many novelists.

Cordova in the tenth century is the locale that is given to most of the story. Almansur has worked his way up to high office and, at the age of thirty, is willing to retire. The death of his ruler and the killing of the woman he would marry change his views. In bitterness he seizes the throne and becomes despot of Corodova. The story is told in great detail. These are battles, maidens in distress, plots, counterplots, queens begging assistance, and heroes who snap other people's backs, by way of murder. Still, the plot is firmly knit, swift and dramatic. It is a sort of Oriental *Ivanhoe*, in a minor key, with a mixture of Spanish poison added for an extra thrill.

The forms of address and the much-apostrophied names indicate an effort to give a tenth century tone to the book. But its historical accuracy is quite irrelevant, for *The Making and Breaking of Almansur* is simply an example of a definition that Professor Phelps has recently compounded for the novel: "A good story, well told."

WHEN Father Comedy, once Carnival King of all Italy, died in his obscure Paris lodgings, Pantaloon, Columbine and Harlequin were turned out friendless into this cubical world. They found refuge in England—where Pantaloon became a placid old bibliophile, Harlequin a sandwichman, and Columbine set up a milk-and-eggs-butter-and-cream shop.

This conception is such a novel one, and the possibilities it suggests are so promising, that *The Immortal Gymnasts* is rather disappointing. For Harlequin and Columbine are neglected, that a dozen uninteresting mortals may receive more than their share of attention. This situation makes it difficult—though it is perhaps unnecessary—to understand just where mortality leaves off and the supernatural begins. Harlequin, for example, has retained his power of reading minds, yet he is forced to carry a sandwich board to earn his living. And Columbine—queen of a thousand dances—is compelled to sell butter pats while Pantaloon dozes. Why the trio weren't snapped up by a London vaudeville magnet is the real secret. Harlequin and Columbine in the spotlight, with "The Immortal Gymnasts" blazing away in electric lights outside the theatre, would have scored triumphantly. As it is, the immortals limit their influence to a few chance friends, for whom—it must be confessed—they dance joy back into a solemn world.

Among these there are two young men, Varian and Ambry. Varian is a sedate editor; Ambry a high-spirited cotillion leader. He lives for the immediate future, the joy of the next instant. Consequently it is unfortunate that he has thrown himself at Anie Cassock: Anie is a placid little person who doesn't know the trick of holding a capricious lover. Her sister Estelle has the knowledge, and qualities, necessary for that task. Largely through the efforts of "the immortal gymnasts," these four are properly paired off—Varian and Anie, Ambry and Estelle.

This theme is not strong enough to sustain the interest. But when the three immortals are gathered around their own fireplace—Pantaloon with a favorite book, Columbine with her erractic knitting, and Harlequin cross-legged on the hearth—there is charm in every word.

TO THE long line of life-behind-the-scenes novels is added *The Honey Pot*, by the Countess Barcyñska. As the title suggests, the Countess's idea of the chorus girl system is a large jar of sweetmeats to which the idle rich apply for occasional enjoyment. This interpretation of theatrical life may be accurate enough, and designed to instigate reform. But the book will not be considered as a social uplift tract. Rather will it be regarded as a source of entertainment of the spicy order. As such, it has all the immorality of *Homo Sapiens*, with none of its excitement. *The Honey Pot* has a very sticky rim.

BOOKS REVIEWED

JOHN FERGUSON *By St. John G. Ervine*
The Macmillan Co., New York $1.00

THE MAKING AND BREAKING OF ALMANSUR *By Clarice M. Cresswell*
Dodd, Mead & Co., New York $1.35

THE IMMORTAL GYMNASTS *By Marie Cher*
The George H. Doran Co., New York $1.25

THE HONEY POT *By the Countess Barcyñska*
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York $1.35

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HOW LONG, OH LAW, HOW LONG?

THESE pictures, snapshotted in New York after a recent snowstorm, are typical of what may be seen a hundred times a day under similar conditions throughout the country. They answer succinctly the question: "Should the horse be superseded by the motor in commercial carrying?"

They present conclusive arguments against the horse from the humanitarian point of view. It is hard to conceive a more pitiful spectacle than that of a horse, frightened almost into insanity, floundering in the street and finally lying down in despair.

Aside from the humanitarian view, however, these pictures tell a story



Cruelty to animals, certainly, and sure death to efficiency



All those who believe this sort of thing helps their business please raise their right hands

of lost time, of inefficiency. Speed is the prime requisite of all hauling, carting and delivery systems. Horse-drawn trucks and wagons are slow at the best of times. They are hard to maneuver, that is, to back up and turn. With snow or ice on the ground their pace is reduced to a crawl. The motor vehicle, on the other hand, has proved again and again that, not only is it faster than the horse under any conditions, but also easily handled and controlled.

It is rumored that horses are to be excluded by law from the main thoroughfares of one of our cities. That is a healthy sign. But how long shall we have to wait before such a law is passed?



How many horses do you suppose it would take to pull this little vehicle? And how would you like to drive the horses in narrow city streets, stopping every few yards to collect rubbish? (Photographs by Levick)

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This is not a science that you can dispense with as you can with hydrostatics or chemistry. You need the knowledge it gives you in every act of your daily life. The man who knows other men wins. You already know how to judge character somewhat. Consider how much better off you will be if you can make rapidly and accurately a clear judgment of each person you meet. You need not say the wrong thing; you need make no mistakes in handling people; you will not employ the wrong man or form undesirable associations.

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By M. F. Cunningham

I FEEL it my patriotic duty to compliment you and congratulate you on the improvement you have made in *Harper's Weekly*. I have read the *Weekly* since the early days of George William Curtis, and I still have recollections of Thomas Nast; but in its newest form and with its exceptional handling of questions really worth while, I like the publication now better than ever.

Boise, Idaho.

INTERNATIONAL POLICY

From the *Tribune* (La Crosse, Wis.):

HARPER'S WEEKLY affords us a view of the debate in Congress this year relating to President Wilson's international policy. We think *Harper's* picture of the situation fairly accurate, and it is a good deal for a President to have steered his course through these breakers without swamping our national dignity or grounding us on the shoals of warfare.

IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM

By J. H. Leventhal

DURING the last few months Mr. Norman Hapgood has been favoring the world in general and the Jewish people in particular with a series of "enlightened" articles on the Jewish question, in which his fertile imagination and power of invention are seen at their best. He has produced "facts," the existence of which no one ever suspected, and has adduced therefrom some amazing theories.

JOIE DE VIE

From the *News* (Detroit, Mich.):

THE current number of the historic old weekly which has become spiritedly modern under the editorship of Norman Hapgood, is a particularly bright one.

APPRECIATION

By Carl H. Gets

WE ARE especially enjoying your new department, "The Nation's Capital."

Missoula, Montana.

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1616—1916

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ASPIRATIONS

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—*The Topeka Capital.*

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By W. W. Washburn

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This new system, although it has already resulted in the complete recovery of thousands upon thousands of "extreme" cases, is just as valuable to people who are well. It gives them an entirely new idea of how truly healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with energy, dash and life. And it is so thoroughly natural and simple that it accomplishes seemingly impossible results entirely without the use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights, exercises or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact, this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like and neither does it ask you to give up what you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.

How the Cells Govern Life

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smashing, driving *power* back of our thoughts and actions, when we must *force* ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for *any* reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain *cells* are weak and inactive or totally dead. They haven't the power to run the human engine as nature intended. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous new system of *cell-culture*.

Re-Creating Human Beings

Since 1896, when Swoboda first announced his sensational discovery, he has proved in thousands upon thousands of cases that by his simple, natural methods of reviving and increasing the forces and capacity of every cell, tissue, fibre and organ, anyone can become healthy, energetic and successful—anyone can literally double or treble his present efficiency, nerve power, will power, health power. He has shown men and women in all parts of the world and in all walks of life, how to build a keener brain, a more superb, energetic body, stronger muscles, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has times without number shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition, lack of vitality—how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state—how to recuperate the vital forces. Moreover, he has shown how his methods result in an ability to control the mind, to face every problem calmly, to concentrate easily, to think quickly, to work day after day without fatigue, to create a type of physical and mental super-efficiency that is bound to result in greater material benefits than you ever before dreamed were possible to you.

Swoboda is not the only perfect example of the Swoboda System. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person and in his pupils the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

Alois P. Swoboda has, for twenty years, been teaching people how to be really *Alive*—how to take advantage of every moment of life, of every opportunity to better themselves. His system is *more* than a personal advantage, *more* than personal gain, it is truly a gift to humanity, for it enables men and women to enjoy life to the *full*.

The Voice You Must Hear

Although the Swoboda system is trifling in cost, men who can afford the most expensive treatments in the world are turning to it. Swoboda numbers among his pupils judges, senators, congressmen, cabinet members, ambassadors, governors, physicians and ministers, working men as well as millionaires.

But it is the voice of the masses, the voice of the great army of plain, everyday people to which you must listen—the voices that say "I would never have believed it possible to gain so much in so short a time." "My capacity for both mental and physical exertion is increasing daily." "I feel like a new person." "Your system has cured me of constipation of 20 years standing." "I feel much better than I have felt for seven or eight years." "I am beginning to forget that I have a body composed of so many organs each of which used to force its presence on my consciousness in a very unpleasant manner at times." "I am 80 years old. After the lessons I feel like a young man." "I feel today 200 per cent better than I did 6 weeks ago." "I never was better in my life than I am today." "I have grown within a few months from a weakling to an unusually strong man."

These are but a few of the heartfelt words of sincere appreciation sent to Swoboda by his grateful pupils. To print all the letters he has received would fill a book of a thousand or more pages. From those shown (the writers' names will be sent on request)—you will realize that there is a great deal for *you* in the Swoboda System of cell-culture.

A Startling Book—Free

If you think you are totally well, if you feel only a little below par, or if you have resigned yourself to your fate after many years' suffering and many experiences with medicines, then by all means let Swoboda send you his new copyrighted book on health, strength, efficiency. Read what his system is, what it has already accomplished. You will be intensely interested in every page, in every sentence, in every word.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or even a postal and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 1921 Aeolian Bldg., New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages in Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later, but to send the coupon or a letter or postal now, while the matter is on your mind. Remember the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write *now*.

Please send me your free copyrighted book, "CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION."

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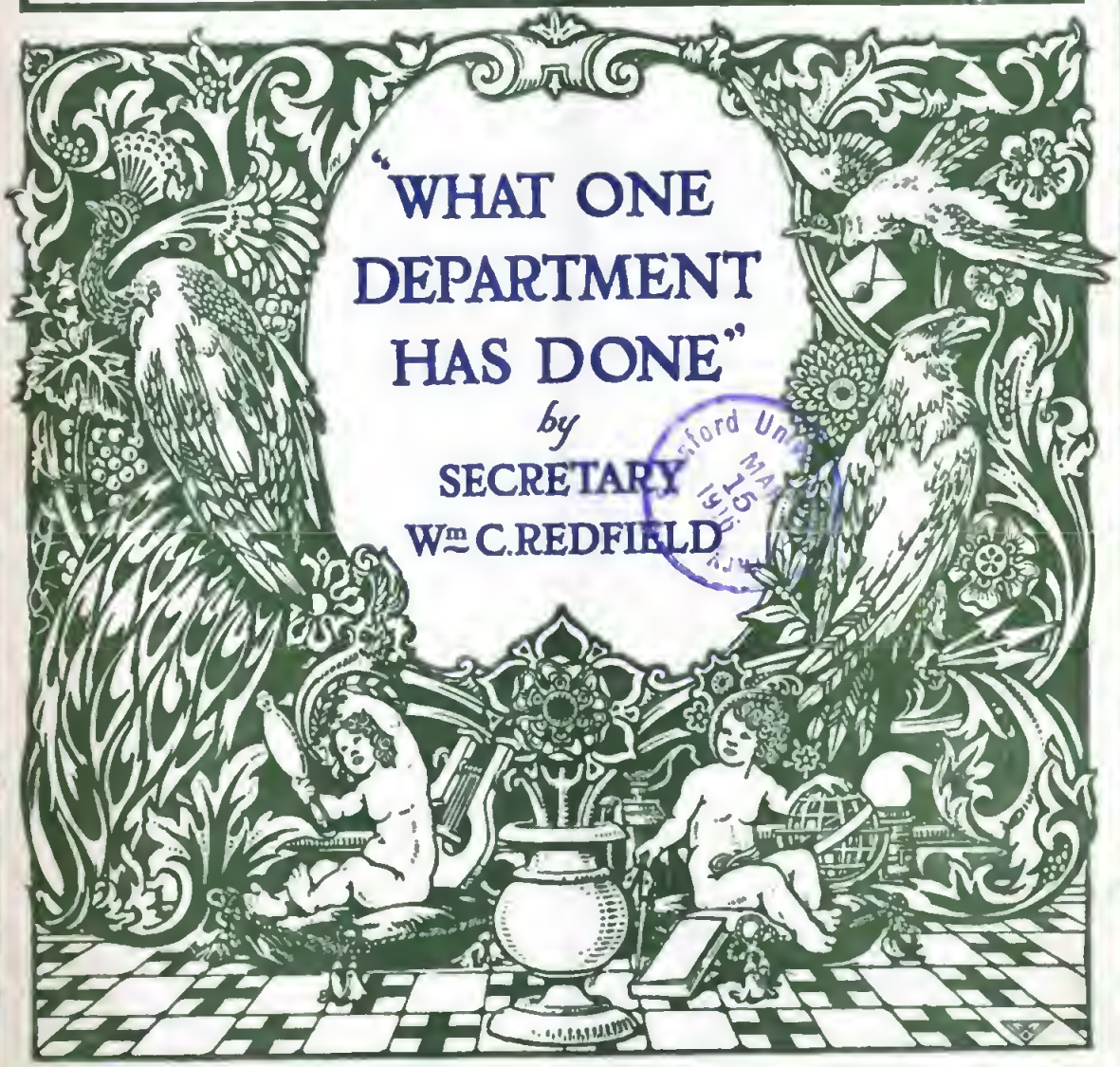
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



ford Uni
MAR
15
1916

MARCH 18, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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An Announcement

EVER since President Wilson took office and before, hundreds of thousands of people in the United States have wished they might get more real, inside facts about the Mexican situation.

Why was President Wilson so intense in his feelings about Huerta?

Was our own ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, concerned in the plot to assassinate Madero?

We have dropped hints occasionally. On May 22nd last we said:

"The story has not yet been written, though it will some day come to light, of the part which the Taft administration, unwittingly, perhaps, played in the overthrow of Madero. To have recognized Huerta would have been to condone, not only the treachery of a soldier, not only the assassination of a president, but the part which the American administration had played."

The time seems to have come to tell this story. We think it will enter into American history.

It begins next week and it will take several weeks to tell it. It is as exciting as a novel. It consists of documents and personal experiences. It is a long time since an equally dramatic contribution to inside current history has been made by any periodical.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

An Old Publication With a New Point of View

10 cents a copy. On all good newsstands. 5 dollars a year

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT — VISIONARY

BY CHARLES MERZ

NATIONAL pride is a great thing. If we could be as proud of our President as we are of our moving-picture favorite we would be a happy nation indeed. If John's wife is wronged or Harry's silk hat is sat upon, vengeance is prompt. But in diplomacy —well, we never seem to get anywhere. Still, if Theodore Roosevelt were President . . . ?

A nation ninety percent movie-ized is waiting for the next election. And if Theodore Roosevelt is a candidate for the presidency he will have a powerful running mate. It will not be Mr. Hadley or Mr. Osborn or another of the favorite sons. It will be Old Man Impatience. And the Old Man will get four votes to Mr. Roosevelt's one. They will come from the vocal patriots who chant national honor when the country is at peace and cultivate limps the minute she goes to war. They will come from people who are annoyed at processes that are necessarily slow, people who want to see something spectacular happen. These people want to feel that if the Shah of Persia gets gay somebody in the White House will fix *him*. Lots of them, seriously, have a dim sort of vision of President Theodore Roosevelt, in star-spangled trunks, advancing into the centre of the ring to meet the Kaiser. Roosevelt wouldn't be afraid of ten Kaisers! For Roosevelt is a red-blooded American. But so, it may be observed, are Jess Willard and Ty Cobb. And, there can be a bull in a government cabinet just as easily as one in a china closet.

BEFORE we become too entranced with the vision of Count Bernstorff driving up Connecticut avenue for a daily burnishing of Theodore Roosevelt's boots, discretion bids us stop to consider whether Mr. Roosevelt is a practical man to have as President from 1917 to 1921. Can he meet the present crises as well as he met visitors at the White House?

In a new book, *Fear God and Take Your Own Part*, Mr. Roosevelt sets down his ideas of what the present administration has done, and what the next one ought to do. It is never fair to dissect one of the Colonel's rough-and-ready speeches. But when a man publishes a book it ought to represent at least a certain amount of thought. Coming at this time *Fear God and Take Your Own Part* should express the Roosevelt platform with some distinctness.

The chief plank is there, and considerably strengthened. President Wilson, heretofore only a "weakling," now becomes a creature of "abject tameness" and "odious hypocrisy."

But the rest is disappointing. In this hour when a firm, constructive program is so needed, the man of broad vision can overlook personal bitternesses and hope to find practical assistance in the progressive, indubitably sincere Mr. Roosevelt. But with the nation waiting for him to do something, Mr. Roosevelt has failed to introduce a living issue into American politics. His solution for the most immediate problem of the day—preparedness—is the most visionary one imaginable: "Universal service is the practical, democratic method of dealing with this problem," he says. "There should be military training, as a part of a high-school education which should include all-round training for citizenship. This training should begin in the schools in serious fashion at about the age of 16. Then between the ages of 18 and 21 there should be six months' actual and continuous service in the field with the colors."

Even were compulsory universal service the ideal scheme, it could not possibly be put into effect for years —and *immediate* action is Mr. Roosevelt's slogan. England refused to accept anything like it. In a country as independent and uncoordinated as ours it would be even more impossible of adoption. When this country is ready to accept the enforcement of universal service, that enforcement will no longer be necessary. Mr. Roosevelt has not given us a practical way to preparedness; he has written a rhapsody on the social value of "rich boy and poor boy" sleeping "shoulder to shoulder" in a pup tent.

FOR the rest Mr. Roosevelt shows the same failure to take the definite stand that might be expected of a prospective president. In a number of instances his dual view of things gets the better of him. For example:

The man who loves other nations as much as he does his own, stands on a par with the man who loves other women as much as he does his own wife
Page 18

We are . . . consecrated to the service of God above, through the service of man on this earth.
Page 57

When Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan made this nation shirk its duty towards Belgium, they made us false to all our high ideals.
Page 23

Colombia has no rights (in Panama) that were not of the most shadowy and unsubstantial kind. . . On October 16 I directed the Navy Department to issue instructions to send ships to the Isthmus.
Pages 307, 327

A quarter of a million men in the regulation army is the minimum that will insure the nation's safety from sudden attack.
Page 95

Size of army when Roosevelt became President: 84,513 men. Size six years later: 53,940.
(From the reports of the Secretary of War.)

Reading *Fear God and Take Your Own Part* is like the settling of a bridge score. You cross off equal amounts in two towering columns that total thousands, —and have an advantage of eighteen cents over your opponent. Sometimes you are lucky if you win at all.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization
EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

MONUMENTAL FOLLY

NOT in recent memory have calm minds in Washington felt as deep a sense of indignation against a respected member of the Senate as was felt when Senator Gore rested a bad case on a bit of floating gossip. Shallow enough was an attack designed to weaken the executive in its foreign negotiations, it being none of the Senate's business to pass resolutions to forward either Germany's or Mr. Bryan's views or Mr. McCombs's opinions on how the State Department should conduct itself. Even emptier of excuse was it to base such an attack on a futile rumor, when the blind senator had open to him the obvious course of going or writing to the White House, thus learning whether the President actually did ever indicate a wish to involve this country in war. The fight is not what on the surface it seems. Senator Gore is close to Mr. McCombs, who is disgruntled and hostile. Stone is sore. So is Clark. The Tammany senators and representatives, and their afflicted partisans in both houses, are making the same fight they made at Baltimore. Now it takes the form of trying to take the leadership away from Mr. Wilson. Thomas F. Ryan is again a figure in the background. Flood's relations to Wall Street would bear investigation. Unhappily this time the issue is confused by Mr. Bryan's religion landing him on the same side with the machine leaders and the panderers to the German vote. The braying of the Democratic wild asses through this emergency has again thrown into sharpest relief the President's leadership, without which the herd would once more prance in full enjoyment of national contempt.

LOCAL DANGER

WHY do senators and representatives vote against what they and the nation know to be best? Virtue is its own reward, whereas subserviency has compensation more tangible. The German vote will help reelect Mr. Wilson by being against him, because that contest will be waged vividly, but certain senators and representatives fear the same question can beat them, because the Germans will remain savage and solid, while the Americans fail to be aroused. If the issue gets sufficiently into the light, as it did in the mayoralty city elections in Chicago and Detroit, Americanism will always defeat foreignism. The rejoicings of the German press in America over the interference of the House and Senate, and the praise of that press for the ringleaders, will be taken into account by American voters at the election. What careful and self-preserving statesmen fear is that by voting right they might not arouse an interest sufficiently acute and lasting, and that when the next elections arrive the only persons intently remembering the record might be the resident Germans. Before such a menace manhood falters.

COURAGE

WHEN Mr. Wilson was Governor of New Jersey he was talking with a friend about Kipling's *If*. He quoted the lines:

> If you can meet Triumph and Disaster
> And treat those two impostors just the same.

He praised highly those well-known lines and then went on to these:

> If you can make one heap of all your winnings
> And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss.

"I didn't know you were a gambler, Governor," said his friend.

"I think there is nothing finer in life," said Mr. Wilson, "than to know what you stand for and risk everything for that."

The President will not let the nerves of other people, or the local interests of other people, tell him what to risk all on, but when to his own mind an issue is fundamental he risks all and has no method except fighting to a finish.

THE PLATFORM

OF COURSE the President's enemies have no chance of preventing his nomination, but they think they have a chance to construct a platform that will embarrass him. As it is generally recognized, however, that the President is almost the only asset of his party, it is practically certain that the platform, after a fight, will merely reflect his record and his policies.

A BLOW AT HARVARD

ONE of the solidest and fairest men we know said the other day: "I was intending to send my boy to Harvard, but since the stand President Lowell has taken on the Brandeis matter I shall not do it. I believe thousands of men west of the Alleghanies will take the same stand. We never thought of Harvard before as a Bourbon stronghold."

WHAT TO DO

AMONG the judgments passed upon Mr. Brandeis since the national controversy began, none has shown a more intelligent grasp of his character than that of a man who quoted Aristotle's opinion, that the best test of the ideal life is the noble employment of leisure.

APPOINTMENTS

MATTERS of the highest moment in politics frequently count less than something less but more dramatic. A measure that clearly improves the nature of our government and our business is almost forgotten when it is passed, but the mistaken appointment of an individual may easily wreck an administration. If Johnson had been made postmaster in New York City, for ex-

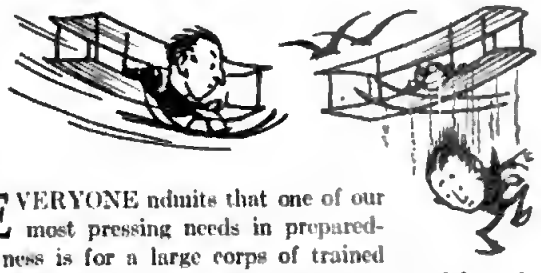
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ample, as Senator O'Gorman desired, the affair, relatively small as it would have been, might have cost Mr. Wilson the state. People dramatize a man so much more easily than they do a measure. It works both ways. The appointment of Mr. Brandeis settled hundreds of thousands of labor and liberal votes through the country; more than would have been affected by the passage of the bad Shields water-power bill by the Senate, or the good Ferris bill by the House. Nor is it necessary to take for illustration an appointment so far-reaching in its effects. There is now vacant a New York Federal judgship. If it is filled politically it will offend deeply a powerful class of lawyers and dampen a considerable number of young men. If, on the other hand, it is filled by a notable lawyer, or, still better, by promotion, it will furnish appreciable enthusiasm to the bar and also in general to the more ardent and fluid opinion. Perhaps it is a pity that appointments are so much more effective in focusing attention than measures are, but it is a fact. Moreover, while we must regret deeply the inadequate value given to sound departmental or legislative work, we can at least rejoice that the general public's sensitiveness to appointments is becoming of more value than it used to be, because it cares more than it once did for the man's record, and relatively less for his party or his mere personal popularity.

SENSATION

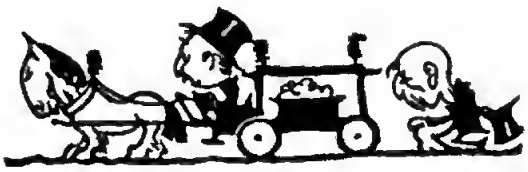
PERHAPS the two American newspapers most quoted in France today are the Washington *Post* and the New York *Tribune*. This need not surprise Americans. Is not their own welcome to quotations from foreign publications proportionate not to their depth or representativeness, but to their dissent and violence?

AVIATION IN COLLEGE



EVERYONE admits that one of our most pressing needs in preparedness is for a large corps of trained aviators. One way to help supply this need is to have aviation on the list of college outdoor sports. The treasuries of the athletic associations in the larger colleges and universities could well afford to foot the bill for equipment. Often the gate receipts of a single November afternoon would suffice. Once the equipment and the instructors were provided, it is not likely that athletes would be slow to enroll themselves. No other college sport does anything more in the way of military preparedness than make the athlete physically fit. Aviation would train him for one of the most essential arms of modern service. Risk may cause a little criticism. Aviation probably would not result in any more deaths than football does, or baseball or swimming. The toll of lives taken by baseball last season was fifty-nine—thirty-eight of these deaths caused by pitched balls striking batters in the head. Football usually kills fifteen or twenty players a season. For swimming, the numbers must run into the hundreds. As a sport for spectators aviation might not draw large gate receipts, but we already have too many sports for spectators rather than participants. One of the advantages of aviation is that one doesn't need to be a husky to excel in it.

THE WORD MORGUE



DEMARCHUS C. BROWN, Indiana State Librarian at Indianapolis, shares a bitterness of our own in wishing for "along those lines" a long, long rest.

President Wilson is attacked by S. R. Davis, of Birmingham, Alabama, for saying in a speech "it goes without saying," but the critic himself ends his letter with "more power to your elbow, Mr. Editor," which we wish he hadn't. Getting back at the critic is also illustrated by E. L. Bennett, of Forth Smith, Arkansas, who signs himself, "very moderately yours," and who writes:

> In your "Stamps and Superlatives" editorial you quote Miss Winterrowd's reproof of yourself for your occasional intensity of expression, as in "nearly dies of rage." I notice that Miss Winterrowd "rubbed her eyes twice to make sure" it was your expression.

Poor Miss W. It is thus with all of us. Hard it is, indeed, to keep away from the very faults we most abhor!

SUPERLATIVES

THE same correspondent from Arkansas takes up our point about the abuse and the value of superlatives.

> I bespeak a place upon the charter roll of the Anti-Superlative Society, and I second your saving reservation of a license to exaggerate. The masters you name, Falstaff, Rabelais, Twain, stretch the truth, surely, but with discrimination and appreciation of the fabric. *It always comes back to normal when they release it.*

When Mark Twain said that truth was one of our most precious possessions and we should economize it, the sally was related to his serious belief that truth is not represented least well when she is represented without literalness. The exaggeration of most men is weakness. The exaggeration of the true artist is a device for freeing truth from the accidental details that encumber it. Hamlet will remain forever greater than any work which is built on fidelity to detail.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE

JESUS said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." Perhaps of all the truths in the Bible none is more needed in this age. A missionary said, "My business is to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ; I cobble shoes to pay expenses." Whatever our job, we need to pay expenses, but the business of life should be the forwarding of truth, the putting of it in practise, the raising of ourselves, the community, and those who have need of us.

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JUST AFTER THE SHELL EXPLODES



These English soldiers are literally wading through the cloud of poisonous fumes from a gas bomb. They wear the regulation masks that are the only valid protection that has been found against this form of attack



Here a "Jack Johnson" has just exploded, tearing up the earth with tremendous power. The soldier who snapped the photograph was 200 feet distant, but a fragment from the bursting shell struck and wounded him

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

THE REAL HUGHES IDEA

THE probability of Colonel Roosevelt's being nominated increases, as none of the minor candidates gain strength, and as the Roosevelt idea grows the feeling for Hughes somewhat subsides. The subsiding, such as it is (for it is still slight), is traceable to several causes.

1—T. R. has had some success in planting his knife in the back of the Justice, and it is realized that his support of anybody but himself, or a puppet of himself, would be perfunctory.

2—The very fact that the statements of Mr. Justice Hughes about not being a candidate while eminently proper, are not very heroic, since they do not close the door completely, is doing something to dim the halo.

3—As people think over the platform on which he would be running, the same injury to his prestige results. Nobody knows of any great matter in which he and the President represent unduly contrasting ideas. Mr. Root, for example, is naturally a servant. Sometimes it is of party, often of client, at times of government, but always, good or bad, a servant. Into such a frame it is not so easy to fit, without injury, the picture of Mr. Justice Hughes.

In the *Outlook*, September 23, 1914, Theodore Roosevelt wrote:

> A delegation of Belgians has arrived to invoke our assistance. What action our government can or will take, I know not.
>
> It has been assumed that no action can be taken that will interfere with our neutrality. It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral, and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other.
>
> Of course, it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose, and very probably nothing we could have done would have helped Belgium. We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her. . . . Sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent national duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference.

We all know what the hunger for an issue has led the Colonel and his present mouthpiece, Mr. Root, to say about Belgium lately, but could Mr. Justice Hughes descend to that kind of politics? Could he descend to that standard of morals and of life?

We believe we hold the key to the mystery. It is possible to explain the inconclusiveness of Mr. Justice Hughes's statements without being cynical about his sincerity. Here is the answer:

1—He has not wavered in his opinion about the sacredness of his duty to the Supreme Court or about the harm of a precedent that would turn its members into political aspirants.

2—He has strongly desired to say he would decline the nomination even if it should be actually made.

3—*He would not run against Mr. Wilson even if he were nominated without his consent.*

4—The reason he does not make a conclusive statement now is that some of his friends have persuaded him that he has no right to deal absolutely with the future. However impossible, *it is possible* that President Wilson may not be the Democratic nominee. He may be dead, for example. The Democrats may then put up an ass, of a breed now fighting the President in house and Senate. There may, therefore, be a terrific national emergency. It may come to pass that, in a time of extraordinary danger, we may have two fools running, or two weak men, or two dangerous men. It is on account of this highly remote danger that the Justice has been persuaded, reluctantly, that he must not at present, with complete finality, close the door.

THE DEFENSE PROBLEM

STATE and other local graft is the worst obstacle to efficient national government in the United States. Hence the danger that the attempt to substitute an incompletely federalized state militia for real national reserves may prevent any sound defense scheme. As to a proper though small standing army, and a method of holding its members as reservists for a number of years, the greatest difficulty is that Americans generally take no interest in army life. Hence the importance of the bill introduced by Senator Owen, founded on the article by Senator Keller printed elsewhere in this issue. That bill provides for three years active service, beginning at sixteen to eighteen years of age, and for twenty years reserve service. Methods of raising and apportioning the army are set out fully, and then comes the gist of the plan, as follows:

> ARTICLE III
>
> Sec. 6—The cadets shall live under the military discipline usual in regular army camps so far as the same may be applicable to the objects sought in this act. They shall do and perform any and all labor necessary to self-sustained camp life.
>
> Sec. 7—A careful record of grades shall be kept so as to show the military efficiency and qualifications for military leadership of each cadet, and the special aptitude for technical development along constructive lines of engineering.
>
> ARTICLE IV
>
> Sec. 3—It shall be the duty of the Vocational Board to provide proper curriculum to the end that every cadet shall, at graduation, be industrially self sustaining and thoroughly proficient in at least one vocation.
>
> ARTICLE V
>
> Sec. 1—The vocational earnings shall be put into a common fund and be distributed equally to all cadets of the same class or years enlistment under the direction of the Vocational Board.
>
> Sec. 2—In cases where there are relatives dependent upon the labor of cadets it shall be the duty of the Vocational Board to ascertain that fact and to ascertain the net cash value of the services of the cadet to the dependents, and thereafter cause to be remitted that amount to the dependents.
>
> Sec. 3—It shall be the duty of the Vocational Board to cause to be kept a careful system of grades indicating the proficiency in general and vocational education and training. The completion of the three years of active service shall be known as graduation, and every graduate shall receive a certificate setting out his grades, and his military classification for Reserve Army and Volunteer Service.

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THE BRIDGE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

TALL churchly arches, wherethrough the last light
Follows and fades like an old faith grown gray;
A road hung over nothing, whence none stray
For nets of iron closing left and right;
And many more beside us in like plight,
Strangers, dim faces, bound upon one way,
Out of the city at the end of day
Toward the unrisen dawn beyond the night.

We cannot see the further shore. Dark sky
Covers dark water, and the path is lost,
And the like darkness veils the way we came.
We must go forward blindly, as men die,
And find perchance that we have only crossed
Into another city—and the same.

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WHAT ONE DEPARTMENT HAS DONE

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

YOU suggest an article dealing with the work of the administratioo. I suppose that the argument would fall naturally into three phases—the legislative, the admioistrative and the diplomatic phase, the first dealing with the domestic policies wrought into law through Congress, the second dealing with the actual results of administration, and the third dealing with foreign policies. My nose is kept so closely to the grindstone in my own department that it is of that alone I feel competent to speak with any degree of responsibility. Of course, I should put great stress myself upon the Federal Reserve Act and upon the Underwood Tariff Act, and on the development of sympathetic cooperation with Pan-America in which the work of the Treasury Department has been so signally apparent.

I believe too that the great diplomatic papers will come to be recognized as fundamental in the future study of international law, and I think the people have come to recognize the stern patience of the President and his firm holding of our national indignation io control.

It is true also that the administrative work of the departoients has developed wonderfully. Alaska has been opened to the world, and the goverooent railway there is a great forward step. The Department of Agriculture has advanced. The Department of Justice has taken an attitude at once strong and sane. The Federal Trade Commission is quietly but earnestly helpful. The railways have received, not as early as it should io my judgmeot have been given them, but none the less actually, a measure of help. Great conservation measures permitting use, but not misuse, have been ioitiated. Last but not least, what I regard as a great merchaot marioe measure has been prepared, and the development of a tariff board on a very broad and comprehensive scale is brewing.

Finally, the administration has made definite progress toward the development of industrial education by federal aid. It was made a part of the party platform at Baltimore. It was recommended by the President in his first message to the Sixty-fourth Coogress. It has been approved by a commission apointed by the Sixty-third Congress for the purpose, and a hill now pending is favorably reported by the committees of both the House and the Senate, which provides lor takiog the first step in this gravely important matter.

I do not speak of preparedness because I realize this cannot escape your thought.

The following is o brief *résumé* of the developmeot of the work of the Department of Commerce:

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has been reorganized once and a second reorgaoization is now pending. It is a wholly different service from that which existed three years ago,—larger in outlook, broader in equipment. Then there were no branch offices, now there are eight. Then there were no cooperating branches (chambers of commerce employing a paid officer devoted to export trade), now there are five, and more coming. Then there were no commercial attachés, now there are ten and we are asking for ten more. Then the so-called "Consular and Trade Reports" was a rather dead thing, without paid subscribers and a daily edition of some twenty thousand copies given away. This was stopped, and when put upon a subscription basis the circulation fell off to something like three thousand. It was reconstructed under the name of "Commerce Reports" and oow has a daily circulation of over fourteen thousaod, of which over oine thousand are paying subscribers.

The standards of employment in this service have been greatly raised. Searching examinations are required for foreign services, including a real working knowledge of foreign languages.

In the Cost of Production Division a study has been published of the pottery industry, and a group of studies have been made of the clothing industry, of which three surveys have been issued—those on Hosiery, Women's Muslin Underwear, and Knit Underwear, and two others will shortly appear on Shirts and Collars and oo Men's Factory-made Clothing. This force is now engaged in a study of the cost of production of sugar. All these reports are of a quality hitherto unprecedented for thoroughness and accuracy.

WITH the cooperation of the Treasury Department errors long existing io our export and import statistics have been corrected by joint department orders which took effect February 1, 1916.

The appropriations for promoting American commerce have been many times greater than those ever granted under a previous odministration, and the effectiveness of the work done under the appropriations is shown by the orders directly received by Americao maoufacturers through our intervention, which have, taken by themselves alone, been of such a nature as to many times more thao repay the onnual cost of the entire bureau.

The Bureau of the Census has beeo taken from its former detached quarters and combined with the department in the Commerce building at an annual saving of $24,000. The long delayed work on the thirteenth census was completed, and the manufactures census of 1915 has been taken, and its results are in more forward shape than any corresponding census hitherto, and the cost of it will be less.

The great scientific service of the Bureau of Standards has been brought, with the willing cooperation of its fine chief, Dr. S. W. Strattoo, into close daily touch with our industries. It has completed within the last three years its electrical laboratory and has now well advanced a large new building for a chemical laboratory. Its outreach has been progressive throughout our term. There are two track-scale testing cars verifying railway tracks all over America where there was but one before. The equipment has been improved, the force enlarged, and the service is an active force in behalf of American industry and science. Through its assistance the business of manufacturing chemical porcelain has within the last year been established in the United States. Also that of making filter paper and decalcomania paper. Great progress has been made io developing color standards for industries such as cotton-seed oil and oleomargarine, in which such standards are urgently required. A study of American clays has developed our independence of foreign clays for pottery products and for refractories. The entire work of this service has developed into support of our industries as never before, and special studies into the problems underlying public utilities have resulted in greater certainty of control of such utilities than has heretofore been possible.

The Bureau of Lighthouses is doing more work at less

cost than five years ago. Its efficiency and enthusiasm was never what it is today. It is our largest service and the best of its kind in the world, both on its scientific and its practical side.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey has been wholly reorganized. Much of its vessel equipment was found in very bad shape. One fine new ship has been bought, another is being constructed and two more are asked of the present Congress. Its field equipment has been strengthened by automobile trucks. This, the oldest scientific service in the government, is now progressive, vigorous and effective, and is alive as it has not been for years.

A new spirit pervades the Steamboat Inspection Service and new methods are in use. A follow-up system of complaints and of inspections has been created. The practise of continued reinspections has been developed. A system of furnishing to me personally a report of every accident and the procedure taken therein has been created. The discipline of the service has been tuned up, and while it is greatly undermanned and seriously overworked, its temper is better than before. Weaknesses found in the service have been removed. Application has been made to Congress for an enlarged force without which the present high standards cannot be maintained.

THE Bureau of Fisheries has been restored from its former political basis to its proper position as a scientific service, with officers who are scientific men and who were promoted for good service from the bureau staff. Each year of the last three has constituted a new record, and at this present writing over 800,000,000 more eggs have been handled in our hatcheries during the present fiscal year than in any previous period. A new vessel has been bought for Alaska, the *Roosevelt*. A new vessel is building for the Atlantic service. New fish foods have been introduced. The pearl button industry is saved by work at the Fairport Biological Laboratory. The service has the confidence of the scientific world and is on a practical, scientific basis.

Perhaps in nothing is the new effectiveness better shown than in the work done in Alaska. Three services in especial touch Alaska, *viz.*: the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Bureau of Lighthouses and the Bureau of Fisheries. Through a special appropriation of $60,000, for aids to navigation in Alaska, by act of August 1, 1914, forty-six new aids have already been established and five more will be established next season. A large lighthouse is constructing on Cape St. Elias. The finest vessel in the lighthouse fleet, the *Cedar*, is now being constructed at Long Beach, California, for use in Alaska.

Three years ago the Fisheries Service was dependent upon the canneries it must inspect for the means with which to do the inspecting.

Three years ago the vessels of the Coast and Geodetic Survey in Alaskan waters were wretched wrecks, with nothing to commend them save an age not venerable. They have been condemned and sold. A fine steel steamer, the *Surveyor*, is constructing for this work, and Congress has been requested to provide funds for two others.

The three new vessels thus provided for Alaskan waters are each the finest in the government service, and the whole attitude of the department toward Alaska has been altered, as this fact signifies.

The Bureau of Navigation has undertaken serious and new duties such as the counting of passengers on excursion steamers, the administration of the radio law, the ship registry law, and of the Seaman's Act. An additional motor vessel has been added for the coastwise inspections and another is planned. Its service of enforcing the navigation laws in our protected waters is of great importance, and is actively carried on for the first time.

THE counting of passengers on excursion vessels has never been as accurately done as now, and the radio service throughout the country is under thorough control. Shocking conditions which existed in disregard of law on some coastwise vessels have been remedied and the rules of the road and the laws respecting vessel equipment are beyond question more closely obeyed today than ever before.

There remains to speak of that important division known as the Secretary's office, the centre of the whole organism. This is in new hands created, except the two persons comprising my personal staff, by promotion from the ranks. Every division chief in this important branch of the service holds his place by promotion for merit. In its equipment there has been marked progress. Horses and horse-drawn wagons and trucks have gone and quick-running automobile trucks of various sizes for different duties have taken their place. A carefully drawn schedule exists whereby these cars operate between the outlying services and the Commerce building in such a way as to keep the whole organization in almost or quite hourly touch throughout the day.

The Division of Publications has made marked progress and the Joint Committee on Printing of Congress state in their last report that under its former Chief, and now under its present Chief, this division has brought the printing and distributing of commerce publications to the highest standard of economy and efficiency in the government service.

Steel shelving has sent old wooden shelves to the woodpile. Photographic methods of reproduction have replaced old and less effective ones. Modern addressing machines are installed. A far more effective organization with better working tools exists than before.

CHORAL SONG

BY PERCY MACKAYE

The Shakespeare Tercentenary will be celebrated in New York City on May 23rd with a Masque by Mr. MacKaye,—"Caliban, by the Yellow Sands." This lyric chorus will be sung while Caliban's cave is being transformed into a splendid proscenium.

In the same abode and cell
Where the Toad was wont to dwell,
And the Tiger stretched his claw,
We have built a shrine of Law;
We have chosen the lair of hate
To love, imagine and create.

Out of blood and dross
Out of Setebos,
We are risen to show
The art of Prospero:
Here within his head and heart
Our souls are servants of his art.

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SIXTY THOUSAND POUNDS OF ART



This is the largest bronze group ever cast and erected in this country. It is Henry Merwin Shrady's "Cavalry Group," and portrays a spirited charge of the Union forces against the Confederates in the Civil War



The "Artillery Group" is a companion piece by the same sculptor. It is 28 feet in length, and weighs 28,600 pounds. These groups were executed at the Roman Bronze Works to adorn the Grant Monument at Washington

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THE UBIQUITOUS GUEST-BOOK

BY THOMAS W. ASHWELL

ETHELBERTA says I am a coward. That may be true, but at best it is an impolite remark and at worst it is cruel. I am quite sure I am not really a coward; I am merely overflowing with the better part of valor.

Ethelberta and I are week-ending at the Smith-Jones's. Just at present I am sitting in one of the few comfortable places in Mrs. Smith-Jones's new decorated guest-room, which is on the bed, smoking one of Mr. Smith-Jones's super-excellent cigars absent-mindedely handed to me instead of the Magnate who is also partaking of the Smith-Jones hospitality. Mr. Smith-Jones's cigar system, when in receiving order, is effective though lacking in subtlety. The one drawback is bulk, as it necessitates two cigar cases. One of these carries one cigar—fat and luscious and fragrant, a cigar that must be smoked at leisure to be appreciated, a cigar that on every puff wafts the smoker to a paradise of nicotine; the other is full of ordinary cigars, cigars which can be bought for fifty cents a piece at any stand.



"Smoking one of Mr. Smith-Jones's super-excellent cigars"

I am smoking the super-cigar. Knowing this is due to a momentary aberration on the part of Smith-Jones, I feel an especially keen enjoyment in each puff. Ethelberta says that I am ridiculous to think that the cigar was not intended for me. That is a funny thing about women. For the most part they would be extremely annoyed if they were told that almost any of their belongings, their dogs for instance, were ridiculous. And yet their most likely observation on any comment of their husband is "perfectly ridiculous."

Now Ethelberta is perfectly ridiculous. She has an absurd misconception of my standing in the Smith-Jones household. A few years ago when they had a large house-party I wrote a little play which, for a variety of reasons, the least of which was the merit of the play itself, was acted with great success by the guests. Since then, as far as the Smith-Jones are concerned, my reputation has been made. And because the Smith-Jones are of that small and exclusive circle who really appreciate cleverness, as they themselves are the first to admit, I have been, so to speak, *persona grata* in their household.

But there is a great difference between liking to have a guest about whom you can say, "Oh, you must meet Mr. Blank. He is so clever. He wrote that screamingly funny farce we gave a couple of years ago," and giving said guest a cigar especially selected for a co-visitant magnate.

Nevertheless I enjoy my visits here. I enjoy pretending that I too am a magnate when I roll up from the station with two men on the box. Ordinarily when I am home I am one of the most persistent patrons of our local rapid transit system, except on especial occasions, when for instance I do not wish my silk hat crushed. Then I

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walk. But as soon as I disembark from the train here I feel a personal slight if there are not two men on the box. Ethelberta, being a modern young woman, says it is a psychological phenomenon showing the power of suggestion, and feels very erudite. I say it is an example of my inherent ability to enjoy the luxuries of life and feel quite socialistic. I enjoy the remarkable decorative effects which Mrs. Smith-Jones has perpetuated every few months. I am even free to confess that I enjoy the common or garden variety of fifty cents cigar which I usually smoke here. But I do not enjoy being introduced as "clever Mr. Blank." The last time I was here I really think I did show signs of cleverness. On my arrival I immediately informed Mrs. Smith-Jones I had developed a severe headache on my way down. Not nearly as much was expected from "clever Mr. Blank with an unfortunate headache" as from "clever Mr. Blank."

Unfortunately I hardly dared have another headache. I did consider moving the pain to the neighborhood of my belt, but Ethelberta said it would be bad taste, so I am officially in perfect health. And tomorrow morning three motorsful of guests are coming from a neighboring town for the horse-show. I refuse to meet them. I would object anyway, but there is an especial reason why I absolutely refuse. Mrs. Smith-Jones has an instrument of torture, an abomination of mankind of which she is particularly proud. It is a guest-book. A guest-book run on the principle of a hotel register I do not mind. In fact I acknowledge it is often a convenience. To be able to turn back a few pages and absolutely verify that vague impression that Cousin Bore and Mr. Bore and the two little Bores made their annual visit only eight months ago is surely sufficient excuse in itself for the guest-book. No, I have no quarrel with the quiet, unassuming guest-book that knows its place.

BUT the Smith-Jones guest-book is a different type. It is a gaudy, defiant, assuming fellow that is not content with names and dates, but insists on being decorated with *bon mots*, witticisms and drawings in a division labeled "remarks." And the parting rite in which Mrs. Smith-Jones takes particular joy is to march me proudly up to this annual and announce that I am about to write something witty. I refuse to do it. Not to write something witty, I maintain, under the circumstances, to be an absolute impossibility. But to be paraded like a manikin before a dozen tittering strangers!

Wherefore Ethelberta says I am a coward.

We are supposed to leave at twelve o'clock tomorrow. I have found a time-table which schedules a train at seven. I intend to rise early, take that train and leave Ethelberta to make whatever excuses she may think proper. If that be cowardice, Ethelberta, make the most of it.

. . . . . .

It is a week since I penned the last remark and Ethelberta, taking me at my word, a most unwifely thing to do, has been making the most of it. She has paraded my cowardice before all our friends. And such is the power of Ethelberta's tongue that never again shall I confuse discretion and valor.

Of course I should have realized that time-tables are as useful as Sanskrit to the average intelligence. Perhaps a little less so. Sanskrit is honest and above board and plainly unintelligible, whereas time-tables are sneaky, hypocritical things. They seem to say, "Come and read me; here is everything you want to know as plain as the nose on your face." So you are beguiled by their innocence and find a train which just suits you, whereupon they take upon themselves the character of the little boy hiding around the corner with the string on the pocket-book. "Ha! ha!" they seem to say, "you thought you had us that time. Well, see that small 's' that looks like a smudge of ink at the top of the column." That refers you to the seventh column on the fourteenth page, where you will find that this train only stops to let passengers off.

The letter at the top of the column on the Smith-Jones time-table which I failed to see, happened to be an insignificant, unassuming little "o". But had I traced it to its lair I would have found it signified that my seven o'clock train did not begin to run until a week later. As it was I discovered this at the station. The village in which the Smith-Jones live is so exclusive that no other train runs until twelve o'clock.

Between waiting in a deserted station and returning to a hot breakfast, there was but one choice. So I had to run the gantlet and meet the guest-book face to face after all.

"Now, Mr. Blank, you must write something in our book. You know we all appreciate your clever remarks so much," was the delicate way in which my hostess gave her instructions in just the same tone she would have told her lap dog to perform one of his silly tricks.

I still think I managed very well. The sentence I wrote, "*Dulce est Periculum*," was an inspiration in itself. But my knowing look when she begged a translation, and my caution that she be careful whom she asked to translate it when I left was, I consider, a masterpiece. No one being able to contradict her, she was greeted with a chorus of assenting chuckles when she remarked that I was so "deliciously original."

"But," says Ethelberta, who is looking over my shoulder as I write, "you haven't yet told me what *Dulce est Periculum* does mean."

"For the very good reason," I reply, "that I haven't any idea myself. It was the motto on the band of the super-cigar which was intended for the Magnate."

"How perfectly ridiculous," says Ethelberta, which, as I remarked, is just the cryptic comment Ethelberta would make.

FROM A BRIDGE CAR

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

RIVER inscrutable, river mysterious,
Mornings or evenings, in gray skies or blue,
Thousands of toilers in gay mood or serious,
Workward and homeward have gazed upon you.

Swirling or sluggish, but ever inscrutable,
Sparkling or oily, but never the same;
You, like the city, mysterious, mutable,
Tremble with passions which no one can name.

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HITS ON THE STAGE

"WETONA"



MR. DAVID BELASCO is a master of stage realism. Pages have been written about the ticking of his clocks, whole books about his use of chipped chinaware. His real gravy has given birth to new theories of art. People who see his latest production, *The Heart of Wetona*, will learn a lot of things about the American Indian. It would not be surprising if an Indian could learn a bit himself.

Mr. Belasco's realism nets him a reputation; his unrealism nets him a fortune. In his plays reality is the frill, unreality the substance. People enthuse over the former while the latter is lifting them out of their chairs in excitement.

The Heart of Wetona abounds in situations that have nothing to do with life, but which are extremely effective for that reason. A man sits in a darkened room. He has a loaded revolver. Facing him are two doors—one leading to his wife's room, the other to a room occupied by the man who loves her. The question is, which door is going to open first? It is not a particularly realistic scene. Few husbands, we maintain, would sit there waiting. All the same the loaded revolver and the two doors make a situation of the tensest sort.

On another occasion the lights are flashed out and three Indians creep onto the stage. It is too dark to see whether they are hiding under the table or behind the curtains. Interest is consequently very keen. As a matter of fact they don't hide at all; but the incident serves its purpose and an extra, though unreal, thrill is added.

Another comes at the very end. By this time the chief interest has come to be in the fate of the villain—as black-hearted a scoundrel as ever drama boasted. The Comanches want his life. They have surrounded the house in which he has taken refuge. He tries to make a getaway. Two shots ring out. Have they got him, or is it the horse they have hit? An exultant war-whoop tells the story.

All in all, *The Heart of Wetona* is a bit melodramatic. It has been called "an American *Madame Butterfly*"—an Indian maiden replacing the Japanese girl, and the racial conflict remaining the same. But in this case the race element is of little importance. *The Heart of Wetona* would be the same play if the heroine were a Chicagoan instead of a Comanche. Melodrama of the early nineteen hundreds is its category. The Indians are superfluous. They serve as a background, and give Mr. Belasco a chance to make use of that "uncanny realism" of which so much has been written—here and in other places.

The important part of Wetona is played by Miss Leonore Ulrich. Miss Ulrich took up and played for three seasons the rôle Laurette Taylor created in *The Bird of Paradise*. In this new play she gives an excellent performance. An Indian maiden can be portrayed on the stage in monosyllabic grunts or as a gushing, half-breed ingenue. Miss Ulrich escapes both pitfalls, and gives an intelligent performance of a wistful little Indian girl.

URBAN

ASIDE from Mr. Belasco's new play, the week was largely Mr. Urban's. "Joseph," they called him on the program of *The Greatest Nation;* "Josef," it was spelled on the *Pom-Pom* booklet,—thereby attaining that foreign touch so necessary to the operetta.

Joseph or Josef, Mr. Urban has become an important factor in the American theatre. He has ridden in on the crest of the wave of new scenic development. In its most recent form, the new movement owes its impetus to Mr. Granville Barker's production last spring. Two months later Mr. Urban followed with some scenery for the *Follies*. Mr. Barker had been the target for a great deal of ridicule; Mr. Urban's scenery, being danced in front of by some attractively costumed chorus girls, was a great success. He followed it up with some scenes for *Around the Map*. Then he took a flier in *Macbeth*. By this time "Urban scenery" had become a standardized product. And then, last week, Mr. Urban topped it off with two productions on the same evening.

The scenery for *The Greatest Nation*—a very stupid romance—and for *Pom-Pom*—a highly entertaining operetta—is thoroughly agreeable. But, and in all credit to Mr. Urban, there are a dozen men in New York who could have done either job quite as well. It is the familiar case of a monopoly in restraint of trade. Mr. Urban is the only scene painter that most New York managers have ever heard of. Consequently he is the only one who has ever existed.

"PAY DAY"

TWO remarkable qualities make *Pay Day* deserving of especial notice: In the first place, its scenery was *not* designed by Joseph Urban; in the second, the play turned a somersault. There can be little doubt but that *Pay Day* was written as a problem play, a play with a purpose, and all that. It was produced on Saturday night as "a new drama of New York life." Sunday morning it developed into "a satirical melodrama of the movies."

Now satire is a dangerous weapon—for the user. It generally boomerangs. In the hands of the ordinary American playwright it is stodgy and obvious. But in *Pay Day* it is keen—for the reason, of course, that it wasn't put there by the authors. They had written a lurid melodrama. To atone for its sensational absurdities a prologue and an epilogue were added. In the prologue it is explained that the actor and his wife are given a moving-picture scenario; then comes the melodrama; and then the epilogue—explaining that it was only a movie. In other words, the producers gave the audience a chance to enjoy melodrama without blushing. But the audience took the melodrama as a joke. And since this part had been left untouched, in its serious form, its self-abusing satire is delicious. Playwrights often discover that they have written quite the opposite thing from what they planned. But seldom is that thing a success.

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ONLY ONE HAS A SPEAKING PART



People in the provinces will wonder why New York wasn't offended by "Fair and Warmer." The reason is Miss Madge Kennedy, who handles dangerous situations with fine delicacy and charm



In "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," the new Winter Garden production, Miss Wanda Lyons plays two parts. One of her appearances is as a society girl, the other as an Ethiopian slave. Practically the same costume suffices for both of her rôles



Miss Billie Burke has signed a contract with George Kleine to appear in a thirty-week serial feature, to be produced at a cost of $1,000,000—which is somewhat lower than the usual estimate



"Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," is by no means the typical Winter Garden show. It has a plot: the hero dreams part of the play. While extraordinary sagacity is not needed to follow this idea, still it is complicated enough to bother many patrons



Photographs by Sarony

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Keeping the kettle boiling

ARMY INCREASE

(The opinion of an officer on duty in the Canal Zone)

A CONTENTED soldier is a much better base on which to procure enlistments than all of the present costly and pretentious advertisements the government is distributing, for he (the enlisted man) will recommend for the service his friends and others whom he may come in contact with; whereas at present he advises them to keep out. Which is better, contentment, or dissatisfaction through false advertising?

The boys should be told the truth about the service. False advertisements are the cause of many desertions and purchases. I come in contact, daily, with many of these discontented young soldiers, who regret entering the service because of the false advertisements that lured them in. Those who can secure cash buy out at the termination of the first year; but many others who are not so fortunate, either desert, or remain in the service, discontented.

The civil service jobs should be given to enlisted men who qualify for them, at the termination of eighteen months' service. As a matter of common decency, all places in the classified service should be given to soldiers, provided there are soldiers to fill them, and that they are fit.

As a reward for faithful service, after eighteen months, soldiers should be given preference over civilians to apply for commissions. Two years at West Point, in addition to the eighteen months' training as an enlisted man, would be ample to qualify him as second lieutenant.

These three inducements carried out—an officer from the ranks, the civil service jobs, and the eighteen months enlistment with the proper treatment cited above—would bring in more men than would be required; a spirit of study and ambition would prevail in the army. The guard-houses would not have one-third of the present number of prisoners, and the system would greatly lessen the number of desertions, if not do away with it altogether. For the reason that most, if not all of the men, would observe good behavior, so as to earn for themselves the awards classified for faithful service. This arrangement would also bring to the service a better class of men.

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AN AMERICAN SCHOOL ARMY

BY KENT E. KELLER

During the campaign against Tammany two years and a half ago, "Harper's Weekly" reprinted some of the cartoons by Thomas Nast that appeared in the same "Weekly" against the same enemy. Recently we have printed cartoons and other material showing the close relations between some of the public affairs of today and some of those in which the "Weekly" was taking a hand in the days when Lincoln was President of the country.

And now arises a situation in which we think public education will be increased by the reprinting of a more recent article. When President Wilson was touring the west, talking about preparedness, he quoted an article that appeared in "Harper's Weekly" on November 20th. Last week we quoted a resolution from the Illinois Senate referring to this same article, and asking the United States Congress to give attention to the plan therein proposed. The question of preparedness being so urgent at the present moment, and this article making such a significant contribution, we have felt that to congressmen and the public it ought to be made easily accessible

AN ARMY is a development. To be a soldier is to have made a growth. Soldiering today is a business which requires thorough preparation. It is not founded on patriotism and enthusiasm alone. The technique of soldiering reaches to almost every branch of science today, and in the future this tendency will be greatly extended. The soldier who does not know his duties and know well how to perform them in conjunction with his comrades may, in case of a conflict, be in the way rather than helpful against a well-trained enemy. It is easy enough to get shot for one's country. It is difficult to shoot the enemies of one's country and live.

Military drill a few minutes each week in schools; a few weeks' outing in summer camps; a business men's army league to drill when they can spare a little time; a three weeks' militia encampment with occasional evenings at drill between times; a summer school for officers that can neither make actual officers of them nor soldiers of the boys back home, and all the other kindred attempts at soldiering are good and inspiring in many ways. But a little study of the European conflict will show any thoughtful man what a grim and terrible thing warfare is, and that it is impossible to prepare for it too well. We must face the matter with open eyes at least. And it is no less than the truth to say that to send these fine, courageous militia boys, these enthusiastically patriotic summer soldiers—against three-year men would be little better than murder. Three-year men only can meet three-year men on equal terms.

Germany required the men who are making these astounding drives to serve working two years constantly in the infantry and three years in the cavalry and artillery. France tried out a shorter time of service for her soldiers to her heart's content. She was compelled to admit the inferiority of these short service men, and adopted the same period of service as the Germans. A short period would not do. A shorter period of service will not make soldiers of Americans. We must see this plainly or suffer dearly for our folly if the test ever comes. The necessity for this long preparation is fully understood and appreciated by all military men. It must also be fully accepted by the people of this country generally before we can have a real army. The hope that any makeshift will do ought not to be indulged in at all, in any quarter. To rely on summer soldiers is to court disaster. It is training that makes the soldier; it is training that makes the officer—plenty of training and plenty of time. It takes trained soldiers and trained officers both to make an army.

WEST POINT takes plain American boys with only fair education, without any proof of soldierly qualities, aptitude for war, or native ability to command, and in four years' constant training and educating hammers them not only into soldiers of the first class, but into officers and gentlemen—commanders and leaders of soldiers—the equal of any military men in the world.

The plan here offered to meet our requirements makes no pretension to completeness. It is set out rather as a basis for discussion in the hope that rational direction may be given the present general desire for some adequate means of national defense.

THE PLAN

1—Let one hundred thousand boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, apportioned among the states, volunteer each year into the American School Army for a period of three years.

2—Let these devote from two to three hours (about the time used in West Point) daily to military drill, army exercises, study of military science, and physical training and education, including sanitation, prevention of disease and like broad general information.

3—The remaining time to be devoted to study along general educational lines, devoting especial attention to agriculture, manual training, and the useful arts, trades and sciences that are best adapted to fitting men for the practical work of life.

4—These boys to live constantly under the strictest military discipline, and to maintain a standard of morals equal to the best secular military schools.

5—The United States to pay all costs of maintenance, food, clothing, instruction, medical attendance, and a small allowance for "spending money." The boys themselves to do all the labor of every kind and character, the same as soldiers do under conditions of war. This will not only train them in actual soldiering, but the expense of maintenance will be so low that the number suggested in this plan will prove no burden to the country.

6—The boys in return for this three years of schooling and methodical growth are, upon graduation, to become Reservists for a period of twenty years, subject to call to the colors, classified so as to let the oldest be called last in case of war.

7—These schools should be distributed in large units, probably not less than ten thousand in a unit, in localities best suited to their work. The school should continue for the ordinary school year. Then for ten weeks the boys should break camp and march under the usual conditions of war to central points where large armies should meet for maneuver. This would give the officers every opportunity to learn the handling, moving and supplying of large bodies of soldiers. It would give the

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men every experience in actual soldiering under all the conditions of war. It was these great maneuvers that perfected both the European men and officers for these immense strategic moves.

8—In this school army leadership would be encouraged among the men from the very beginning. The natural leaders would come to the front. They would, of course, supply their own officers for this school army, as well as grade and classify for future use all who aspired to leadership. At graduation, from among those who had shown the best leadership and fitness for command and for special technical service, would be selected as many as should be required for higher officers. These ablest men—these strongest natural leaders—would be sent for four years to a greater West Point, or West Points, where they would very certainly develop into the world's best military men.

9—The government would establish an "Army and Navy Journal" for the use of all army and navy men. After graduation all the men would receive this paper free during the entire twenty years, wherever they went. The "Journal" would keep every Reservist constantly in touch with military and naval development all over the world. Their training and experience would enable them to at once understand and use intelligently every new invention or method of warfare in case war should be thrust upon us. It would make American Reservists the most intelligent in the world. It would stimulate inventive genius among a vast number of trained, resourceful men. It would keep up interest, encourage individual growth and aid team intelligence.

10—This system would result in giving the United States two million men constantly ready, the best trained, the most intelligent and resourceful soldiers in the world—not machines—but men who would grow as military invention and practise grow. It would put us in position to say to all nations: We will do no wrong; *we will suffer no wrong.*

From this school army idea would naturally develop an American School Navy system, either as an independent or coordinate establishment, as should be found most practicable.

Aside from military purposes this school army system would give the country each year one hundred thousand graduates in usefulness. It would offer to every boy, who had for any reason been denied an education, an opportunity for three years of the best schooling possible. It would set a physical standard for all American men outside the school army, as well as in it. This would lead ultimately to an American ideal of physical manhood, so much needed and so much neglected.

Every locality would get back some boy grown to inspiring manhood, skilled in industry, schooled in patriotism, able to think, clean, knowing sanitation for himself and for his community; the making of a broad-gaged American whom his country had educated and who would owe his best service to his country—fit to father the coming race of better men.

THE thorough mixing in the school army of these boys from all the various states and sections of the country would nationalize the school and through it the nation. The hyphen would disappear from our citizenship as naturally as ripened leaves fall to give place to a newer growth.

This school army system would stimulate and make permanent the heroic American man. It would let us hark back to the simple Spartan life. It would recognize the real, the necessary. It would make efficiency the natural thing. The Reservists would know the reason for obedience to law, which our young men today do not know, and which our schools do not teach. The total lack of system in the thought of our youth—the resulting chaos of mind and act would of necessity give way to the methodical competition of these efficient Reservists.

The system would make organization of industry in the broadest sense a part of our natural development, a thing now quite impossible. The young man who spends three years in this school army will be further along industrially, three years after his graduation, than if he had spent the whole six years in industry without the training. For all the years to follow he would do proportionately as well. This training would always, because of his largely increased intelligence, open many doors to him which without it would have remained closed.

NONE of the plans to form an army of adult citizens is feasible, simply because no sufficiently large body of full grown Americans will ever consent to the conditions of army life for the length of time necessary to form an efficient army, except in the immediate presence of war. Our forefathers were justified in being against a large standing army entirely outside the fears of its misuse, because a regular army is an idle army except in time of war. It is made up of adults who ought to be at work.

We have had a standing army for fifty years and have not one reservist. When the last man's enlistment is out the army ceases to exist. We must have reserves. A regular army large enough to be important probably cannot be had, even if we cover all the remaining billboards with flaring advertisements. And we ought not to want one, because a body of adult citizens to be trained into an army is too entirely wasteful to be considered seriously. This applies with even greater force to our militia. They cannot afford to leave their business long enough to become soldiers any more than the business can afford to have them leave it.

There would be no waste in the school army. It would simply be taking boys before they are ready for industry and using the intervening time to educate and fit them for better service, at the same time making soldiers of them. This saving of the wages of the adults and the enormous gains in efficiency of the School Army Reservists are most important considerations. It is easy for boys to adapt themselves to the discipline of military life; it is difficult for men.

There would be no lack of volunteers for this school army. With strict moral discipline most parents would want their boys to have the training; and most boys would certainly want the experience and growth. But if for any reason there should be a lack of volunteers, the government has within its discretion the power to easily and certainly induce many more to volunteer than the number suggested.

There would always be an abundance of reservists at graduation willing to serve for a reasonable time in manning and curing for the coast defenses and such duties as are now especially required of the regular army.

And, not the least among the advantages to be gained, these reservists who had studied and drilled and soldiered for three years, and marched and maneuvred in great armies, would not only furnish officers for their own body of reservists, but would abundantly supply the very best officers for all the lower grades, at least for as many volunteer soldiers as the country could procure in case of such dire necessity.

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This picture was taken with the eight rowing at forty to the minute, probably the highest rate at which form can be maintained. The splashing, even in such smooth water, is accounted for by the amount of muscle the men are putting into the stroke. Note the curve in the sweeps, another indication of utmost power. The form of the entire set of oarsmen is practicallly faultless

HOW TO WATCH A BOAT RACE

BY HERBERT REED

"WATCH the blades" is the advice of one of our most experienced and best coaches. And that advice is well worth following. The reason is that, with all our knowledge of form as it ought to be, the winner may well turn up in a ragged crew that is blessed with nothing but power. All shapes and sizes of men go toward the making of a first-class crew, but it is a safe wager that most of the time the coach prefers what has come to be known as the ideal oarsman, a man who weighs about 170 pounds and has the long, easy muscles that seem, somehow, to go with the much desired phlegmatic temperament of oarsmen.

It is the mere fact that one cannot always find these men that makes the advice, "Watch the blades," so well worth following. The perfect crew will win, and by way of corollary will be picked to win. But perfect crews are rare.

So, then, the keen follower of boat racing who has not had the opportunity to delve deeply into technique, must take his eights as he finds them—and he will find many and curious combinations this year, a season that promises to be one of the best in the history of the sport in this country. He will look first for form, and thereafter for the even dipping of the blades of the sweeps. Stroke and Seven may appear to have poor form inboard, they may row with bent backs, and they may be unlike physically, and still be effective. The effectiveness in such cases has been made possible by the rigging in the boat—too deep a matter for us who occupy the observation train.

Nevertheless we still have certain standards by which to measure the eights as they come up to the mark, and



Stroke and Seven, the two pacemakers for the boat, are shown ready for the long pull. Seven has not yet settled down to work.

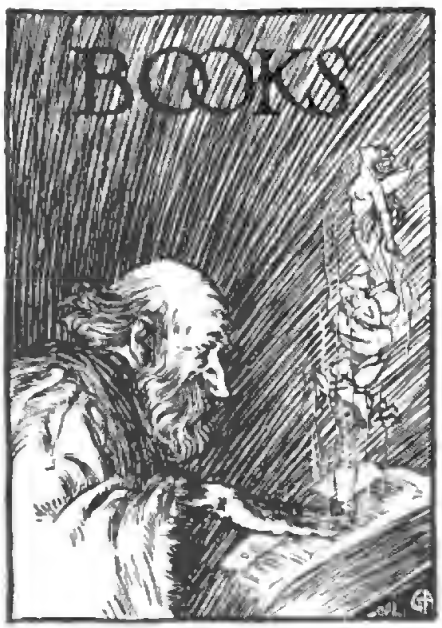
later, in the height of their struggle. And the safest of these standards is the blade work. If the blades go in in unison, if they come out in unison, and if they do not kick up too much commotion in the course of either operation, we have a crew worth further study, a study that may be pursued while they are on the way to the starting line. The perfect oarsman has some seventy instructions to remember, the spectator far fewer. For him the stroke may be divided into three parts—the catch, the middle of the stroke, and the finish.

For the purpose of the spectator, then, it is well to first watch the catch, the instant the oars enter the water. Whether it be a Yale eight, with none too long a slide, or a Syracuse eight, with the longest slide used in sweep rowing in this country, or a Cornell eight, with a modification, matters not. The main point is to determine which eight of the lot slips down to the catch at the starting shot with the best exemplification of the old song "body between your knees," with straight wrists and straight backs.



The knees have been snapped down smartly, and the blades of the sweeps are also applying the last impetus before leaving the water

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G. A. BIRMINGHAM, who has spun many excellent tales, has now taken upon himself the task of spinning *Gossamer* without his customary loom. *General John Regan* and *Spanish Gold* we knew as stories of plot and action. They were smoothly written, their people were cleverly drawn, and their dialogue was easy; but it was their stories that kept the reader turning pages. *Gossamer* accomplishes the much more difficult feat of keeping the interest up without any story. It is one of the novels, so rare, in which excellent character-drawing successfully replaces plot and action.

The four people with whom Mr. Birmingham has done this trick are an Irish baronet, who is the narrator, a financier and his wife, and a brilliant Irishman who is a member of Parliament. It is the financier who stands out. In his magical credit system Mr. Birmingham sees power, progress, and even poetry.

W. E. HENLEY once counseled Barry Pain, who was giving a humorous twist to many of his things, to confine himself to work of a serious order. Mr. Pain took his advice, and now selects from such writings twenty-five short stories for publication in his *Collected Tales*. The first volume has just been published by Frederick Stokes. The second, according to Mr. Stokes's printer, is in "preparation."

The stories that Mr. Pain has chosen are largely studies in abnormality. A young maiden, for example, danced in the moonlight. And when her lover came to look for her in the morning she had vanished, but "he saw two footprints clearly defined close together: one was the print of a tiny satin shoe; the other was the print of a large naked foot—a cloven foot." And in another story, *The Glass of Supreme Moments*, there is a sort of eternal Magdalene who visits a college boy in his rooms, and kills him with her kiss. Mr. Pain's stories keep his reader alert; but they should not be read in bunches. If they are, the element of surprise drops out, and the formula is evident in spite of their weird poetry.

THE name of the Baroness von Hutten's new novel is taken from a country place which figures in the story. *Bird's Fountain* is the refuge to which Amy Dorset turns, when she is hovering on the apex of the familiar triangle. The husband is Cloudesley Dorset—"large—dull—and very rich." The lover is a "tall, dark, broad-shouldered man with narrow feet." Amy herself keeps Plato on the table beside her bed, and wears green, "the green of the youngest and tenderest of the lily-of-the-valley leaves."

Baroness von Hutten has written novels that sparkled in spite of their sugar-coated plots. In *Bird's Fountain* the shallow waters are untroubled by ripples of any sort.

BELOVED vagabondage has been the mainstay of many an uninspired novel. In *Allword* it is the lure of outdoor life and the charm of unconventional existence that keep the story going. Nevertheless, Miss E. S. Stevens has written a sympathetic study of gypsy life, and a story that is fresh in spite of a somewhat canned atmosphere.

Richard Lyddon is an inventor with a passion for the freedom of the open. An accident casts him into the hands of a gypsy girl. His hosts take him for Adam Allward, a criminal who is wanted by the police. Lyddon does not undeceive his new friends, for he has fallen in love with their life—and Mary James. In the end he gives up his mechanical career for her sort of existence.

THAT a man could sit in a dentist's chair and cull a poem from the whirring drills and the gurgling hoses seems little short of miraculous. Yet this is what Mr. Benjamin R. C. Low has done in *The Sky from a Dentist's Chair*. The verse, perhaps, is one of the less valuable in Mr. Low's new volume: *The House That Was, and Other Poems;* but it offers an index to the character of the whole collection—a blending of intellect and imagination that is entirely modern.

Mr. Low is not pinned down to essentially "poetic" subjects. A little boy and a locomotive, or a problem in geometry, is enough to start him off. He sits on a raft with a bathing girl, and writes a song of buccaneers and shipwrecks.

Mr. Low has not, we hope, come into his full power. Readers of his verse have never felt the swing of great inspiration. Occasionally, however, in reading this volume,

> Souls and not raindrops danced before their eyes,
> And in their train a wind blew butterflies. . . .

UNDER the title *Through South America's Southland*, the Reverend J. A. Zahm has written an account of his experiences with the Roosevelt Scientific Expedition. Mr. Zahm prefaces his volume with this statement: "I have confined myself, almost entirely, to a narrative of the incidents of our journey and a description of the places which we visited . . . I have had little to say of the material, political or economic conditions of the countries through which we journeyed. These subjects have frequently been discussed by statisticians and specialists. My interests have been rather in the history, the poetry and the romance of the places visited."

This is a happy angle from which to write about South America. Volumes professedly economic or political give the neophyte less information than can be picked up from an interesting account such as Mr. Zahm's.

BOOKS REVIEWED

GOSSAMER — *By G. A. Birmingham*
The George H. Doran Co., New York — $1.25

COLLECTED TALES — *By Barry Pain*
The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York — $1.25

BIRD'S FOUNTAIN — *By the Baroness von Hutten*
D. Appleton & Co., New York — $1.35

ALLWARD — *By E. S. Stevens*
Dodd, Mead & Co., New York — $1.35

THE HOUSE THAT WAS — *By B. R. C. Low*
The John Lane Co., New York — $1.25

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND — *By J. A. Zahm*
D. Appleton & Co., New York — $3.50

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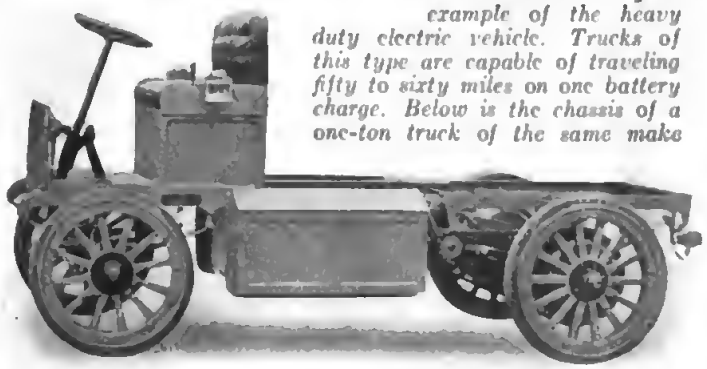
THE MERITS OF THE ELECTRIC TRUCK

THE growing use of motor vehicles as substitutes for horse-drawn trucks and wagons is bringing into the minds of many business men a question as to the relative merits of electricity and gasoline as motive forces.

In this connection it should be well understood by the prospective purchaser of a truck that each variety has distinct advantages over the other and that a general comparison between the two cannot at present be just. The fairest course for the prospective purchaser to pursue is to find out what both kinds of truck can do, and what are the limitations of each. Then he can match the capabilities of each against the requirements of his business and choose that which fits best.



The truck above—a five-ton Atlantic—is a good example of the heavy duty electric vehicle. Trucks of this type are capable of traveling fifty to sixty miles on one battery charge. Below is the chassis of a one-ton truck of the same make



We therefore set forth in brief what the electric truck can do, and wherein lie its peculiar talking points. In a later issue we shall do likewise as regards the gasoline truck, without attempting to draw arbitrary comparisons.

The electric truck can be operated by anyone, whether he be possessed of technical knowledge or not. Lacking an elaborate mechanical power unit, and a multiplicity of moving parts, repairs on it are likely to be simple in character and accomplishment. An electric truck efficiently constructed and designed can cover from fifty to sixty miles on one battery charge. The small number of wearing parts in an electric give the vehicle long life. (Electric trucks have given continuous service for fourteen years.) The speed of electric trucks varies in proportion to their weight and load, but ten miles an hour for a five-ton truck is a fair average. The cost of operation and maintenance for electric trucks and wagons has been estimated as follows:

1,000 lb. delivery wagons—24 cents a mile
2-ton furniture trucks—31 cents a mile
3½ ton keg-beer, etc., trucks—37 cents a mile
5-ton coal, etc., trucks—45 cents a mile

These figures are based on current consumed, maintenance, garage and overhead charges such as depreciation, interest and insurance.

In considering an electric truck, the prospective buyer should decide whether he wants a vehicle for short or long hauls, whether his locality furnishes battery charging facilities, and whether his business can be efficiently served by the kind of service an electric gives. Until he has thought about these things, he is not in a position to discriminate between electric and gasoline vehicles.



Given due attention, an electric truck of this type should last for at least ten years

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THE TARIFF COMMISSION

BY HOWARD R. GROSS

President Tariff Commission League

YOUR editorial of February 19th, under the caption "Tariff Commission," is in some respects among the best that have appeared. It emphasizes the necessity for some sharply drawn lines if we are to get the right view-point. As a *theory*, the tariff is properly a political question, and it will remain so until the people definitely dispose of it at the ballot box. The actual working out of the schedules, however, and fixing of the rates is not political, but purely economic, and this work should rest upon a full knowledge of all the essential facts and conditions, and the end sought should be the general welfare of all the people and not political advantage or expediency. In a word, tariff *policies* belong to politics, but *tariff making* is a question of economics.

In the absence of a body of knowledge covering every phase of the subject of tariff lies the opportunity for the lobby to take advantage of the situation. Given, however, an efficient Tariff Commission, with full data, to sit with the committees of Congress in an advisory capacity and the so-called hearings would be largely unnecessary. Without such information, the committees are at a great disadvantage, and are worn out by the pressure put upon them by those seeking unfair advantages.

As you well say, it is impossible to get exact cost of production. There is no such thing. The figures representing the costs are variable. They are subject to conditions of change. Costs vary in different shops. However, a study of a group of such figures will give the Commission an insight and grasp of the industry that it could not otherwise get. You might have gone further and said generally it would be impossible to get foreign costs at all. We have no power to demand them and no right to expect them. Hence, the overworked phrase "costs at home and abroad" is meaningless. In reality, it is not the foreign-factory cost that interests us, but the selling price at our seaboard. There is where our industries meet it, and this information is absolutely necessary in working out a protective enactment, and is also desirable in

WILL YOU HELP THE ARMENIANS?

The world's history cannot show a page to parallel that upon which are recorded the inhuman barbarities practised by the Turks upon the defenseless Armenian people.

Men Are Being Tortured Until Death Relieves Them

WOMEN AND GIRLS ARE BEING OUTRAGED AND BRUTALLY KILLED

Little Children Are Dying from Persecution, Hunger and Cold

Hundreds of thousands of Armenians are in the most desperate need of immediate relief

It is matter of record that 10,000 Armenians in Persia lived for one month on $10,000. Think of it—a human being living for one month on one dollar.

This is the plight today of one of the oldest and most notable of ancient races—the first nation to adopt Christianity as its national religion.

WON'T YOU HELP?

WON'T YOU MAKE A GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION?

It will buy food and clothing and provide shelter for them. It will give them a chance for life.
One hundred cents of every dollar contributed for the relief of the Armenians will be devoted in full to this purpose, the Committee bearing the expenses.

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I enclose herewith $———to be used for the relief of the Armenian Refugees.
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estimating the probable receipts under a revenue tariff.

The gathering of data, as suggested, by a bureau responsive to a cabinet officer who represents the dominant party will always be open to question, regardless of how conscientiously the work has been performed, whereas if exactly the same data were submitted to Congress by a commission upon which both parties were represented, its findings would be accepted by everyone. A commission, backed, as it would now be, by a vigorous public sentiment, could not be ignored by Congress. No tariff board or commission hitherto has had the public strongly and actively back of it.

Contrary to popular supposition, the creation of a tariff commission does not in any way prevent or delay such immediate changes in the tariff as are deemed necessary as an emergency measure. Congress is always greater than its creature.

In conclusion, the writer believes that one of the greatest benefits to be expected from a non-partisan tariff commission will come some years hence through submitting a full, fair, impartial and well-digested investigation upon the whole subject of tariff—both revenue and protective—and reducing the result to plain, understandable English, in such form and so classified and indexed that it will be readily available and within the grasp of the average citizen. When this is done, we believe the people will permanently settle upon a tariff policy, and then the tariff will disappear from party politics.

A TEST

A PRIZE for knowledge was being awarded and two persons came before the judge. One had been educated within an inch of his life, and the other was just a human being.

"What do you know?" demanded the judge of the first.

"Well, your honor, Greek and Latin, French and German, History and Botany, Astronomy, Trigonometry and a score of other 'ologies.'"

"And you," the judge turned to the other, "what do you know?"

"I," said the real human being, "oh, I only know two things—how to be perfectly happy and how to be utterly miserable."

And the prize was awarded to the one who knew the most.

—Dorothy Taylor.

Warning!
Don't begin this book at 11 P. M.



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FOR MARCH 25TH



1616-1916

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women
merely players."
"SHAKESPEARE."

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Is devoting practically its entire April issue to---

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This issue, printed on special heavy paper, will be one of the finest ever published by The Theatre.

Distinguished Shakespearean scholars and actors have contributed articles that will make enjoyable reading. Among them are—

Mr. Horace Howard Furness Jr. will write on the gloves of Shakespeare—his closest personal relics—which are in his possession. Other contributors are Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," Mr. William Winter, veteran critic, Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, Robert Mantell and Percy Mackaye.

To interest lovers of real art The Theatre Magazine has gathered from all over the world rare old wood-cuts and engravings pertaining to the intimate and public life of Shakespeare.

Six full page engravings of scenes in Shakespearean plays from the famous Boydell collection.

A beautiful cover in color showing Edith Wynne Matthison as "Rosalind" in "As You Like It."

This issue will be necessarily limited and we expect many orders for the Shakespeare Number that we will not be able to fill. We therefore suggest that you place your order now.

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The Theatre Magazine

We will be glad to enter you as a subscriber to The Theatre beginning with the April issue if you will sign and address the coupon at the side. We will bill you May 1st for the year's subscription, or you can send us your check for $3.50 if you prefer.

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THE SAFETY VALVE

RE PRESIDENT LOWELL

By Thomas F. Leahy

THOUSANDS of men and women in all walks of life will applaud you for the stinging rebuke which you administered to President Lowell and his little bunch of corporation lawyers. If Mr. Brandeis had written those heartrending "Prayers from the hills," for the New Haven railroad, we would hear very little about his lack of judicial temperament. He also knows the meaning of "Veritas," which is more than can be said for the professor at Harvard who did write them. If there is anybody in Boston who knows less about what the people think or do not think than President Lowell, I don't want to know him.

Augusta, Maine.

WAKING UP

From the California *Social-Democrat*:

THE nomination by President Wilson of Louis D. Brandeis as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court has precipitated such a discussion of courts and judges as has not before been had in this country.

The organs of privilege and monopoly, the newspaper mouthpieces of Wall Street and plutocracy, the echoes of autocracy and minority rule, all the paid, the servile, the sordid opponents of genuine democracy, all the enemies of the people, at once lined up to denounce the appointment, to berate the President and to vilify the appointee.

But this alignment of the powers of predatory wealth against Brandeis brought to view a curious alignment on the other side. We see lined up in favor of Brandeis the labor and Socialist press from ocean to ocean, a solid trade union movement, the whole unorganized working class as far as it can be vocalized, Frank P. Walsh and his labor colleagues of the Industrial Commission, Hamilton Holt, the editor of the New York *Independent;* Norman Hapgood, editor of *Harper's Weekly,* and many other such men of national reputation.

This line-up is significant. The tremendous power of the courts is up for public scrutiny. The people are waking up.



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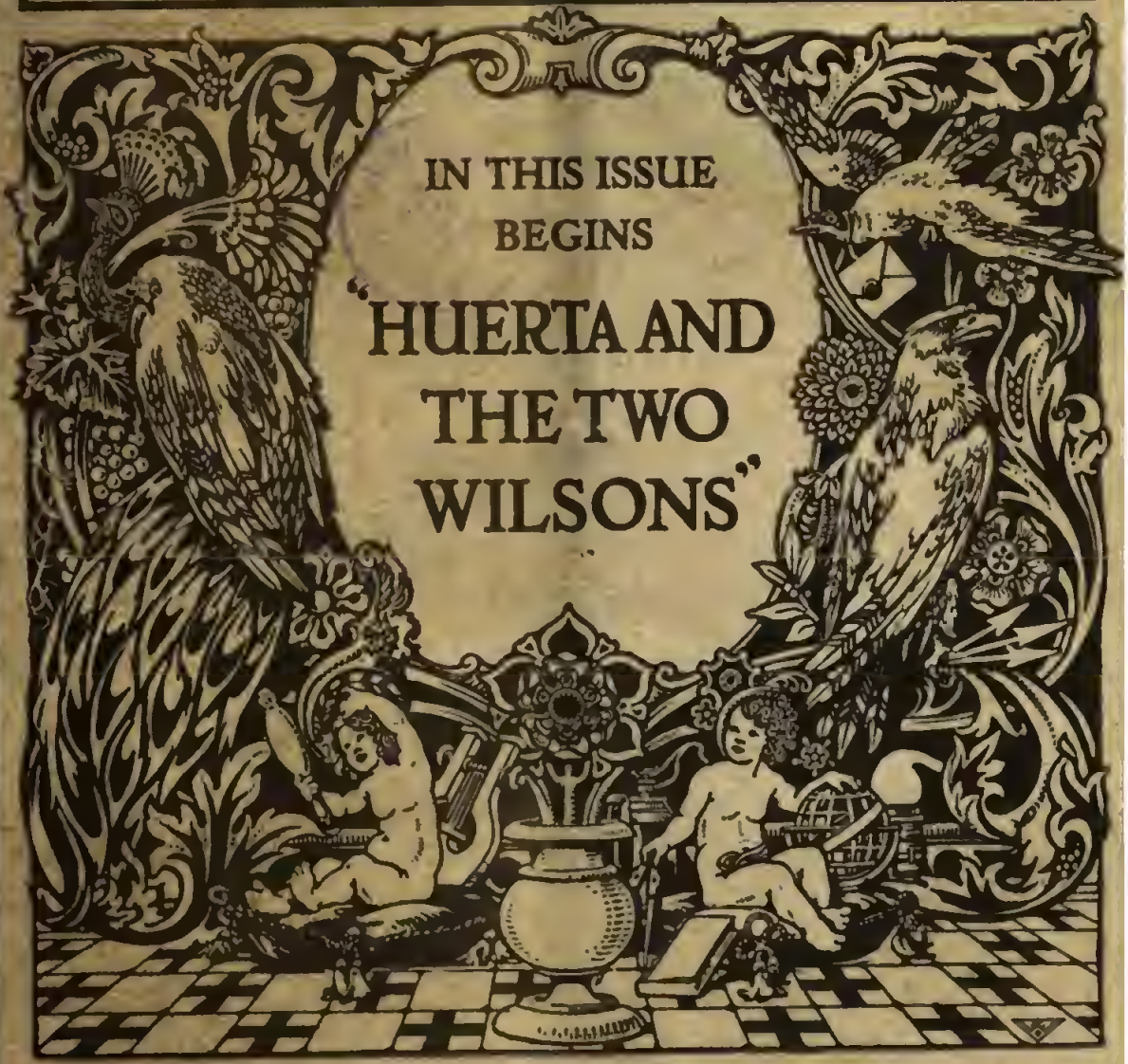
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



MARCH 25, 1916 PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD



Camera Owners Everywhere

HERE is your chance to make your pictures pay for themselves. Something of news interest happens every day in your own town. Europe is not making all the history of the day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

wants to buy your photographs for its Pictorial Newa Department.

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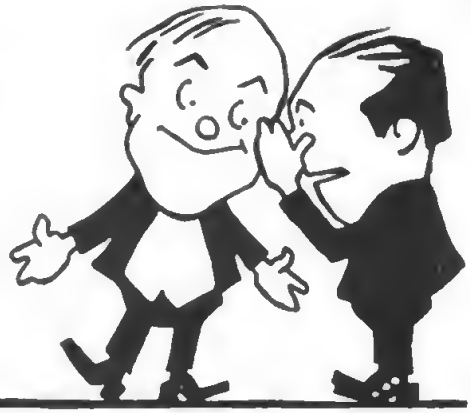
HARPER'S WEEKLY

An Old Publication With a New Point of View

251 FOURTH AVENUE **NEW YORK CITY**

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The Birth of a Notion



MOST NOTIONS ARE BORN IN NEW YORK--NOT *IDEAS*, NECESSARILY, BUT THE FADS AND foibles—the smart little notians—the crisp, new little notians—thnt change womea's fashions and men's incomes.

And the birth of these notions is aanounced promptly in just one plnce—the columns of n metropolitan newspaper thnt reflects the observntions of the highest observers in New York.

How do you like your natians—fresh or shopworn? When a notian comes ia from Europe do you want it just off the ship—or delayed by customs en route to you?

Pravinciniism? Why, to be sure! New York's made up of so many little provincialisms that it's actually cosmopolitan!

A Wall Street man gets a notion that he'd like to buy a railroad and s-s-s-s-s-s-boom—ah! Look out for the stick! It's on the Tribune financial page.

A fashionable dressmaker took a look at Mrs. Castle and decreed that all women must be thin—by hook or crook, or both. It's on the Fashion page.

A new school of painters kicks a hole in the established canvasses of Tradition—and Art will never look the same.

Notions all—notions born in this whirling, dazzling, driving, tense, contemptible, lovable old town New York.

Get the composite picture of it all from Frank H. Simonds, who knows internatianal relations and politics; from Samuel Hopkins Adams, who knows an honest advertisement when he sees it; from Krehbiel, who knows Music; Cortissoz, who knows Art, and Van Westrum, Books. Let Grantland Rice turn every sport inside out far you, let Briggs tell you in cnrtoon whnt the town's up to now, let F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" show you how painless it is to be a highbrow.

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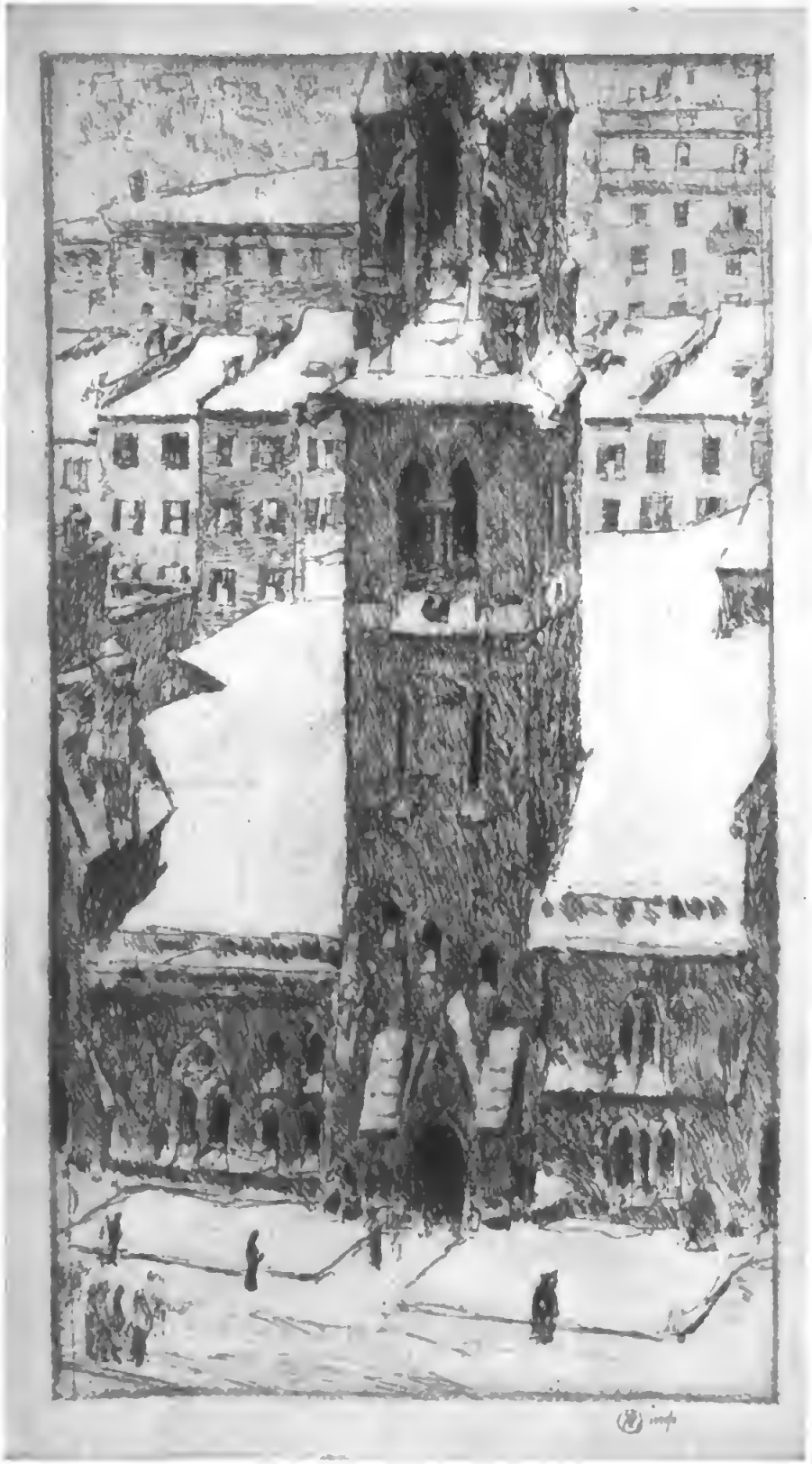
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A GREAT ARTIST IN A NEW FIELD



THROUGH the courtesy of the Keppel Galleries we are able to reproduce one of the newest etchings of Childe Hassam, entitled, "Winter in Fifty-Seventh Street." With Mr. Hassam etching is a new field, but a field in which he has already won recognition. Before taking up a new art Mr. Hassam was known for his paintings. His first award was a bronze medal at the Paris Exposition in 1889. Since that time he has won medals at Chicago, Munich, St. Louis, and many other expositions. He has had his paintings placed in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, The Art Institute in Chicago, and The Art Club of Boston. He has been made a member of *La Société Nationale des Beaux Arts*, Paris, and The National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Mr. Hassam carries over into etching his abilities and convictions as a painter. He refuses unnatural contrasts, and works with reticence and subtlety. His exterior scenes are particularly minute and well-balanced. "Winter in Fifty-Seventh Street," in addition to being one of Mr. Hassam's most recent etchings, is one of his finest. It depicts a scene that Mr. Hassam knows. For it is in Fifty-seventh street that he has his studio and does the work that has made him a national figure—in etching, as well as in painting.



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HENRY JAMES

BY HENRY S. CANBY

IT HAS always surprised Europeans that Henry James, the most intellectual of modern novelists, should have been an American; for most Europeans believe, as does Lowes Dickinson, that we are an intelligent but an unintellectual race. Was the fact so surprising after all? The worst "jags," so they say, come from the dry states; the most thoroughgoing pessimists from optimistic communities. Henry James, considered as a literary phenomenon, represented a sensitive mind's reaction against the obviousness of the life that one finds in most American "best sellers." I suppose that he reacted too far. I feel sure of it when he is so unobvious that I cannot understand him. And yet every American writer must feel a little proud that there was one of our race who could make the great refusal of popularity, sever, with those intricate pen strokes of his, the bonds of interest that might have held the "general reader," and write just as well as he knew how.

Whether his novels and short stories gained by this heroic "highbrowism," is another question. Certainly they did not always do so. To get a million of readers is no sure sign of greatness; but to find only thousands, as did Henry James in his later books, is to be deplored. In *Daisy Miller* and *The Bostonians* he was a popular novelist of the best kind, a novelist who drew the best people to be his readers. But men read *The Golden Bowl* and *The Wings of the Dove* because they were skilful rather than because they were interesting. They were novelists' novels, like the professional matinées that "stars" give on Tuesday afternoons for the benefit of rivals and imitators in art.

BUT to stop here would be to misunderstand totally the greatest craftsman that has come out of America. The flat truth is that Henry James was not a novelist at all, at least in the good, old-fashioned sense that we usually give to the word. He was primarily a critic; the greatest American critic since Poe. Sometimes he criticized literature with supreme success, as in his *Notes on Novelists* of 1914; but ordinarily he criticized life. His later novels are one-fifth story, one-fifth character creation, and the rest pure criticism of life.

There is a curious passage in his *A Small Boy and Others*—the biography of the youth of William James and himself—telling how as a child in the hotels and resorts of Europe he spent his time in looking on at what was happening about him. He never got into the game very far, because he preferred to think about it. That is what Henry James did all his life long. He looked on, thought about life with that wonderfully keen, and subtle, and humorous mind of his, turned it into criticism; then fitted the results with enough plot to make them move,—and there was a so-called novel. Everyone knows how in his last edition he rewrote some of his early stories to make them more subtle. It would have been amusing if he had seen fit to rewrite them altogether as critical essays upon international life! I wonder how much they would have suffered by the change.

It is hard to write critically of a great man recently dead—and no one will ever dispute the right of Henry James to greatness—without seeming to treat his memory with disrespect. I should be sorry to seem guilty of such fatuousness. On the contrary, I am merely trying to explain why so many readers have been enormously proud of Henry James, and yet unable to defend him successfully against critics who pulled out handfuls of serpentine sentences from his latest novel, asking, "Do you call this fiction?" It was not fiction, not fiction at least as she used to be written; it was subtle, graceful, cunning analysis of life. Fiction is synthesis—building up, making a Becky Sharpe, inventing a Meg Merrilies, constructing a plot. Criticism is analysis—taking down. Henry James was not so good at putting together as at taking to pieces. He was able in one art, but in the other he was great.

THE current reviewing tendency to make every new figure in world literature conform to Greatness of a recognized variety or be dismissed, is unfortunate and misleading. We are to be congratulated that the greatness of Henry James was of a peculiar and irregular kind, a keen, inventing greatness, American in this if in nothing else. Unnumbered writers of the day, of whom Mr. Kipling is not the least eminent, have profited by his influence, and learned from him to give the final, subtle thought its final form. If that form in his own case was tortuous, intricate, difficult, why so was the thought. If it makes hard reading, his subject at least got hard thinking. Before you condemn that curious style of his —so easy to parody, so hard to imitate—ask whether such refinement of thought as his could be much more simply expressed. Sometimes he could have been simpler, undoubtedly; it was his fault that he did not care to be; but that "plain American" would usually have served his purpose, is certainly false.

Henry James must yield first honors as a novelist, it may be, to others of his century if not of his generation. As a writer, above all as a writer of fine, imaginative criticism of the intellect as it moves through the complexities of modern civilization, he yields to no one of our time. Whether he has earned his distinction as an American writer I do not know, although I am inclined to believe that he is more American than the critics suspect; but as a master of English, and as a great figure in the broad sweep of international English literature, his place is secure.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization
EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

MEXICO

IN A world so violent and contradictory as this, we can have no better aim than to follow our most elevated purpose, interrupted as seldom and as little as possible by other purposes, necessary though less spiritual. To keep out of Mexico as long as possible, and when forced in to limit the step as much as circumstances allow, is not inconsistency. It is the truest consistency. It is to be as practical as we must and as ideal as we can. There is no rule superior to that. Tolerance, sympathy, and patience are virtues. Police duty is a necessity.

When we arranged for the series on Mexico that begins in this issue we had no guess it would have a timeliness so dramatic. We felt that before the campaign for the presidency should be well under way the public ought to know just where the responsibility lies for the turmoil in which Mexico has been plunged. The necessity for that understanding is all the more pressing since unwelcome action has been forced upon us.

VERDUN

AS EXPRESS trains run in America, the distance from Verdun to Paris is three hours; and from the nearest point occupied by the Germans to Paris the distance is one hour. Such figures make the French calm more notable, and also throw light on the French heroism. Men who are worth anything are heroic in the face of a peril so present as that.

Speaking just before the battle of Verdun "a German military expert" writing in *The Fatherland* about attempts to break through lines and the losses as between the offensive and defensive, said "the ratio of four to one in losses is too low rather than too high an estimate." If that estimate turns out to be correct for the German dash against the French line, the effect must be strongly felt in Germany. The same writer argued that the advantage lies against the side that is compelled to take the offensive. Are conditions in Germany such that the terrifically expensive attack in the west was a psychological necessity? If so, will the German people wait patiently for a clash in midsummer, on both fronts, with Russia armed and the British always stronger? If Russia beats down Turkey and thus brings in Rumania and Greece, will Hungary hold? This last furious effort of Germany makes it seem much more probable that the war will end in 1916.

ON THE SURFACE

WHEN Mr. Brandeis was nominated, Senator Overman, acting chairman of the Judiciary Committee, said he was "astounded." Probably the entire collapse of the elaborate attack of the sometimes-invisible-and-sometimes-visible government has affected his mind, as the minds of others. The case of Overman, administrator, v. Mattie Lanier *et. al.* is doubtless capable of a wholly satisfactory explanation, and yet the way it reads on the record must make the senator realize how easy it is to stir up a mess against anybody if there is a desire. Against Mr. Brandeis the desire was great indeed, and that the very cases brought up against him have only further illustrated the elevation of his motives is a stirring tribute to a consistent life record. If a man is a power against established error the prevailing forces will get him, if there is in his armor any loose joint whatever. Mr. Brandeis has been able to continue the fight successfully against such formidable enemies only because always his goal has been the truth.

TIME AND THE HOUR

DR. ABRAHAM SHALOM YAHUDA, appointed to teach rabbinical language and literature in Madrid, is the first Jew since 1492 to receive an academic or state appointment in Spain. The law expelling the Jews in 1492 has never been repealed. It is not repealed explicity now, but by this appointment it is repealed tacitly. Dr. Yahuda's grandfather was born in Bagdad. He himself was born, thirty-nine years ago, in Calcutta, but moved to Jerusalem, and is a Zionist. The Spanish, therefore, in making this departure after four centuries, chose a Jew who is altogether Jewish in blood, tradition, ideals.

JEWS AND RUSSIA

ATTACKS on Stanley Washburn for what he said in *Harper's Weekly* about the Russian situation continue in the Jewish papers. *The American Hebrew* says:

> America undoubtedly today would have a great business opportunity in Russia. But our opportunity to sell is no greater and not nearly so imperative as Russia's necessity to buy. . . . If she will but give suitable guarantees that a treaty once negotiated will be duly honored and that the American passport will be equally respected in whatever American hands it may be, she will find readiness to do business with her that will be equally to her advantage and to ours. . . . This was demonstrated anew by the action of the New York Chamber of Commerce last week, when it added to its resolution in favor of a Russian treaty, a proviso covering this subject.

The American Hebrew may think it is differing with Mr. Washburn more than it is. It is because he believes Russia is willing to settle the passport question that he thinks the situation so particularly favorable for a trade treaty. The position of the Jews when they oppose a Russian loan or a Russian treaty, is profoundly wrong, because it is a fact, which they fail to recognize, that the whole influence of this war in Russia is democratic. The hope of the Jews is liberalism. The effect of the war is to subordinate the Prussianized autocracy and to make

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nrticulate the will of a peoplo naturally spiritual and kind. The United States can accomplish something on the passport question by direct negotiation, if Mr. Francis turns out to be clever nt his new job, but the mere existence of a trade treaty will do more, and the success of the democrntic Russian nrmies will do most of all.

GERMANY AND SOUTH AMERICA

OUR present relations with Germany lend renewed interest to the underlying features of German imperial policy. It is apropos of South America that Mr. Bernard Ritter, writing in tho New York *Staats-Zeitung*, says:

> There is no immediate danger to this country, which it does not invite, or has not invited, by its own policies.

Mr. Ritter is on rather perilous ground. The Monroe Doctrine will stand. A well-known German imperinlist, Frederich Lnnge, discussed the relations between the United States and Soutb America thus:

> A far-seeing policy is required, ruthlessly applying all the resources of its power in concluding treaties with foreign states, which are eager to receive our emigrants, and so would in the end accept the conditions accounted necessary by our government. The Argentine and Brazilian republics and, in a greater or less degree, all those needy republics of South America, would accept advice and listen to reason, *voluntarily or under coercion*.

Another of the same school wrote:

> It must not be supposed that such an necession of German forces and German money would be unwelcome in those states (South America). The most enlightened would not only accept this material and moral assistance, but would accept it willingly. They would see in it an efficacious reinforcement against their natural enemy, the United States of the North, nn enemy who will not only exact commercial concessions from them, but territorial concessions, and even the relinquishment of their nationality, as soon as it is powerful enough.

Since those words were written the United Stntes has done much to chnnge the feeling in South America. The new supplement to the Monroe Doctrine means a great denl to South American pride. We have laid the foundation for harmonious cooperation in diplomacy in future emergencies. It is one of the solidest accomplishments of the present administrntion.

SIX YEARS OLD



THE letters that have been coming to us about rubber stamp words sometimes fall off into interesting by-paths. For example, Frank Evans of Spartanburg, South Carolina, writes:

> I beg leave to suggest that you take the overworked word "sure," frequently pronounced "sho" in our section, into your sanatorium of tired words. At a church celebration last Christmas, a sweet little six-year-old girl recited very dramatically a well-known passage from the New Testament as follows: "And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone nbout them; and they were 'sure' (sore) afraid."—St. Luke 11, 9.

Pnssing by the little girl's wholly natural error, there remains the serious consideration that in childhood the worst results are apparent of prevailing poverty of language. Then is when our minds and ears are sensitive. Then is when language becomes either a limited set of devices for merely practical results or a full nnd rich organ for our whole nature, its shaded meaning nnd its overtures.

UNITED STATES SENATORS



A UNITED STATES senatorial portfolio is n safety valve for aspiring politicians who cannot attain presidential honors. Qunlifications for this nationnl office include a mnjority vote and a sufficient private income to buy a frock coat and keep stocked up on meal tickets at the new Willard Hotel.

A packer makes nn ideal senator, for he knows oll about pork and, consequently, enters offieo with a decided advantage over senntors who were not eduented in tbe stockyards. To make sure of reelection, a senator should obtain a $500,000 federal building for his constituents, 700 men, women and children, wbo live in Jumpoff; or he ought to foree the passnge of a bill appropriating $1,745,101.22 for the dredging of Squirrel ereek to allow the Tum-Tum Lumber Company to float its logs down to its industrinl plant.

Prior to eleetion, n future United States senator is meek and lowly. He is not nverse to holding bnbies or four aces, ns the environment may demand, while cnmpaigning for votes. One mny snfely slnp him on the back without fear of rebuff. Before the last precinct is counted he seems to know his succcss, for the senatorial candidate stiffens, dons his black clothes and a fresh collar and begins to practise a dignified stride for future use on Pennsylvania avenue. Babies nnd jackpots have lost their nlluring possibilities; no longer does he tolerato familiarity; he is ns patronizing as a rooster who scratches worms for the hens, nnd then eats them before his invited guests arrive.

Seated in n niche of the hnll of Congress, the new senator feels as though he should peer through a microscope to make sure he is there; but confidential letters, sent to the editor of the *Jumpoff Breeze*, tell how he is preparing a bill ndvocnting the irrigotion of Sogebrush Valley; nlso how he is worked to death by other senators asking favors of him. As a school for fiction writers, the United States Senate hos all other correspondenee schools lashed to the mast.

Many senators fail to receive just rewnrd at the conclusion of their maiden voynge through the troubled congressional waters, probably because the law is so strictly enforced against murder.

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WAR···THE MELTING-POT OF NATIONS



Some haystacks are supposed to contain needles. This one cantains a camel. In the Dardanelles the Indians hid their beasts of burden under such loads, in order to conceal them from aviators af the enemy on the watch for movements af supplies

A few weeks ago we pictured war as a stimulus ta invention. These pictures show warfare as a mingler of nations. Below is a mosque for Mohammedan prisoners that has been erected by the Germans in the camp af Wuensdarf, near Berlin





The true test af adaptation to environment comes when the invader introduces his own pastimes. The Indians in the picture on the left are in the German prisan camp at Zossen. They are reported to be enjoying their "national sport." The two participants seem to be taking it with a great deal of seriousness. Not sa with the spectatars and the referee, who stands just behind the pair. They seem to be enjoying it immensely,—hoping, in all probability, ta see one af the contestants receive a stout blow from the sturdy weapons they employ

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

THE SHIELDS BILL

THERE is more than a fair chance that the Democratic party may achieve a bad enough conservation record to form the basis for a powerful attack on it during the coming campaign. Senator Walsh made a valiant fight against the vicious Shields water-power bill, but the small support given to him was discouraging. If it is not improved all conservationists will expect the President to veto it. The new Secretary of War is generally believed to be sound on conservation, and this bill affects his department. The vote on it will show the line-up in the main, the progressive-minded being mostly no, the stand-patters yes; though the issue was not perfectly clear-cut, because Senator Walsh preferred to fight the matter out in conference, and therefore voted yes. The vote was:

> Ayes 46—Bankhead, Beckham, Brandegee, Broussard, Catron, Clapp, Clark, Wyo., Clarke, Ark., Colt, Culbertson, Curtis, du Pont, Fall, Gallinger, Harding, Hardwick, Johnson, Me., Jones, Kern, McLean, Martin, Va., Myers, Nelson, O'Gorman, Oliver, Overman, Page, Pittman, Pomerene, Ransdell, Robinson, Shafroth, Shields, Simmons, Smith, Ariz., Smith, Ga., Smith, Mich., Smoot, Sterling, Stone, Swanson, Tillman, Vardaman, Wadsworth, Walsh and Williams.
>
> Nays 22—Ashurst, Borah, Chamberlain, Chilton, Cummins, Groona, Hollis, Husting, James, Keayoo, La Follette, Lane, Lea, Tean, Lee, Md., Lewis, Martine, N. J., Newlands, Norris, Poindexter, Reed, Sheppard aod Works.

The most complete answer to the old cry about "development" is made in the Department of Agriculture's report, already discussed in this department.

THE PETROLEUM LANDS

THERE is such a bad situation with regard to oil and gas, that the Attorney General wrote to the House Committee on Public Lands against it and also wrote a supplement to his annual report covering the same subject. Not the slightest general interest is being shown in the subject. In the oil lands there is an effort to give so much to the prospector, at the sacrifice of the public, that it carries our minds back to the good old times when it was supposed to be a noble and enlightened net to give everything to the individual if he would only show spunk enough to step up and take it. It would be pleasant if every senator and congressman would secure from the government printing office a copy of the Attorney General's report on these California, Wyoming, and Louisiana oil lands, the damage being done now, and the discourraging prospects for the future. Mr. Gregory, writing to Mr. Ferris, Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, describes the danger of which "the result will be to destroy the value of those reserves as depositories of fuel oil in the ground." He describes the fraudulent claims now being energetically supported, and says that to recognize these fraudulent claims "could not fail to have a serious effect upon the oil reserve in general nnd, I assume, also upon the naval reserve in particular." If this Congress makes a bad record on conservation Mr. Roosevelt, with such lieutenants as Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Garfield, will know how to use the issue. The present war situation will wake the country and Congress up to the necessity of saving the petroleum lands; if, indeed, anything can wake them up.

BROKEN REEDS

HERE are a few choice words from the well-known prophet, Isaiah:

> Lo thou trusteth in the staff of this broken reed, whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce it.

When to Governor Wilson of New Jersey there was offered by Colonel Henry Watterson, the financial support of Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan, of Virginia and New York, Mr. Wilson grew "very austere," and, as is still apparent, Colonel Harvey, who was present, grew sadly estranged. Mr. Ryan seems to have adopted then the slogan, "Anything to beat Wilson," and to that end contributed out of his ample fortune over half the campaign funds of two of Governor Wilson's rivals for the nomination. After President Wilson was inaugurated, Mr. Ryan was further shocked by the appointment of his most perservering antagonist in railroad affairs, John Skelton Williams, Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, and later Controller of the Currency and member of the Federal Reserve Board.

Lately Mr. Ryan has been having some trouble with the Virginia authorities concerning the payment of back taxes on some $60,000,000. The state authorities seemed determined to have the money and to collect it from the year 1903. The county authorities, however, were not so important and not so influential with the Virginia legislature. From correspondence published between Mr. Henry Delaware Flood, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and the Virginia authorities, concerning these back taxes due by Mr. Ryan to the county of Nelson, state of Virginia, and a bill in the legislature to relieve him of paying them; Mr. Flood appears as the friend and counselor of Ryan. On domestic affairs, considering the mess into which Flood plunged Congress and came near plunging the country, it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Ryan is, upon occasions where President Wilson's prestige and prerogatives are concerned, the friend and counselor of Chairman Flood on foreign affairs.

The plot was prettily arranged. Some of the "leaders" in both House and Senate had been restive over President Wilson's continued dominance over political matters. They defeated the Ship Purchase bill last session along with other good legislation that might have been passed except for the long filibuster on the Ship Purchase bill. Yet, instead of his acknowledging defeat, he caused the Ship Purchase bill to be reintroduced this year in a form that will apparently compel the support of a majority of the members. Another issue was that of pork versus preparedness, and the President took the preparedness side, and notified Congress that this was not a good year for river and harbor improvements or for public buildings. He is still opposed to the literacy test in an immigration bill, and the friends of that measure need a two-thirds vote to override his veto. If Con-

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gress could once win in a conflict with the President, an equality of prestige might be obtained. The issue suddenly presented itself. These "leaders" knew that the strength of the President with the country was the fact that he had kept us out of the European war. If Congress can be shown to be the power that keeps the country out of war and the President one who would recklessly plunge us into war, will not positions be reversed? Negotiations with Germany seemed to have reached an *impassé*. The *Lusitania* issue, almost settled if considered by itself, was anything but settled with the latest German announcement of submarine murder of non-combatants as an interpretation of the settlement. The issue of warning American travelers off of merchant ships of belligerent nations is perhaps small in itself, but becomes large enough as the climax of the *Lusitania* controversy. The President falls back upon international law, and the "leaders," playing upon the fears of the average, honest, unintelligent, war-hating congressman, gave out the impression that Congress could avert war by passing resolutions. Gumshoe Bill Stone, "Hal" Flood, and good Senator Kern, also war-hating but loyal to the President, go to the White House to see what the President has to say about the passage of warning resolutions. The rumor spreads through the cloak-rooms, after the delegation returns, that the country is speeding headlong into war, and that the President has said that war with Germany would be in the interest of civilization, this rumor being generally traced to Hal Flood. The cloak-rooms swarm like hives of bees disturbed by rude and robbing hands. Clark and Kitchin, the de-horned Speaker and the House leader who does not lead, go to the White House to tell the President that if the McLemore resolution is brought to a vote, it will be adopted two to one. Shackelford of Missouri, champion poll-taker of the House, incidentally chairman of the newest pork committee, that on roads, has made a poll of the House, and he knows.

OVER in the Senate Gore makes his speech and defends himself by blabbing about the rumor that he has heard, calling upon Stone to affirm or deny. Stone denies. A day or two afterwards Flood vehemently denies that the President ever told him any such thing.

When one considers the broken reeds, in the shape of committee chairmen, upon whom the President has been forced to lean, one marvels that so much has been accomplished in three years. Take Flood himself. He came to Congress by way of the state legislature in the most corrupt period of Virginia politics, when even otherwise decent men were glad to have railroad contributions to campaign treasuries to secure Democratic legislatures and governors. Flood was a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, which was so dominated by railroad lawyers that it effectually tied the hands of succeeding legislatures against any far-reaching reforms. Letters have been published since about Flood and his railroad relations that would have driven any man from public life in any other district except the one which Ryan honors with his citizenship. He slowly climbed by the seniority rule on the Foreign Relations Committee, until, when New York elected Sulzer governor, he became chairman. This is the man with whom the President of the United States has to deal if he confers at all with the House committee that considers foreign matters. Kitchin, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and leader of the House, is opposed to practically all of the administration policies of this session, as is Saunders of Virginia, Chairman of the Democratic caucus. Fitzgerald is Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, also opposed to the administration. Webb, of North Carolina, a second-rate lawyer, has arrived at the Chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, and makes himself and his party ridiculous when he discusses a constitutional question. Adamson of Georgia is loyal to the President and amenable to his wishes, as he proved in the enactment of the Trade Commission bill, but he is a consistent reactionary, at one with the late Garrison in his ideas of the national control of water power. Hay of Virginia, of Military Affairs, is as obstinate as he is ignorant, the comparison being a tribute to both qualities. Sparkman of Rivers and Harbors and Clark of Public Buildings, are a precious pair from Florida whose intellectual dishonesty is enough to alarm any patriot who reflects that these two have charge of the two great pork barrels of Congress. Burnett of Alabama, of Immigration, represents a narrow, provincial view of the whole immigration question, the view that any admixture with the "pure Anglo-Saxon stock of the south" would be a calamity. Men of another stripe are Glass of Banking and Currency, Lever of Agriculture, Padgett of Naval Affairs, Moon of Postoffice, Ferris of Public Lands, Houston of Territories, Foster of Mines, and Lewis of Labor.

Most of the chairmen mentioned in the first list are from surely Democratic districts, and can be defeated only in the primaries or conventions which nominate. If Congress should go Republican, however, the seniority rule would provide for us then, with Fordney of Michigan Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, a list more alarming to the patriot than the prospect of the return of these Democratic incompetents whom the President has partially under his control. The best thing to do is to elect an overwhelming number of representatives from the north and west pledged to support the President, to organize the next House, apportion committee places fairly, and let the committees elect their own chairmen, ability and integrity being even more important than the results of staying in Congress a mighty length of time.

THE DOC TAKES A STEP

OUR old friend Doc Gallinger has introduced a bill providing that $20,000 be handed the Secretary of Agriculture for an anti-vivisection campaign. The work of interfering with the Rockefeller Institute, the Harvard Medical Schools, and other base and bloody dives, could safely be intrusted to a special committee of the Senate. We suggest Mr. Gallinger for chairman, his early experience having especially qualified him; Senator Weeks, for his known devotion to medical progress; Senator Smith of Michigan for his mammoth brain; and any Democrats who may be thought by the Vice-President to equal those three Republicans in intellectual scope and fitness for researeb.

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RIVERSIDE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THERE should be music in a place like this,
And patter of delicate feet upon the dew
Dancing, and shy sweet laughter flashing through
Song, as a dream is broken by a kiss.
Under such blossomy shade might Artemis
Lean down to learn what warm-haired Leto knew,
Or Dionysos lead his clamorous crew
Where the cool stream should bathe their burning bliss.

Ashes of dreams! . . . Turn yonder, and behold
The Giant of our modern faith; whereby
Ourselves, grown wiser than the gods of old,
Poison the western wind with alchemy,
And write with lightning on the midnight sky
The golden legend of his lust for gold.

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JAPAN, CHINA, AND AMERICAN MONEY

BY HOLLINGTON K. TONG

Editor of The Peking Daily News

"IS IT true that American bankers are willing to back Japan in her plans to exploit China?" a prominent Chinese banker at Shanghai cabled to me. He stated that Baron Shibusawa, official spokesman of Japan, had told many influential Japanese that the proposal to exploit China with American money and Japanese brains, a proposal which he made on his recent trip to America, had been favorably received here.

The information I have gathered since my arrival in the United States a month ago shows that the good Baron's mission was a complete failure. The scheme is full of dangers to prospective investors.

Money Japan must have if she is to profit from railway and mining concessions, from certain invaluable trade privileges in Manchuria, Mongolia and Fukien, and from the extension to ninety-nine years of the terms of lease of the Port Arthur, Dalny, South Manchuria railway and the Antung-Mukden railway—all of which she wrenched from China last year by a threat of force. She thinks that no better time could be found to seek money than the present, when most of the American financiers are so absorbed in war business that they might be easily led to commit themselves to an injurious scheme skilfully presented. Unfortunately for Baron Shibusawa, and fortunately for China and the United States—for China has been advocating extensive direct trade with the United States—the American financiers did not look favorably on his proposal.

Necessity compels Japan to seek financial aid in the United States. Her ally, Great Britain, is unwilling to lend her any more money, for whatever assistance she has given in the past was used by Japan to kill British commercial interests in China. A British diplomat once told me that there was hardly a Japanese enterprise of any note that had not been more or less dependent upon British capital for its initiation and success. Indeed, he pointed out that Japan's elevation as a great world power had been largely based upon loans from London. He regretted to observe that Japan had spent British money in the development of her great economic and political scheme to the detriment of the investing public of his own country.

The good credit Japan established in London made possible the construction of the South Manchuria railway, but when the road was completed, she granted on it rebates to Japanese goods in keen competition with traders of all other nations and particularly British. Later Japan obtained more loans from the London money market and used them to subsidize still more heavily various Japanese enterprises even in the Yangtse, which is considered a British sphere of influence. Subsidized Japanese houses were able to buy up a line of British steamships and ran them to compete with two British shipping companies. The competition was so fierce that the English firms were driven to a combination with a Chinese company—the China's Merchant Steamship Navigation Company,—but the combination did not have much success. For the gradual passing of the Hanyehping Iron Works, a great Chinese enterprise in the Yangtse, into Japanese hands, Japanese bonds on the London market have been responsible. With money from England, Japan was able to finance the Kiangsi railway. Last year, a month after having secured from China mining and railway concessions by a show of force, Japan approached Great Britain again for funds. This time Great Britain, finding her entire commercial and political interests in the Far East menaced by Japan while she was engaged in a life and death struggle at home, gave her a positive No.

Nor can Japan hope to float loans after the war in Europe. The indignation of the European nations over Japan's duplicity in misrepresenting the scope of the demands made upon China last year, and the final ultimatum compelling China to acquiesce in a partial closing of the door, has not yet abated. Japan has been thinking of gaining access to the French money market by making an alliance with Russia, but it appears certain that as long as Great Britain, whose supremacy in the Far East has been challenged by Japan, remains powerful, chances of getting money from that quarter are scant. Japan has enough intelligence to see that she is in real danger of isolation after the war. As her brief period of splendor may soon terminate if funds are not forthcoming to exploit China, as well as to support her own crumbling credit, she is desperately looking to the United States for assistance.

IN HER proposal, moreover, Japan intends to kill two birds with one stone. She wants American money for the purpose stated, but in addition she seeks to accomplish three distinct other purposes, all injurious to American interests.

Japan is fast closing the door in China to the Americans. Should she be provided with American money (the control of its use must be left to Japanese hands according to Baron Shibusawa's proposal) she would be able to carry out her policy of exclusion even more effectively. A poor Japan has been able to use her pressure to cancel contracts made between American financiers and the Chinese government, as in the case of the Chengchow-Aigun railway and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation agreements, aggregating $80,000,000. She has made attempts, though unsuccessful ones, to break the Hwai River Conservancy and the Standard Oil Company concessions. Supplied with money, Japan will be able not only to annul American contracts in future, but to secure them for herself.

A Japanese official in Kyoto, where the Japanese Emperor stays, said to me two months ago, that the United States needed a big market sooner or later, but that market she should get elsewhere than in China, to which "we Japanese must send our goods." Taking advantage of the withdrawal of the Pacific Mail service, Japan has already begun to prevent American goods from going to China as much as possible. The managing director of a big printing house at Shanghai wrote to me saying that he had ordered from an American paper mill a large quantity of paper for printing banknotes, but its shipment was purposely delayed by a Japanese shipping company. The consequence was that the printing house failed to finish the banknotes on contract time and suffered financial loss, in addition to the compromising of its good name.

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"If I should succeed in securing a big order like this one," said the managing director, "I should be obliged to purchase paper from Japan. In that way I run less risk, though we like American goods."

Japan desires to use American money to make the Americans unpopular in China. She knows that the Chinese people have always considered the United States the best friend they have ever had, and have believed they could count upon the assistance of the Americans to resist the Mikado's policy of land-grabbing. "Naturally China wants more trade with the United States," said Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Minister at Washington in a speech on the American-Chinese Trade Relations delivered before the fourth annual conference of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, "and the United States, I believe, likes to have more trade with China, each knowing that the more the trade between them the greater the benefit for them both." The traditional friendship between China and the United States Japan is trying to injure through Baron Shibusawa's sugar-coated proposal. Should her attempt to secure American money to exploit China be successful, Japan will undoubtedly hold up the United States as a willing accomplice in her land-grabbing policy in order to galvanize China into granting her more territory and commercial privileges, and injure American trade in China by changing the good feeling of the Chinese towards America.

Japan wants to hold all the trump cards when the Californian land question is finally settled, and would like to accomplish this by tying up American money in China. Possibly, for the first year, American financiers who invested their money through Japanese hands might be able to get a fairly good profit, just as did the Chinese investors in the case of the Yalu Lumber Company, a Chinese-Japanese enterprise. In the first year that company declared a six per cent dividend; the second year the dividend was reduced to one per cent; the third year there was no dividend; and in the fourth year the company was losing money, although from trustworthy sources it is learned that at this very time the company was making money. But this is the typical Japanese way of handling the money of the investing public. Likewise Japan would reap all the profits which would accrue from the American money invested in China through Japan, and these profits would be used to build more battleships and train more soldiers. When she has sufficiently prepared herself, she will take up the Californian land question again with the United States.

"If the so-called cooperation along the lines laid down by Japan is rejected by America," said Baron Shibusawa after his return to Japan, "our activities in the Chinese market might lead to hostile competition, mutual distrust and bitter animosity, which might be mutually disastrous." The American financiers, so far as I know, have practically rejected the scheme of Japan, and the next thing we will probably hear of is trade competition in China. Will the American government protect her legitimate economic interests in the Far East or will she yield to the international blackmailer?

THE POSTERN GATE TO THE LAND OF DREAMS

BY LEWIS STANTON PALEN

THE big front gate to the Land of Dreams
  Is ever ajar or open wide;
And Sleep leads up her endless streams
  Of souls that surge as the restless tide
In ebb and flow within and out
  To snatch their hour of pictured play
Before they join the hurrying rout
  That scrambles back to the Land of Day.

And when some soul hath found a dell
  More lovely than all else beside,
No hand on earth can give or sell
  The pow'r to hire returning guide.

But far, far back within that Land
  A privet, thick and green and cool,
Cuts off a garden richly grand,
  With velvet sward and sand-girt pool.
Deep shadows stretch across the lawns
  Past dial and fount and marbles clear;
A group of shrinking, timid fawns
  Peep from a glade the fountain's near.
And tucked away where none can find,
  Save those who know the trail without,
An ivy-covered gate, designed
  With heavy hinge and panel stout,
Is guarded close by warder old,
  Well versed in Dream Land's richest lore—
As misers watch their hoarded gold
  He keepeth close his treasured door.

And few there be that pass the gate;
  Still fewer see it as they pass;
E'en fewer conjure as they wait
  A shibboleth to move its mass.

But when I lead *you* to this port,—
  For well I know the outer road,—
The kind old warder hastes report
  To fairy players' deep abode:
And as you raise your graceful hand
  To join me in the mystic dance,
Wide swings the gate of Fairy Land
  And, closing, leaves us in a trance
Of mingled beauty, grace and joy,
  Of ecstasy that's soul-profound,
Of rhythm that slyly doth decoy
  The fairies from their hidings round.
Then soft we glide o'er silken sward
  As sailing gull on pinion floats;
From every shade swells out the chord
  Of unseen pipers' sweetest notes.
Thus convoyed on this stream sublime
  We skim through vales now doubly blest;
Down by a pool we catch the rhyme
  Of water seeking out its rest.

Then ere you give the fatal sign
  And take your hand from out mine own,
I bend and touch your lips divine
  To give me strength when I'm alone.

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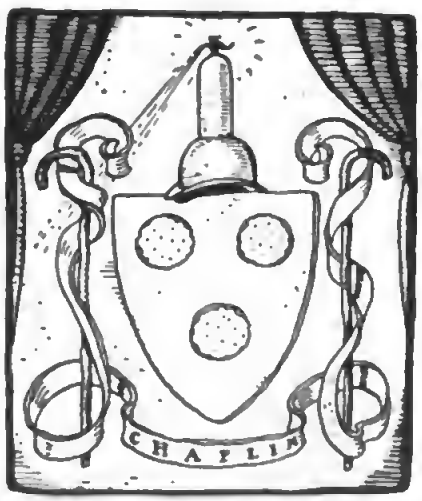


PLUTARCH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

NO 5: CHARLES CHAPLIN

BY F. P. A.

PERICLES is said to have received, in the Golden Age, 2 drachmæ per word for a speech he made at a dinner of the Athens Chamber of Commerce; and Cæsar's scale of remuneration, when he was war-correspondent to the Rome *Tribune*, was 15 sestertia a column, albeit his book publishers hoodwinked him, Herodotus has it, forasmuch as they sell millions of his Commentaries every year, and neither Cæsar nor his estate ever received a denarius for it. But this, continueth Herodotus, may be because Cæsar thrice refused the crown, and his publishers deemed that he hated royalty, therefore paid him none; but this, I think, is naught but a joke of the old historian's, and not, I fear, a very merry one. As to disproportionate emoluments, there is the absurd sum ($1.50) with which I am rewarded for these chronicles, that price being enough to purchase, at the moment of going to press, near 5 gallons of petrolcum, which I use in 5 hours; and I can write a chronicle of this length in less time than two hours, on a clear day.



But of great rewards, the greatest in all history is that of Charles Chaplin, the cinematograph actor, who receiveth $10,000 a week for making grimaces, sitting in custard pies, hurling pancakes into human countenances, walking with strange anticks, and doing all manner of grotesque steps, which are enough, say those who have seen him, to make a cat laugh. Of his drollness I am not fit to judge, never having seen him, nor indeed any motion pictures soever, which is a great distinction in itself.

As to the justice of the great guerdon he getteth for this clowning, I am not one to say he doth not merit it. For there be men of greater skill and ability than are mine, who do not earn ten dollars for a week's work. Money is but a relative term, says Plato, and I envy no man his earnings. For I can not wear two suits of clothing at once; nor smoke synchronously more than one cigar. And I crave no great wealth, forasmuch as I need no dimes to spend upon the motion pictures.

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HUERTA AND THE TWO WILSONS

BY ROBERT H. MURRAY

WHY was President Wilson so intense in his feelings about Huerta?

Was our own ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, concerned in the plot to assassinate Madero?

The time seems to have come to tell this story. We think it will enter into American history.

I HAVE seen this:

A dead man, shrouded in coarse, filthy prison sheets, who in life had been President of Mexico, legally elected by the votes of his people; his face and skull mutilated and shattered where bullets had entered, sped by assassins hired by traitors who themselves were too cowardly to do the easy, riskless murder of an unarmed prisoner; the corpse mocked obscenely by laughing, foul-tongued men.

I have read this:

A dispatch written by our ambassador in Mexico excusing to our government his full and swift indorsement, given in the name of the treason-hating free people of the United States, of the traitors' lying explanation of the manner in which the President of a people struggling to be free was slain.

You may read it, also:

"I believe that in announcing publicly my acceptance of the official version of the death of these two men (note: Francisco I. Madero and Jose Maria Pino Suarez) . . . I adopted the surest method of allaying that singular, perverse sentimentality which frequently leads to the commission of greater crimes as punishments for lesser ones!

"(Signed) HENRY LANE WILSON."

Henry Lane Wilson was Ambassador of the United States to Mexico in February, 1913, when Gen. Victoriano Huerta imposed the arbitrament of his treason to end the strife between Madero, who was fighting to maintain himself in the government that legally was his, and the rebel generals, Manuel Mondragon and Felix Diaz, who were striving to wrest it from him; seized the executive power, eliminated Mondragon and Diaz, jailed Madero and Pino Suarez, and with their blood gave the new government red baptismal rites.

Ten days after Huerta had laid Madero and Pino Suarez weltering, the Taft administration in Washington ended and the administration headed by Woodrow Wilson began. The Mexican situation—remember that it was in the first years of the Taft administration that it became quick—with the perplexing complications which it took unto itself through the successful treason of Huerta, descended as a legacy to the new administration. Taft washed his hands of the affair and retired to dignified, academic seclusion beneath the elms of New Haven.

Only seventy-two hours after Huerta had fleshed the sword of despotic militarism in the heart of constitutional government in Mexico, and but a day before the assassination of Madero and Pino Suarez, Ambassador Wilson accorded *de facto* recognition on behalf of the United States government to Huerta, his dictatorship and all that it stood for, in its conception and birth.

President Wilson disavowed this recognition, served notice in the name of the United States upon Mexico and the world at large that Huerta would not be permitted to perpetuate proprietary rights upon the sovereignty and liberties of Mexico and its people, and summarily took Henry Lane Wilson out of Mexico, shrieking.

Henry Lane Wilson has registered unequivocal denial of direct charges that he, personally, or as our ambassador to Mexico, prompted, aided, or encouraged Huerta to overthrow the Madero government. With warmth and energy he also has proclaimed his innocence of complicity, direct, or overt, with the assassination of Madero and Pino Suarez. What prior knowledge, if any, Wilson possessed that Madero and his Vice-President were to be sacrificed is a topic for conjecture and the exercise of individual opinion. It cannot now be proved. One may deduce and reason, as to the assassination, only from the circumstantial evidence at one's command, considered, perhaps, in connection with other relevant evidence which is direct, and not circumstantial.

Of this much we are certain: It can be proved that Wilson held prior knowledge of the Huerta plot. It can be proved that Wilson possessed Huerta's confidence, as to Huerta's intention to depose Madero. It can be proved that the night of the murder—and in advance of the fact—Wilson knew that Madero and Pino Suarez were to be taken from their temporary prison in the National Palace to the Penitentiary, where, as he explained to Washington, "they would be in safety until public passions subsided." It can be proved that on the afternoon preceding the night of the murder Wilson and Huerta were closeted alone in the American Embassy for upwards of an hour.

WILSON has raged and protested at the suspicions leveled against him. Who but Wilson himself, by his conduct in Mexico, his attitude toward Huerta, his messages to his government, bred these suspicions? What evidence there be against Wilson exists solely because it was brought into being by that which was done and written by Wilson. It is manufactured evidence, but the manufacturer is Henry Lane Wilson.

This is not a pleasant story for an American to write, or an American to read. It is not a nice story. But it will explain, perhaps, many things, heretofore occult, as to the manner in which the Madero government was thugged, and the part taken in the thugging by our ambassador in Mexico. It will explain the reason for much of the mistrust of the United States and its motives which the Mexican people hold. The rest—and more—they suspect and voice their suspicions openly. It may throw light upon the genesis and inspiration of President Wilson's unrelenting antagonism to Huerta and what in political cynicism, treachery, despotism, selfishness, greed, blood-lust, perverted standards—all the banes of free, democratic institutions in the Spanish-Americas—Huerta and Huertaism embodied.

What, besides surface evidence—what everyone knew—was the prime consideration that inspired President Wilson's opposition to Huerta, and his determination that he must not be permitted to remain at the head of the Mexican government?

Let us assume the answer to be this:

That the President knew what all the public and all

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but a few of the officials in Washington did not know.

He had reason to believe that the good faith of the United States government had been betrayed, its honor impugned, distrust of its motives almost ineradicably created in the minds of all intelligent Spanish-Americans, its name and its power more than dubiously employed by its representative in Mexico, Henry Lane Wilson, to compass the downfall of Madero by conniving with Huerta to seize the Mexican government. The President knew this through his perusal of the official dispatches sent by Henry Lane Wilson to the State Department during the rebellion in the City of Mexico, from February 9 to 18, 1913, after the downfall of the Madero régime and subsequent to the assassination of Madero and Pino Suarez. He knew, by the medium of these dispatches, inside facts of which the public was, and still is, in ignorance, and what at the time might have been inexpedient for it to know. He knew that the evidence of Henry Lane Wilson's dispatches clarified and interpreted the vague but impressive mass of rumors and suspicions that had been afloat throughout Mexico and in Washington since the sacrifice of Madero's government and life—rumors that linked the treason and tragedy with the sinister shadow of Henry Lane Wilson in the background; that Huerta's treason would have been impossible of accomplishment had it not been encouraged and abetted by Henry Lane Wilson in the name of, and by the prostituted power of, the government which Wilson misrepresented.

I HAVE seen this:

A dead man, shrouded in coarse, filthy prison sheets, who in life had been President of Mexico, legally elected by the votes of his people; his face and skull mutilated and shattered where bullets had entered, sped by assassins hired by traitors who themselves were too cowardly to do the easy, riskless murder of an unarmed prisoner; the corpse mocked obscenely by laughing, foul-tongued men.

THESE dispatches, the text of which will be repeated later on, show briefly:

First—That our ambassador possessed prior knowledge of the Huerta plot as far in advance, at least, as two days prior to Huerta's *coup d'état*.

Second—That he communicated hints of this knowledge to the State Department.

Third—That these hints and intimations of what was coming were repeated to the State Department at intervals on Sunday and Monday, February 16th and 17th. (Madero was taken prisoner and his government wrested from him on Tuesday, the 18th.)

Fourth—That our ambassador felt so secure of his inside information as to what Huerta purposed to do, and when he intended to do it, that in a dispatch dated at *noon* on Tuesday—between two and three hours *before* Huerta seized the government and imprisoned Madero and his cabinet—he announced to the State Department, hours in advance to the fact, that what was yet to be accomplished had been already done.

Fifth—That our ambassador in conveying to the State Department the tidings that Huerta had succeeded, declared "that a wicked despotism had fallen."

Sixth—That our ambassador offered to Huerta and his fellow conspirators only the most perfunctory verbal and unofficial representations respecting the safety of Madero, although in the estimation of the public in the Mexican capital Madero was a doomed man from the instant the clutches of Huerta closed about him.

Seventh—That after our ambassador, at eight o'clock on the evening of Thursday, February 20th, had cabled the State Department for instructions regarding the recognition of Huerta, that same night, probably before his message could have left the cable office in the City of Mexico, he decided at a meeting of the diplomatic corps, which was held in the American Embassy, to recognize Huerta the next day at noon.

Eighth—That our ambassador recommended to Huerta, with respect to Madero, and other political prisoners, "that no lives be taken except by due process of law."

Ninth—That our ambassador inspired certain individual anti-Maderista senators to demand of Madero, in the name of the Senate, that he resign. This they did, but Madero refused.

Tenth—That our ambassador in his dispatch to the State Department dated at five o'clock in the afternoon of the day following the *coup d'état*, mentioned, incidentally as a "rumor" that Gustavo Madero, the President's brother, had been murdered soon after midnight that morning, although the crime was generally known to be a fact, was announced in the local newspapers, and must have been known by our ambassador to be a fact, early on the forenoon of that day.

Eleventh—That, after the accession of Huerta, our ambassador confidentially urged the State Department to cause the officers of the American war vessels, then lying in Vera Cruz harbor, with as many sailors and marines as possible, to be sent to the City of Mexico.

Twelfth—That our ambassador accepted officially and unreservedly the flimsy and notoriously untrue official explanations of Huerta as to the circumstances surrounding the murders of Madero and Pino Suarez, and without going to the trouble of making any sort of an investigation on his own account.

Thirteenth—That our ambassador excused his acceptance, in the name of his government, of Huerta's account of the murders on the ground that thereby he had adopted "the surest method of arresting public judgment and allaying that singular perverse sentimentality which frequently leads to the commission of greater crimes as punishment for the lesser."

Fourteenth—That our ambassador, upon being informed by a member of the British Legation corps that, because of the murder of Madero and Pino Suarez, it was doubtful if the British government would confirm the *de facto* recognition of Huerta, cabled to the State Department that this would be a great error, "endangering the safety of foreigners," and suggesting that the matter be taken up with the British Embassy in Washington.

Fifteenth—That our ambassador urged the State Department to summon the correspondent of the London *Times* in Washington and explain the situation in the City of Mexico to him, so that "a vast ignorance" which existed in London as to the "actual situation here" might be corrected.

Sixteenth—That, although our ambassador could not see his way clear to make adequate official, or unofficial, representations to Huerta in behalf of Madero, then under arrest and, in the public estimation, virtually a doomed man, he stepped outside his official prerogative during the revolt to indite a long note to Madero's

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Foreign Minister, interceding for former President de la Barra. De la Barra was then safely refuged at the British Legation. Our ambassador heard a rumor that de la Barra was to be arrested, whereupon he sternly informed the Foreign Minister that any act of violence against de la Barra would cause "profoundest indignation in the United States and in all civilized countries." This he could not bring himself to do for Madero.

Seventeenth—That our ambassador, almost as his final official act before he left the City of Mexico to be relieved from office, cabled to the State Department of Huerta and his administration—the government that he more than any one other man had been potent in bringing into being—that "I am convinced that the present government is fully as corrupt and incompetent as any which has preceded it."

In order to attain to a proper estimation of Wilson's official and unofficial acts as ambassador of the United States during the agonizing and death of the Madero administration and its head—to get the proper proportions of the thing—one must know something of Wilson, the man, his antecedents, his walk in life, of his relations with the Diaz and the Madero governments, of his manner of conducting himself as our ambassador in the City of Mexico, of the situation in Mexico at the time the revolt against Madero started, of the point of view of the Americans in the capital, who pitched their key to our ambassador's piping—of many things that are correlated to the focal point of the narrative.

When Wilson entered the diplomatic service of the United States as Minister to Chile, about a decade and a half ago, he was a broken real-estate speculator in the state of Washington. He was fortunate in the possession of a loyal, loving and politically influential brother, who succored him robustly at the neap tide of his affairs. The brother was former Senator John Wilson of Seattle, owner of the *Post-Intelligencer* of that city and a power in Republican politics in the northwest. Henry Lane needed a job. John obtained it for him. He did more than that. "Taking care of Henry," as John laughingly used to speak of it to his intimate friends, involved as much labor at times in keeping Henry Lane securely in the job, as in landing the job itself for him. Henry Lane, in public life, was cursed with the unfortunate faculty of getting himself into messes. These messes implied no moral or—until his advent into Mexico—professional lapses. They were unpleasantnesses which he bred for himself through infirmities of temperament, lack of tact, and extravagant conception of what was due to his position in deference and precedence. He was irascible, touchy, peevish, nervous, egotistical, vain. He rowed with people over trifling things. This rendered him ineffective at times when he should have been effective. The Mexican officials called him "*chico*," or small, meaning that he was inclined to exhaust his energies, and theirs, in discussions or considerations of inconsequential matters that had no importance in eyes other than his own.

In superficial personality, scholarly attainments, theoretical conceptions of the functions and prerogatives of the envoy of a great country, Henry Lane Wilson outwardly bore the semblance of a respectable diplomat. He was that, but in Mexico, at least, he was hardly a respected diplomat. Wilson, to be strictly accurate, possessed few admirers among the Americans in Mexico. There were those who professed friendship for him, because of the use they made, or hoped to make, of him in the furtherance of their private schemes, or adventures. In their hearts they detested him cordially, and in private they spat out their venom. The American lawyer caddied for Wilson, fawned upon him, ran his errands, shared his grudges, executed his private vengeances, ate what of the unpalatable Wilsonian toads were necessary, because he needed Wilson's aid in important mining litigation which the lawyer had in hand, and in trying to bully the Mexican government into paying an inflated claim of a foreign government which the lawyer was pressing as attorney for the claimant. The American merchant, who amassed a fortune through his monopoly as purveyor of furniture and stationery to the Diaz government, was patient with Wilson because through him he hoped to obtain a continuance of his monopoly under the Madero government. The American railway man was solicitous of the ambassador's favor because Wilson was in position to be of service to the American and other foreign bankers who had financed the railways. The American banker in the City of Mexico deemed that he was not wasting his time in cultivating Wilson. The American newspaper proprietor exalted the Wilsonian horn loudly and mightily in his paper because he depended upon Wilson to press a damage claim of a hundred thousand pesos against the Madero government, upon which he desperately depended to save himself from bankruptcy. The fat and funny American capitalist toiled sturdily and merrily in the exercise of his dual functions as the Ward McAlister and official jester of the court which Wilson set up under the roof of the gray stone castle in which the Embassy was housed. Why? Because, for him, Wilson was trying to force the Madero government to upset an adverse judicial decision that hurt the interests of a British cotton company of which the American capitalist was manager. And so it went. Some kissed the Wilson rod for material gain and some for social aggrandizement. They toadied to him, wined him, dined him, gulped down his snubs and revenged themselves by reviling him behind his back and to each other.

THIS is not a pleasant story for an American to write, or an American to read. It is not a nice story. But it will explain, perhaps, many things, theretofore occult, as to the manner in which the Madero government was thugged, and the part taken in the thugging by our ambassador in Mexico. It will explain the reason for much of the mistrust of the United States and its motives which the Mexican people hold.

But considering him solely in the light of an ambassador, Wilson suited the Americans in the City of Mexico fairly well. He was their kind of man, officially. He believed in the things and stood for the things, with regard to Mexico and the Mexicans, in which they believed and for which they stood.

With sparse exceptions, the Americans in the capital cheered on Wilson in his nagging of the Diaz, the de la Barra and the Madero governments. He was an ideal representative of the spirit, the thought and the desires of the American colony in the City of Mexico. He was their sort of ambassador.

"Huerta and the two Wilsons" will be continued in next week's issue

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"THIS BLESSED PLOT, THIS EARTH



"Twelfth Night" was played in this old room

Three hundred years ago these scenes were as familiar to Shakespeare as they are today to touring pilgrims of a literary turn of mind



Shakespeare does not commit himself to orthodoxy, but his bones lie in old Stratford church



For all their alleged lack of sentimentalism, the English refuse to think of their greatest poet minus his traditional romance. That is why Anne Hathaway's cottage usually is no unimportant literary shrine



In this room a

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H, THIS REALM, THIS ENGLAND"

Since Elizabeth's time there has been little change in the old buildings that the playwriter of Avon lived and worked in



Memorial theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, home of England's periodical Shakespeare festivals



Where law students saw Will's plays



d Shakespeare live



There were tired business men in Shakespeare's time, and Alderman Humble, here set forth in carved wood, was one of them. With the alderman are shown his two wives, who were also eager playgoers

THE COMING REVOLUTION IN SCENIC ART

BY WILFRED BUCKLAND

IN THE theatre of today a new and independent art of suggestive illusion is being created which will completely revolutionize our present methods of scenic representation.

It will undoubtedly prove the most important and radical development the stage has ever known.

The certainty of this lies in the fact that the new movement is a logical step in the natural evolution which characterizes the growth of every art. A series of trivial incidents recently impressed this vividly on my attention.

I stood on the sidewalk outside the stage door of one of New York's largest theatres, watching a force of stagehands unload a sixty-foot truck piled high with scenery. Several of the enormous canvas covered frames were leaned against the building, waiting to be carried through the slot-like scene door into the gloom of mysterious illusion within; and their crudely painted surfaces, marred and defaced by the scratches and abrasions incident to frequent handling, presented a sorry spectacle when exposed to the merciless light of day.



Designed by Robert E. Jones

To develop a theme through ideal rather than material media requires a composite artist, electrician and poet

Yet this was the comparatively new scenery of an elaborate production which had won recognized success by the unusual beauty and sumptuousness of its settings; and its popularity was now necessitating its disreputable tawdriness in daylight; but in this case the ruined mass of defaced painting barely showed the original intention of the scenic artist except in color, and the sight moved the head carpenter to request permission to have it retouched.

"No," I said, "it will *not be seen.*"

Beside me stood one of those keenly observant reporters for the morning dailies who possess in a high degree the news writer's instinct to see and state things as they are, and the paradoxical statement immediately aroused his argumentative interest.

"Won't be seen? Why, man, isn't that the side of your prison scene which faces the audience?"

"Yes, but the painting is never seen."

"Do you mean to tell me an audience can sit and look at a painted flat for an hour in a good light and not see it?"

"Exactly."

"Then will you please tell me what the dear people *do* see?"

"They see effects projected on the scenes by colored lights, and shadows."

"So you *paint your scenes with lights?*"

"Exactly. I paint my scenes with lights."

"Then *why* scenery?"

That is precisely what we of the theatre are now asking ourselves: "Why scenery?"

Of course I mean "scenery" in its accepted sense as signifying the crude painted or modeled mechanical imitations of nature, by which the modern stage has attempted to convey to the eye of the spectator the suggestion of locale essential to the dramatic situation.

Unfortunately there is a psychological requirement in the visualization of drama which in this method has been entirely lost sight of.

So it is natural that at the present time a dissatisfaction with the results of their work should be springing up among the more thoughtful and advanced theatrical producers; and one of our leading scenic artists recently expressed the situation vividly in terms of his own experience. He was describing his impressions on witnessing for the first time a great scenic spectacle, in the production of which an attempt had been made to attain epoch-making perfection by distributing its various scenes among a number of our best scenic painters.

Each man was selected according to his particular suitability for the work allotted him, and in consequence each finished scene represented the best work of a prominent American scenic artist, one of whom was the gentleman in question.

After the play was running smoothly he visited the theatre and sat through a performance, and his impressions of the result given in his own language was as follows:

"I saw a performance in which each scene was the perfect and representative work of a master unexcelled in his particular line, and technically I could find no fault or flaw in its execution; but each setting, including my own, was so absolutely lacking in any deeper quality of feeling or illusion that it left me cold and unmoved; and I left the theatre discouraged and disgusted with scenic art in general and my own in particular—with a sickening feeling that I never wanted to take a brush in my hand again. I realized as never before that the *method* of what we are doing was all wrong."

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Designed by Robert E. Jones

An effective "Merchant of Venice" setting

This "divine discontent" cited in an individual instance, is in reality a widespread wave of conviction, which is one of the most hopeful signs of the times; for it is an absolute asurance that a renaissance in the art of the theatre is at hand.

Our dissatisfaction is due to the very proficiency we have reached in the old photographic methods of mechanical representation, for we find we can go no further in this direction.

We have come to a blank wall, and we are still infinitely remote from the higher forms of illusion and suggestion.

"Scenery" has become to us as much a term of reproach as the word has come to imply in the street slang of the cruss vulgarian, in whose *argot* it is used to deride loud and gaudy personal adornment.

It is not a case of developing our present method, but of turning back, and starting again by another path. In doing this let us consider what suggestions might have been gleaned from the early masters of dramatic art.

Could the greatest dramatist of the English language return to earth and attend a rehearsal of one of his own plays, I verily believe his first remark as he looked about the cluttered stage would be: "Why scenery?" Our self-sufficient present-day stage manager would immediately begin, with the effusively conciliatory and slightly bored manner they always adopt in propitiating irresponsible children—and authors:

"But, my dear Mr. Shakespeare, your manuscript distinctly says: 'The Forest of Arden.' Now at a great expense we have sent to England and secured a beautifully picturesque and suitable corner of the actual forest, which we have bought outright, and it is now being carefully dismantled and packed in crates suitable for traveling. The leaves are being made in England by flower-makers who are perfectly familiar with the peculiar foliage of the real forest; and at the custom house now are five hundred bags of the actual earth of Arden,—its genuineness thoroughly attested by irrefutable affidavits, and with it our stage will be covered. We can assure you that Arden will live again on our opening night."

One can see the master wave them aside as he says—"Hang me here a curtain, and on it a sign-board which shall read: 'This is the Forest of Arden.'"

And we are today coming to seriously believe this method to be much more nearly the right one.

I do not of course mean we will actually employ the curtain and lettered sign-board of the Elizabethan stage; but we *will* hang our stages with simple arrangements of tinted cloth which we will then so play upon with subtle effects of light and color that they will no longer be seen as painted cloth, but only as intangible backgrounds of suggestive atmospheric quality, which shall effect the senses psychologically with the *mood* and feeling of the thought conveyed by the author's lines.

And our sign-board of locality will consist of only such board suggestions of local form divested of extraneous detail as shall most effectively impress the imagination with sense of place and impressionistic environment.

One has only to study Whistler's interior backgrounds to realize how the color qualities of surfaces, and judicious subordination of chiaroscuro and detail, combined with broad and masterly arrangements of light and shadow, may in the suggestion of environment replace the efforts of those realists who have actually dismembered historic rooms to reassemble them upon the stage.



Designed by Robert E. Jones

The sole requisite for a scene decoratively complete is the delicate tracery of this window

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The President: "Don't rock the boat!"

COMMERCE AND COURTESY

BY RENÉ KELLY

GERMANY has not been "starved out" in spite of the British blockade, but apparently she ran short of courtesy some months ago. Here is light cast on the subject by Ambassador Gerard, in one of his reports to Washington:

"Certain German firms attach slips to their letters to aid in a movement now popular in German business circles to suppress all unnecessary terms of politeness in correspondence, such as 'Sir,' 'Gentlemen,' 'Yours truly' and the like. The slip, translated, reads: 'Following the example of other firms, I also omit from my business letters the unnecessary terms of politeness, as well as assurances of self-evident esteem. I request that you reciprocate in your correspondence with me.'"

The curious thing about this is the fact that it is so different from the conclusions of American business men. Recently a department store in New York adopted this same German practise of omitting the formulas of good breeding in all business correspondence, and it is significant that that department store is one of the rattiest in trade. In our country commerce is setting a higher and yet higher value upon courtesy. The two great public service corporations which come as near as any to standing at the top in point of efficiency and popularity, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Pennsylvania railroad, make more of politeness in their surface relations with the public than any others I can think of, offhand. Another railroad system, the Cotton Belt Route, issues a series of monthly "cards," which go to every employee on the pay-roll, from president down to water-boy. Here are some specimen cards:

"The fact that courtesy is the cheapest commodity on the market is only one of the reasons it should be used liberally on all occasions.

"There is only one time to be courteous—that's always. The time when it is hardest to be courteous is the time when it is most needed.

"Strong men can always afford to be gentle. Only the weak are intent on giving as good as they get. Loss of temper gains nothing. Remember your greatest asset is courtesy. Try it.

"Every smile of satisfaction that you bring to a patron's face is a cash asset to us—and to you. Cultivate courtesy for what it means to you."

The value of courtesy is here regarded merely as a cash asset. Of course that is only a part of the truth. Courtesy is a social lubricant. Without it, human relations groan like an ungreased axle. Courtesy is only one remove from goodness, and not always that far, even. In the eloquent words of the Cotton Belt railroad people, Try it.

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"FIGHTING FOR INEFFICIENCY"

BY JOHN L. BALDERSTON

"THIS TALK" said George Moore, "is my first adventure into politics." We were sitting in the dining-room of the novelist's London home in Ebury street, and I drank tea, munched biscuits and endeavored to pay attention and keep my thoughts and eyes from straying to those pictures. "That Manet," he interrupted himself, as he followed my gaze, "is the pride of the establishment." My mind apologetically disengaged itself, and Mr. Moore repeated the point I had missed in his criticism of American policy. It was unfair, I thought, to receive a visitor seeking war copy in a room full of masterpieces. Is there any room in that house where one can escape Manet, Monet, Daubigny, Ingres, Degas? Would Mr. Moore consider granting an interview in the kitchen? But perhaps down there hang two Corots and a Millet. I decided to ask the parlor-maid—who makes excellent tea.

As a man of letters, I asked Mr. Moore, with a public in America as large as in England, could he not speak to us frankly, without fear of misunderstanding? A cabinet minister had remarked, "If I told you what I think about your policy, your press would say, 'Old England's chestnuts are in the fire; she's seeking another monkey.'"

"But you are not foreigners," said Mr. Moore emphatically. "I don't recognize any difference between us. There is one only: you speak better English than we do, and you write the language better; you speak and write as we did before we were contaminated by French. In this agony that we are suffering, do you think it pleasant for us to watch you blundering towards disaster as we blundered? That experience teaches men is the greatest lie! Men learn nothing from experience. If they did, you would come in and help us while there is yet time; you owe it to your own future, and to the future of the democratic ideal."

"You believe, like everyone else in England, that unless Germany is decisively beaten she will attack America?" I asked.

"She must do so. All the wars of modern Germany have been successful. She won the Danish, Austrian, and French wars; this is the fourth; if it also is successful, there will be a fifth and a sixth and so on. Her people have been educated to believe in war as an instrument of policy. After the retreat from Moscow Napoleon could have had the Rhine; he had to go on until he lost everything; he couldn't stop. And Germany cannot stop. She will go on until, like Napoleon, she falls, or until, like Rome, she rules the world. It may be that she will conquer us and you; if that be so, I am glad I shall not live long in such a world."

"Our attitude," I remarked, "is partly due to our own experience. We think you are all mad; we point to our three thousand miles of Canadian frontier, without a fort, without a soldier—"

"Utterly irrelevant," interjected Mr. Moore. "I don't want to deal in platitudes, but this struggle is one of democratic ideals against the Prussian aim to subjugate all nations except one, and to subjugate even in that nation every class except the ruling class. Why should you fight the Canadians? You are on the same side with them in this conflict of political and spiritual forces. But let a Canadian junker party gain control, and teach the people for forty years that their prosperity depends on conquering you, that their future lies in the loot of the rich cities across the border, and war would come. It would take forty years to make the Canadians believe that, but it could be done. You can make a man believe anything if you catch him young enough."

We discussed the individualism which is the political ideal of England, France, and America. "We are told we must economize for the war," said Mr. Moore. "I suggested a tax on dogs; a tax on petrol when used by private persons has been advocated; cabinet ministers have been asked to set us an example by reducing their salaries. All these and many other ways of saving money have been howled down. That's individualism. In Germany no objections would be raised by the people to such sacrifices, most of which indeed they made before the war."

HE STOPPED walking up and down and stood before the fire ruminating, while I poured out some more tea. "We are fighting for inefficiency!" he said at length.

"I like that phrase, and so would the Germans," I remarked. Mr. Moore smiled, then looked as though he disapproved of himself. "No, that won't do," he said. "It sounds flippant. One mustn't be clever in a serious interview."

The novelist sat down in his armchair by the fire and pondered for some time. Then he said, "I will tell you what we are fighting for. It is the individual, while the Germans are fighting for the state. We democrats would like to see every man living his life according to his inclinations and ideals. We know that we can only get liberty by sacrificing something; if every man were to do as he likes neighborhood would be impossible; but we try to sacrifice only so much as is needful. The Germans have decided to throw their lot in with the state, as they began to do about the time of the Punic wars and continued to do for many centuries; what the Romans did the Germans are doing, and they are moved by the same considerations, aims and ambitions. They see that to become masters in Europe they must become servants of the state, docile servants, for whom no work is too hard, no danger too great. They have renounced everything; their innate sense of right and wrong has been educated out of them, and they are ready to commit any crime if ordered by a superior.

"Bismarck knew that the Germans could be 'educated'—'a nation of valets' he called them. It took half a century to turn the most charming, peace-loving people in the world, a race of musicians, poets, philosophers, into a brutal military machine without literature, without art, without music. Strauss? The last of ancient Germany, if he be of the ancient race. And musicians cannot listen to him. I never met a musician who could tolerate Strauss. Painting? The art of Germany is a fat woman crowning somebody with laurel. Literature? They have not produced a book worth reading since the German Empire was created. All great art, indeed, is of the small nations.

"But I must apologize for the deviation. That the

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Germans have decided to abandon all that makes life worth living is their own affair, so long as they do not try to force their system on the rest of the world. We English and you Americans do not want to give up the pleasure of our lives and take up the burden of militarism so that we may remake the world according to our image and likeness. And that is why we are fighting, in the main, for inefficiency.

"The footsteps of Gladstone led up to this war. We should have crushed Prussia in 1870 and prevented what is happening today. But Gladstone did not interfere, because England preferred to stand aside in order to make money. We made a great deal of money, but only to lose it in the end, for the war of 1915 would not have occurred if Gladstone had come in. Is not Wilson committing the same mistake, and may not his policy of non-intervention be followed by the same disastrous consequences as was Gladstone's? For every dollar you make this year out of war exports, you may lose a hundred that could be saved if you would come into the war today."

"You know of our new armament program?" I suggested.

"No more than we could you fight Germany alone," said Mr. Moore, "no matter what your preparations. You are not a military nation; democracy, we might as well all face the fact, needs big odds in her favor to stand against a people trained to walk in step from the cradle to the grave."

"There is a feeling in America," I said, "that Germany cannot attack us because whatever may happen on land your navy will not be beaten, and your interests will not permit you to stand by and see our eastern cities captured while you hold the Atlantic."

Mr. Moore leaped from his chair. "That is a perfectly amazing idea, perfectly amazing!" he cried. "How can anyone think such a thing? Suppose our navy does remain, we shall be a second-class power, almost bankrupt, our social conditions terrible. And do you think we would embark on another war with Germany to save you, when you stood aside, a first-class power with incredible wealth, and watched the Germans beat us all? You are our kinsmen, and in spite of all that we feel now you would have our deepest sympathies when your coast cities were held to unimaginable ransoms, but our sympathy would not help you, as yours does not help us today."

"What part do you think America should play in the war, if she came in?" was my next question.

"You could come in by degrees," he replied. "Your industrial and financial assistance would be of great value, but perhaps the moral factor would be most important, and to exert that you should send an army, even if a small one. Then, as you began to realize the German power and the difficulties in our way, you would send us more and more men, and your pressure at the last, when all the powers of Europe were exhausted, would prove decisive. You would have ended the war, to your own advantage and to ours.

"It is inconceivable that you should not realize your danger if you do not help us. And yet I understand it; you are ourselves, you think as we do, muddle as we do; you are doing simply what we would do in your place. It is maddening that you will not profit from our blunder in 1870."

MR. MOORE was evidently much moved, but I was not prepared for what followed. "I feel so deeply on this subject," he went on, "that I want to do all I can to make America realize her peril. Do you think I could do any good if I went over there? I am seriously considering doing so. There is but one difficulty; I am the only Irishman living who cannot make a good speech. I have delivered two lectures in my life, both in French, one on Impressionist Painting and the other on Balzac and Shakespeare. But I can write out these things that are so clear to me, and read them. And I shall go, if the people will listen to me; it is a man's duty to do what he can."

We talked pictures a little while; or Mr. Moore talked, while I looked. As we came out on the front steps, after we had shaken hands, he stopped me and said, earnestly: "This is not all selfishness. We have our navy and we shall pull through somehow, even though we have to throw over our democratic ideals. But I fear for you if you do not see it, while there is yet time, that Germany is made incapable of looting from you the gold needed to restore German industries. See clearly and help us now, when your weight can tip up the scale, and in saving Europe you will save yourselves."

A VIEW OF FEMINISM

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

PROGRESS has opened its Pandora's box and new ideas come out, buzzing and stinging those who interfere with them. One of these active, little things is feminism.

It aims especially to correct our eyesight. Women were angels to their admirers and devils to their detractors. Dante saw his Beatrice in a mist of idealism; Schopenhauer saw through a convex mirror a squat thing he called woman. The romanticist focused on the eidolon of his dreaming fancy "the light that never was"; the realist dragged her by her hair through the gutter.

Woman, though, wants to be regarded only as a human being. She would walk off the pedestal where the idealist keeps her and mingle with the rest of us. She would rise from the dungeon depths where the materialist imprisons her and breathe the same air as other mortals. She desires to be free.

Reform in dress, the dance, the ballot, is but a means to that end. Conventional morality with a hypocritical leer gazes at the shapely ankles while it condemns the shocking short skirt. Woman wants to be a mate and not a marionette in a man's world. Must man regard her always either as a clinical curiosity or a lotos flower?

Feminism, then, is merely a movement to readjust our vision. What a horrible discovery to find suddenly that the cubist and the futurist are laughing at us because we do not see things correctly. But while the doctor is fitting new glasses the patient's vision is blurred—and it *hurts*.

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At the crest of the hill—with a long run before him

THE SKI IN ITS NATIVE HABITAT

BY WALDO MORGAN

THE peace pilgrims of the good ship Ford have come straggling home in twos and threes. Many of them have a new vision of world peace; some have only colds. A few of the more fortunate members of the party brought back trophies of a more valuable sort. From one of these we have received these photographs of skiing in its native habitat.

The pilgrim who snapped these pictures was not intent solely upon getting the soldiers out of the trenches by Christmas,—or even Fourth of July. Along the golden path paved with motor dollars he paused, now and then, to inspect the scenery. When fellow pilgrims were interned in a conference to determine the chairmanship of a subcommittee, or the order of precedence at dinner, he stole away with his camera, and made the most of the opportunity war and an American millionaire had given him. Among the results he achieved were these two photographs. In view of the present interest in skiing in this country they are especially interesting.



Miss Molla Bjurstedt has taught us that Norwegian women can play tennis. They are excellent ski runners, too

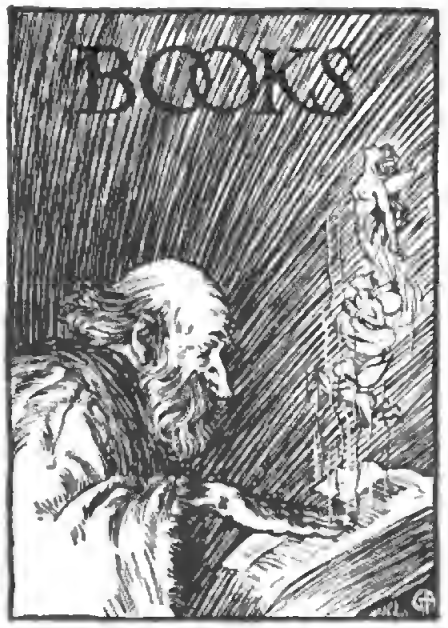
The Scandinavian ski runner, as the pictures show, has nature on his side. Norway boasts of steep hills and long slides, bracing winds and crisp snows. He who loves to be out of doors on his skis is not at the mercy of a climate as eccentric as our own. To the southern portions of this country skiing is, of course, wholly denied. In the rest of the country it is largely a gamble. The skiing enthusiast decides to spend the morrow on a long jaunt over the hills of New Hampshire. And when the morrow comes his snow has vanished, and earth shows signs of spring. We need a Glcoo Curtiss of the ski—a man to invent a contrivance suited to both mud and snowdrift.

The picture at the top of the page shows the excellent conditions that exist in Norway. The man of the skiis has climbed to the crest of the hill. Before him lies a long coast nt nn exhilarating speed. No wonder skiing originated in the Scandinavian countries! The other photograph shows an added inducement. Seldom do we find, in this country, scenery as beautiful, as inviting as in this Norwegian view. The picture also points to another characteristic of the sport in Norway: women, as well as men, enjoy ski running and its thrills.

Of course, there are women ski runners in this country, too, but they are not common. In the northwest, ski runoing has its best chance, and there it has flourished for years. A recent carnival held in St. Paul showed that a number of the contestants could have held their own with the Scandinavians—long training and climate notwithstanding.

Ski running is a fascinating sport. It is invigorating, healthful and safe—provided foolhardy jumps are not iodulged in. There is only one great drawback: If you ever fall down it takes a dickens of a time to get up again.

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OUT of a sea of turbulent publications rabidly for or rabidly against Russia and the Russians, there arises from time to time a crested wave, so to speak, which rolls with force and dignity on to its set goal. Such a clear, strong force in the bewildering mass of current literature is the new book of Dr. Charles Sarolea, entitled *Great Russia*. Its strength lies in its utter simplicity. There are no elaborate word pictures to appeal to the imagination. Rather does it impress one's judicial sense, for by one terse paragraph after another one is led, step by step, to the ultimate goal, which is a sane and normal consideration of Russia's geographical, economical, and political problems.

First of all, one is reminded that Russia is a country, or more correctly perhaps a continent, which has been composed by conditions peculiar to itself. One cannot judge Russia by other countries. Russia must be its own measure. And since, in about twenty-five years the population of this huge country will number about 250 millions—250 millions of human beings equipped with every instrument of modern civilization—it is time that we do measure Russia by the forces that have shaped and will shape her history, so that we may know whether this tremendous world force be for good or for evil.

The prime factor in Russian history, whether economical or political, is geography. As Dr. Sarolea says, "Nowhere else have geographical conditions left a more indelible imprint." For instance one might, theoretically, believe that compulsory, general education could be introduced in Russia by a stroke of the Tsar's pen. But think first of the seven long months of deep winter, the poor roads, the immense distances and how sparsely they are inhabited, and understand that the primary school system of England or France is an impossibility. "Even the most progressive Russian government could not afford a schoolmaster for every twelve families." Such is the heedlessness of nature.

Another poignant point that nature has scored in Russia is in the political history of the country. If the great Russian plain, with its level stretches, thousands of miles in length, might seem symbolical of the leveling of men, the creator of democratic conditions of life, at the same time this open country meant constant danger of invasion for its inhabitants. The democratic, self-governing communities of early Russia were the sacrifice demanded by a military and centralized monarchy, which alone could save the Russians from the unending onslaught of Turks and Tatars, Poles and Lithuanians, Germans and Swedes. Autocracy then, far from being a baneful accident in Russian annals, was in reality the one, imperative condition of the very existence of the Russian people.

This strongly centralized autocracy has remained in force because eighty-five per cent of the population are peasants. These peasants are essentially agriculturists, and practically non-industrial, non-commercial as yet, and as such are unusually conservative. They manage the affairs of their local self-governing bodies, but beyond that, their political interests, as a rule, do not extend. Besides, in Russia, there is no middle class with its independent opinion, nor will there be for some time to come. Moreover, Russia's forty-eight races, hostile towards each other in language and religion, customs and color, have needed and benefited by this strong central rule, which has been for them a *pax Romana*.

Externally, this autocracy has acted as much in concordance with the conditions of nature as internally. The foreign policy of Russia has turned southwards and eastwards as spontaneously as the inhabitants of northern climes seek out the sun. To follow the trend of the great rivers southwards was but to tread in the path of nature. Besides, all down the history of practically landlocked Russia echoes and reechoes the cry for the sea. As Dr. Sarolea so vividly puts it, "Russian history in modern times is nothing but an endless 'Expedition of the Ten Thousand'—it expresses both the past and the future of the people." Add to this the religious passion for the repossession by a Christian people of St. Sophia, and Russia's foreign policy of centuries is even more easy to understand.

In determining the character of the influence of Russia on the world it is important to know whether this influence be democratic, whether it stands for liberty, peace, and progress. That the Russians are essentially democratic is an established fact. Besides, their government, although externally autocratic, is in reality of a democratic character, for "the Russian Empire is a huge peasant commonwealth, a federation of forty thousand democratic republics, thousands of which have retained the socialist and collectivist organization of village community." Moreover, in Russia there is no caste or class; a man's position depends entirely on the rank he has attained to in civil or military service.

As for liberty, one must remember that it was Russia that freed Europe from Napoleon, and Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Roumania from Turkey. The Russian is not aggressive; his strength lies in his patience, endurance, and power of resistance. Today too if she is to grow and develop her latent productive forces, Russia is, more than ever before, in need of peace. Peace to her means progress and she wants to progress. That is why the idea for the Hague Tribunal came from Russia.

For Russia has ideals, whether they point westwards as they do in the works of Turgenev, or somewhat paradoxical as taken from Tolstoy, or express the kindliest side of Russian nature as they do through Dostoevsky. Still these ideals are undoubtedly good, and with the inevitable development of economic, and subsequently political, life in Russia, they will find a fuller expression than ever before, whether it be in the resurrection of Poland, a just settlement of the Jewish problem, or in the internal reshaping of the country. And they will find a better expression now too because the backbone of strong German, bureaucratic influences in Russia is being broken.

Great Russia, by Charles Sarolea. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1916. $1.25.

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INTRODUCING THE MAN'S PAGE

COMPILED OF, BUT NOT FOR, HIM

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY the actor is losing ground. His pictures are no longer in demand. The actress and the moving-picture hero are displacing him. It has become a dogma, in journalistic circles, that he is no longer a "circulation builder." The masculine members of the subscribing household appear to be satisfied with portraits of stage ladies; the feminine members lift their eyes no higher than the domain of the cinematographic celebrity. Whereas the real tragedian's photograph was once in great demand, it now requires an agile press agent to get it into print.

Photograph of Mr. Ditrichstein by Pach; Mr. Tree by Floyd; others by Georg



In the west, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is giving farewell performances of his fine repertoire



Sir Herbert Tree's contribution to the Shakespeare Tercentenary is a production of "Henry VIII"



When an actor helps write his own play it usually runs about one week. Mr. Ditrichstein's "Great Lover" is in its twentieth



The man who made "Disraeli" such a remarkable success—George Arliss—is now touring the country in a new play, "Paganini"

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WAR-ECHOES IN GREECE

BY ELON JESSUP

WHEN the war broke upon the world Greece was living its own uninterrupted, domestic life in its own quiet way. Always had it mixed in international trade and politics to a limited extent, but these were not of the real life of the country. Or perhaps an occasional Balkan squabble happened along. Very well; the vineyards of Attica and the small fisheries of the island coasts remained undisturbed.

And then came the unusual international impetus to Greek shipping. With the taste of the new-found wealth there was uncovered in the heart of the Greek a dormant ambition; the hope of regaining old maritime power, the thoroughly logical hopes of a nation essentially maritime. And as Greek shipping has increased by leaps and bounds since the beginning of the war, and as the country has at the same time become more and more embroiled in international affairs, the maritime ambition has developed into a sacred thing. England and France land at Saloniki and Greece realizes with humiliation that England has the power to destroy that precious ambition.

The little country literally runs riot with sea trade; every rickety craft that will hold a cargo is sent out to brave the tumultuous waves. I was in Saloniki recently when two competing steamship companies, after pressing into service more craft than the demands of the moment warranted, were in the throes of a rate war. When I inquired about a ticket to Piræus the two representatives actually came to blows in bidding down each other's prices. It had a flavor of home; of the utter, reckless element of abandon of cost that goes with much prosperity.

AS THE influence of the Turk has gradually diminished it has been supplanted by real progress. In Saloniki and Athens the shoddy shops and homes of former days have given way to well-appointed stores and handsome residences. In Saloniki particularly is the contrast noticeable, for there the Turk still holds a firm foothold; in the lower city are large modern department stores, while farther back are the shoddy homes and bazaars of the Turk.

On a trip south through rural Attica one traverses much barren country, passing peasants in picturesque garbs, shepherds and sheep, now and then a quaint hillside village and often rather squalid peasant homes. Occasionally the train will speed past a ruin of old. The flighting glimpse in the foreground, together with the rolling hills in the distance, gives odd drifts to one's thoughts; they leap back to ancient phalanxes passing over those hills and plains.

In Athens are found good hotel facilities, modern stores and residences and evidence of a civil administration being carried on in a modern and efficient manner. American goods of every variety can be had at reasonable prices and American advertising methods are not unknown. Advertising posters similar to those not always admired on our own elevated stations are seen in all railroad stations and on fences and buildings along the tracks. Evidence of American political methods are also about, in the form of poster pictures of political candidates; they are pasted on buildings and fences.

THE old spirit of slavery is ever present. Manual labor of any kind is considered degrading; if one is seen carrying even so much as a hand-bag he is looked upon with the utmost contempt. The Athenian sleeps four or five hours every day and remains up the greater part of the night; in summer all shops are closed between eleven and four o'clock in the afternoon, and all streets are practically deserted. And then the Greek continues to employ a rather unusual philosophy in the solving of problems. At the time that I was in Athens, the University of Athens, an institution of rather high standard, was closed. My friend went on to explain the reason:

"The government decided that the country was being oversupplied with doctors and lawyers. The University was ordered closed for a year."

ATHENS holds all the elements of a highly romantic novel; an Anthony Hope could not find a more perfect setting for his fanciful kings, queens and handsome Rudolphs, with their plots and counterplots. And strange to say, they are all there. Walk down the main street of Athens at twelve o'clock at night and let your eyes wander here and there around the crowded sidewalk café tables. You will pick out dozens of characters in the Anthony Hope plots and counterplots. For Athens, always the abode of secret politics, now fairly seethes with them. At a few tables away sits a tall, well-dressed foreigner of military bearing.

"German officer in civilian clothes," whispers my friend.

A heavy set, middle-aged man of prosperous appearance passes.

"A spy," is the remark in low tones, accompanied by a mysterious nod.

And then to our own table came a mystery in the form of an elderly Jap smoking a pipe. It so happened that I also was smoking a pipe; the unusual visitor had a tobacco which he was very proud of and which he wished me to sample—all in English above criticism. We smoked and talked. He seemed much interested in my travels; I talked without reserve. Later he arose and left. My friend offered such scanty information as he could:

"That man is an unsolved mystery around here. He makes this restaurant his headquarters and simply hunts up and talks with every foreigner that comes to Athens. He hasn't any business so far as anyone knows, and he's been here ever since anyone can remember."

As the Saloniki boat plied along the Greek coast and around the numerous small historic islands, I questioned two Greek soldiers. Peasants from the southern Peloponnesus, they had been in America long enough to pick up a passably good knowledge of English. I felt reasonably certain that any knowledge of Greek history which they might have would not have been acquired in Fourteenth street, New York; it would be fairly representative of peasant Peloponnesus. I drew them out upon the subject of those historic shores and they mentioned dates and described battles; they talked and talked, sometimes almost coming to blows as their enthusiasm mounted. Yes, they knew their history. In every Greek city the spirit of the ancient glory of Greece is held sacred.

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"MY IDEAL MOTOR CAR"

WINNING LETTERS IN OUR PRIZE CONTEST

THE first prize in our Ideal Car contest was awarded after careful deliberation to W. P. Lukens. Here is the letter:

The qualifications of my ideal car may be listed under three main headings: namely, mechanical requirements, requirements of beauty and comfort, and the requirements of the factory organization. Each class contains vital elements necessary to give complete satisfaction.

Mechanically, we think first of the motor. This should be of the six-cylinder type, having a bore of about 3⅛ inches and stroke of 5¼ inches; using alloy pistons and machined connecting rods, with all moving parts accurately balanced and counterbalanced. It should use overhead valves and camshaft set in the removable cylinder head; should use a force-feed lubricating system and a thermostatically controlled thermo-siphon water-cooling system. Such a motor will be powerful, speedy, economical and reliable. The transmission will be of the new "magnetic" type, combining flexibility of control with a reliable and compact electric lighting and starting system. The final drive will be through spiral-bevel gears to gearless differential and three-quarter floating rear axle. The frame will be of the "Brush" type, with integral splash plates and running boards, and will be swung on semi-elliptic front and cantilever rear springs. Minor details suggest pressed-steel wheels, vacuum-feed gasoline system, ball bearings wherever possible throughout the chassis, and the elimination of grease cups in preference for the long-service oiling devices now used in several new models.

The beauty of the car lies largely in its principal lines, which of course vary with the type of body. But a few general requirements of beauty specify that the radiator shall be high, that the line from radiator to windshield shall be straight and make a slight angle with the frame; that the windshield shall slope back slightly, and the rear construction give a tapering, stream-line effect. For general average use the ideal type of body is the four-passenger roadster, giving compactness, lightness, convenience and the maximum of beauty. This body should be comfortably upholstered and carefully finished, using a baked enamel with an eggshell finish. Details of equipment suggest a harmoniously designed top, ample tool and luggage compartments and a convenient and balanced positioning of gages, speedometer, control levers, etc.

To give complete satisfaction it is not merely necessary that the car itself be perfectly designed and constructed, for any car must in time show wear or meet with accident. Then comes the necessity for factory cooperation in the matter of service and replacement of parts. The factory must have a large number of well-distributed service stations. It should issue with each car a coupon book good for a definite number of hours of repair or inspection work. It should be sure that these service stations carry necessary repair parts and employ intelligent mechanics. Having then reliable service it is further necessary that the permanency of this service be assured by the financial solidity and conservative policy of the manufacturer. And, finally, the car must be the product of a policy of good will, honest value, and expert technical knowledge. Knowing only the high ideals of the factory policy, one might buy the car produced, assured that it will be as nearly ideal in all respects as is humanly possible.

WINNERS

First prize, $15, W. P. Lukens, Eng. Exp. Station, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.

Second prize, $10, Donald Royal, 1432 Jackson Bldg., Chicago.

Third prize, *Harper's Weekly* for a year: Don C. Kemerer, 35 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Fourth prize, *Harper's Weekly* for six months: (Mrs.) Jessie Chesebrough Porter, Marshall, Michigan.

Harper's Weekly is indebted to Hugo C. Gibson for aid in judging the letters entered in the Ideal Car contest. Mr. Gibson, inventor of the Mon-Auto—described in a recent issue—is a consulting engineer in automobile and electrical problems. He is a member of the Society of Automobile Engineers and an associate member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers (of London).

FOLLOWS Mr. Donald Royal's Ideal:

An electric heater on the carburetor or manifold would make starting easier in cold weather.

The cooling system should be connected with a thermometer *on the dash* with a by-pass device for regulating the temperature of the engine, or the system should be controlled by an automatic thermostat. This would largely prevent carbon deposits and get the maximum power out of the fuel used.

The body should be so suspended that an impulse received at one wheel could be equalized and greatly absorbed by distributing the force to the other springs instead of directly to the frame. (A Chicago man has this arrangement on his car.) [Editor's query: Who is he?]

There should be a bumper in front and one behind.

On the dash should be a lever which cuts off the spark and gasoline, and prevents the brake from being released. This lever should be locked in position with a removable key.

The gear box should be insulated from the body so that the vibrations are not all transmitted to the frame.

With these few improvements the best 1916 cars on the market would be very close to ideal.

OWING to limitations of space it is impossible for us to publish the third and fourth letters in this issue. They will appear, however, in the next, along with a number of ideas expressed in other letters which were not quite good enough as rounded units to win prizes.

Taken as a whole, the letters entered in the contest were most interesting. Coming for the most part from persons who gave evidence of knowing a good deal about motor cars, they confirmed our opinion that manufacturers might do well to search for ideas not only in technical circles but also among the serried ranks of automobile owners and drivers. While we believe that no industry can boast of more intelligent men than can the automobile industry, we feel it to be true that of late manufacturers show a tendency to take in one another's washing.

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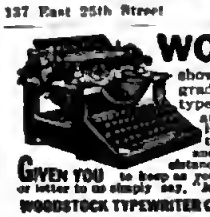
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GOVERNOR ALEXANDER

BY M. F. CUNNINGHAM

IDAHO readers of *Harper's Weekly* are deeply interested in your series of articles dealing with the status of the Jew in this country. They admire the courage that inspired discussion of a subject so delicate and intricate; and they thank you for the broad, fair and intelligent character of the discussion.

In Idaho the interest is keener perhaps than anywhere else in the west, for the reason that this state has a Jew at this time in the highest office in the gift of the voters. I refer to Governor Moses Alexander.

Governor Alexander has been extensively advertised throughout the country as the first Jew to be elected governor of a state since the founding of the republic. This is an error. Franklin J. Moses, a Jew, was elected governor of South Carolina in 1872. It is true that Alexander is the first foreign-born Jew to be elected governor of a state.

It cannot be said that the result in Idaho was due to clannishness on the part of the Jews, because it is doubtful if there are three hundred voters of this faith in the state, and it is well known that a majority of the influential Jews were bitterly opposed to the election of the governor. So far as I know this subject was not mentioned in the campaign.

It is unfortunate for Governor Alexander that he has created the impression that he holds himself superior to all other Jews. At the opening of his administration he announced that he would appoint no Jew to an office, high or low. This was construed by many to mean that the governor looked upon himself as the only Jew in the state qualified to hold public office. His attitude in this matter is bitterly resented.

In Boston last fall this antagonism to Governor Alexander among men of his own faith found expression. In an interview given to the *Christian Science Monitor* the governor seems to have aimed to create the impression in the minds of Jews that if they hoped to succeed, as he was succeeding, they must shake off religious bigotry, emancipate themselves from their sordid striving after money, and adapt themselves, as he had done, to the patriotic American way of thinking and acting.

Just how far this protest in Boston went is not known here, because there were so many conflicting reports. But the essential fact remains that many Jews were wrought to a high pitch of resentment, a resentment that found expression in a number of the most influential Jewish publications in the country.

There is opposition to Governor Alexander in Idaho, bitter opposition. It is confined to no political party, to no religious creed. It is a natural and legitimate opposition, very little of it, in my judgment, based on the fact that the governor is a Jew.

By nature and training Moses Alexander is an astute politician with a vaulting ambition. It would be surprising if such a man did not arouse antagonisms. He courts them and twists them to his own advantage. He was born in Germany sixty-two years ago, came to America an orphan at the age of fourteen, located in Chillicothe, Missouri, and drifted naturally into the clothing business, which he has since followed. He was elected to the council and the office of mayor of Chillicothe; was twice elected mayor of Boise after locating in this city; made an unsuccessful race for governor in 1908, and was elected governor in 1914 as a Democrat. He won by a plurality of over seven thousand, and was the only Democrat to win.

In Moses Alexander there is a remarkable combination of keen business judgment, sound common sense and rank political demagoguery when appealing to voters. In his canvass in 1914 he promised, on his honor, to save the people of the state $1,000,000 in taxes in the first year of his administration. He also promised, on his honor, that he would start in the basement of the state house if elected and "yank" every official and every employee from there to the dome as soon as he could get at them.

This was ridiculous buncombe, of course, but it found favor with many voters because of its novelty. The governor was quick, too, to take advantage of the shortcomings of the party in power, shortcomings that included embezzlements of more than $100,000 from the state treasury, and to demand a house-clean-

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ing. He caught the popular drift on the liquor issue also and rode into office on the prohibition wave.

In office Governor Alexander has enforced some economies in conducting the public business. He has worked out some minor reforms. He has exposed and corrected some minor irregularities.

But truth compels the statement that every move this man has made since he entered the executive office has been with an eye to its effect on his political future. He will be a candidate for reelection in the fall and will have no opposition in his own party. If he wins in his race for governor again he will then aspire to succeed William E. Borah in the United States Senate, because there is no limit to his political aspirations. Should Senator Borah be called up higher by his party, Governor Alexander will leave no stone unturned to take his place when the first opportunity offers.

So, with Moses Alexander at the head of affairs in the state, and with the well-grounded conviction that he is reaching out for still greater powers and honors, it will be easily understood why the people of Idaho are intensely interested in your discussion of the far-reaching question of the status of the Jew in America at this time.

"THE LIVING LAW"

ONE great qualification that Mr. Brandeis has for the Supreme Court is his familiarity with industrial conditions—with what he has called "the facts of life." The most important questions now coming before the court are those involving, not the interpretation of formal legal principles standing by themselves, but the interpretation of these principles in the light of the conditions of modern life.

Mr. Brandeis himself in *Harper's Weekly* has called attention to his own point of view by pointing out the changing attitude of courts toward industrial problems. . . .

This sort of a revolutionary change in the attitude of the courts has been going on to a marked degree in the last decade. It is essential that it should go on if American government is not to be strained to the breaking point. For a government that is prevented from recognizing the pressing facts of modern industrial life is bound eventually to give way.

The record of Mr. Brandeis is that of an expert in these very matters in which courts need expert leadership. On the bench the country has reason to believe he would be a powerful exponent of what in his favorite phrase is termed "the living law."

—*Kansas City Star.*

FAIRNESS IMPRESSES HIM

By M. M. Jackson

EACH number of *Harper's Weekly* adds to my interest in your work. While I do not always agree with your views, I find the saneness and fairness with which you present them refreshing in this day.

Atlanta, Ga.

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MISCELLANEOUS
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Cleaning Your Car with your best clothes on

DO YOU know that it is possible to clean motor cars, furniture, pianos, glass, marble, floors, leather, linoleum and other things without the use of water, soap and scrub-brushes?

Have you ever looked at your car after a long dusty run and wished devoutly that some winged sprite would descend from above and make it look like new?

The Motor Editor of Harper's Weekly knows where you can get an inexpensive outfit that will help you do the work as quickly and easily as any winged sprite.

In fact the outfit is so simple and cleanly of operation that you can use it even when dressed in your most extravagant clothes.

An illustration of this cleaning outfit will be published in the motor department of the April 8th issue.

In the meantime, if you are interested in knowing more about it, and feel that you do not care to wait two weeks to see a picture of it, write to the Motor Editor and he will gladly tell you where it may be obtained.

Ask the Motor Editor of Harper's Weekly anything you want to know about cars, accessories or their makers.

EDUCATING BOYS FOR FOREIGN TRADE

BY WARREN BARTON BLAKE

ONE of the livest newspapers in the middle west is the Wichita (Kan.) *Beacon*, edited by a philosopher named Henry J. Allen. In a recent editorial Mr. Allen repeats the trade truism that "How to create a foreign market is one of the lessons which Germany has taught the world." The training of her young business men has included, Mr. Allen continues, such subjects as the languages, business customs, financial systems, geography, and a study of the actual needs and wants in the foreign countries marked for commercial invasion. Today, the United States is on the point of becoming the greatest of commercial nations. But, says our Kansas philosopher, "Little is said about the education of young men to place our manufactures in other countries, and to manage the details of foreign branches of American business. Our young men have always been left to discover such chances for themselves."

There is some truth in this moralizing, and yet one dislikes seeing the legend of German commercial education developing too rapidly in our country, and sometimes at the expense of the real facts. Humility is a fine thing, and there is no denying German business efficiency, or the thoroughness of vocational education under the Prussian system, yet this oft-reiterated idea that the government ought to do something about this, that and the other thing—always the government, never such folks as you and your friends—has its obvious dangers. Let us confess that it has been a feature of American export history that a large proportion of our manufacturers undertaking to enter foreign markets has shown in its conduct of overseas trade much less keen intelligence than in its building up of home business. In sharp contrast, however, with the many absurd efforts that we have made for joint development of export business, we have the phenomenal success of some of the individual concerns which have entered upon the same great adventure. In making this contrast, I but paraphrase an able address delivered some months since before the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers at its ninety-eighth meeting, held in Boston. The speaker was a professor in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, Mr. Paul T. Cherington. Says Mr. Cherington:

"Such American concerns as the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the Standard Oil Company, the National Cash Register Company, the International Harvester Company, the United States Steel Corporation and others have come to be known throughout the world as clever traders and formidable competitors.



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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

For April—The Magnificent

SHAKESPEARE NUMBER will be on sale—

Printed on special heavy paper the April issue will contain many valuable articles and illustrations relative to the life of the world's greatest poet and playwright.

Mr. Horace Howard Furness Jr. will write on the gloves of Shakespeare—his closest personal relics—which are in his possession. Other contributors are Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," Mr. William Winter, the veteran critic, Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, Robert Mantell and Percy Mackaye.

The Theatre Magazine has gathered from all over the world, rare engravings and old wood-cuts, pertaining to the intimate and public life of Shakespeare. Six full-page engravings of scenes in his plays from the famous Boydell Collection.

Edith Wynne Matthison has posed for the cover a special picture of "Rosalind" in "As You Like It."

This issue will be necessarily limited. Inasmuch as we have difficulty in satisfying all calls for our regular numbers of the Theatre Magazine we anticipate a great many orders for the Shakespeare number that we will not be able to fill. We therefore suggest that you send along your order as early as possible.

The Theatre Magazine

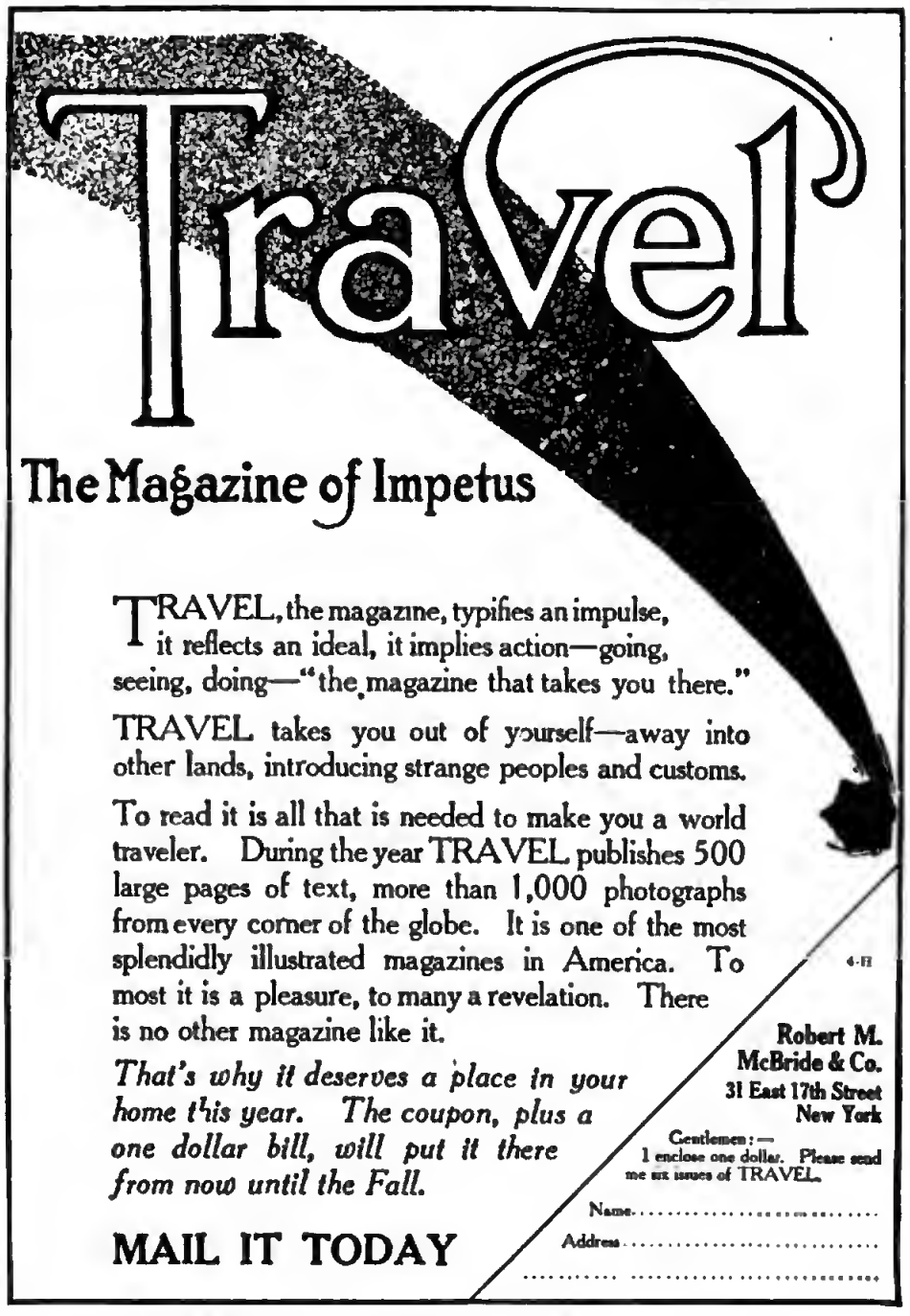
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Nor are the successful American exporters all large, for there are many small concerns which, as individuals, have gone into foreign markets and done well. One South African importer told me that nobody in the world could surpass certain manufacturers of furniture in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in tho ingenuity and skill with whieh they secured and executed their foreign business, and yet these eoncerns are hardly known in this eountry outside the limited circle of their own trade.

American trade has been built up, so far, largely by the intelligence of individuals, and the intelligence of individual groups unassisted by government-owned merchant marine, the establishment of foreign branches of American banks, the betterment of the consular service, and the building up of other publie or general aetivities, that one is in danger of forgetting that individual imagination, aggressiveness and good sense are, after all, the ultimate bssis of success in the export trade as in most other competitive undertakings. Mr. Cherington, whose professional experience and wide travel give added authority to his naturally sound judgment, offers an illuminating example of just what we mean.

A certain American manufacturer of playing cards is doing a huge export business. In one country after another he has virtually driven long-established competitors out of the field —and for a very simple reason. He has patiently studied the market. Not relying upon home-gossip, the advice of commission men, and the tips offered in consular reports, he has patiently studied the actual markets. He sends men to one market after another, and these men study the ground at first hand. They go out and play cards for weeks and months with all kinds of people, find out what games are their favorites, and study the back-designs and the "body" and "slip" and all the other details of cards that please the native users. They find out, too, what really would meet the need as well as, or better than, anything in current use. Also the American manufacturer puts these findings to most practical use. He does not publish them in an association bulletin for the benefit of all domestic and foreign competitors. No, instead, he himself, as an individual, *makes cards which will deserve the trade he is looking for.* With proper allowance for differences in conditions, he applies the same methods which have got him his business at home. Association help in foreign markets might save him in some ways, but the heavy part of the work he can best



free

Sunset Service Bureau will tell you anything you want to know about routes, resorts, highways and hotels, or business and farming opportunities on the Pacific Slope. We'll answer your letter about such things without charge; if you'll drop a dime in the envelope, we'll send you a get-acquainted-copy of SUNSET.



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do for himself. Probably the principles which apply to this particular specialty — playing cards — holds good in real business getting in other specialty lines. Directly to quote Professor Cherington, whom I have closely paraphrased, *the successful man first deserves the trade, and then goes about getting it.*

Language-learning and knowledge of foreign customs are not to be despised by the young American who is going to enter the export trade. Neither are they to be despised by his employer, nor yet by the wise men who sit in editorial offices and write editorials on the ways by which we must needs educate American boys for American Trade Supremacy. In the last analysis, however, knowledge of language and foreign customs are among the refinements, and without adequate training in the principles of the specific business one is talking about *practical training on the ground, or rather on both grounds*—they count for very little. Export trade is not to be achieved either by legislative witchcraft nor yet by cultural legerdemain.

The Harvard professor puts it all in a nutshell in observing that a man might be able to talk forty languages and not be able to sell goods in any one of them.

ARE WE A NATION?

CONGRESS devotes about seven times as much time to pork as it does to national interests. By actual count seven bills of local interest only are introduced to every one of national importance.

An illustration of what this means is seen in House Bill 409. It was introduced on December 6th by Speaker Champ Clark. It authorized "the Secretary of War to donate to the City of Elsberry, in the County of Lincoln, Mo., two bronze cannon or field pieces, with their carriages." Elsberry is not preparing for war. The field pieces are wanted as park decorations. During the seven legislative days between December 6th and 17th twenty-one towns expressed desires for similar ornaments.

Lynn Haines, who is the secretary of the National Voters' League, brings out these facts in an impressive article in *Harper's Weekly.*

The Chicago Herald.

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Was HENRY LANE WILSON

concerned in the plot to

ASSASSINATE MADERO?

EVER since President Wilson took office, and before, hundreds of thousands of people in the United States have wished they might get more real inside facts about the Mexican situation.

Why was President Wilson so intense in his feelings about Huerta?

Was our own ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, concerned in the plot to assassinate Madero?

The time seems to have come to tell this story. We think it will enter into American history.

This story will run for several weeks

It begins in this issue and it will take several weeks to tell it. It is as exciting as a novel. It consists of documents and personal experiences. It is a long time since an equally important contribution to inside dramatic current history has been made by any periodical. You can scarcely afford to miss it, and

You can avoid missing a single instalment of this story by taking advantage of our special offer. This coupon will make it easy for you. Use it today.

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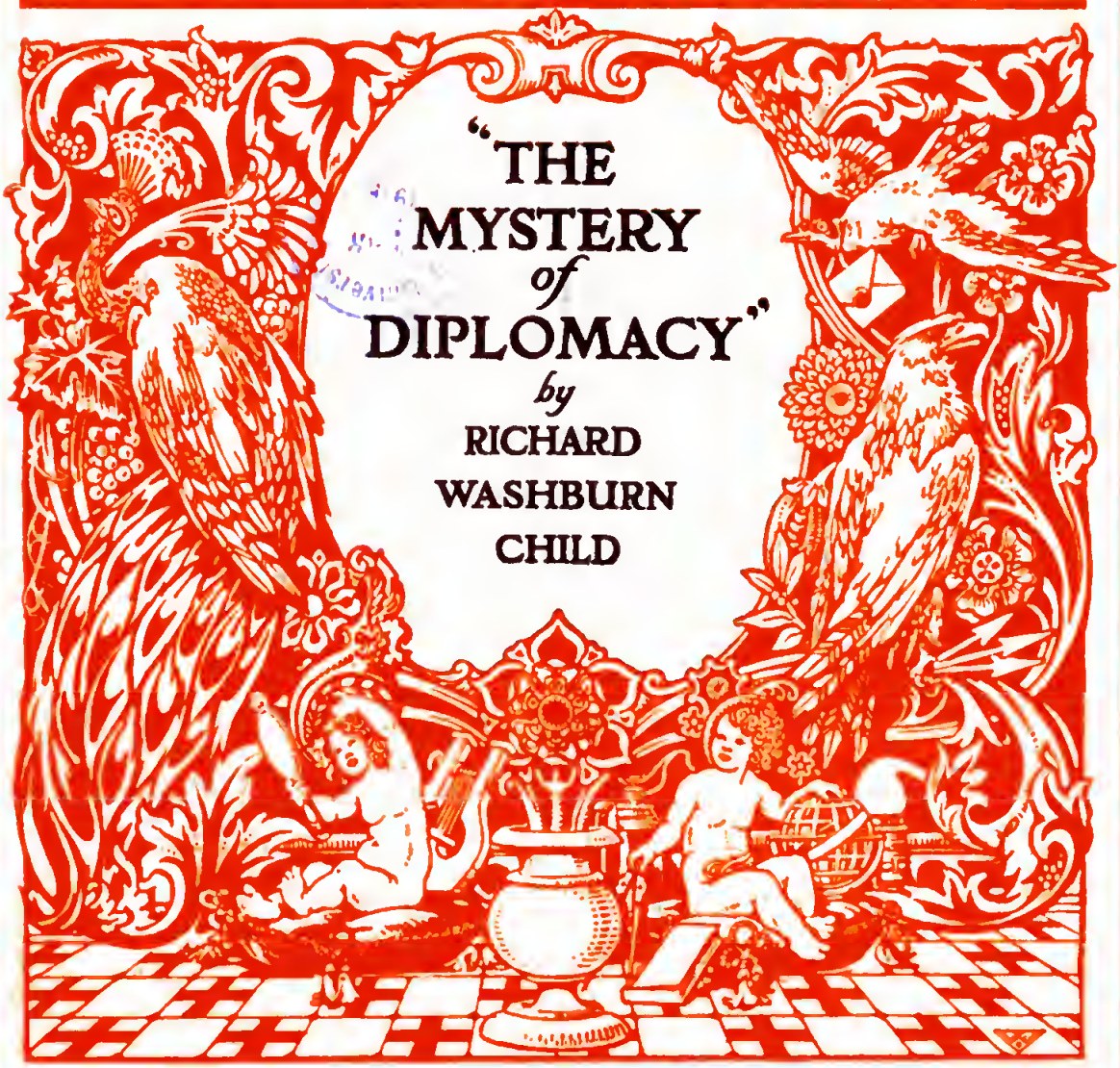
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



APRIL 1, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Keep Your Finger on the Trigger of Your Camera

You don't have to be somewhere in France or down on the Mexican border in order to be a special photographer. Things are happening every day, right in your town—or near it—things that have news interest for thousands of people all over the country. Keep your camera close at hand, cultivate a nose and an eye for news and be a special photographer for

HARPER'S WEEKLY

An Old Publication with a New Point of View

If you are a little uncertain as to what constitutes a news photograph, go to a moving-picture theatre and study the news films—Pathe's Weekly, or the Tribune-Selig Weekly. They will give you an idea of the sort of pictures Harper's Weekly wants from you.

Every week we will pay $10 for the best photograph submitted and $2 for every other picture we are able to use. Pictures will be judged according to news value and clearness. Whenever possible have the pictures printed on glossy paper. It reproduces best.

The photographs you send to Harper's Weekly need not be developed and printed by you. All you need do is to guarantee that you actually clicked the shutter. Let your regular camera supply dealer do the rest of the work.

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251 Fourth Avenue New York City

The Spring Fashion

number of

VOGUE

is now on sale throughout the United States

A profusely illustrated number presenting a complete description of the Spring Fashions, the successful creations of each couturier—which taken collectively establish the Spring and Summer mode. Vogue

suggests



© Vogue

that before you spend a penny on your new clothes, before you even plan your wardrobe, you consult its great Spring and Summer Fashion Numbers. During the very months when these numbers are appearing you will be spending hundreds of dollars for suits, gowns, hats, etc.

$2 invested in Vogue may save you $200

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown! Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford!

Why take chances again this year when by simply sending in the coupon, and at your convenience paying $2—a tiny fraction of the loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you can insure the correctness of your whole wardrobe?

Vogue is a beautifully illustrated magazine; the acknowledged authority on what is worn by well dressed American women. Here are your twelve numbers (and one extra):

Spring Fashions* **April 1**
The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes April 15
First aid to the fashionable women of not unlimited means.

Brides and Summer Homes May 1
A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride

American Travel May 15
Places in our own country well worth a visit at least

Summer Fashions June 1
The final showing of the Summer modes that will be

In the Country June 15
Society takes to sports and life in the open

Hot weather Fashions July 1
The correct wardrobe for all outdoor sports.

Hostess July 15
The newest ideas in midsummer entertainments

London and Paris August 1
War-stricken Europe regains her balance and sends us new and fresh ideas

Children's Fashions August 15
Outfits for the infant and for the schoolboy and girl

Forecast of Autumn Fashions September 1
Advance models gathered at the great Paris Fashion Openings

Autumn Millinery September 15
The best one hundred model hats Paris has produced for the Autumn

Paris Openings October 1
The complete story of the Paris Openings establishing the mode

"Nine out of ten women copy what the tenth does; the tenth is a reader of VOGUE"

*A Special Offer**

The Spring Fashion Number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose the $2 with the coupon below, we will send you, with our compliments, this first comprehensive description of the fashions for Spring and Summer, making thirteen numbers instead of twelve. Or, if more convenient, send coupon without money, and we will enter your subscription for the next twelve numbers.

VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Send me thirteen numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Spring Fashion Number, for which I enclose $2 herewith. (OR) enter my subscription for the next 12 numbers of Vogue and I will remit $2 on receipt of bill. (Canadian $2.75; Foreign $3.00)

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Change and Progress

CHANGE is the mainspring of progress. Firms who are doing business today under the same methods that they used ten years ago, may almost without exception be classed among the failures.

The reason a firm uses anti-bellum methods is that its chief is set in his ways. He cannot be induced to see sense in scientific improvements. John H. Patterson, President of the National Cash Register Company, says that no man is really big who cannot change his mind.

Some advertisers are convinced that mass circulation is the only kind that will bring them results. And nothing can induce them to try class circulation.

Here is a letter from one of our advertisers, which shows that he and his firm found profit in a willingness to be shown:

Gentlemen:

When our advertising contract expires kindly have your representative call for renewal.

Candidly, we must state, that, at the time we considered your original proposition, we were a bit dubious about the worth of your publication to us as an advertising medium.

We have been agreeably surprised, and feel it our duty to inform you that the business received from Harper's Weekly advertising justifies us in placing it on our permanent list.

Sincerely yours,
THE CRAFTSMAN,
James A. Francis
Advertising Manager.

If Mr. Francis had been one of the old school he might have refused to be shown that his first conception of Harper's Weekly as a medium was wrong.

Are you willing to be shown?

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THE CITY

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THERE is a crown upon her brow that seems
To every one his own. Also her womb
Is heavy with tomorrow, and the doom
Of high desires, fond hopes, and hidden schemes.
Fiend that destroys or angel that redeems
Or man that struggles—there is none to whom
She can deny her glory and her gloom,
Her iron labors and her golden dreams.

Now in her robe of light, she smiles upon
The world with such a promise as proclaims
The Maid of Seven Stars unbosoming
God's mercy to the needful . . . and anon,
Salomé, daughter of a thousand shames,
Dancing in all her jewels before the king.

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No. 3208

HARPER'S WEEKLY *for April* 1, 1916

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THE NEXT ELECTION

BY HENRY FRENCH HOLLIS, U. S. SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

THIS article is written from the view-point of an organization Democrat who is a warm admirer of President Wilson and his policies. It is written in the belief that the President will be nominated at St. Louis without a contest; that his opponent will be an individual falling somewhat short of one hundred per cent under the microscope; that business will continue good during the campaign; and that the country will keep out of war. There seems to be general agreement that business depression during the campaign would defeat the President, and that an existing war would insure his triumphant reelection.

The group of prosperous gentlemen who control the Republican party, the banks and the business interests of the country, do not like the Underwood tariff. They are getting their dividends,—as large as usual, perhaps larger. But they and their friends have had to meet competition, and this has meant harder work and more alertness. And yet capitalists cannot be persuaded to contribute so generously to campaign funds as in 1896 and 1900, when they loosed their own purse strings and flung open their corporate treasuries to defeat Mr. Bryan. And no Republican can be elected President without prodigal expenditure for buying votes.

The Democrats have the best of the battle this year on the prosperity issue. The full dinner pail is an appealing argument in a presidential election, we may be sure. But it is not so potent for keeping a party in power as is the empty dinner pail for turning the dominant party out. With business good and labor well employed, however, the politician loses his grip on the laboring man in two ways: his purse for buying votes is starved when the capitalist is not alarmed; and the wage-earner is less subject to bulldozing and corruption when jobs are seeking his services.

So far the argument favors the Democrats. But it must be admitted that the men who are met in clubs, counting-rooms and hotels are not at this time over friendly to President Wilson. These men belong to the select few and are naturally Republicans. Each of them is sure that if he were himself President, he could dictate to Germany the terms of submarine warfare, to England the conditions of international trade, and to Mexico the quick and easy solution of her difficulties.

But even the club men and financiers are not greatly disturbed. That they do not fear the Wilson policies is proved by the confidence with which they initiate and prosecute new enterprises; that the results from their investments are generous appears from the financial columns of our newspapers; that big business has not been hounded is shown by the records of our courts. Business men cannot fairly ask for better conditions than they have today. But that is not saying that they do not ask for more, or that they would not prefer a President and a Congress whom they could more easily "approach."

Manufacturers tried to get on confidential terms with the Democrats when the tariff bill was pending; bankers made their efforts when the Federal Reserve Act was up; capitalists tried to find a string to pull when the anti-trust bills were under consideration. Success along these lines was conspicuously lacking. The Democrats, indeed, set in motion a very effective lobby investigation, which unearthed much scandal under former administrations, but gave the present one a clean bill of health.

It is certain that capitalists do not feel comfortable with an administration which refuses to be intimate and confidential. The secret and sinister approach to a dominant party, usually assured by lavish campaign contributions, has been bricked up by President Wilson. The capitalist knows this; he resents it; and he will not forget it in the next campaign.

TO OFFSET the vote and influence of the capitalist, the Democratic party is fairly entitled to the votes of the farmer and the working-man. They must be reminded that an open and honest approach has been furnished to bankers through the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board, and to big business through the Federal Trade Commission; that equal facilities will be supplied to manufacturers through the proposed Tariff Commission. They must be reminded that they have been exempted by the Democratic party from the operation of the Sherman anti-trust law. Those of them who voted for Roosevelt in 1912 must be persuaded that the Wilson administration has been more friendly to them than any Republican administration. The press, however, is principally Republican and subject to predatory control. It follows that the Democrats are at a decided disadvantage at this point.

In 1912 a great majority of the voters desired the subterranean passage closed, the invisible hand paralyzed, special interests spurned. A large plurality were charmed by the Wilson promise of a "New Freedom."

That promise has been made good. The President has not favored the man of money. Congress has been uncontrolled by special interests. The public business has been open as the day. The American people have been kept informed. There is no secret history to disclose.

So far as progressiveness makes for radicalism, it has been reasonably advanced by the Wilson administration; so far as it makes for common fairness and honesty, it has been completely realized. But reasonable progress and entire fairness and honesty are no more spectacular than air and water. The purer they are, the less conspicuous.

President Wilson has done his part intelligently and honestly. He will not be on trial in the coming election so much as the voters themselves. Do the voters want honest goods, and will they recognize honest goods when they see them? If they fail to indorse President Wilson in the next election, they will show their lack of faith in the very things for which they voted in 1912. By recording my faith that they will indorse the President I express my confidence in them.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

TRUTH

THE coming out of Mr. Taft and Mr. Root against Mr. Brandeis lends the last touch of perfect comedy; Root, most notorious master of how to use the law to beat the law; Taft, proved by Mr. Brandeis six years ago to have suppressed the truth about natural resources by an elaborate series of offenses, including perjury in his assistants, explicit mendacity in himself, and through his Attorney General such a trifling with a central document as in some jurisdictions constitutes forgery. The brazen stupidity of the headliners of the invisible government makes any words of ours pale and directionless.

In the variegated comedy of existence nothing is more ludicrous than man's thought. How many intellects have comprehended the fulness of the tributes to Mr. Brandeis that were implied in the censure of his adversaries? We do not refer to exhibitions so obvious as the testimony of an exposed mercenary, or so ridiculous as the assault on him for being fair to the railroads, or anything so natural as the yell of the captains of predatory prestige. That to which we do refer is the inability of even free minds to see the affirmative, constructive side of those very cases brought forward in attack. The Shoe Machinery case, for example, and the Lennox case mean precisely what Mr. Brandeis's long-since-published essays have meant; in action as in precept he refuses to treat the law as a mere game, with mechanical rules that have brought it into disrepute. He insists on putting on the lawyer, in addition to his legal obligations, the responsibilities of a man and a citizen. The gist of the attack in such cases is that his ethics include so much more than the ethics of his contemporaries. His sin is that he thinks profoundly and dares to follow his thought.

Consider, if you please, the Kirby episode, which so outraged Mr. Taft and Mr. Root. It happens that Mr. Brandeis did not urge Mr. Kirby to testify, but suppose he had urged him. Kirby was in the employ of the United States government. He saw measureless wealth being stolen from the public and the theft being covered by forgery and perjury in high places. What kind of thinking is it that sees Kirby's loyalty as due to a delinquent superior and not to his country? If it were the employee in trouble, if Kirby had been a thief, would Mr. Ballinger have been loyal to him, and helped him to prey on other employers? No, there is no such loyalty to those below. It is the idea of ownership of men, still persisting, that keeps alive a perspective so distorted, an ethics so monstrous.

The interest of the case has not lain in whether Mr. Brandeis would be confirmed. Any other conclusion was unthinkable. The interest has lain in the depths to which it has probed our standards, in the glare with which it has exposed our Pharisees, in the ironic comedy of a man yelped at for his services, for the constructive splendor of his thought, for the undeviating courage of his life. To Mr. Brandeis might fairly be applied what has been said of the typical citizen in the most brilliant civilization the world has yet known:

> An Athenian spends himself in the service of the city as if his body were not his own, and counts his mind most his own when it is employed upon her business.

LEST WE FORGET

MR. TAFT'S interference in the Brandeis case, along with Mr. Root's, ought in the end to do much good. Let us recall a few of the historic facts.

On August 18, 1909, Louis R. Glavis submitted his charges to the President at Beverly.

On September 6, 1909, Secretary Ballinger called on the President and delivered a mass of documents in answer to those charges.

On September 13, 1909, the President exonerated Ballinger and condemned Glavis.

On January 6, 1910, in regard to a resolution from the Senate, asking for the papers in the case, the President submitted various documents, including a summary and report by the Attorney General dated September 11th.

After extraordinary efforts for a great many weeks, Mr. Brandeis succeeded in proving that the summary and report of the Attorney General were not in existence at the date mentioned or for long after the President's letter of September 13th.

Not only did Mr. Taft and his Attorney General manufacture evidence to mislead the public, but they held back with pertinacity the Lawler report, which would have shown that what pretended to be a judicial investigation was prepared in Ballinger's own office.

Mr. Root sat on the committee. He voted persistently not only to excuse Ballinger for assisting the predatory interests to seize the public document but also for the effort of Ballinger, the Attorney General, and the President to conceal the facts by hiding one document and forging another.

Mr. Taft emphatically denied the existence of the Lawler memorandum, prepared in Secretary Ballinger's office, the very day on which its existence was proved by Mr. Kirby. Soon after this critical fact had to be admitted by everybody in the Taft-Wickersham-Ballinger-Root conspiracy.

Mr. Taft's statement and Mr. Root's are entirely logical. If either of them is a man of just, sound, and useful ethics, Mr. Brandeis is not.

THE COMMITTEE'S METHOD

WHEN a man in ordinary life is charged with wrong there is first an examination, before a magistrate, a grand jury, or both, as to whether there is any ground for trying him at all. On this principle, some wished the sub-committee hearing the Brandeis charges

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to act in private, leaving for public discussion any charges that they might find to have any backing. They concluded, however, rightly in our opinion, that unpleasant as it might be to spread idiotic and malicious rumors and distortions to the four winds of heaven, it would be well to let the tories show to all the world the emptiness of their talk, the vindictiveness of their spirit, and the inability of their brains to understand the highest type of service. The committee might perhaps have made a party issue of the matter by even the most reasonable strictness in holding witnesses to what they said they knew something about. If that procedure had been followed, and so a pretext presented, enough Bourbon Republicans might have stood by their private bosses to present to the Democrats the vast advantage in the campaign of pointing to proof that the opposition party would protect the Supreme Court against the fittest man in the United States if he did not lick the boots of the interests. Some Democrats hoped for the party issue, but in our view the committee, from this angle also, did well to give to no man except a slave of the silent bosses any excuse for an adverse vote. Party advantage at such a time should be forgotten. The progressive and laboring masses should not be told that even one of the parties will die in the last ditch to keep the court a nest of privilege. The last move of the Bourbons was the worst of all. It was bad enough to put a man like Barron on the stand. It was silly enough to express as charges what turned out to be nothing but standards of a lawyer's duty too high for the reactionaries to understand. But when all their attacks were listened to with infinite patience for weeks, and when they turned out completely void of fact or sense, then to club together and try to use their mere names alone to scare the populace, was perhaps even more unworthy. It is what the record of Messrs. Taft and Root, as explained above, might justify, but few persons in ordinary walks know anything about the real doings of the big insiders. Let it be said, however, that when Mr. Wilson nominated Mr. Brandeis he knew what would happen. Nobody knows the formidable methods of the system better than he. Incidentally nobody in the world is less afraid.

TYPES IN HEROES



CHEAP fiction's recipe for a hero calls for a square jaw, broad shoulders, a glib tongue and eyes which can, as required, "narrow to two points of steel" or "soften to filmy tenderness." It is all a matter of taste. There are heroes everywhere. When a hero comes along in the guise of a stoop-shouldered fop with a monocle and a lisp, the modest public takes him into its consciousness with about as much pleasure as a small boy swallows quinine or cod liver oil. Some strata in London had a bad time realizing that a good-for-nothing son of the idle rich, a dawdling spender, could lay down his life for England as gallantly as a husky Irish plowboy or a giant from the Scotch highlands. When an air fleet to defend the city from Zeppelins was recruited a good many wasters from the local White Way slipped in. Lately some wit from Broadway has landed on Vernon Castle for joining the royal naval air service, but the general tone has been fair to him.

A dancing master's occupation, or any man's occupation, carries a very small distance in guessing his fiber.

AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY



ONE of the least desirable of undesirable aliens took up his abode in America the other day. He is worth a lot of money. Under our laws there was no way to bar him, though everywhere he goes he will stir up bitter jealousies and social unrest. He will recruit the I. W. W. Good looks (if he really has them) are his only virtue. Everyone will be nervous in his presence; admiring him, but at the same time resenting his existence. The woman he favors will stand in limelight before the whole world. Most will view her with envy; a few, with pity. Wherever that alien goes the eyes of thieves will follow, and guards must form around him. This enemy of society is a necklace of rare, beautifully matched pearls. Nowhere in the world, with the possible exception of India, is there another such set of gems. He is a survivor of the barbarous and resplendent past. He is the exaltation of vain display.

DARWIN AND THIS WAR

IN HIS famous journal Darwin shows that he was impressed as much by the moral aspects of an earthquake as by the physical details which he was studying:

> A bad earthquake at once destroys our oldest associations; the earth, the very emblem of solidity, has moved beneath our feet, like a thin crust over a fluid; —one second of time has created in the mind a strange idea of insecurity.

Are not the minds of many of us feeling exactly like that just now? And yet, with all the destruction of what we had been accustomed to, with all the dreadful novelty, one traveling in Europe finds less sorrow than he expects. The loss of home is taken more easily than we should think. Darwin explains it:

> It was, however, extremely interesting to observe how much more active and cheerful all appeared than could have been expected. It was remarked with much truth that, from the destruction being universal no one individual was humbled more than another, or could suspect his friends of coldness—that most grievous result of the loss of wealth.

Even when death is in question the knowledge that all are losing brings a surprising degree of calm. How much more bearable destiny would be if we could apply this principle in times of peace,—using the ultimate certainty of death to blunt the arrows that hurt so much more than they would if our imaginations were more bended to the universal.

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A NEW ANGLE ON UNIVERSAL SERVICE



There is a moral in this picture—for those who see England in degeneracy



Sharing rations with three trench companions





This mascot of a famous German troop is disoppointingly unaggressive

Killing one's fellow creatures does not militate against the natural fondness for pets. The pictures on this page are proof of that. The German hussar has made a very noturol friend of his charger. The English tommy in the upper right hond picture has picked up o more unusual acquaintanceship. On his shoulder crouches a robbit. In the wall are two more, nibbling at a crust of brood, impervious to German shot, shell ond gas bomb

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

A MASTER-WORK

IN APPROACHING the next election the majority will be moved only by the more dramatic considerations, such as Europe and Mexico, or the more immediately practical, notably the tariff. Only the few will consider generally administrative efficiency. To those few it weighs much. Reflect for a moment on the meaning of what has been done in one great field by one department.

Up to a comparatively short time ago economic thought was limited to a production. Within that field the Department of Agriculture at Washington was excellently organized and did effective work in many directions. It put out every scientific and practical effort to make agriculture more profitable, through animal and plant breeding, improvement in processes of cultivation, control of plant and animal diseases. In the second half of agriculture, distribution or marketing, there had been no large conceptions or plans.

In this field are possible economies so great that they have the heaviest bearing on the ultimate cost to the consumer. The subject is as broad as agriculture itself. It affects every stage in an agricultural enterprise, from the original determination of what is to be planted to the actual delivery of the product to the consumer. If history is properly considered, can anybody tell us of a larger contribution during the last three years than the realization of that fact and the action taken on it? Plans have been developed and machinery has been organized for the investigation of the problems, and for directing the attention of the public to the results. The studies have been carried ahead rapidly, much information already disseminated, and basic steps taken. Until a few years ago the most advanced universities included only the manufacturing industries in their study of economics. That was so when Secretary Houston was a graduate student at Harvard. It was so when he went to the University of Texas. Fortunately for the work of his present department, he has been a close student of economics all his life, and so was particularly fitted to bring the department in line with the latest thought. When his work in Texas began, the mass of the people had been long struggling under disabilities they did not understand. Such blunderbuss political efforts as the agrarian movements in the west and the granger movement in the southwest were blind protests, taking political form, while right under the noses of the people were possibilities of the actual solution. These things were in the Secretary's mind when he took office three years ago, but when he secured a modest appropriation of $50,000 for investigation he could not find more than three or four men who could be said to have paid any attention to the economics of agriculture. There was no defined agency in the federal or state government studying the subject. The department has now about $500,000 appropriated to it and is asking for more. There has been much progress in realizing what to do and how to do it, and much progress also in the realization by colleges of the need of men to teach the subject. They are looking everywhere for them. Every agricultural fact is an economic fact, yet in the Department of Agriculture there was no economist when Mr. Houston took the post, and in the land grant colleges there was no economist giving special attention to agriculture. The example of the national government has been followed by the states, either in the land grant colleges or through state bureaus dealing specifically with the problems of agricultural distribution. At least a dozen states have provided some sort of agency for the study of this field, and they carry on the work largely in connection with the Department of Agriculture.

Let us see if we can get a birdseye view of the whole situation and its meaning. The average farm in this country is 76 acres. In South Carolina it is 34 acres. Too small a farm is an uneconomic unit for production, because it does not fully occupy the time of the farm family and the farm animals. Also in most regions the products are not diversified, which again means failure in steady employment, because with only one or two crops the work will be heavy at one time and light at another. If too small a farm is not an efficient producing unit, it needs no argument to show that it is not an efficient unit for marketing. It is too small to have the proper news about what is demanded, too small to arrange for transportation services promptly, too small to command on reasonable terms the credit and cash for needed operations. But even if the farm is the proper size, say from 135 to 160 acres, if the crops have the proper diversity, if the farmer is competent, yet if he is thrown back on his own individual management, there will still be handicaps, especially on the marketing side. Unless a number of farmers put their heads together, and in a measure raise the same type of products (standardized products as far as possible), and handle them in much the same way, and unless they cooperate to secure not only general knowledge of the markets but a regular news service about their fluctuations, and to secure transportation facilities, including, of course, local road improvements, their difficulties are serious. *There must be some organization* of rural life, for the improvement of production to be sure, but still more for the improvement of marketing. There is already a little. The citrous fruit exchanges in California are highly developed, and Florida is approximating the same condition. Another instance is the cooperative elevators of the grain men. The dairymen of the northwest are also doing something.

But even if you imagine this cooperation carried far, as well as the farm of the right size, the crops diverse, and the farmer competent, still fundamental difficulties remain. *There would still be general conditions that neither the individual farmer nor the community could control. The federal and state gavernments must take a hand in injecting business methods into farm marketing and finance.*

Consider the cotton trade and its haphazardness. The shoe-manufacturer knows, better than the buyer, what his product is worth. Regarding cotton, the farmer knew practically nothing, while the buyer knew just what he was getting, and this is but an example of a difficulty that exists in many agricul-

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tural products. The government stepped in, demanded the use of government standards, and assumed supervision of the contracts. The Cotton Futures act was declared unconstitutional by Judge Hough, not on the merits but on the form in which the certificate came to him, and is now before the Supreme Court. If the Supreme Court upholds the act it is hoped to supplement it by another law forcing the government standard on every spot market in the country. The Department of Agriculture is also endeavoring to secure the enactment of a grain grades act, covering corn, wheat, etc., as cotton is covered now.

Another step in the process of distribution is storage. There should be warehouses where staple crops can be stored and from which they may be marketed, and the warehouse receipts for which will be acceptable as collateral by the banks. A federal warehouse bill is advocated by the department, which is also urging supplementary action by the states, many of which have already taken action. It is also urging a loan and mortgage banking machinery which will reach intimately into the farming districts, be handled sympathetically, and result in placing on the market a security which any investor will be ready to take, and can take safely. The result will be a greater flow of capital into farming operations and the securing by the farmers of capital at a nominal rate of interest. We shall print a special article soon, explaining the philosophy of the Hollis rural credits bill.

Another step in the whole process is an act providing for cooperation in good roads work between the national and state governments.

The Smith-Lever act is an epoch-making statute. It compels the states and the federal government to put their heads together and work in an ordinary and disinterested manner in agricultural education toward a common end. The idea behind the act is that if the federal government gives the money, it has a right to see that the money is properly expended. Plans must be submitted to the proper officers of each state-grant college and also be approved by the Secretary of Agriculture before funds are appropriated. Every state has accepted. The act has been in operation for a year, and has worked almost absolutely without friction. There is no limit to the possible extensions of the principle. There is no reason why it should not be carried into the field of investigation or even possibly some time used to bring about a coherent policy toward railroads. The act provides that there shall be available in 1922 and 1923 approximately $9,000,000 for the education of country men, women and children in agriculture, to help in their daily tasks the millions who have not had an opportunity to go to college as well as those who have had that opportunity. Already there are over one thousand men acting as agents, giving help where it is needed. The south has six hundred men and nearly four hundred women. Every month finds the agents more eagerly sought by the farmers. The most effective method of getting information to the farmer is demonstration work. The farmers do not read the bulletins or else do not fully understand them. When they see a thing done, however, the effect is complete and immediate. This alliance between the federal government and the land grant colleges is certainly the most effective organization for agricultural education that the world has yet known.

This is not a survey of the work of the Department of Agriculture. If it were, it would be necessary to take in a very large number of subjects, some of which we have discussed already, and others of which will come up in the future. This article, however, deals with one subject only, and that is the very big and very important subject of making agriculture more profitable, especially by reforming distribution. We venture to say that there is nothing at the present moment that better illustrates the difference between conspicuousness and importance. In absolute quiet, there goes forward a work which within a comparatively few years will cause mankind to receive a visibly larger return for every hour of toil expended.

A CONTEST IN MICHIGAN

IT HAS been the policy of the Washington administration to recognize the national committee in its distribution of patronage, and in some states this practise has brought embarrassment. Just now we have in mind the situation in Michigan, where the national committeeman, E. O. Wood, the state leader for Harmon in the pre-convention contest, and closely allied with the reactionary element of the party, has used his office to promote his own power at the cost of harmony and the interest of the party. He has taken every opportunity to punish the active workers for Wilson in proportion to their activity and to the amount of their contribution of time and money to the nomination of the President. He has persistently resisted the recognition of any man who differed with him in the pre-convention contest. The men in the state who are strongly back of the Wilson administration have induced William A. Comstock, an ardent supporter of the President, to make the race against Wood. Mr. Comstock represents the respectable and progressive element. He served as Regent of the University of Michigan, and he is serving his second term as mayor of the strongly Republican city of Alpena.

No doubt the Washington administration would enjoy a change in the Michigan situation that would unite all factions and furnish peace on earth. It has had no easy time. The President has had very big things to think of and his is not the type of mind to dwell on the details of local appointments from the point of view of local factions. The whole system, of course, of throwing such things on the administration is wrong, but it is a fact that has to be dealt with. The old school, to which Wood belongs, holds its forces together by the hope of office-holding. In 1912 he lined up a number of anti-Wilson delegates by promising post-offices, some of which promises he was able to keep by virtue of the custom of following a national committeeman's recommendation in districts represented by Republican congressmen, and thus was beheld the spectacle of offices being given out by a national administration as a reward for efforts to keep that administration from getting in. The progressive element hold that even on the lowest plain Wood has not proved a success. Obviously one moral of the mix-up is that a national committeeman should be in harmony with a national administration.

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GODMOTHERS TO THE TRENCHES

BY HENRY G. DODGE

THROUGHOUT France there are numerous committees, usually organized by the staffs of the various newspapers, who collect from the officers in the field the names of all the men in their respective commands who have no families or friends. The papers keep lists of these names on file, and the French women, young and old, from north and south and east and west are sending in their applications to become *marraines*, or godmothers, to these poor waifs. Practically every woman in France, who, since the beginning of the war, has lost a son or a husband or a lover, has adopted in this way another soldier upon whom to lavish the tenderness and the sentiment that is the birthright of every Frenchwoman.



She goes to the newspaper office, files her application, and is furnished with a name. Then she writes a letter to her new godson,—a letter full of cheer and good wishes,—a letter breathing the deep feeling of the Frenchwoman for all those who are fighting for their country and hers. She does not know where he is stationed. "Cinquiéme Armée, Secteur 27, 322me. Regiment d'Infanterie," conveys nothing to her. But she does know that miles away in the north, back of some shell-riddled village, or crouching behind a sand-bag shelter on the snowy slopes of the Vosges, a certain unknown Pierre or Jules or Paul will be made happy.

The *vaguemestre* comes into the great straw-covered courtyard of the farm where the company is billeted, and the men, welcoming him with shouts, crowd around in a tumultuous boyish group. One by one the lucky ones receive their letters and slip away to read them.

"Pierre Martin," announces the postman, pausing over the unfamiliar name, as he goes through the sheaf of letters in his hand.

But there is no Pierre there to answer to his name. Today he has not come to join the group. Perhaps he has lost heart, and would rather not hope than go through the daily disappointment, and watch the faces of his luckier comrades.

A few minutes later his captain passes him, as he sits, a poor, desolate figure, apart from the rest, in a corner of the yard. Pierre springs up to salute.

"There is something for you in the post, my child," says the captain.

"For me, *mon capitaine*," stammers Pierre, dumfounded. "That is not possible. Someone teases me."

"But yes," replies the captain, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Surely I have not two Pierre Martins in my company."

Pierre is off like a shot. The group of men is dispersed and the postman is coming toward him across the yard.

"Is there, by chance, anything for Martin, monsieur?" inquires Pierre, his eagerness showing in his eyes and the trembling of his lips as he tries to speak with the easy nonchalance of one who receives letters every day.

"Name of a pipe, there is something," replied the postman, grinning. "Have I not carried this a kilometer—this devil of a package of yours. Is it that one is sending you merchandise to open a shop?"

He hands Pierre a letter and an incredibly bulky package covered with fascinating bulges and mysterious knobs, and wrapped with a brave show of knots and sealing wax. And across the face of it, in huge letters, "Pierre Martin"! No, there is no doubt of it. It is for him. Someone cares whether he is contented or not!

He hurries away with his miraculous package and his letter, and in a remote corner of the yard, far from profane and curious eyes, he looks at them long, before, with trembling fingers, he tears open the envelope. And this is what Pierre reads:

"My Dear Godson: I send you a few gifts which I hope will give you pleasure. I pray that you may be as happy as I am in sending them. But, most of all, know that I am proud of you and that even though I am far away, I am watching you, and praying that *le bon Dieu* will spare you to fight for our beloved France to the very end. My prayers and my thoughts are always with you. Courage, my godson, and patience—"

Pierre can read no more.

That night he writes to his *marraine*,—a constrained, formal little letter, studiously polite and correct—for every Frenchman knows how to write a letter,—but not expressing the hundredth part of what he feels. But his *marraine* will understand and will be able to read between the lines and see what she has done, for she knows Pierre's kind.

And then, weeks later, the regiment comes back again to rest in the little village, after another period in the trenches. The same eager, excited crowd is around the postman as he comes into headquarters to distribute the mail. Man after man of the smiling, jostling, good-natured group, is given his expected letter and hastens away to read it.

"Pierre Martin," calls out the *vaguemestre*.

But again Pierre is not there to receive his letter, and this time the laughing ceases and heads are uncovered as the men, silent, look towards their captain, who advances from the edge of the crowd where he has been watching. The postman salutes.

"I will take Pierre Martin's letter," says the captain quietly.

A COLUMBIAN IDYL

BY JOYCE KILMER

IN 1897, John Masefield, the English poet who wrote "The Everlasting Mercy" and "A Widow in the Bye Street," and is now making a lecture tour of the United States, was a bartender in the Columbian Hotel at 5 Greenwich Avenue, New York.

"Why was it that you wanted to come here, Raymond?" asked the younger of the two long-haired men whose most conspicuous attributes were flannel outing shirts and large spectacles rimmed with tortoise-shell. "This is the most uncongenial place I ever was in."

"Of course it's uncongenial, Phil," said Raymond, lighting an evil-smelling French cigarette. "That is why I wanted to bring you here. I think that every creative artist needs to emphasize to himself the value of his esthetic environment by getting out of that environment now and then. If we had gone as usual to Louis' we would be, it is true, in an atmosphere as favorable to the development of beauty as that of our own studio. Company is of course necessary for our intellectual life. But how much more keenly will we feel the value of that creative atmosphere, the value of our own congenial Bohemia, after we have had a momentary trip to this waste, to this utterly sordid place!"

(As a matter of fact, it isn't sordid. The Columbian Hotel has as comfortable a bar as there is in New York.)

"I hadn't thought of that," said Phil. "But how true it is! It makes one shudder, does it not, to think that on the very edge of Greenwich Village, right by the nearest approach to a Quartier Latin that America can boast, there should be a place so desperately unpoetical, so deliberately commonplace, so absolutely untouched by the spiritual electricity of Washington Square. Imagine poetry or sculpture having any significance to the creatures who frequent such a place as this! If we were to tell that bartender that we were poets, he would not know what we meant! He wouldn't know whether poetry was something to eat or something to drink!"

. . . . . .

From where I sat I could not see the bartender, but I could see his reflection in the huge mirror back of the bar. It was a strange mirror, evidently not intended to reflect accurately the features of the Columbian Hotel's guests. Someone had covered it with a scroll-like pattern by the dextrous application of damp soap, and rosettes of pink and blue paper had been pasted here and there upon its surface. Perhaps this was why the bartender in the mirror was strangely different from the stolid man who had served the young poets with *crème de menthe*. The bartender in the mirror was more youthful, and taller, and his bronzed face had a sort of out-of-doors look. He was slowly polishing the mahogany rail back of the bar. He moved his polishing rag to a certain regular rhythm, and I idly watched its pendulum-like stroke. The lips of the mirrored figure seemed to move, and presently there seemed to come to me, from the very surface of the mirror, the words of a song, with which the reflected bartender was helping his task, as sailors haul a rope to the time of a chanty. And the words—which the two poets at their table did not seem to hear—were:

I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky;
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song, and the white sails' shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

. . . . . .

"And then," Raymond was saying, "I think that the chief advantage of studio life for the artist in words, as for the artist in colors, is that he avoids the deadly bondage of domesticity. You have no idea how ruinous it is for a poet to have hanging around his neck the millstone of a wife and children. The very atmosphere of that obsolescent institution called the home is destructive to intellectual effort. Personally I find that I cannot afford to visit even for an hour those of my friends who are married and have children. After such an ordeal my mind simply will not create poems until I have purified it in the fires of Bohemia."

. . . . . .

Again I looked at the clouded mirror and saw the young bartender polishing the rail. Presently there came upon the surface the reflection of a plump, good-natured Irishman, who took off his coat and put on a white jacket.

"You can go out and eat now, John," said he.

"Thank you, Mr. O'Connor," said the young bartender. And putting on his coat and hat he vanished from the mirror.

BUT he vanished only for a moment. The mirrored scene suddenly changed. Among the tawdry paper rosettes on the glass I saw a tiny kitchen, with a table set for dinner, and a woman busy at the stove. A door opened, and in walked the reflection of the young man.

"Your meat and potatoes will be ready in a minute, John," said the woman. "Would you mind giving me a hand with Artie for a while?"

"All right, Mrs. O'Connor," said the young bartender.

And taking from the floor a fat and severe-looking baby, he sat down in a rocking chair by the stove. He rocked back and forth, with the baby across his knee.

"Be still, now, Artie!" said the young bartender. "If you're good I'll sing you a song!"

And as he rocked back and forth in his chair by the stove, he sang softly, in unison with his rocking. And this was the song that seemed to come from the cloudy surface of the mirror:

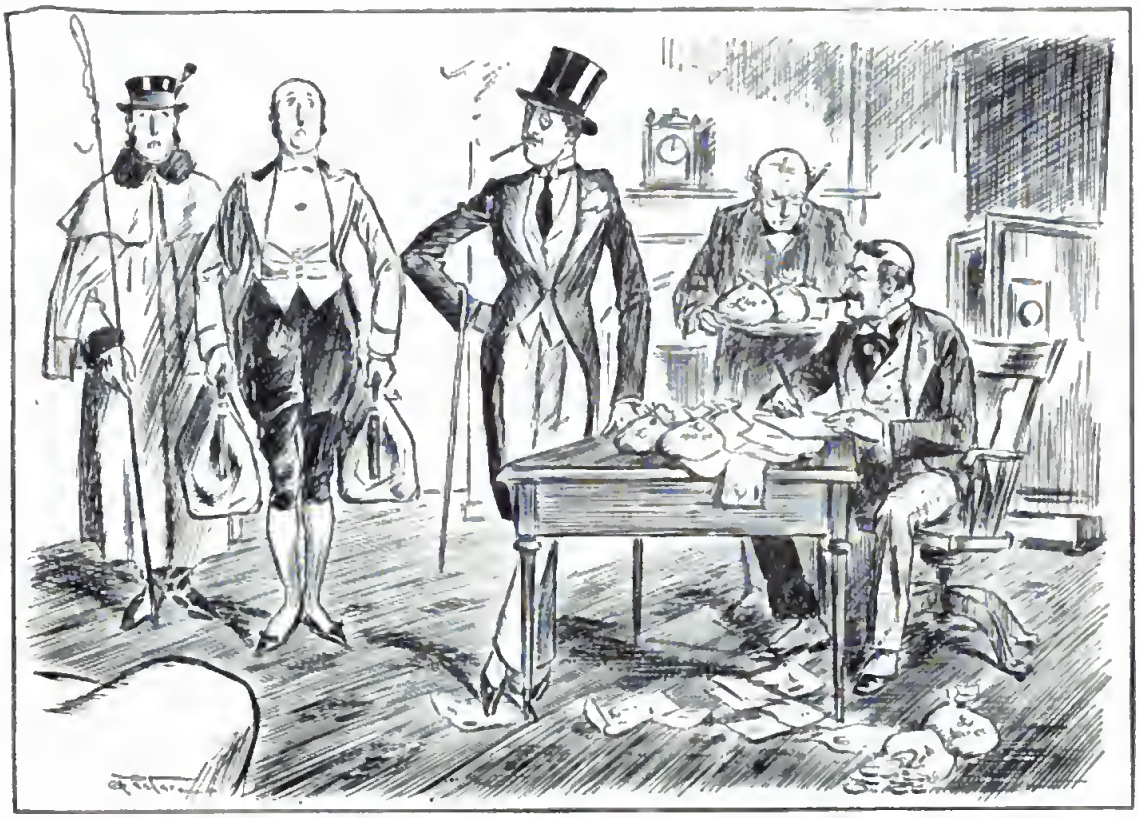
I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky;
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song, and the white sails' shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

. . . . . .

"By the way," said Phil, as the two young poets rose to go back to their studio. "Didn't John Masefield work in a saloon somewhere round here?"

"Oh, there's some sort of a press-agent story about that," said Raymond. "These popular poets always have something like that told about them because it is supposed to be picturesque. As a matter of fact Melchior Brown told me the other day at the Liberal Club that Masefield's family is enormously wealthy, and that Masefield was brought up in luxury, with private tutors and all that sort of thing, and never left England until he came over here to lecture."

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"In her heart, she saw him selling the family estates, bit by bit, to pay his wife's dressmaker"

ROMANCE

A NOVEL WITH A HEART THROB ON EVERY PAGE

BY W. J. CLARKE

THERE is a story that has been told hundreds of times but is now extinct. It is the story of the extremely high-principled young man who loved the girl devotedly but never told her so because she was rich and he was poor. This financial aberration on his part was obvious to everybody except her, and that she was pining away because she thought he didn't care for her, was obvious to everybody except him. Then the trouble came along; her Mining Shares went down in an hour or two from 167 to 3, and he went by express train and had her in his arms with her head on his shoulder within a couple of hours after the newspaper left the press. On the following day, her Shares went up in an hour or two from 3 to 214 and they lived happily ever after. The conduct of this young man is so openly in defiance of the laws of nature as we now understand them that the story fails to carry conviction even to the most youthful reader, and has therefore been put on the shelf beside Aladdin's Lamp and other relics of a bygone art.

Romance, as it is now better understood, finds a beautiful illustration in the story of a youthful couple who met casually at a seaside resort. He represented himself as being "in business"—a vague term which, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins. She represented herself as being a teacher in a school for girls, a term which, in the older form of "schoolma'am" always denoted a multitude of virtues.

[Seventeen pages giving details of their first acquaintance and the games of golf they played together have been deleted as unnecessary.—Editor.]

One morning at breakfast, she made a casual remark about the sausages which indicated the possession of technical knowledge not to be expected from a University Graduate. It set him thinking, and he employed a detective to find out who she really was.

[Thirty-two pages describing the troubles the detective had before he could get the information have been cut out. A sleuth without a crime is no good.—Editor.]

When he received the detective's report and learned that she was the only child of the Pork King, a potentate whose best friends regarded him as being more of a hog than any of the comparatively inoffensive animals that contributed to his fabulous wealth, his heart gave a bound like the spring of a clock that has fallen into the hands of a small boy with mechanical tastes. When he saw her again, she was still clad with simplicity, but, to his eyes, she was attired in stately robes and sparkling with diamonds and pearls. Such are the illusions Love creates in a youthful heart—

[Two pages suppressed: our readers know all about it. —Editor.]

One day, when they were exchanging views about some people at their boarding-house who played cards all day long, he made a remark that betrayed such an intimate knowledge of gambling that she could not rest until she had commissioned a private inquiry agent to find out who he really was.

[This Lynx is, if possible, worse than the other. Twenty-seven pages.—Editor.]

When the report came in and she found that he was the enormously wealthy young peer whose race horses were mentioned daily in all the papers, the tumult in her bosom can easily be imagined.

[That is why three pages describing it have been cut out.—Editor.]

When she next saw him, he was clad in every-day tweeds, but, in her heart, she saw him playing the courteous host in his ancestral halls, plowing the ocean in his steam yacht, scattering pedestrians in his 365 horsepower car, selling the family estates, bit by bit, to pay his wife's dressmaker and, in other ways, doing the duties of a peer. O! pure maiden heart, glowing with innocent love—

[Four pages.—Editor.]

Both these young people played the comedy to perfection. Neither of them gave the other a hint that they were not what they pretended to be, or had any suspicion of the real identity of the other. They were married quietly and went to Paris. Each understood that the other was waiting until the honeymoon was over; then, when the honey was running short there would be a glorious surprise which would keep them in honey for another spell.

[Thirty-nine pages describing the Churches, Palaces, and Picture Galleries of Paris and the clever remarks they made about them are now in our waste-paper basket. The information, so far as it is of value, can be found in the Guide Book from which it was taken. Editor.]

All this happened some time ago and they are no longer expecting the Great Surprise. The account of the proceedings of the two detectives in the early pages of this novel was so skilfully written that it was plain, even to the meanest intellect, that it was the crux of the story. His detective was an incompetent person who swallowed anything that enabled him to make out a good report, and her detective was a fraud who never troubled to find out anything at all, but told her what he reckoned she would like to hear.

She has given up school-teaching but he is still in business, and that elastic term has been stretched to cover a few more sins, in order to meet the expense of a family.

Did the disappointment upset either of them? Well, yes—but they soon got over it. Each of them had a certain amount of common sense and, on thinking it over quietly, they recognized that to expect a peer or an heiress and find quite ordinary people was not very much worse than expecting to find an archangel or a goddess, which is the mistake most young people make when, instead of building their happiness on the arid but solid rocks of sound Finance, they build it among the more charming and, ofttimes, more enduring bowers of Romance.

THE WAR'S GREATEST BOOK

BY MORRIS EDWARDS

The armies clash and the red blood runs,
And the earth with strife is torn,
While high and loud 'mid the roar of guns
The publisher blows his horn.



I DASHED off this epigram a few days ago after having read for the 73rd time in a fortnight an announcement that The Greatest Book the War Has Produced might be purchased at any good shop. Naturally I was interested, and read the whole of the announcement with great care. As to purchasing the book, that is quite another thing. After the war is all over and sufficient time has elapsed to allow all the authors a fair chance to relieve their burdened souls, I am going to watch the critics put the multitude of Greatest Books the War Has Produced through a sort of postseason world series. Then I shall purchase the winner, and possibly read it.

Just now, however, Greatest Books are coming a little too fast for me. I might read one of them and get frightfully enthusiastic about it and go about recommending it to all my friends and relatives, and finally have some publisher come to bat with the Greatest of All Greatest Books and utterly confound me. Therefore I am saving myself.

One thing I specially like about war literature is the encouragement it gives young and hitherto obscure writers. So very, very many of those who have written Greatest Books are men I never heard of until their works, under allegorical titles like The Harvest of Hate or Reaping the Whirlwind, appeared to the proud and joyous blatting of the publisher's house trombone. For every general whose reputation the war has destroyed there has been an author triumphantly raised to the pinnacle of fame out of the misty mid-region of mediocrity.

Lots of the writers of Greatest Books never wrote books before the war. But they saw service as ambulance drivers, or as Brigadiers of the Belgian Bread Line, and then turned to and gave us the Greatest Books the War Has Produced. I think I shall have to admit that war is a splendid thing for literature. While pressing home the point that all men are mortal, war provides a conclusive argument that almost all books are immortal—if you take publishers' announcements seriously.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
But still loud military cries
Harass the Constant Reader's heart,
And Greatest War Books haunt him yet,
Lest he forget, lest he forget.

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THE MYSTERY OF DIPLOMACY

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

NOVELISTS have filled the realm of diplomacy with strange, dangerous, and perfumed ladies; the useful habit of reticence cultivated by diplomats has lent them an air of conspiracy and midnight meetings; we have been led to the impression that international dealings behind gold lace and formalities is something more of an intrigue than a business transaction.

At the moment, there are at hand well-meaning persons clamoring for a diplomacy on our part which shall free itself of mysteries and secrecy and shall expose its details to the people under a slogan of pitiless publicity. This has served to add to the popular conception that international negotiations are saturated with intellectual, sleight-of-hand, depend-upon-spy systems and are carried on in whispers lest common folk hear and roar their disapproval.

Do you know our own State Department? Do you know just how its machinery works in the case of just such a controversial exchange as we have been having with Germany? Then, you know a business organization which, though observing somewhat the manners and customs and precedents of the business in which it is engaged, is none the less conducting a simple correspondence with a carefulness and a definite purpose not different essentially from the caution and the well-considered plan with which a large shipper would deal with the president of a railroad or a manufacturer with a retailer who had canceled an order.

Under the secretary, just as an assistant manager in a business is under the manager, is the counselor. He has his duties just as a manager's assistant would have tasks assigned him, and when the secretary is away, it is he, just as the second executive in an industrial organization, who steps partly into the shoes of authority.

In foreign lands such an officer is called the under secretary, and the reason for the perpetuation of the misnomer we apply to him in the United States—a misnomer which caused persons everywhere to have a misconception of Mr. Lansing's duties before he was promoted to the President's cabinet—is that Congress has refused to imitate the European practise.

If a business were to be asked to deal with a wide territory, it would deal with it in convenient geographical divisions and it would provide an administrative head for each division, and, no doubt, the administrative head of each division would bring increased efficiency to his task if he had special knowledge of the territory intrusted to his care. So it is in the State Department. There were, until the latter part of this July, four departments —called in ready terms—Far Eastern, Near Eastern, Western European and European. Out of the thickening consideration of the country over our southern boundary, there has now sprung the fifth, or Mexican Department. These five divisions are distributed among the three assistant secretaries of state and the counselor. Questions of political nature are referred to the assistant secretary to whom has been assigned the care of relations with those countries in the geographical division which has been assigned to him.

How is it all done?

For several years I was a unit in the administrative department of a large business organization which had intrusted to its care the management of many properties widely scattered over the country. It had its executive heads and executive assistants in charge of territorial districts; it had its representatives, resident at the localities of its operations; it had its routine of business; it had its exciting moments when a strike, a fire, a flood, a cyclone, a sudden attack by adverse interests and other menaces were reported to the central office by a local representative. It had its own secret telegraphic code book. That roughly was its organization and its yearly round.

And that too, roughly, is the story of our diplomatic machinery.

SO IT is that the information which gives rise to international negotiations comes from the local representative of the business organization of the department.

If he is an ambassador, he occupies the place of a local representative of first magnitude. Historically the ambassador is unlike a minister, because theoretically, he is more than a representative of a government; he is the personal representative of a sovereign. The embassy—the office, secretaries, establishments of an ambassador—therefore, has a higher rank than the legation of a minister. There is nothing of mystery in ambassadors not to be found in ministers; there is no mystery about either; they are the local representatives of the business of diplomacy waiting on the ground to do the errands of the United States and send the big political news back home, as the consuls in their own more commercial sphere send the news back home.

Well, then, the news "breaks"!

A foreign power, perhaps, has sent a dirigible aloft to drop an annihilating bomb upon her enemy's superdreadnought, the *Exotic*. Mistaking the lettering on the stern of our battleship, the *Erratic*, the implement of destruction is loosed by the brave air men above the wrong ship. This is offensive, and for all we know, who have read the extras on the end of a news cable, is unfriendly.

The news comes to the State Department. The Washington correspondents gather about and send word to the home papers that the faces of the secretary and his asistants appear "grave."

But exactly the same process has been set in motion by the State Department that a business man would set in motion under the same circumstances. If pedestrians were to rush in upon an executive of a great industrial interest sojourning in Paris, and say, "Your Pittsburg plant has been destroyed by anarchists," the business man would cable to his Pittsburg manager, "How about this? Send the cheerful or the revolting details." He would want the facts before acting, and even before expressing himself as to his plan of action.

So does the State Department. A cable asking for further information is sent the "local man"—the ambassador, or the minister. The "atmosphere of the Department is tense." Of course it is! But it is necessary to know the facts.

The ambassador does his utmost to obtain the facts. He finds among other things that before the offending dirigible unloosed the bomb, the officers of the *Erratic*, seeing sure destruction hovering over them, had ordered the light arms of the ship turned upon the dirigible and had thus contributed unwittingly to the mistake of the offenders.

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The ambassador's cable may arrive at the State Department in cipher. It is sent to the Department's "Telegraph Office," which is open day and night, to be "unscrambled,"—to be translated into English.

The facts disclosed in the ambassador's cable will be the basis for the procedure of the State Department. In a case as serious as that supposed, there is little question that the matter at once will be under the observation, not only of the Secretary of State, but the President as well, and cabinet meetings may be called for a conference on the policy to be adopted. But this is outside the organization routine.

The real pathway of the matter at hand is from the "Telegraph Office" to that assistant secretary to whom is assigned consideration of foreign affairs arising in the "department" or territorial division of the world in which the offending foreign power is located.

The routine of handling the usual case is followed when the assistant secretary has prepared in his own office an "instruction" for the ambassador or minister representing the United States at the seat of government of the foreign power. This "instruction" contains the carefully phrased communication which the assistant secretary believes the United States should make to the offender through the ambassador or minister. The instruction is revised perhaps by the assistant secretary, is recast by the counselor, is the subject for study on the part of the Secretary and for suggestion on the part of the President.

The care in framing the communication made necessary by the requirements of common sense includes the consideration of the subject matter by the Solicitor of the State Department to whose office questions of international law are referred. For instance, the solicitor and his assistants within the last twelve months have been interested in the many new problems raised by the extended use of the submarine and the aircraft of war. At the best, international law, resting upon precedents and general assent among nations, has no power behind it to enforce its terms, and speaking accurately, is no law at all; it stands no longer than the nation's assent to it stands. And with new and unprecedented situations the international law of yesterday may not create the equities which it had intended to maintain today. Nevertheless, the solicitor's office may play no small part in the construction of the message we send to our neighbor.

Must the government to which the communication is sent, reply at once? No. Of course in cases where the reply is eagerly desired, this is stated in the communication or more often made the subject of an oral request by the minister or ambassador of the country sending the note. As a general practise, however, it is usually left to the foreign government to take its own time in making answer. This is founded on something more than mere custom and courtesy; it is founded upon the wisdom of allowing the other party full opportunity for formulating a deliberate policy, and, perhaps, for inviting its people to mold a policy to which they afterward will give support.

OUR Secretary of State or the assistant secretaries send word to the ambassador or minister that a conference is desired. The diplomat comes. He may be asked to explain details of the note; he may volunteer information concerning the temper of the people of his country; he may indirectly make inquiries as to the state of public opinion in our own country. If he wishes, he may on his own initiative, and by oral representations, set forth or interpret its spirit. In a sentence the oral representations of the foreign country's representative augment the formal correspondence.

The correspondence between the parties is intended primarily as the record of the negotiations, but it may well be that the conferences held in our State Department, or in the foreign office abroad, may contribute more to the result of the diplomatic dealings than all the "instructions" or "notes" which are exchanged. The correspondence is the record; the negotiations between diplomats is the background.

Must the government receiving a communication refrain from giving it publicity? Yes. Diplomacy recognizes that the papers passing between two countries are not for publication unless both our Department of State and the foreign office of the other government assent to publicity. But few will be the cases in which a foreign government expresses a wish for secrecy when our Department of State is ready to let the people of the country know the nature and details of negotiations and assist, by the pressure of public opinion, in shaping our own course.

This is true not only of republics and democracies but of empires as well. For our full intelligence of opinion about the ultimate values, our representative in Berlin must know the weight and leaning of public opinion in Germany. It is probable that he takes full account of the fact that the German people are in a state of patriotic zeal in which compromises, apologies or the relinquishment of any position once taken is a much more repulsive dose for the spirit than it would be at a time of world peace. It may be that public opinion in Germany has been an embarrassment to their foreign office in negotiations with the United States; this fact he may have communicated to our Department of State.

Consider, then, once more, the proposal that pitiless publicity be given diplomatic negotiations regardless of the special controversy between the countries. This is urged by those who feel that war is made by diplomats.

But is this the sensible view? Is it the view of those who are led to believe vaguely that diplomacy is a mysterious art, that the very word "diplomacy" smacks of its vulgar use when it is made to describe conduct of shrewdness, or slyness and perhaps of hypocrisy, espionage, conspiracy and deceit?

Those most familiar with the "inside" conduct of our State Department will not regard it as the sensible view. If "pitiless publicity" were a rule, rather than a practise, the possibility of "trading out" honorably an international affair might be jeopardized. Suppose that a moment has arrived where an exchange of correspondence between our country and a foreign nation has resulted in a misunderstanding. This misunderstanding will be corrected tomorrow when the foreign ambassador will call at the State, War and Navy building in Washington. But here comes pitiless publicity! The correspondence is given to the press. In a large city on the Pacific coast it is interpreted by a populace, who will not wait, as leading to war. The people of the city taking, they believe, time by the forelock, drive out all the citizens of the foreign country. This furnishes a new cause for conflict. The first cause might be cured; the second may be incurable. When war has resulted, it will be time to ask for explanations from those well-meaning people who have told us that pitiless publicity in diplomacy is a necessary step toward peace.



"Tiny imps trudged furnaceward"

RUBBER-STAMPS IN HADES

BY ALICE MALONE

Then Satan, from a dizzy-height, surveyed
The sea-of-upturned-faces, upon which
Closest-attention was personified.
And, for he was an-orator-of-power, began:
"My-friends-I-have-been-pleasantly-surprised."

"YOU can see for yourself," said the Devil after he had recited the above improvisation, beating time thereto with a slightly seared forefinger, "what sort of thing my friend Milton would have written about me if he had unfortunately been reincarnated in this the rubber-stamp era of the English language. He would then have been known as an effective-writer, and would have drawn a lifelike-portrait of me, which I never could have survived."

There was great activity all about. Feverish-activity, some would have said, hoping thereby to achieve a graphic-description. Tiny imps trudged furnaceward, bearing sheaves of newspaper editorials beginning "A-matter-of-vital-importance," and with innumerable bound volumes of speeches and lectures in which the opening phrase was "It-seems-to-me." "Fire," said the Devil, in explanation, "is the great purger. With my unlimited thermal facilities I hope eventually to become the dry-cleanser of the English language. The rubber-stamp is a stubborn disease and calls for a violent remedy.



"The-genial-host"

"I wouldn't be taking all this trouble except on Milton's account. I realize that for his sake I owe the English language a favor. He gave me literary standing and a measure of respectability, and really made me feel for the first time that my famous fall had been worth while. Now, if he had called me an-excellent-man-but-misunderstood, or a diamond-in-the-rough, or if he had prefaced his discussion of the merits of my case by admitting that there-was-much-to-be-said-on-both-sides, I should always have regarded my volplane from the sidereal vertex as a waste of time and effort. Think how I should have felt if my chief poet and publicity sharp had tried to speak consolingly of the fall by remarking that after-all-a-change-of-altitude-does-one-good"!

A TITILLANT recollection stirred in the Devil's mind, and he chuckled. "Remember what I did to Tomlinson of Berkeley Square?" he inquired. "He was a rubber-stamp type. The final paragraph of his epistles to friends always began: 'Well-I-must-close-now.' He spoke occasionally at dinners, and invariably started: 'Unaccustomed-as-I-am-to-public-speaking'. I am not a vindictive person, but I do somehow take a special joy in having Tomlinson and his kind come to me with letters of introduction that say: 'Anything-you-can-do-will-be-appreciated.'"

He went on: "I don't know exactly what we are going to do. I am afraid there is not much hope for the adult individual whose vocabulary has been thoroughly rubber-stamped. In spite of all I can do, his ideas always will be adequately-expressed and well-received. Like other great reformers, I shall have to begin with the children. Education is the key.

"BUT they are making it hard for me even to use the great weapon of education. Children pick up their knowledge of words from grammar books and from the rubber-stamp conversation of their elders. In the schools it is the enlightened thing to teach the use of tools and machinery, which curses the childish mind with authorized uniformity and gives official sanction to the idea that the skilful and original use of language is-after-all-not-practical-in-modern-industrial-life. I think that Milton was saved by the fact that he acquired his vocabulary from the Latin and Greek authors, who wrote before the invention of the rubber stamp, and that for a large part of his life he was blind and could not read the public prints of his day."

From the torrid zone below arose columns of thick yellow smoke, the result of incineration of a large, new consignment of heavily rubber stamped sex-fiction. The Devil sighed and turned to dispose of his accumulated-correspondence. "Good by," he said. "Please don't say you are so-glad-to-have-had-a-chance-to-talk-this-over-with-me."

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WHERE VILLA CROSSED THE BORDER:



The people of Columbus, New Mexico, will be a long time recovering from an exceptionally horrifying nightmare. That it was something more than a nightmare will be impressed on them by these charred ruins strewn along their main street



This man was an officer under Villa and his name was Red Lopez. In accordance with the genial custom of the Mexican military he was styled "General" Lopez. An American trooper who knew him scored an accurate shot and Lopez did not take part in Villa's retreat ta the mauntains



Colonel H. J. Slocum, Thirteenth U. S. Cavalry, wha directed the repulse af the raiders



There was a great searching af maps when the advance into Mexico was decided on

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT AT COLUMBUS



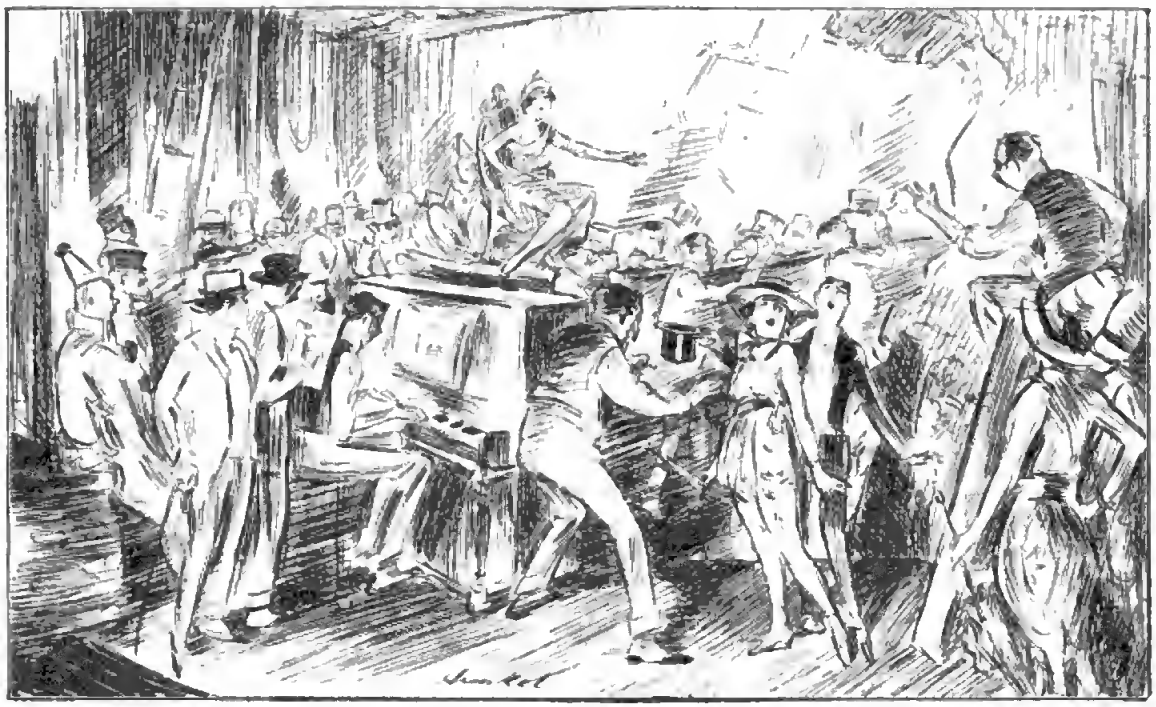
Columbus's first day as a war-zone village brought an experience new to its residents—the funerals of United States soldiers killed in action. It was this reminder of war's harvest that christened the city of Columbus a military base



American ranchers along the Mexican border found many familiar faces among the bandits slain in the Columbus raid. Often, as in the instance shown here, the dead Mexicans were formerly their ranch-hands



With the possible exception of a cavalry charge, there is no more picturesque military maneuver than the going into action of a field gun battery. A report of the approach of Villa raiders brought this battery dashing to a defensive position



"Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
It's a sight! it's a kite! Oh, the wonders of the night! . . .

HOW THEY DO IT

BY CHARLES MERZ

THE new assistant could hardly wait for the producer to come into the office. There was bad news for him. So when the great man finally arrived, about noon, he found his new aide in a state of nervous excitement.

"Chief!" exclaimed the young man. "They've got out an injunction. We've got to stop performances at the Victoria Theatre until the lawsuit is settled."

The producer took it philosophically. After a few oaths he removed his overcoat and started in on a constructive policy.

"There's only one thing to do," he said. "We'll have to put on a new show. Victoria Theatre—umm—we'll make it a musical comedy. Let's see: Today's Tuesday; we'll open Thursday night."

. . . . . .

"Joe," the producer was talking over the telephone to his press agent, "Joe, we've got a new show going into the Victoria on Thursday night. Two columns in all the morning papers tomorrow, and three on Thursday. . . . What's its name? What difference does that make? Just say I'm producing it, with my typical beauty chorus—fifty of 'em—not a one over eighteen—and all personally selected by me. . . . Have I got them? No, of course not. But Harry'll loan me some from one of his road companies. . . . I'll call you up in an hour and give you a few stars. And Joe—Joe! just a minute; I think you better say something about its being an American Gilbert and Sullivan."

. . . . . .

"Well," mused the producer, a half hour later, "we certainly have got a knockout cast. Ben Thomas will sing the leading rôle. He doesn't know anything about singing, but he's one of the best moving-picture actors in the business—and that's a whole lot better. Then that slack-wire pair from Keith's will supply the comedy. We can stick in a tight-rope act easy enough. We'll have both of them wear six vests, and take 'em off one by one. Say, it'll be one of the most artistic comedy acts in the business. And Harry'll come through with a chorus. He's probably got most of the original *Merry Widow* crew still together. Now for a heroine. How about—Mabel Masters?"

"But she can't sing!" objected the young assistant. "And she can't dance! And she certainly can't act!"

"Who said she could?" demanded the producer. "This isn't a play. It's a musical comedy. What in hell do we want with an actress?"

. . . . . .

A few minutes later the producer was using his telephone again. "Bill," he said, "we've got a show going into the Victoria and I want you to do the music and lyrics. . . . You can't? Sure you can! You've got two whole days. . . . That's better. I knew you'd do it if we gave you time. And Bill, I want a lot of this preparedness stuff, see? They're lapping it up. Let's see. Suppose you do two comedy songs, two moonlights, a deep-sea solo, and about eight good war-cries. Got it? . . . And a big finale with the punch. . . . What? You'll do that one now, if I hold the wire a minute? All right."

Three minutes later the composer read the finale of the new Gilbert and Sullivan operetta over the telephone. It started out this way:

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
It's a sight! it's a kite! Oh, the wonders of the night!
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Let her gleam! let her scream! let her burst her blooming bean!

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there.
Was she there? Bet your hair! She's a bear, she's a bear!
Oh, say does that, etc.

"Gosh!" said the producer. "I believe we've made a mistake. The Victoria's going to be too small to hold 'em!"

. . . . . .

The costumer and the scene painter had come, in response to the summons of their chief.

"Boys," said the producer, "you know what I want, all right. And you've got two whole days to do it in. About scenes—I guess we'd better give up the trench stuff and the French hospitals for a while. They're getting pretty sick of it. Besides, this is a play by, for and in honor of Americans. So we'll put all the scenes in this country. Now let's see: we've got an old drop of Niagara Falls, haven't we? Well, make it over into the Grand Canyon. What? It'll show? All the better. They'll think it's impressionistic. Go as far as you like,—only, don't have it look anything like the original. Put in purple street lamps on the sides of the canyon. And blue roses. They're eating that stuff up, nowadays. The second act, of course, will be in the lady's bedroom. And the last one—how about Alaska? Has that been done? No? Good! We can have an avalanche.

"As for costumes—just the usual thing, Fred. A little more than last time, of course. And impressionistic. You know what I mean. Wait a minute! This is a patriotic play. We'll have star-spangled tights in the Alaska scene. What's that? Oh, hell! they never think about the climate."

. . . . . .

"Well," said the manager, "I guess we've got it all done. But somehow it seems as if I'd forgotten something."

"How about the play itself?" suggested the young assistant.

"Don't worry about that," said the producer. "We can pick that up at the rehearsal. . . . By George! I know what we've forgotten! We haven't got the name."

"Would *Love and Laughter* do?" asked the aide.

"I'm afraid not," said the producer. Then his face lit up: "We'll call it *Sweet Land of Liberty!*" he said.

. . . . . .

And on Thursday night it opened:

JOHN MILLS

Presents

MABEL MASTERS

in

"Sweet Land of Liberty"

By Harry Wallace

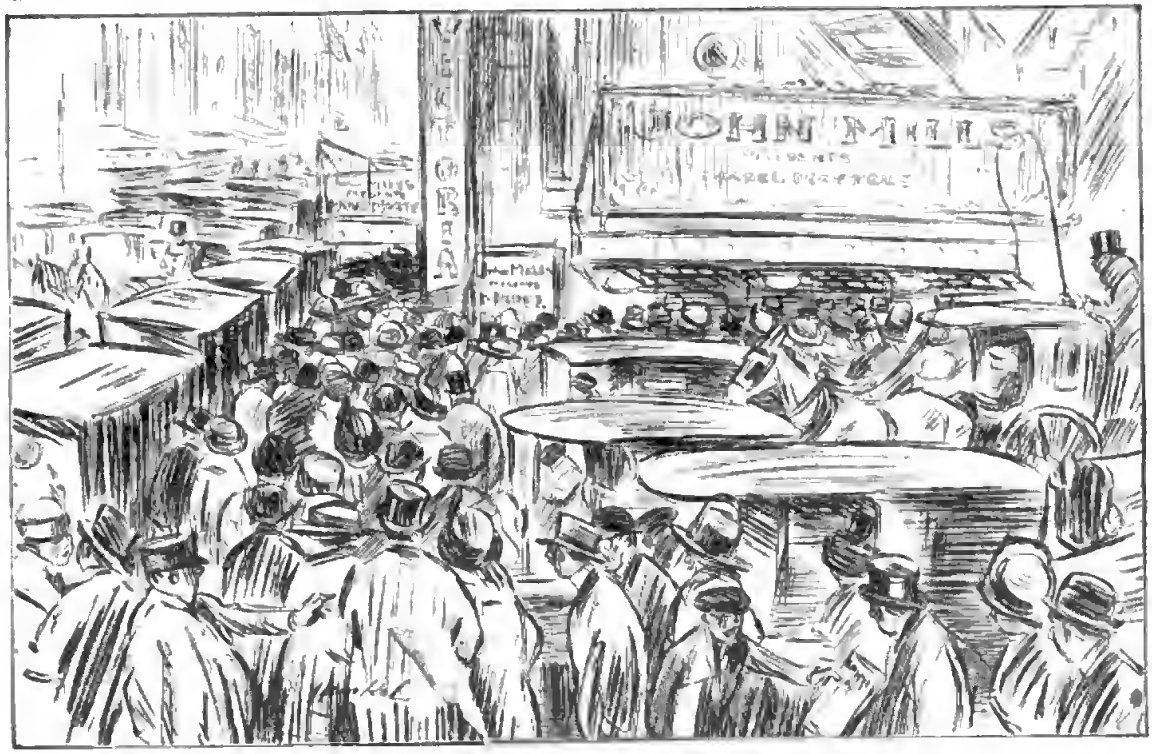
MUSIC & LYRICS BY MOWRY

SCENES BY CANFIELD

GOWNS BY REGNOIR

. . . . . .

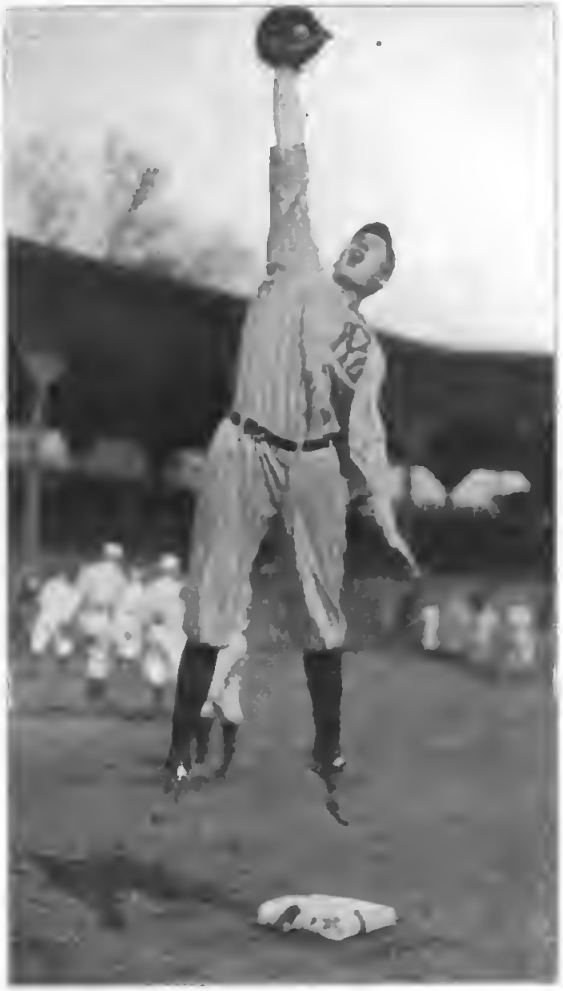
Mr. Mills was right: the Victoria Theatre was too small to hold them. *Sweet Land of Liberty* ran a year and a half. You and I and other lovers of art were disgusted with the cheap way it had been pieced together. But we went to see it five times.



"But we went to see it five times"

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PREPARING FOR THE GREAT SPRING DRIVE



The figure in the air is Peekinpaugh of the New York Americans, who is using his fellow-infielder, Maisel, as a convenient piece of gymnastic apparatus for early setting-up exercises



Pipp, first baseman of the New York Americans, is an earnest seeker after training camp altitude records, and goes after high ones with an expression of intense zeal on his young and highly mobile features



After a few weeks of this, excess flesh will cease to bother Matthewson and Benton of the New York Giants. Mr. McGraw, seen in the centre, differs from the other two medicine ball devotees in that he is not necessarily reducing weight to hold his job

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HUERTA AND THE TWO WILSONS

BY ROBERT H. MURRAY

IN HIS first article Mr. Murray told how he had seen Madero lying murdered by hired assassins. He had read the dispatch, written by our own ambassador to Mexico, urging that we accept the excuses of the murderers. Ambassador Wilson had prior knowledge of the Huerta plot. The good faith of the American government had been betrayed and distrust of its motives created in the minds of Spanish-Americans

"OUR ambassador has done a great piece of work this day," was the enthusiastic comment of one of the leaders of the colony to me on the night that Madero, a captive, paced the floor of his temporary prison in the National Palace, while Huerta, Diaz, Mondragon and the American ambassador portioned his political raiment in the American Embassy, on constructively American territory, under the American flag, embraced one another, and emptied bumpers of the ambassador's champagne to the success of the new government. The American voiced the almost unanimous sentiment of the colony. Wilson often has declared that his actions during the Tragic Ten Days in the City of Mexico were fully indorsed and approved of by the Americans in Mexico. No one ever has disputed it.

So Wilson went pat-patting about the City of Mexico. A neat, gray little man with a fox-like face, a perfect toupee, admirable clothing, stooped-shouldered, truculent, a trotting walk, a sniggering laugh; broad, black *pince-nez* ribbon; taking counsel from the worst and most unsafe elements in the community; venomously and openly despising the Mexicans; coldly disliking Diaz, jeering at de la Barra, hating Madero, first striking hands with Huerta, unmindful of the sinister gouts of red that stained them, later hating him too; ambitious, poor in pocket, bitten by dreams of an American conquest south of the Rio Grande which would sweep him into the governor-generalship of Mexico—always playing a game in which Mexico and the Mexicans should be the losers and the United States and Wilson the winners. How he manipulated his cards in the game we shall see later.

Taft came to government. Brother John clamored for reward from Taft for the services he and his newspaper had rendered to Taft before and during the campaign of 1908. He demanded that Henry Lane be raised to ambassadorial rank and transferred to Mexico. The then ambassador, David E. Thompson of Nebraska, a Republican, had played out his string. Washington had heard that Thompson had more diligently considered Thompson in Mexico than he had his government. There were unpleasant stories as to the manner in which he had obtained ownership of the Pan-American railway in southern Mexico. Americans in trouble in Mexico complained that they could not get service from Thompson, that he flatly avoided pressing matters wherein Americans were concerned which might discommode the Diaz government. Sometimes the quality and acts of the representatives we have sent to Mexico, and other Spanish-American republics, has not tended to strengthen the confidence of the natives in the good faith and disinterested motives of the United States towards its smaller sisters to the south. Taft deposed Thompson. He made a bad matter worse by putting in Wilson. The President and Secretary of State Knox proceeded to commit the gravest error of all. They left Mexico and Mexican affairs unreservedly in the hands of Wilson and a third of the name, Huntington Wilson, Knox's chief assistant in the State Department. The two Wilsons teamed well. Apparently, they thought along similar lines where Mexico was concerned. Taft and Knox seldom, if ever, meddled. This indifference may be charged to sloth, misinformation, or a vast and disregarding ignorance as to the true conditions of affairs in Mexico and what Henry Lane Wilson was doing there.

Until the Madero revolution started Wilson's disposition and opportunity for making things uncomfortable for the Diaz government received no chance to vent itself. A perusal of his dispatches to the State Department from November of 1910, the commencement of the revolution, until May of 1911, when the Diaz government crashed to ruins, indicate a tone of pessimism as to the ability of Diaz to maintain himself. Wilson phophesied and insisted from the beginning of the Madero revolt that Diaz would be overthrown. His augury came true. But Diaz was not beaten because of the strength developed by the revolution. The Maderistas had accomplished virtually nothing so far as gaining control of any considerable portion of the federal territory was concerned. Old age beat Diaz. Indifference of Washington to anti-Diaz plotting on American territory beat him. Illness helped. The cowardice, treachery and incompetence of the majority of his advisers and supposably strong men beat him. The rottenness of his army and its leaders beat him. The weakening of the man upon whom he most leaned—Limantour—beat him. The wailing and weeping, the entreaties and prayers of his women-folk beat him. Fear of an American intervention beat him. That fear was fostered by Henry Lane Wilson. Over the bloody, but almost to the last unbowed, head of Diaz, the ambassador first brandished the big stick of intervention.

URGED by the specter of intervention, Diaz went into exile. De la Barra became provisional President and was in office from May until October, in 1911. Wilson did not find de la Barra as supine as he had imagined, perhaps, he would. De la Barra persisted in proceeding, as President, on the principle that Mexico possessed sovereign rights, that she had not given offense to the United States, that the relations between the two countries were friendly and that he, and not the American ambassador, was charged with the executive power in Mexico. Wilson speedily became disgruntled with de la Barra. His reports to the State Department during de la Barra's *od interim* presidency demonstrate this. He was still pessimistic.

Wilson attempted to patronize Madero. He aspired to become the guide philosopher and friend of Madero. This was before Madero was inaugurated. Madero, in Wilson's estimation, corresponded to someone's definition of the word "lad": "A lad is a boy with a man's hand on his head." Wilson cast Madero for the rôle of the lad, the hand on the lad's head, of course, being Wilson's.

But Madero declined the part, after a trial performance which took place at a dinner given for Madero in the University Club in the City of Mexico. This donner, which was engineered by Wilson and his satellites in the American colony, was part of the elaborate "get-next-quick" campaign carried on by Americans who sougbt to arrange a continuance of the close and profitable relations they had enjoyed with the old government, and by avid and ambitious outsiders, intent upon elbowing themselves into a place in the Mexican financial and business sunlight. Wilson made the principal speech at the dinner. In his wonted tactless manner he blundered. He lectured Madero. He exhorted him. He advised him. He impressed upon him how "we," presumably the Americans in Mexico, expected him to run his government. He verbally laid a paternal and condescending hand upon the lad Madero's head, and patted it. Madero sat glum, nervously snatching at his black beard. The listening Americans applauded vociferously. They thought that the Americans in Mexico and the ambassador were coming into their own; that Wilson had gentled Madero. But far from it. Madero left the club an angry, a humiliated man. Thereafter, until the end of Madero's life, the American ambassador's influence with the Mexican government was nil. So far as rendering service to his own government, or to his countrymen in the republic, he was worse than useless. Matters that ordinarily might easily have been arranged were fraught with every conceivable difficulty, or made impossible for Wilson to compass. Nothing which he wanted the Mexican government to do was done, until the last excuse, trick of delay, or subterfuge was exhausted. Wilson did not take his punishment lying down. He kicked energetically against the pricks, and continually made his plaints to Washington. In Huntington Wilson be found a sympathetic listener. Manual Calero was then Mexican ambassador in Washington. Huntington Wilson passed the ambassador's fulminations on to Calero. Calero reported them back to the Foreign Office in the City of Mexico. Madero's dislike and distrust of Wilson battened upon the fuel which Wilson himself supplied. Madero, like Diaz, was advised to ask Washington to recall Wilson. He had justification in his knowledge of Wilson's contemptuous allusions in mixed gatherings to Madero personally and to his administration; in the perversions that permeated Wilson's communications to the State Department regarding internal conditions in Mexico. This was in 1912.

When 1913 dawned Madero, despite the forces which were working against him, the indifference of Washington to the weal or woe of his government, and the passive or active hostility of elements in his country that should have rallied to his support, was slowly gaining ground. The Madero government, in fact, was well regarded everywhere save in Mexico and in Washington. In Mexico Madero was forced to reckon with the spirit of reaction, spreading from the so-called solid, substantial elements in the country, which always contrasted the new with the old order, to the disadvantage of the new. In the United States he was obliged to cope with the hostility of representatives of great investment interests who were sure of their "rights" and profits under a "strong" government, such as Diaz wielded, and who were doubtful of both under a government founded on the political principles championed by Madero; and with the suspicious, indifferent, hectoring attitude of Washington, fomented by Henry Lane Wilson, abetted by Huntington Wilson and permitted by Taft and Knox.

European kingdoms and principalities were more friendly and helpful to Madero than the country of free and democratic institutions, pledged to foster and protect governments in Spanish-America of the sort that Madero was ambitious to create for Mexico. Madero to his dying day could not explain to himself the hostility of Washington to him and his government excepting on one theory —that Washington measured its attitude toward Mexico by what Henry Lane Wilson reported to the State Department. Of the nature of Wilson's reports he knew full well. He feared Wilson for the influence which he believed the ambassador had with the Washington government. He was eager to have Wilson taken out of Mexico, but, like Diaz, he hesitated, fearing further to antagonize Washington by giving the ambassador his passports. Washington, which should have been solid ground under his feet, was quicksand, treacherous, uncertain.

MANUEL MONDRAGON was the intellectual head of the Diaz-Reyes-Mondragon *cuartelaza*, or military uprising, which began in the City of Mexico early on the morning of February 9, 1913. Reyes and Diaz were his tools. Mondragon, who rose to brigadier's rank in the old federal army, attained a fame wholly dispropor tionate to his talents and deserts, as an artillery expert and inventor of field artillery.

Madero shelved him when he became President. Mondragon went to Europe and applied himself to plotting. He was an ambitious rogue. It was a race between him and Huerta, as to which would first filch the government from Madero. Both depended upon being able to swing the army against Madero. Madero, who in his way was as tactless a man as Wilson, played directly into the hands of Mondragon and Huerta by going out of his path, seemingly, to antagonize the officers of the army and alienate their loyalty.

Both Reyes and Diaz were credited with having a strong following in the army. The army, as a matter of fact, had confidence in neither. The *militaires* refused to follow Reyes when he revolted. They were equally unresponsive to Diaz when he started his abortive uprising in Vera Cruz in the latter part of 1912.

Mondragon in Europe had been watching the course of events in Mexico with a speculative eye. Friends in Mexico kept him posted. He had seen Madero win through the first line of breakers that threatened to swamp his administration. Reyes had tried to unseat him, and failed. Orozco tried, and failed. Diaz tried, and failed. Mondragon had made hay among the colony of Mexican expatriates in Paris and other parts of Europe—former *cientificos*. They had given him moral and material encouragement. He slipped across the Atlantic and into Mexico with plans for dealing a final and crushing blow at Madero. Mondragon gathered about him a handful of rascals—lions of kidney similar to himself, for the most part army officers. Reyes and Diaz were only pawns in the miserable game of treason which the lupine-faced Mondragon was playing. So lightly did Mondragon reckon them that it was not until a few days before the beginning of the revolt that Reyes was permitted to know anything of what was in the wind. Mondragon did not even take the trouble to inform Diaz, who had been brought to the City of Mexico from Vera Cruz and was in the federal penitentiary.

The third instalment of "Huerta and the Two Wilsons" will appear in next week's issue

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"A fight—and I didn't stort it!"

THE ALLEGED FUTILITY OF CANALS

BY WILLIAM HALLECK JONES

THE recent upheavals in the Panama Canal have revived forebodings as to the canal's stability and permanence, and dire predictions are made in certain quarters as to its ultimate failure. These auguries recall the dicta of quidnuncs ancient and modern that such would be the fate of the Suez Canal.

Thus a writer in the London *Exominer* in 1860 damns the proposal to connect the Mediterranean and Red seas:

"We have once more to advert to the monster folly of the nineteenth century. It is now understood that our government perceives the wisdom of leaving a project so insane to the fate and ridicule that inevitably await it. . . . Let us for a moment glance at the scheme which has stirred the bile of France and obtained the patronage of five European nations; those only who from their experience are the best judges of such works, and who have the deepest interest in the shortest cut to the Indies—England and Holland—withholding their approbation.

"The project is to cut a ship canal three hundred feet wide and forty feet deep over ninety miles of sand. The canal would be a stagnant and pestilential ditch. . . ."

After a column of proofs, hydrostatic, geographic, economic and sanitary, the article concludes with this fantastic prophesy:

"The Suez Canal will be begun but never completed. Its wreck, as useless as the pyramids, but far less interesting, will, like the pyramids, be exhibited to posterity, probably under the name of the 'French Folly.' Supposing it, however, by some unhoped-for miracle, to be finished, assuredly no work of man in the world will equal it in magnitude and worthlessness except the Chinese Wall built two thousand years ago by laborious and miscalculating barbarians."

Strabo says the canal was first cut by Seostris before the Trojan era; other writers say it was the son of Psammitticus who began the work. Darius the first succeeded to the undertaking, but when it was nearly completed desisted because of the wiseacres' contention that the land would be ruined by overflow.

The second Ptolemy did complete it and construct an artfully contrived barrier—*diaphragma*—which could open or close for or against the passage of vessels. Herodotus says the canal was constructed by Pharaoh Necho and that 120,000 laborers perished in the work.

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HITS ON THE STAGE

HENRY VIII:



IN A year in which many things are being done to honor, presumably, the memory of William Shakespeare, one splendid accomplishment stands out. The year is not finished—sundry masques and pageants are imminent—but it is not likely that there will be a finer tercentenary tribute than Sir Herbert Tree's performance of *Henry VIII.*

The triumph of this performance is the more remarkable because it has been accomplished with such poor material as *Henry VIII.* It is as if, in the year 2206, some manager were to honor Ibsen with a performance of *Love's Comedy.* Or, for the benefit of those for whom this comparison is not significant, it is as if Mr. George Cohan's memory were to be kept green, three hundreds years from now, by a revival of that early and laborious farce—*The Wise Guy.* In either case the ardent tercentenarist would be working with material below standard in quality. *Hamlet, A Doll's House, Seven Keys to Baldpate; Macbeth, Hedda Gabler,* and *Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway*—these are the materials with which to build n memorial.

Paradoxically, it is this lack of excellence that makes *Henry VIII* so satisfactory a play for celebration purposes. It is a spectacle, not a drama. One watches and marvels, but the emotions are never taxed. *Homlet,* well acted, is too poignant to permit consciousness of authorship. And consciousness of authorship is the purpose of a tercentenary celebration. Thus one of the greater plays would meet failure through success. When Hamlet is on the stage, Shakespeare is driven into the wings. When *Henry VIII* is being played, attention is not so centred on the product—at the expense of the produeer.

Scholastic quibble though this sound, it is a very real, though perhaps unconscious, influence. Nor is it the only quality that fits *Henry VIII* for celebration purposes. Pageantry has always a certain grandeur und impressiveness. The eleven almost sepnrate incidents that form Sir Herbert Tree's production have a holiday glnmour. The spectator feels that before him there is going on a celebration.

Moreover, *Henry VIII* is a plny of which we know—so far as we know anything—that Shakespeare was particularly fond. Both he and Ben Jonson were wont to arrange the masquers which were so much in vogue in their time. Shnkespeare, we mny nssume, loved pageantry. He consequently enjoyed *Henry VIII,* and its spectacular possibilities. It was the firing off of the cannon which resulted in the hurning of the Globe Theatre. Proof enough of a love for stage-mounting. Penalty, too, —when it is considered that to this fire the destruction of Shakespeare's manuscripts was probably due.

TO BE sure, Sir Herbert Tree did not come to the conclusion that this play was peculiarly fitted to celebration purposes, and then produce it for that cause alone. His first production of *Henry VIII* was in London several years ago—when the play had the longest run that any Shakespeare play has ever had in any lnnd. A special American performance was not, then, Sir Herbert's aim. But the result is none the less satisfnctory: particularly in view of the excellent cast he has gathered: no better qualified troupe has performed on Broadway for a number of years.

A TRIBUTE

The finest figure is the king—played by Lyn Harding. That capital actor exactly understood and expressed the characteristics of the bluff, sensual Henry. The part tempted exaggerntion. Mr. Harding was ever subtle.

The other chief parts were quite as well taken. Sir Herbert himself played, as he did in London, the rôle of Cardinal Wolsey. To that brilliant figure he gave a dignified performance. Fresh from movie-ized California, he now and then seemed to "register," rather than act: but even this was not out of place in pageantry. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison gave the strong, sweet performance of Queen Katharine that would be expected of her; Charles Dalton made a success of the unhappy rôle of Buckingham; and Miss Willette Kershaw made a demure, if somewhat cabaret-like, Anne. The minor parts, of which there are many, were well done—with the exception of that of Cardinal Campeius,—who was quite futile.

IN THE hands of Sir Herbert Tree, the play has undergone a number of alterations. On this point no one is so well qualified to speak as Sir Herbert himself. He says, "*Henry VIII* is largely a pageant play. As such it was conceived and written. As such it will be presented to the public. Indeed, it is obvious that it would be far better not to produce the play at all than to do so without those colorful and eye-filling decorative adjuncts by which alone the action of the play can be illustrated.

"Of course, it is not possible to do more than indicate on the stage the sumptuousness of the period of history covered by the play; but it is hoped that nn impression will be conveyed to our own time of Henry in his habit as he lived, of his own people, of the arehitecture, and of the manners and customs of that great age.

"It has been thought desirable to omit almost in their entirety those portions of the play which deal with the Reformation, being, as they are, practically void of dramatic interest and calculated, ns they are, to wenry an audience. In tnking this course, I feel the less hesitation, as there can be no doubt that all these passages were from the first omitted in Shakespeare's own representations of the play.

"We have incontrovertible evidence that in Shnkespeare's time, *Henry VIII* was played in 'two short hours.' Acted without any waits whatsoever, *Henry VIII,* as it is written, would take at least three hours and a half in the playing. Although we are not able to compass the performance within the prescribed 'two short hours,' for we show a greater respect for the preservation of the text than did Shakespeare himself, an attempt will be made to confine the absolute spoken words as nearly as possible within the time prescribed in the prologue."

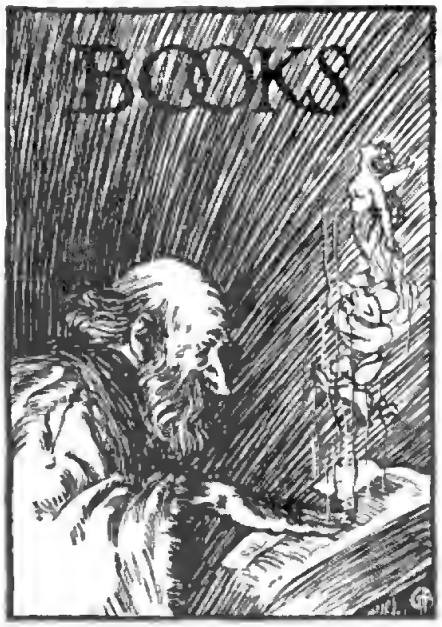
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THE AUTHOR OF A WEIRD FAD

FROM a certain point of view the current season has been a failure. There has been no play written backwards, no new jolts in costuming at the Winter Garden. But at least there has been an advance along other lines: most of the new comedies have been intelligent, some have even been funny. It may be that this fad for good sense and mirth was started by Miss Marie Tempest. At the very beginning of the season she staged two comedies of this type. One was the aged but still frolicsome *Duke of Killiekrankie*. The other was Barrie's fine one-act play—*Rosalind*. While the two plays were popular, they were not noisy enough to stay all season. But Miss Tempest was determined to finish up what she had begun—and so she has returned to Broadway in C. Haddon Chambers's *The Great Pursuit*—formerly known as *The Idler*



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IT MAKES all the difference in the world, you know, the way you feel when you take up a new book of verse. If, for example, you are straining your ears for the soft strumming of strings, and find instead that you are challenged to sink your teeth into solid, meaty ideas, you will not enjoy that book of verse. The same thing happens if you crave metrical metaphysics and find charlotte russe.

Therefore, when the writer of these lines skipped from a perusal of Brian Hooker's lucid lyricism to the poems contained in Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The Man Against the Sky*, he found himself obliged to wrestle mightily with stanza after stanza to get a plausible concept of what the poet was trying to say. Mr. Robinson is wonderfully and consistently abstract. One pursues his thought through a maze of industrious indirectness and aches with fatigue at the journey's end. The poem from which the volume takes its title is the most notable instance of this trait.

TURNING from a poet who (as Mr. Robinson does) makes Ben Jonson tell a story more vaguely and indirectly than Joseph Conrad could, to an author who treats in crystal-clear style of so technical a topic as auction bridge, the reviewer achieves that variety of mental reaction so indispensable to cerebral content. The writer is Mr. R. F. Foster, and the work is *Foster's Auction Bridge for All.* Lest Mr. Foster's name prove by itself incomplete identification, one needs only to point out that he is the author of that thrilling work, *Cooncan*, and of that snappy treatise called *Royal Auction Bridge With Nullos.*

Mr. Foster packs his volume with human interest. He informs us that auction bridge is infinitely more than a game of cards. "There is probably no game," he says, "which so fittingly mirrors the present attitude of the American mind in the conduct of business affairs." He appreciates the self-sacrifice that the game demands of its followers, thus: "In society one is called upon to play with all sorts of partners and to make up rubbers that one would never think of cutting into at the club."

For use in the copybooks of school-children of a later day many terse, forceful maxims can be culled from Mr. Foster's book. How would this look at the top of a grammar-school penman's page: "It is impossible to lose anything in the long run by sound bidding or good play." Or this: "If the adversaries play an ace, why not shed the king of that suit?" To those who would contend that penmanship, and therefore copybooks, are out of date, we retort that the sentences quoted can be used with equal success by typists in place of the aphorism about good men coming to the aid of the party. Ability to frame great fundamental truths in language of the moment is necessary to any writer, whether of auction bridge or anthropology.

DO PEOPLE still read novels aloud? It is an amiable custom, tending notably toward domesticity, but somewhat complicated in the case of, for example, Mr. DeMorgan's works by the necessity either of enunciating the many French and Italian phrases or of palpably and baldly skipping them. If the novel reader can give an air of plausibility to his pronunciation of French and Italian he should by all means read aloud at every opportunity.

He will, however, run into a mine-strewn sea if he attempts audible interpretation of Mr. Edwin Herbert Lewis's novel, *Those About Trench.* Mr. Lewis refuses to confine himself to the pleasant, customary tongues with which one is expected to be reasonably familiar. He besprinkles his pages with tags from all the tongues of the near East and the far East. One character jauntily remarks: *"Szifoo bot ok siz"* (Chinese). Another retorts with *"Bareddin belagerdan"* (Syrian). Presently one of the book's personages bursts into Serbian song, thus: *"Shto Morava moutna telche,"* and continues in the same vein for a stanza or two. The novel's leading juvenile—who is entirely original and likable—volunteers in excellent Bokharan: *"Boz dal sreeu yonacku."*

What is the reader going to do? *Those About Trench* is interesting enough for all ordinary purposes, and has many piquancies of style, but it is entirely too polyglot for fireside consumption. It ought some time to be read in a large public hall by one of those official gentlemen at Ellis Island who speak all the world's known languages.

HOPELESSLY caught between the fires of the Practical-Education enthusiasts and the noble army of Emancipated-Poets, the classics of literature are in a bad way, and may after all be compelled to retire to some convenient five-foot shelf to seek internment for the balance of the war. Their plight is epitomized in the title of a volume of papers by Mr. Albert Mordell, called *Dante and Other Waning Classics.* The dominant emotion of the book is Mr. Mordell's pained astonishment that Dante, Milton and John Bunyan (among others) should have been able to fool the public as long as they have.

After demonstrating the entire worthlessness of the *Divine Comedy*, the critic puts in a word for Dante himself, admitting that "as a type and personality of his time he will interest us." Then he tears on to a demolition of *Paradise Lost*, which is "built upon a theological system that is false and a demonology that is monstrous."

Like the works just mentioned, the other classics of which Mr. Mordell disapproves are found to be objectionable, chiefly because of their non-modern attitude toward religion. Thus Bunyan is "a deluded revivalist," whose descriptive passages are "not up to the great French romanticists." St. Augustine is taken to task because his *Confessions* "never entertain us with vivid, realistic accounts of his sins."

BOOKS REVIEWED

THE MAN AGAINST THE SKY *By Edwin A. Robinson*
The Macmillan Company, New York $1 35

FOSTER'S AUCTION BRIDGE FOR ALL *By R. F. Foster*
The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York $1

THOSE ABOUT TRENCH *By Edwin H. Lewis*
The Macmillan Company, New York $1 35

DANTE AND OTHER WANING CLASSICS *By Albert Mordell*
The Acropolis Publishing Company, Philadelphia $1

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BLAME THE TYPEWRITER

BY ELIZABETH WADDELL

BLAME the typewriter. I don't mean the girl, I mean the machine. Whn ean tell for how many of the vagaries and extravagances nf authnrs such as have been rife—as the poet says when he wants a rhyme for *life*—fnr the past good many years, and so much deplored and theorized about, the typewriter has been responsible? Since the war came to explain things I had about decided that the varinus madnesses that have made themselves felt in literature and life, particularly in the last decade, were caused by the impending calamity in the air, even as dumb animals sense a storm long befnre it breaks, and are all wrought up in their nerves and emotinns. Nnw, howsver, I believe that the apparently harmless and modernly necessary typewriter is at least largely to blame. Its nnw universal use by all such nf the scribbling fraternity as cannot afford amanuenses, is a sort nf breastwork behind which to hide individuality. It is almost as bad as a pseudonym. It is impersonal—a thing nf metal merely. It never lets the writer see how his copy would look in his nwn handwriting, which if he cnuld do, would in many cases make his blood run cold with horror. I remember hearing about a young Englishwoman of many affairs nf the heart, who congratulated herself that there was not a scrap nf her writing tn be fnund in all England. So with the author. Hiding behind the typewriter he feels almost as comfortably incngnito as does Deacnn Alf Alfa nf Goose Neck, when he packs a clean shirt in his telescope grip and goes to the city fnr a vacatinn. You can tell the typewriter as many scandalously intimate things as you can a chance acquaintance—things you would sooner die than tell ynur nearest friend. Even though you do sign ynur name to the stuff, it is different, quite different from seeing it in ynur own "fist." You can certainly tell it things ynu wouldn't tell an amanuensis—though I know that nnt all literary indiscretions are confined to those in my secretariless conditinn.



Cave Life or Civilization

Civilized man is distinguished from the cave man by his habit of co-operation.

The cave man lived for and by himself; independent nf others, but always in danger from natural laws.

Tn the extent that we assist nne another, dividing up the tasks, we increase our capacity for productinn, and attain the advantages of civilization.

We may sometimes disregard our dependence on others. But suppose the farmer, for example, undertook to live strictly by his own efforts. He might eke out an existence, but it would not be a civilized existence nor would it satisfy him.

He needs better fnod and clothes and shelter and implements than he could provide unassisted. He requires a market for his surplus products, and the means of transportation and exchange.

He should not forget whn makes his clothes, his shoes, his tools, his vehicles and his tableware, or who mines his metals, nr who provides his pepper and salt, his books and papers, or who furnishes the ready means of transportatinn and exchange whereby his myriad wants are supplied.

Neither should he forget that the mnre he assists others the more they can assist him.

Take the telephone specialists of the Bell System: the more efficient they are, the more effectively the farmer and every other human factor of civilization can provide for their own needs and comforts.

Or take nur government, entrusted with the task of regulating, controlling and protecting a hundred million people. It is to the advantage of everyone that the government shall be so efficient in its special task that all of us may perform nur duties under the most favorable conditinns. Interdependence means civilized existence.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
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HARPER'S WEEKLY ADVERTISING SECTION

"MY IDEAL MOTOR CAR"

WINNERS OF THIRD AND FOURTH PRIZES AND HONORABLE MENTION

OWING to limitations of space it was impossible last week to publish the letters that won third and fourth prizes in our Ideal Car contest. So here they are, in the order of their importance. Don C. Kemerer gives his ideal of a roadster, and is very specific:

To start from the ground up—

First, the tires would be thirty-four by four and a half "Goodrich Silvertown Cord," attached by quick-demountable rims to wire wheels, Houk preferred.

Frame, underslung in front, but not in rear. Axle in front of radiator, to give longer wheel-base, shorter turning radius and lower motor, to allow straight line drive from clutch to rear axle.

Springs to be equipped with "Dan" inserts to keep them always flexible, thus doing away with shock-absorbers; to be straight and slanted higher in front, to better take jar. They should be equipped with snubbers.

Radiator to be of narrow honeycomb type; deep, narrow and only high enough to come two inches above mudguards, which would be very solid and concaved.

The chassis which comes nearest to this "ideal" is the F. R. P.

The motor would be a four-cylinder Wisconsin as used by "Stutz," but the clutch, which is of a generous diameter, would have to be smaller and broader to keep same gripping surface. My preference for a good four over sixes, eights and twelves is that it takes up less space, does all that other motors do, without having so many movable and wearable parts. The motor would be low-speed and geared about two-to-one on "high."

The body of this car would be stream line from radiator to rear of front seat, then it would taper down and follow curve of mudguards in rear. It would have a very long cowl with one piece sloping windshield, with a rain vision shield as on the latest limousines.

The tonneau would have two seats. The driver's seat adjustable four inches, the other adjustable as a steamer-chair. The steering wheel would be of twenty inches diameter, hollow pressed steel, and warmed by electricity for winter or cool night driving.

The tonneau would be equipped with two tops: one stationary winter top, and an auxiliary removable top for summer, viz.: one on a framework, which could be packed up and placed in a small box, curtains, top and frame.

Behind the seats and running to the rear would be three compartments, each with separate doors, in top. First, in three parts: one for collapsible top; one for tools and compressed air jack; one for thermos bottles and lunch basket. Second, in two parts, each to hold a suit case. Third, one part to hold trunk. All compartments water-tight. Behind this a thirty gallon gas tank, and lastly a frame for two tires and rims over a tire trunk, which would carry spare inner tubes, extra robes, etc. (Spare wire wheels would interfere with this.)

Equipment: searchlights throwing parallel rays and turning with front wheels, also swivel light to use in summer touring; grademeter, motometer, speedometer, clock, siren horn, automatic air pump, bumpers fore and rear.

WINNERS

First prize, $15, W. P. Lukens, Eng. Exp. Station, University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.

Second prize, $10, Donald Royal, 1432 Jackson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Third prize, *Harper's Weekly* for a year, Don C. Kemerer, 35 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Fourth prize, *Harper's Weekly* for six months, (Mrs.) Jessie Chesebrough Porter, Marshall, Michigan.

The letters winning first and second prizes were published in the issue of March 25th.

Car would be painted dull battleship gray with bright gray trimmings.

And now comes Mrs. Porter, winner of the fourth prize:

As the wife of a grocery man and the mother of four growing children, I have no moral right to have an ideal of any kind, but if I am to have an ideal car, it is simply my duty to combine the grocery business with pleasure.

A long, black list of creditors from ten to forty cents on the dollar, the daily rise in the price of gasoline, flint-hearted cash creditors, the awful waste in fruits and vegetables with wormy incursions in our figs and dates, forbid us two cars, so ours must be a combination of the ideal and the practical.

The commercial car, with the grocer's boy as chauffeur, that whirls by with cans of New Orleans molasses, mackerel, oatmeal, butter and honey, with kerosene underneath, must with one pressure of Aladdin's lamp be converted into a black, shiny equipage, that under the skilful guidance of the chauffeur, alias grocer's boy, dashes up to Senator White's mansion and deposits a fair load of femininity, whose ideas will be far remote from molasses and mackerel, and whose skirts must not be pervaded with a scent of kerosene.

The racks for groceries must disappear and wide, luxurious seats take their places, the rear doors lose their handles and become the innocent, glossy back of a family car, the grocer's boy don leggins and cap and become a handsome chauffeur, and when the five-passenger touring car, with father, mother and four children, and plenty of room, drives up to church on Sunday, none will know that a grocery car is standing in front of the sanctuary.

There seems to be a lack of invention along the line of making two blades of grass grow from the same root where only one grew before, and why shouldn't a grocer's wife, who is but human and detests pedestrianism, call attention to this mechanical deficit.

Considering the small balance in our favor on the grocery books at the end of the month, and although perhaps I am foolishly proud to even desire to motor, I and my husband and children can only indulge in this pleasure, when my mechanical ideal is consummated.

HONORABLE mention is awarded to Dr. D. C. Dugan for suggesting that the position of the shifting lever be standardized on all cars. At present, he claims, and rightly, high speed on one car is low speed on another. Miss Grace Bostwick suggests a gasoline danger bell which would sound its warning note before the danger point is reached. Many contestants, among them Miss Estelle May Nolte, Philip Frost, and M. L. Piatt are strongly in favor of an arrangement whereby the front and rear seats may be turned into sleeping berths to facilitate camping in one's car. Others, including Berl H. Wike and Jackson V. Duval, think that the headlights should be made so they will turn with the front wheels. Mr. Wike also suggests demountable rims that would "break" in two places instead of one, and a steering column that will telescope.

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CHARITY, STEAL OR STARVE;

A TRIANGLE THAT ISN'T SQUARE

BY WILLIAM ALBERTI WHITING

JOHN is an American with some skill at his trade which has earned him enough wampum to exchaage for the esseatial needs of himself, his wife and their little John. But the difference between his pay eavelopes and the little red aecount book's "total for the month" had been growing less and less until the day he lost his job. What matter whether it was a reduction of force, younger men wanted, strike, lockout, aecident or illness? He brought home no pay envelope that week aad the price of skimping in the past—the little wallet in the vase by the clock—provided but meagerly for the next week of anxiety, hope and hustle. The worst happened, as it frequently does. The wallet was empty before John found work.

From one million to three million Johns are within the deadly triangle at all times "in this land of pleaty" as the saying goes. It is reported by the government that approximately seven million workers are out of work for varying periods from oae to eleven months each year. On any given day—even in normal times such as these—there are three men unemployed for every twenty-seven working. And the worst of it is there are only the twenty-seven jobs for the thirty men to fill!

So it is really a matter of industrial reorganization, economie adjustment—more work for our legislators, more vision and action from the people who must push the lawmakers.

Meanwhile, John starves. While waiting for the prevention or cure of unemployment John's wife faces problems kaown only to the millions of other wives who have been in like difficulties. John's baby perchaace can die. Will John seek charity? Should he have to? Will he steal? Why shouldn't he? Here is the problem of the unemployed as distinguished from the much mooted, many sided, perpetually investigated unemployment problem.

There are three provisions necessary for the man out of work to prevent his becoming pauperized, to forestall his moral breakdown, to guard against his deterioration physically and mentally, the latter leading to the hospital, asylum or morgue.

First, His right to earn a maintenaace for himself and his dependants should be recognized and an opportunity provided.

Secoadly, He should have a chance to keep or make himself fit and able to compete with his fellow-workmen. This may mean appropriate and preseatable clothing, the uafrazzliag of nerves, renewing of ambition, adjustment to an active vocation, iaformation concerning the labor market, food, medieal advice, tools, transportation, or—just moaey, with its mystic powers to eure ills and defeat Defeat.

Thirdly, After these provisions, as may be required by each individual, then the outs should be given their inning—the unemployed should be assigned to available jobs. Of course, this process can oaly go on as loag as the limited number of jobs become periodically vacant. But so they do become at the rate of froa three to six changes in personnel for every position each year.

The fact that jobs are becoming vacant continually by reasoa of eurtailment of force, ineffieiency, insubordination, intemperance, seasoaal fluctuation and a host of other causes, makes it all the more important that those who are thus forced out of the current into the dangerous rocks and eddies should not be left to flounder and go dowa. They have as much right to what jobs there are as those who, for the time being, are in midstream.

But their reinstatemeat in industry—the placement of the unemployed—is a feasible and certain operation only when they are employable. Labor exchanges and employment bureaus, whether public or private, are, by their present scope, iasufficient to the task which they now ignore—the refitting of those who have become temporarily unfit for the bitter struggle of the thirty joh seekers for the twenty-seven jobs.

Here then is the opportunity of the hour—to supply the necessary means for reclaiming those who are



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Is it really 300 years ago?

Just 300 years ago in April

And—

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

For April—The Magnificent

SHAKESPEARE NUMBER will be on sale—

Printed on special heavy paper the April issue will contain many valuable articles and illustrations relative to the life of the world's greatest poet and playwright.

Mr. Horace Howard Furness Jr. will write on the gloves of Shakespeare—his closest personal relics—which are in his possession. Other contributors are Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," Mr. William Winter, the veteran critic, Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, Robert Mantell and Percy Mackaye.

The Theatre Magazine has gathered from all over the world, rare engravings and old wood-cuts, pertaining to the intimate and public life of Shakespeare. Six full-page engravings of scenes in his plays from the famous Boydell Collection.

Edith Wynne Matthison has posed for the cover a special picture of "Rosalind" in "As You Like It."

This issue will be necessarily limited. Inasmuch as we have difficulty in satisfying all calls for our regular numbers of the Theatre Magazine we anticipate a great many orders for the Shakespeare number that we will not be able to fill. We therefore suggest that you send along your order as early as possible.

The Theatre Magazine

We will be glad to enter you as a subscriber to The Theatre beginning with the April issue if you will sign and address the coupon at the side. We will bill you May 1st for the year's subscription, or you can send us your check for $3.50 if you prefer.

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temporarily unfit for the job that is today, or will tomorrow be open to them.

Call it industrial service, social service or opportunity work; use public construction or private shops; enlist economists, Labor, Capital, or the broadminded of them all; utilize the power of religion, the force of government, the sympathy of some and the sense of justice of others;—but stop talking, investigating, and advocating, and ACT. The need is critical; the field is open; methods aplenty are at hand.

The solution of the problem of the man caught between charity, starvation and law-breaking is found by adding an outlet in temporary work and social service, thus making that deadly triangle square.

COMMUNITY CENTRES

BY HORACE CHAPIN

IT SEEMS to have occurred to a great number of people in this country that there is a splendid opportunity for the public school to double or triple its service to its community. This theory, which is being converted into practise by the most efficient sort of organization, applies with equal force to the little red schoolhouse in the country and the large brick schoolhouse in the city. Why, it is asked, should either of these structures be devoted exclusively to a few hours of productiveness out of the twenty-four?

The present proposal is: to use the country schoolhouse as a social rendezvous for districts where the nearest neighbors are miles apart, thereby removing from rural life the bane of lonesomeness; and to use the city school as a centre where the terms art and health may be made to mean something real to the closely packed city dwellers, who often are no less lonely than the scattered inhabitants of a farming community. The city schoolhouse can have another specific and valuable function, and that is in the Americanization of the immigrant.

When the new national program for the greater civic usefulness of the schoolhouse shall have been made operative, we may be allowed the inspiring sight of every school a community centre, serving as an agent of education not alone for the young, but for every individual who can be induced to take interest in a many-sided array of activities.

FISHING IN LAYERS

BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

SEVEN years I dwelt in New York and the iniquity of living in layers shocked me not. Of course, it disconcerted me to find 4500 persons inhabiting a single block of tenements—a thousand human beings to the acre. And it put me out of temper not to be able to go to sleep until after the phonograph upstairs was shut off, at midnight, and to have to wake at six every morning by the gong of a dreadful alarm clock on the floor below. But not until today did I quite realize the utter depravity of the layer system.



A hopeful spring morning, tonic in sunshine and crispness. I made up my mind to go fishing. A three-decker excursion boat bore me from Manhattan down the bay to Sandy Hook and out to sea. My fellow passengers, roughly three hundred—and, I might add, a rather rough three hundred—began to garb themselves in overalls and jackets. About some tables on the lower deck an industrious group trimmed shellfish for bait. I joined them, and as I trimmed I hummed a tune. I surveyed them with lively interest. It was something like a sail to Coney Island: the same sort of boat, the same sort of raillery, the same melting pot of nationalities and races. The hatchet-faced newsboy with the Bowery accent, the peroxide Broadway blonde, the double-chinned German, an Irishman with a Kongo pipe, a lank young man from Indiana—there they all were, rubbing elbows, occasionally even bumping their crazy-bones, a moving picture of democracy.

I strung my line under the supervision of a sailor from Bergen (Norway), settled my elbows comfortably on the rail and lit a pipe. Sweet memories of fishing days gone by, of Rock river and its bass, Brush creek and its catfish, Lake o' the Woods and its pickerel—thrilled me with hope. Land was fading out of sight. I stood on the threshold of a new experience, about to become a fisherman of the deep sea.

I might have known—but, somehow, in that thrill of hope, it never occurred to me—that all my fellow-passengers came along to fish, and that complications were imminent.

Someone bellowed: "Five minutes!"

A dreadful trampling, an uproar like the booves of a herd of stampeded cattle, was the response. Bodies catapulted toward the rail and hemmed me about as in a subway crush.

Dizzy and dismayed, I waited, my elbows pinned to my sides. The ship came to a standstill. The faint tinkle of a signal bell floated up from amidships. A little engine on the prow of the lowest deck began to roar in excitement and pay out the anchor on a chain. The water boiled white, then slowly turned oily.

Then, suddenly, there was a tremendous splashing and spattering, like a burst of hailstones. My dismayed eyes beheld a confusion of hundreds of lines shooting into the sea from three levels of decks. I wondered for a moment if an invader had wrecked Brooklyn Bridge and if I had gone down with it into East River in a tangle of wires. And three rows of riflemen—look!—were about to fire a broadside. . . . No! What I saw was fishing poles—fishing poles in layers.

Frantic voices were shouting. "Wait a minute, *will* you!" "Say, you, can't you see you're tanglin' my line?" "Cut yer string, yuh big stiff! Lemme loose!"

A drunken man on my left covered his face with his hands. I couldn't blame him. I felt the same way. Another, in anger or in joy, bellowed like a sea lion. I don't recall throwing out my line, but I did—for when I pulled it up, tangled

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***April*—Spring Building Number.** Architecture for the vacation home—water supply—new gardens—the sewage problem.

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***June*—Garden Furnishing Number.** Living out of doors—the pergola and garden pottery—flower boxes—pools and statuary.

***July*—Small House Number.** 20 inexpensive houses—economics in fireproof houses—evergreens—the remodeled farm house.

***August*—Motor Number.** The automobile at home on a farm—garages—motors in suburban life—community improvement.

***September*—Autumn Furnishings Number.** New decorative tendencies—bath rooms—the man's room—furniture grouping which is distinctive.

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Baseball is the Greatest Game in the World

William B. Hanna will endeavor to prove this in Harper's Weekly for April 8th.

Now look at the lower right hand corner of this page.

with three others, shrill screams of "Oh, dear me!" a torrent of Bowery imprecations and some words I recognized as Norwegian warned me I had invaded the territorial rights of the Broadway blonde, a newsboy and the sailor from Bergen.

A few singularly flat, goggle-eyed fish were taken from their fathers and cast upon the deck. When no more followed, the mob, hoarse and impatient as is the way with mobs, began to clamor:

"Move de boat! Aw, move de boat!"

Again a signal bell tinkled below and the donkey engine heaved up the anchor. I had had enough. Without reluctance I resigned my place beside the rail and sought sunshine and a soothing smoke abaft the funnel on the hurricane deck. And never again shall I shock the shades of Walton by going fishing with New Yorkers, iniquitous urbanites who fish, as they live, in layers.

MOTOR TAXATION

BY JAMES R. BETTIS

I DESIRE to call to your attention the injustice of the proposed method of taxing automobiles, as proposed by the general government. I will cite concrete examples in illustration:

My next-door neighbor has a 1911 Ford car, in running order. Its top cash value, all he could get it insured for, is $100. The horsepower being 22, his tax to the government will be $11, at the proposed 50 cents per H. P. rate, or the rather extraordinary rate of 11 per cent upon its net cash value.

Farther up the street another friend has a Ford town car, a new and handsome car costing mnl well worth over $800. His H. P. is the same as the other, and his tax of $11 will be less than 1½ per cent.

Over in the park another friend has a $4000 40 H. P. Pierce Arrow. His tax will be $20, or ½ of 1 per cent.

Was ever a tax more completely designed (I do not say deliberately) to distribute the burden unequnlly—the lightest upon the wealthy, the heavier upon the relatively poorer? The only argument I have seen offered for this form of assessment is that it would be easy to lay and collect. But is that a sufficient excuse for this special kind of injustice.

Here in Missouri we nre lut pretty hard, already. We have three taxes to pay. License tax to the state (undoubtedly unconstitutional), license tax to the city and tax on valuation. Let us examine what our Ford owner next door will have to pay if the United States tax is imposed:

State license	$3.00
City license	3.00
Tax on valuation	2.95
Government tax on 11 H. P.	11.00
Tax on gasoline, say 250 gallons at 2 cents	5.00
	$24.95

Or the "very modest" rate of 25 per cent upon the value of his outfit.

It is to wonder why the automobilist is always picked out, when extra taxation is proposed, as the victim. We say that the rural tax gatherers think that all car owners are millionaires, with an intense desire to distribute their wealth. But we could hardly attribute such belief to the heads of the national government. Yet of six objects of taxation proposed, two, one-third, are upon automobiles.

Decide for yourself if this book can help you. Sent for your FREE examination.

Diet and Indigestion

Indigestion, Constipation and the more serious ills to which they lead are so common and cause so much needless pain and suffering that Dr. John Harvy Kellogg has written a book telling how to prevent and remedy such disorders. The greatest living authority on diet and digestion here gives you the results of his forty years' experience as Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium where he has studied and treated thousands of cases of indigestion and resulting ills. "Colon Hygiene" is a book of facts—not theories. Do you want to renew your energy and stamina, stop suffering from headaches and backaches, have clear eyes, a smooth, ruddy skin, and feel the exhilaration of real good health tingling thru your body? If so, send the coupon now for a free examination of this splendid book. Learn how easy it is to live life anew—to acquire the dominant personality that comes from good health—to become diffused with the joy of living. All this, and more, you may get from Dr. Kellogg's book of 400 pages, which the coupon will bring to you. This free examination offer is limited, so send the coupon now before it is withdrawn.

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Louis Grnves will endeavor to prove this in Harper's Weekly for April 8th.

Now look at the announcement in the left hand column

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"Every educated Jew in America should be a subscriber to *The Menoroh Journal*. . . Marvin Lowenthal's Essay is admirable, and I long for the next number of *The Menoroh*."

"You set a high standard of excellence in the first number of *The Menoroh Journal*. Mr. Brandeis' article is especially fine."

"The magazine looks very promising, indeed, with its handsome pages and its distinguished list of contributors."

"I hail most cordially the appearing of *The Menoroh* with the noble and impressive program which you develop. . . I have read the first two numbers which I have received with great interest and pleasure."

"*The Menorah* is an admirable bi-monthly journal, published for the study and advancement of Jewish culture and ideals. . . The magazine never instigates bigotry, or any narrow differentiation, but it does insist on and proclaim the idealism of the race."

CONTRIBUTIONS from all of the above distinguished men have appeared in *The Menoroh Journal*, excepting Norman Hapgood, whose promised article will appear in an early issue.

Other articles to come:

Lord Bryce on *The Future of the Jews as Affected by the War.*
David Starr Jordan on *Jean de Bloch and the Significance of His Work.*
Oscar S. Straus, Judge Julian W. Mack, Judge Mayer Sulzberger, Justice Irving Lehman, Abram I. Elkus, and other distinguished publicists and jurists on urgent problems of today.
Waldemar Haffkine (discoverer of the serum against bubonic plague),—*A Defense of Orthodoxy*
Louis K. Anspacher, author of the famous drama, "The Unchastened Woman," on *The Peculiar Aptitude of the Jew for the Drama.*
Dr. Solomon Solis-Cohen, on *The Poetry of Jehuda Halevi.*
Louis Weinberg, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on *The Open Door of Applied Art.*
A Menorah Prize Essay on *The Yiddish Stage*
Articles on *The Wit and Humor of the Rabbis, A Unique Chapter in History—The Celebrated Jewish Women of the Salons, What Our Jewish College Men Think of Judaism*, etc.
Martin Birnbaum on *The Work of Hermann Struck*, with reproductions of Struck's etchings.

From a Statement by the Editors:

"Inasmuch as the furtherance of Menorah ideals means the advancement of American Jewry and the spread of Hebraic culture, the Journal appeals to every one in America who sympathizes with these purposes. The Journal is conducted with this general appeal always in mind—with the desire, indeed, to make it a model publication dealing with Jewish life and thought. It hopes to develop a 'new school' of writers on Jewish topics that shall be distinguished by the thoroughness and clarity of the university-trained mind and inspired by the youthful, searching, unfearing spirit of the Menorah movement. Conceived as it is and nurtured as it must continue to be in the spirit that gave birth to the Menorah idea, the Menorah Journal is absolutely non-partisan, an expression of all that is best in Judaism; fearless in telling the truth; promoting constructive thought; animated with the vitality and enthusiasm of youth; dedicated first and foremost to the fostering of the Jewish humanities and the furthering of their influence as a spur to human service."

THE MENORAH JOURNAL

VOLUME II — No. 1 — FEBRUARY 1916

Frontispiece: Solomon Schechter . . Etching by Hermann Struck
Schechter: Scholar and Humanist . GEORGE FOOT MOORE
A Tribute to Schechter . . . . . CYRUS ADLER
The Faith of Reform Judaism . . . KAUFMANN KOHLER
The Caravan, A New Hebrew Melody . . . MARTIN FEINSTEIN
At the Crossroads . . . . . MAX L. MARGOLIS
Prince Ulric's Minstrel, A Story . . . MARTIN BIRNBAUM
How May Judaism Be Saved? . . MORDECAI M. KAPLAN
III. The Present Plight of Judaism
Sholom Asch as a Dramatist . . . PERCY B. SHOSTAC
A Menorah Prize Essay (concluded)
An Opportunity for American Students . MAX NORDAU
With a Note on Professor Yehuda . RICHARD GOTTHEIL
The Fourth Menorah Convention
With Addresses by Judge Mayer Sulzberger and Others

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SPECIAL!—If you are not already a subscriber, and will take immediate advantage of the accompanying Coupon, we will send you, as long as the supply holds out, a complimentary copy of the February number and a complimentary copy of the Portrait of Theodor Herzl, reproduced from the etching by Hermann Struck, and suitable for framing. If the supply is exhausted your dollar will be returned if you so request. If you act promptly you will not be disappointed.

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The caldron called Mexico is now seething with renewed intensity. Ever since President Wilson took office, and before, hundreds of thousands of people in the United States have wished they might get more real inside facts about the Mexican situation.

Why was President Wilson so intense in his feelings about Huerta?

Was our own ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, concerned in the plot to assassinate Madero?

The beginning of the answers to these questions appeared in Harper's Weekly last week. The story is continued in this issue, and will run for several weeks.. Its title is "Huerta and the Two Wilsons."

You Can Judge for Yourself

by reading this one series, whether Harper's Weekly will be of value to you during the months to come. For this great story is but typical of the quality of the other material that is to be published in Harper's Weekly concerning the Mexican pot o' trouble and other subjects equally important.

We cannot guarantee that you will be able to buy Harper's Weekly at random on the newsstands. The only way you can make sure of obtaining every issue is to become a subscriber. The usual price of Harper's Weekly for one year is five dollars. But to introduce it to you we offer a special trial rate of one dollar for three months. Don't bother to write a letter. Simply fill in the coupon on this page, pin a $1 bill to it and mail it without delay.

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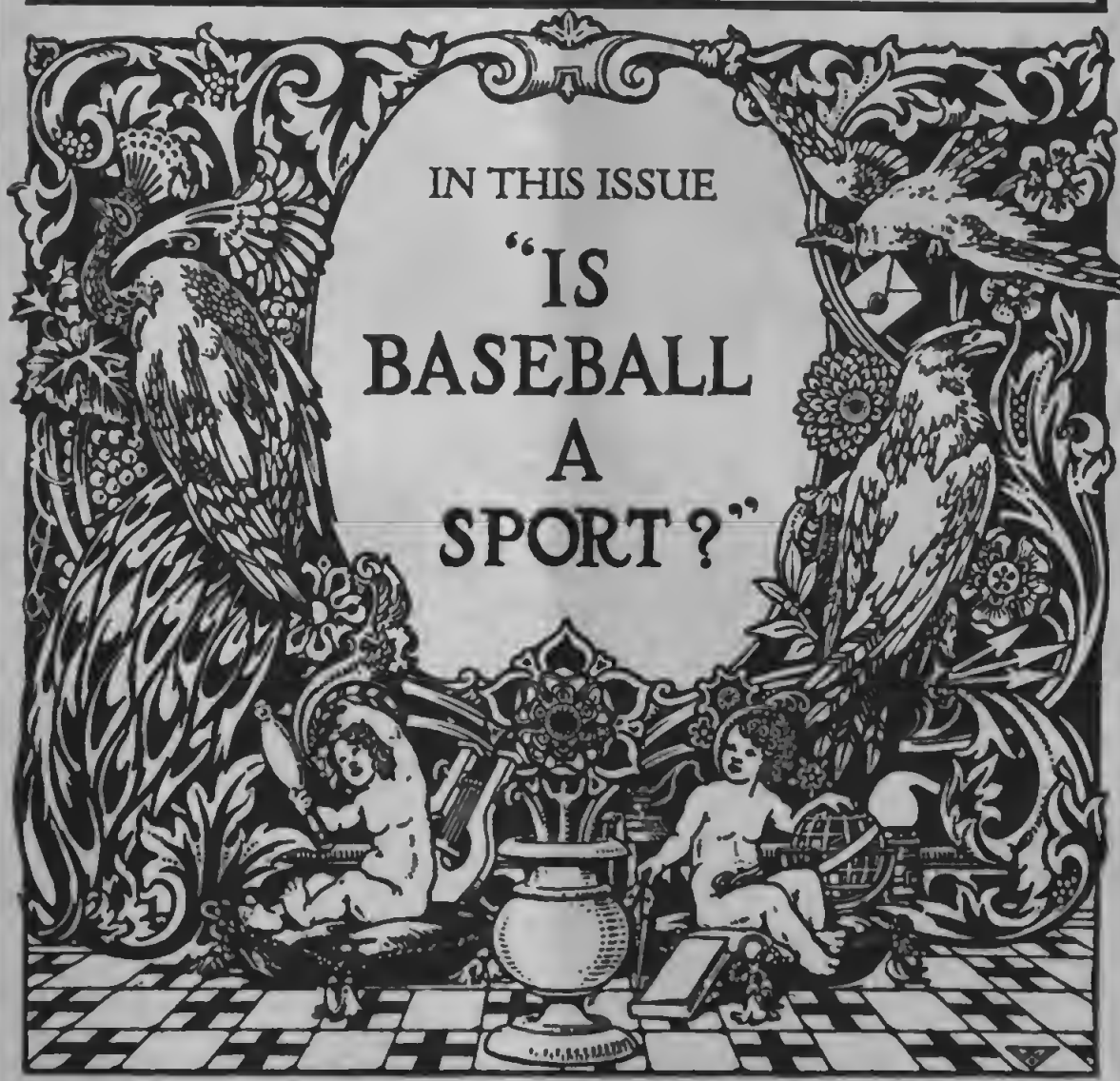
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



APRIL 8, 1916 PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE PICTORIAL NEWS DEPARTMENT BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

If You Can Work the Shutter of a Camera

work it, and let it make money for you. Taking pictures is always good fun. But it is rather an expensive sort of fun, unless you can dispose of the pictures.

Harper's Weekly is looking for NEWS photographs. Every week we will pay $10 for the best photograph submitted, and $2 for every other picture we are able to publish. Pictures will be judged according to news value and clearness.

Something of news interest happens every day. Not only in Europe and on the Mexican border. Everywhere. In your town. Or near it.

News photographs need not be war photographs. True, public interest is at present centred on the war. But it also finds food in other events. A parade, a motor race, a tennis match, a dog show, a political convention, a fire—these things are all news.

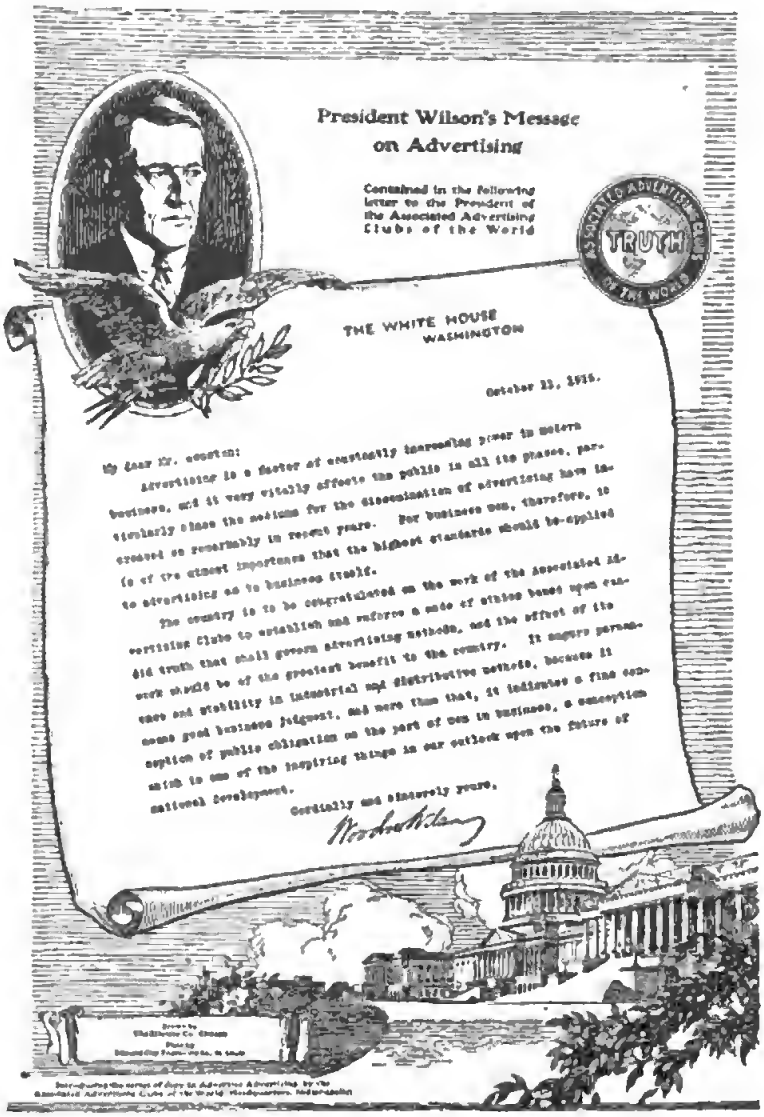
Keep your eyes open and your camera in readiness. When you see an event which interests you, ask yourself if it would interest others. If you feel that it would, snapshot it and rush a print to Harper's Weekly.

Remember: You need not print and develop the pictures yourself. So long as you actually work the shutter your pictures will be eligible. Let your regular camera supply dealer do the heavy work.

Address the

PICTORIAL NEWS DEPARTMENT, HARPER'S WEEKLY
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"An Old Publication With a New Point of View"


President Wilson's Message
on Advertising
Contained in the following
letter to the President of
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TRUTH
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
October 13, 1915.
My dear Mr. ——:
Advertising is a factor of constantly increasing power in modern
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to advertising as to business itself.
The country is to be congratulated on the work of the Associated Ad-
vertising Clubs to establish and enforce a code of ethics based upon can-
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work should be of the greatest benefit to the country. It augurs perma-
nence and stability in industrial and distributive methods, because it
seems good business judgment, and more than that, it indicates a fine con-
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which is one of the inspiring things in our outlook upon the future of
national development.
Cordially and sincerely yours,



CARDINAL AND QUEEN

SIR HERBERT TREE'S production of *Henry VIII* is not only beautifully staged, but splendidly acted. Edith Wynne Matthison is just the right actress for the rôle of Queen Catharine, and Tree is equally the ideal impersonator of that vivid personage, Cardinal Wolsey

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Vol. LXII
No. 3204

HARPER'S WEEKLY *for April* 8, 1916

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A REPLY TO MR. WILSON

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

IN THE March 25th issue of *Harper's Weekly* there appeared the first instalment of a series by Robert H. Murray, quoting the dispatches of Henry Lane Wilson, formerly ambassador to Mexico, and indicating previous knowledge of the plot that resulted in the overthrow and the death of Madero. Mr. Wilson, in an interview given to the New York *Herald*, denied these charges:

"I knew nothing of any plot to overthrow Madero, but I thought that he probably would be overthrown, as did everyone else who knew anything of Mexican affairs at that time.

"I certainly never knew anything of a plot to bring about the death of Madero. . . .

"And I challenge the author of this article in *Harper's Weekly*, or the proprietor of the periodical in which it is published, to produce the name of a single American in Mexico City who will substantiate the statements made in the article."

LET me tell you first about the man who is writing your big-gun series on "Huerta and the Two Wilsons." He is correctness personified. His caution, care and rightness are notorious among all Americans in Mexico City, laymen and reporters. I have read his story. It's a good one. And "correct."

I first heard of Murray when I was in Vera Cruz, a year ago last winter. He was in Mexico City then, and I didn't meet him. And I met no friends of his either. All I heard was from the other reporters in Mexico, experienced veterans, who had been there for years and knew everything and everybody, and were tired out, and cross, and quick to shoot at the characters of the people they knew in Mexico, and—well, no more lenient than our profession is generally in its judgment of "other reporters."

These other reporters said Murray was "the best reporter in Mexico." They didn't like his isolation; he never was in a "combine"; he worked for the *World* alone. And they said sharp-tongued things about Murray's sharp tongue. They said all they could against him; not much,—but all they knew; and I've given you the gist of it all. But, this said, they said also that Murray knew and did his job as not one of them could.

This winter, when I got to Mexico City, I met a very precise gentleman; precise in dress, precise in manner, precise in his step, precise in speech, precise in thought, and very, very caustic, very, very witty. But best of all, he was precise in his knowledge. That was Murray. He is a bit deaf, and I've seen him sit reading in the sun at his club, while the other Americans stood around sniping at him. It was fun, because it was dangerous. For when at last some fellow, bolder than the rest, fired some shot too loud and Murray heard it, the precise, polite, witty correspondent would look up, take aim and shoot a sarcasm or a fact which closed that battle.

It seemed to me Murray was liked in Mexico City. Men don't tease a man they dislike. But Murray didn't try to be liked. He tried to be of service to his newspaper's readers. And that was hard. For Murray's friends are the leaders of the American colony: bankers, corporation attorneys, big mining men and—big business men generally. Those men took part in politics of the Mexican revolution, openly or secretly, in Mexico or in Washington. And they had feelings against the new order of things, strong feelings, just as such men have against reforms at home here. And they met and plotted, and protested, and petitioned, and always they sympathized with themselves for their losses and inconveniences and wrongs. It was all as natural as human nature. And Murray was through all the trouble with them.

BUT Murray was always a correspondent outside the scene—a spectator who was getting and wiring the news, no matter whom it helped or hurt. The Mexicans, the revolutionists, feel about him pretty much as the Americans do: that he is not of them, or with them either. And he isn't. He is a correspondent.

And that's what was the matter with him and Henry Lane Wilson, as I got the story. Murray had his chance to be with Wilson; any prominent, useful man could have been with Wilson. Even Madero had his chance. Yes, and Huerta had a fine chance to be with Wilson, and under him completely. But Madero, kind as he was and gentle—he couldn't stand with Wilson's hand on his head. He preferred to lose his head. And Huerta—much as the old autocrat owed to his co-maker, he couldn't let Wilson sit on the throne all the time. He went down with Wilson's curses, as Murray's article shows. And so with Murray himself. He could have remained at "our" embassy as the other best people did. All that was necessary was to let Mr. Henry Lane Wilson dictate Mr. Murray's editorial policy—Murray's!

It is true that Wilson ordered Murray out of the embassy. I can't believe it is true that the cause was "conduct unbecoming a gentleman and an American" because, after the incident, Wilson sent for Murray and tried to make it up. As to Murray's having written an article that was a lie, my experience with him makes me sure that Murray has in his files evidence of the precise truth of this article Mr. Wilson says was not precisely "American."

And now for Mr. Wilson's challenge to produce a single American in Mexico City who will substantiate the statements in the article. I'll produce one; I'll produce the same one Mr. Murray has produced; we'll produce Mr. Henry Lane Wilson.

Mr. Murray's articles are made up almost exclusively of Mr. Henry Lane Wilson's own dispatches.

Can Henry Lane Wilson deny this?

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization
EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

SINCERITY IN POLITICS

MANY critics of President Wilson point out that he has changed his mind, that he did not come out so strongly for preparedness a year ago as he now does. Foremost among these critics is Mr. Elihu Root. In view of this fact the campaign will see repeated frequently the passage from Mr. Root's report as Secretary of War in 1902 that runs as follows (the italics being our own):

> The continued improvement of conditions in the Philippines *made possible a further reduction in the enlisted strength of the army*, which by order dated May 31, 1902, was fixed at 66,497 men

This will furnish amusement in the campaign, but not oftener than this:

> When Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan made this nation shirk its duty towards Belgium, they made us false to all our high ideals.—T. Roosevelt, February, 1916.

> Of course it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose, and very likely nothing we could have done would have helped Belgium. We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her. —T. Roosevelt, September, 1914.

The last campaign was won by Mr. Wilson because Colonel Roosevelt was kept perpetually on the defensive, especially on the tariff and the trusts. He tried to seize the offensive, but he could find nothing better than calling his opponent a professor or "Dr. Wilson," and so the hoped-for "prairie fire" could not be lighted. How are the Republicans to gain the offensive next summer? They can scold Mr. Wilson for the following things:

1—Reforming the currency. But they won't dare to do that.

2—Reforming the tariff. But times will be prosperous and also there may be a tariff commission.

3—For not beginning preparedness earlier. See quotation from Root above.

4—For not butting in harder on the European war. See quotation above from the Roosevelt of 1914.

5—For getting into Mexico or not getting in. See the series of articles now running in *Harper's Weekly* on what administration is responsible for the mess in Mexico.

The side that cannot take an affirmative position cannot win. What will the Republican candidate object to, and what will he promise to do?

PROFESSOR POUND

SEVERAL readers have asked why we have made no comment on the selection of Professor Pound as Dean of the Harvard Law School. Frankly, it is because we knew more about the preliminaries of it than we cared to discuss. However, this much we are glad to declare,—and it is enough: it is a splendid appointment, the very best that could have been made. Also it is most important. The law is in a transitional state. The demand for reform by way of simplifying procedure is being satisfied. The structure of the substantive framework of the law is being adjusted gradually from that suitable to the individualistic theory and conduct of life of the early nineteenth century to the more complex community form of existence of today. The lawyer must take his part in working out the rules of the law best adapted for the changing conditions. The practising lawyer is too busy to consider general rules with a view to the interests of the community as well as of his clients. So the work must devolve upon the leaders in the law schools. Professor Pound has demonstrated his preeminent fitness for the task which he now assumes. Already his contributions to the philosophy of the law (those who are interested may look up "The End of Law" and "Sociological Jurisprudence," *Harvard Law Review* Vols. 27 and 28) have marked him as an international figure. No one has taken a more prominent part in the work of reform of procedure. His background of knowledge, his practical experience and broad understanding insure to the Harvard Law School continued preeminence and increased usefulness.

REFLECTIONS OF A POET

MR. ARTHUR BRISBANE seldom talks without strewing his theme with extracts from FOURTEEN WEEKS IN PHILOSOPHY and ETHICS FOR THE YOUNG. We were flattered to read a speech the other day in which he was pleased to go out of his way to take a crack at *Harper's Weekly*. The flattery was increased because, in the same speech, though it was on moving pictures, he was able to lug in one of his persistent slurs on the best mayor New York City has ever had, one of the mayor's merits being his unwillingness to toady to Mr. Brisbane's owner, Mr. Alsorandolph Hearst. Mr. Brisbane's philosophy soared in this speech even beyond its wonted heights. He said the moving-picture industry was in its babyhood because the conductors of it could not tell him what the six greatest moving pictures were. In painting any school-teacher can tell the pupils what are the ten greatest masterpieces. The *Evening World* and other rivals must have been interested in this statement: "Our circulation is 845,000, and the next biggest in the United States is about 400,000." Mr. B. seemed to have reflected on everything except the subject of his address. Apparently he had never heard either of the voluntary National Board of Censorship or of the police powers of city and state. As to his kindness to us, it may have been influenced by our sad duty of keeping in touch with the Hearst news. Among the details the editor of this paper has been forced to consider publicly are these:

1—Hearst's attacks on corporation rule, synchronous with his own big deal with Harriman, changing his attitude overnight on San Francisco graft prosecution, and

with his use of complicated Star Corporation tricks to avoid liability if his wagon runs over a poor widow.

2—Anti-gambling editorials in same issues with advice about how to win on the races.

3—Promises to remove patent medicine advertisements compared with performance.

4—Mean slander on Wilson, Mitchel, Hughes according to Hearst's personal ambitions.

5—His Mexican investments and his howling for war.

6—His altering the reports of his own correspondents to fit his political antipathies.

7—His faking a lot of names of foreign correspondents to decorate special foreign news written up in the New York office.

SHADOWS BEFORE

MAX HARDEN back in 1911 wrote these words:

> The hostile arrogance of the Western Powers releases us from all our treaty obligations, throws open the doors of our prison-house of words, and forces the German Empire, resolutely defending her vital rights, to revive the ancient Prussian policy of conquest. All Morocco in the hands of Germany; German cannon on the routes to Egypt and India; German troops on the Algerian frontier; this would be a goal worthy of great sacrifices.
>
> When we can put five million German soldiers into the field, we shall be able to dictate to France the conditions upon which she may preserve the empire of northern Africa. . . . We have entered upon a struggle in which the stake is the power and future of the German Empire.

About the same time Harden said:

> France must learn once more, that, should honor or interest require it, Germany would not take half a day to make up her mind to war. . . . We may have to do so tomorrow, for the habitation we marked out for ourselves forty years ago is becoming too small for us.

The deepest question of the present war, perhaps, is the extent to which a permanent lessening of the spirit thus expressed by Germany's most brilliant editor can be expected if the war ends before the country is exhausted.

WHAT IS THE IDEAL?



FROM Indiana comes the news of a man who collects South American paper-weights. Every man has his idealistic side.

By the way, what is an ideal? Sir Joshua Reynolds once defined his own ideal in this manner:

> The sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist which he is always laboring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting.

FOND MEMORY

COL. HARVEY, in the *North American Review*, speaks of "a paper called *Harper's Weekly*." We hesitated about the title to this editorial. Our first impulse was to call it "magnanimity."

GARDENING



GARDENING represents an attempt to make vegetables and flowers thrive in ground where weeds hold a quit-claim deed. Most men and women, at certain irresponsible periods of their lives, try gardening, but give up the unequal struggle in exchange for lighter employment, such as pulling a steam roller up hill, or taking in back stairs to scrub. The province of a garden is to feed the stomach or the eye, to allow seed sellers to ride in touring cars and to supply an acid test to persons trying to qualify for a martyr's halo. To start a garden, vegetable or floral, amateurs should sneak quietly upon the scene of action, refraining from cultivating disappointments found in too large an operating space. One need pay no attention to perpendicular dimension, though in measuring horizontally strict economy is advisable. First the earth should be plowed or spaded, then raked free of stones, and if the garden is located in New England, enough stone may be collected from a reasonably small space to make the owner independently wealthy, if after the battle of Verdun this material is in demand for building bomb-proof trenches in Europe. Stones are not expected to grow and multiply, nevertheless after a garden is apparently relieved of their presence, rules of nature seem to be upset, for a second raking uncovers interred families of late departed pebbles, though the amateur is willing to make affidavit to the fact that he had exhumed every rock. This interesting geologic discovery is made as long as the gardener continues manicuring the soil. Exercise extreme caution in choosing seeds, for onions and roses are by nature incompatible in one bed. By the time stones are gathered for market and seeds chosen, the garden spot again bristles with weeds that require removal; this is done most easily when a gardener imagines himself to be spineless, and for that reason antiquated contortionists, retired from vaudeville, make the best gardeners. Amateurs possessing spines and other bones may, when stooping to conquer weeds proves painful, find instant relief by giving away their gardens.

EFFORT

MANY people never get beyond the tenth page of a Meredith novel. They say that they find it "hard reading." Yet the same people would rebel strenuously if asked to play tennis against a sick lady.

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SOME SPRING ACADEMY PRIZE PAINTINGS



"The Peacock Girl," a romantically decorative figure study by F. Edwin Church, won the important Thomas B. Clark prize

PEOPLE go to the spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design with the feeling that the end of the art season is in sight, and study the pictures with especial care, because they know there will be no later chance to indulge in a summing-up of another year of American artistic endeavor. Critics have generally agreed that the academy exhibition now under way attains a high average standard of excellence and contains many notable works. Unfortunately the usual disadvantages arising from the desire to make one's picture heard are especially evident in this exhibition. The conscious striving for something different and noticeable in composition, treatment or color-spotting is very apparent in a number of the canvases. However, special encouragement is to be derived from the creditable work of the younger artists.





The Shaw memorial prize was given Josephine M. Lewis for this technically brilliant, quiet-colored study—"A Rainy Day" It is distinguished by sound, careful treatment

Out of an exceptionally good array of landscapes, this "Winter Sunlight" composition by Charles Rosen was selected for the $1000 *Altman prize and the Inness gold medal. It affords vivid contrast to the more subdued studies*

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

TAFT VS. BRANDEIS

THE interference of Mr. Taft and Mr. Root in the Brandeis matter has reopened that whole Ballinger case. For three weeks now it has been discussed again, with the result of making more dramatically clear even than before the forces behind the attack on Mr. Brandeis. Mr. Root's work on the committee that tried to exonerate Ballinger was faithful and persistent but unsuccessful. Mr. Taft owes the failure of his presidency in no small degree to the folly which he displayed in that case. Those who desire a clear account of the guilt of the Taft administration and the obstacles faced by Mr. Brandeis may buy *Business—a Profession*, published by Small, Maynard & Co., and read in the introduction as follows:

> The committee, it was feared, would make short work of Glavis; but if this were intended, it was made impossible by the brilliant history of the whole matter which Brandeis gave at the start.
>
> His attack was hard; for the whole administration was set against the investigation. To the requests for records there were delays, and later even denials. But over what records he could secure, he used to work in his room late at night, and he was often at work again at four o'clock in the morning. Out of these dry records he tried to build up the part each man had played, to visualize the story. And out of this patient searching came two disclosures which startled the country.
>
> For their understanding a few dates are needed. On August 18, 1909, Glavis submitted his charges. On September 6th Ballinger submitted a mass of documents in reply. On September 13th the President exonerated Ballinger and dismissed Glavis. Two months later Glavis appealed to the country. On December 21st the Senate requested the President to transmit to Congress *any reports, statements, papers or documents upon which he had relied in reaching his conclusion*. And the President complied. Among the papers submitted were a summary and a report by Attorney General Wickersham, dated September 11th. In the course of time Brandeis began to suspect that these Wickersham papers had not been written on September 11th. If so, why had not the President referred to them in his letter of September 13th? . . .
>
> Finally he found definite proof. The report referred to a certain statute as mentioned by Glavis in his letter. Glavis had *not* mentioned it in his letter to the President. But he *had* mentioned it in his *Collier's* article *over two months later*.
>
> Still Brandeis hesitated. The officials involved were so high. If he failed to completely prove his point, the recoil would be terrific. But when Finney, a subordinate to Wickersham, was on the stand, Brandeis asked him such questions as these: "What do you know of that report? *When did you first see it? When did you first hear of it?*" And though Finney's answers were evasive, from the startled expression on his face and on certain other faces, Brandeis finally made up his mind. He put the question that afternoon. Had not the Attorney General antedated his report?
>
> "The silence in that room," said one, "was instant, terribly intense. For everyone knew that before risking such a question, Brandeis must have proof of his facts." . . .
>
> When Wickersham had made his admission, Brandeis began pressing Ballinger upon another matter. He knew that Ballinger's subordinate, Lawler, had drafted a letter on which the President had largely based his letter of exoneration. This Lawler letter had never been mentioned. Brandeis knew of it from Kerby, Lawler's stenographer, who had refused to come out with a statement. He now questioned Ballinger on the same subject. And it was when the latter showed by his answers his resolve to keep back the truth that Kerby decided to state what he knew. . . .
>
> In his closing argument, Brandeis stated what he believed to be the real significance of the work. "This investigation," he said, "has been referred to as a struggle for conservation, a struggle against the special interests. It is that: but it is far more. In its essence, it is the struggle for democracy, the struggle of the small man against the overpowering influence of the big; politically as well as financially, the struggle to establish the right of every American to equal justice in the public service as well as in the courts, that no official is so highly stationed that he may trample ruthlessly and unjustly upon even the humblest American citizen. The cause of Glavis is the cause of the common people, and more especially the cause of the hundreds of thousands of government officials."

A feat which did so much to upset a national administration, and which involved the President and two cabinet officers is not easily forgiven. Taft and Root feel as bitterly about it as the Bourbons of Boston feel about the exposure of the unsound methods of the New Haven railroad. The invisible government, or whatever you care to call the big insiders, never forgets.

TAFT'S VERACITY

JUST before President Taft had heard that the game was up, and the truth was forced to the light at last, he authorized the following statement:

> With reference to the published affidavit of Mr. F. M. Kerby, a stenographer in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, to the effect that the President's letter of September 13, 1909, exonerating Secretary Ballinger, was substantially prepared for the President's signature by Assistant Attorney General Lawler, it was said at the White House today that there is absolutely no foundation for any such statement. The President dictated his letter personally as the result of his own investigation of the record and consideration of the documents and papers in his possession at the time, and upon the report to him of the Attorney General.

Another of President Taft's statements was this:

> I have examined the whole record most carefully, and have reached a very definite conclusion.

This "whole record" consisted of over 400,000 words, so mixed up that it took Mr. Brandeis a week of concentrated work, day and night, merely to put it in order. During the week in which he said he made his careful study Mr. Taft's occupations were as follows:

> Monday, September 6.—Motored to Myopia Hunt Club after breakfast, golf until lunch; guest of Secretaries Ballinger and Meyer, Governor Draper, Lieutenant-Governor Frothingham, Captain Butt. Presented trophies to Myopia Horse Show winners after lunch. Motored home to Beverly in time to change into dinner clothes. Dinner. Evening, conferred two and a half hours with Secretary Ballinger and Oscar Lawler on answers to Glavis charges. Ballinger and Lawler left for Boston at 10.30.
>
> Tuesday, September 7.—President motored after breakfast to Brookline Country Club. Played golf

until 1.15 with Rev. C. F Carter, a Yale classmate, and others. At 2 motored to estate of Sherman L. Whipple for the field day of the Yale Club, of Boston. Watched Yale alumni play students at baseball until 5. Motored home, dressed for dinner, spent evening conferring with Ballinger.

Wednesday, September 8.—Played golf from 9 to 11. From noon until dinner time conferred with E. Dana Durand, Census Director, relative to selection of census supervisors. Secretary Ballinger called at 12.15, but stayed only a few minutes.

Thursday, September 9.—Played golf from 9 to 11. From 11 to 12.30 attended routine business, signing letters, commissions, etc. At 1 o'clock went on board yacht *Mayflower* to award trophies and to preside at luncheon. Returned home in time for automobile ride with Mrs. Taft and dinner.

Friday, September 10.—Golf from 10.30 to 12. At his desk over routine business from noon until 3 p. m. At 3 received Prince Kiniyoshi Kuni, grandson of the Mikado. Dinner and evening auto ride with Mrs. Taft.

Saturday, September 11.—Reviewed Beverly firemen and a parade of all the Grand Army camps of Essex county. Late in the afternoon, after the ceremonies, Secretary MacVeagh discussed personnel of Tariff Board with the President. Dinner and automobile ride with Mrs. Taft.

Sunday, September 12.—Attorney General Wickersham caught the President as he was starting for church, and they had a short talk.

Monday, September 13.—Assistant Attorney General Lawler arrived. President Taft spent most of the day with Secretary Carpenter, working on his Boston speech, which he delivered the following evening. Auto ride evening with Attorney General Wickersham. President issued the order discharging Glavis.

Summing up this desperate effort to thwart justice by concealment and manufacture, Mr. Amos Pinchot wrote:

> With the utmost clearness and with the peculiar solemnity of a resolution embodying a popular appeal from the judgment of the Chief Magistrate, Mr. Taft was called upon to make public the documentary grounds of his decision—to transmit to Congress the "reports, statements, papers or documents upon which he acted in reaching his conclusions." And it was in answer to such a demand that the President kept secret the Lawler letter and substituted the Wickersham brief in its place.

That was what Mr. Brandeis had to fight at the time. Today the truth and courage for which he stands are seen facing the invisible government on the question of whether he shall be allowed to take his seat in the highest place to which President Wilson could appoint him. In a speech at Pocatello, Idaho, Mr. Taft, as reported in the newspapers, used these words:

> I love judges and I love courts; they are my ideals on earth, that typify what we shall meet afterward in heaven under a just God.

Will it be a Tory God, ready to crucify the most devoted of his servants and of his prophets unless he be the servant also of Mammon and the prophet also of those who sit in high places?

REFERENCES FOR BRAHMANS

REGARDING the few Bostonians of the most exclusive set who objected to the selection of Mr. Brandeis, they are hereby gently referred to the autobiography of their own Charles Francis Adams which is recent, having been published March 18, 1916:

> P. 39.—I have tried Boston socially on all sides. I have summered it and wintered it, tried it drunk and tried it sober, and drunk or sober there is nothing in it save Boston. The trouble with Boston socially is that it is an eddy, so to speak, in the great world current.
>
> P. 205.—As time passed, however, I was made to realize that my whole Boston social existence consisted of an annual exchange of dinners with a rather narrow circle, rapidly changing and perceptibly contracting. This is the trouble with Boston—it is provincial. Including Cambridge, one finds there what might be called a very good society stock company,—an exceptional number, in fact, of agreeable people, intimate acquaintance with whom is rarely formed except in youth, unless subsequently by chance encounter in Europe. . . . Socially, however, the trouble with Boston is that there is no current of fresh, outside life everlastingly pouring in and passing out. It is, so to speak, stationary—a world—a Boston world unto itself.

OUR SHIPPING

WHAT a strange amount of noise was created when certain ships were transferred from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to the Atlantic Transport Company! Hundreds of columns of editorials assured us that the Seaman's Act did it. Now the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has been buying Dutch ships and where are the hundreds of columns to prove that the Seaman's Act is beneficent? Of course the one deduction would be as ridiculous as the other. What happened is this: W. R. Grace & Co., together with the American International Corporation, took over the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The withdrawal of the ships was the method taken to straighten out the tangled affairs. Following the transfer of control to W. R. Grace & Co. and the American International Corporation, the Pacific Mail service between San Francisco and Balboa, with stops in Central America, is to be continued, with the ships under the American flag, and the service is to be increased and improved. How many newspaper readers know that, taking the navigation laws as a whole, those of our country are *not* more unfavorable to shipping interests than those of other countries?

The same interests that fought the Seaman's Act, are fighting the shipping bill. Yet Mr. Bernard Baker, in his recent book on *Ships*, says of the present situation:

> With five hundred ships we could have established ourselves in markets, near and remote, from which Europe could not drive us in a century. . . . We must have our own ships. Greater trade opportunities invite us more than ever before in our history. Latin America and the Orient beckon to us. They are clamoring for a chance to do business with us, but they expect us to be in a position to ship our goods. . . . The number of ships given us by the foreign companies was the exact number left over after the freight of their own countries was handled.

We cannot have a proper naval auxiliary without a merchant marine, or our proper foreign commerce without our own merchant marine. When the government proposes to give us what private capital has not given us, the shipping people cry out, with just as little reason or fairness as they cried out against the Seaman's Act.

An article on the Seaman's Act by Secretary of Labor Wilson will appear in *Harper's Weekly* of April 22nd.

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RUMANIA'S MAN OF POWER

BY GERALD MORGAN

TO UNDERSTAND the position of Rumania in this war it must be kept in mind that the Rumanians are prepared only for ten weeks of fighting, and they want to be sure that it is the last ten weeks before they begin hostilities.

John Bratianu, the present premier of Rumania, has since August, 1914, successfully repressed the activities of both the pro-Ally and pro-German politicians. His policy is the same policy which won Silistria from the Bulgars in the second Balkan War—to wait until one side is definitely beaten, and then to seize that opportunity to get as much as possible by as little fighting as possible. I was in Bucharest for some time last year, and was soon convinced that Bratianu's subtle statesmanship reigned there supreme.

Bucharest is Rumania, and Bratianu rules Bucharest. Peopled by a medley of near-Eastern races, Bucharest is a mushroom city. Less than one hundred years ago it did not exist, except as a cowpath village. Let me quote a Rumanian upon Bucharest: "Le palais à côté de la masure, le luxe à côté de la misère. . . . Chacun à bâti comme il lui plaisait. Une maison empiète sur le trottoir, l'autre s'en retire de plusieurs mètres. Et la rue délabreé s'en va a l'infini, en des zigzags absurdes. On vit au jour de jour avec des préoccupations mesquines. Tout événement nouveau vous prend au dépourvu. On ne rêvait même pas à une guerre européenne. Quand elle éclata ce fut la perplexité."

That was it; no one in Bucharest dreamt of a European war, and when it broke out, perplexity invaded the minds of the people.

THEN Charles, the old king whom Bismarck set upon the Rumanian throne more than fifty years ago, sent for Bratianu and all the other leaders. The meeting took place soon after the declaration of war in 1914, at Sinaia in the Carpathians, Rumania's summer capital. Charles had made a secret treaty with his German relatives, and wished to invade the Russian province of Bessarabia. Carp seconded the king; Alexander Marghiloman inclined the same way; Bratianu wavered. But Jean Lahovary, now dead, as the king is dead, withstood the king that day, won Bratianu to his side, and the secret treaty went the way of many another treaty in this war.*

During the autumn and winter of 1914-15, when the Russians were pounding against the Carpathians and threatening to overrun Hungary, when the Italians were plainly getting ready to strike for Trieste, Jean Lahovary, Filipesco, and Take Jonescu besieged Bratianu day and night in the endeavor to enlist him on the side of the Allies; they declared him untrue to the "nationalist" aspirations of Greater Rumania, a traitor to his country's destiny. Transylvania, they said, the Bukowina, the Banat of Temesvar, could all be had for the taking. But Bratianu was obstinate. Just as he had opposed King Charles, he now opposed Filipesco—not directly, for Bratianu is never direct—because he was still not sure of the outcome of the war. Bratianu is never sure. He doubted that Germany could crush France with one blow. He doubted that the Russians could force the Carpathians. So he kept demanding for Rumania just a little more than the Russians were willing to give until Mackensen destroyed the army of Radko Dimitrieff in May, and drove the Russians back.

So matters remained for some months, even during Italy's attacks—Bratianu doubted the success of those attacks—until Bulgaria moved against the Serbs. This was another severe crisis. Filipesco, speaking at Jassy in Moldavia, declared that he would ruin Bratianu (as he had ruined Bratianu's father) if he let the Serbs expire; declared that Bratianu and the young King Ferdinand had known and approved the Austro-Bulgar drive. On the other hand Carp, the pro-German leader, and Marghiloman, leader of the Conservatives (whose financial relations with Berlin are close), demanded intervention on the German side with an invasion of the Russian province of Bessarabia. Bratianu was, and has so far, remained unmoved. He still doubts that the Russians are finally beaten. He is not sentimental about Macedonia. He waits, and waits, and waits. He knows that neither Bessarabia nor Transylvania will move away. He knows that by waiting he will not get quite so much for Rumania, but what he gets he will keep.

IT MUST be remembered that Bratianu is the only powerful man in Bucharest today. Filipesco is an old man. Take Jonescu has little following. Marghiloman is distrusted in every quarter. Carp's active days are past. Jean Lahovary and the old king are dead. The new king is a Hohenzollern with a British wife. He seems glad enough to follow Bratianu's watchful neutrality. Bratianu rules Bucharest. Bucharest is Rumania.

"Opportuniste et mou" is one—not too favorable—Rumanian description of Bratianu—a politician of politicians. But how about the people? one naturally asks.

The people are peasants. The peasant, says the Rumanian I have already quoted, isn't in politics. He hardly ever reads the paper because he hardly ever knows how to read. He hasn't any opinions. He lives badly and seldom owns his own land. If he nevertheless loves his country, it's in the nature of a miracle. He's an indolent, good-natured man who hates nobody except the Hungarians, whom in general he detests.

I have seen these peasants myself, and I know that what this Rumanian says about them is true. *"Race lente, silencieuse, apathique,"* he calls them. I have seen these poor serfs of a land-holding agricultural aristocracy come into Bucharest, dressed in their national costume of rough white wool and cotton, pleated blouses and skin-tight drawers; I have seen their deprecating smiles, as they dodged the motors of French prostitutes on the Calle Victoria. No, there is no public opinion in Rumania.

AN ENGLISHMAN called Arthur Young once wrote a book on France and Versailles just before the French Revolution. His observations might well be made on the Rumanian of today. There is the mushroom society of the capital—the court, the officers in purple and green and white and scarlet and gold, the women of repu-

* *Author's Note*—There are several versions of the conference at Sinaia. This one, although doubtless not quite exact, is probably nearest the truth.

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tation and no reputation alike in Paris fashions. I went to the races—Marghiloman's races—and saw them gathered, saw the nobility and gentry and their hangers-on, including four American negro clog-dancers in high hats and frock coats, who had been imported at great expense, and who fitted into the scene as into a well staged musical comedy. I saw the little princess run down and play, to and fro, in the crowd. It was Arthur Young's Versailles. And when I left this beautiful little race-course—for it is beautiful—I could not help feeling that circus men would come that night and move it all away.

The other side of the picture is those six million cotton-drawers peasants—six million out of Rumania's seven, dodging like dogs among the motors—taxed, robbed, ignorant. Some day they will be the circus men who will tear down the tinsel luxury of Bucharest. But until that time a subtle statesman like John Bratianu can reign supreme.

It would not be reasonable to expect Rumania's early entry into the war. She will wait—wait until it is shown beyond a doubt whether the Teutonic powers or Russia are going to control in the Balkans. When the Austrians advance on Kiev Rumania will strike for Kishinev. When the Russians breach the Carpathians, Rumania will invade Transylvania.

THE HUMANNESS OF ADVERTISING

BY MILTON GOODMAN

DRY-AS-DUST never reads advertisements. He considers them an impertinent intrusion and an irrelevant accessory; and so they are, for him. He hasn't a little fairy in his home!

Up there, in the fourth floor back, he spends his time translating Shakespeare into Esperanto. Dry-as-Dust isn't human. He doesn't feel the human thrill of self-recognition in the reaching cherub who "won't be happy till he gets it." Not for him the joyous sense of brotherhood with the satisfied darky who smilingly proffers "the ham what am."

Dry-as-Dust would probably point out that the phrase is not only shockingly ungrammatical, but ambiguously incomplete. What, he would demand, to use our own painful grammar, am the ham? So far has he drifted from being human.

Not so, the advertisement. The advertisement isn't a creation of pure intellect. It springs from the soil, from the lives, the needs, the hopes of the common people whom Lincoln said God must have loved because he made so many of them. It is often as naïve and revelatory as a folksong. It is the saga of our civilization and will tell the future archæologist more about us than all the realist novels ever printed. It is commercial, of course, and a subject taboo. But it is not literature debased and the writer's art prostituted, as so many young writers seem to think. It aims low only in the sense that it doesn't aim high, and appeals to those fundamental traits and appetites of our common humanity that only the esthetes call low. Dry-as-Dust is an esthete.

What could be more basic in its appeal to the aspirations of struggling humanity than the correspondence school headline: "Which side of the desk are you?" What more alluring caption for an advertisement of feminine fripperies than just the two words "Paris says"? Mrs. Everybody, who is a far cry from Dry-as-Dust, is troubled at theatre time. "Good-by, old hook and eye!" whispers a smiling Good Samaritan of print, and all is solved and peace reigns in her world. Mr. Everybody wonders whether he will have time to stop in at the barber's, or safer do without. "Shave yourself" is the welcome suggestion from Adland. Eugenia Everybody, the young daughter of the house, has an expensive taste for the opera. "Bring the world's artists to your doors" proclaims a purveyor of phonographs, and saves Papa Everybody many dollars toward the Everybody Mortgage, which by the way, was secured by an advertisement headed "Six per cent and Safety." Eddie Everybody is also a connoisseur of a sort. He has been looking for a "different" smoke. A monocled Englishman from Adland calls attention to his favorite brand of cigarettes with the insinuating phrase: "There's something about them you like."

The younger Everybodies are divided between a desire to "taste the taste" and "try this dish with strawberries and cream." Also they have considered a deep laid plot to procure a box of those apples of which it is said "just one a day keeps the doctor away." Like the splendid prepared soup of advertising fame, 'tis to them "a consommé, devoutly to be wished." Lastly, there's the Everybody maid. Her response to advertising is perfectly natural and human. She yields to the suggestion that "the Gold Dust twins do her work."

You will find the advertisement indissolubly linked with the goods of humanity and with humanity itself. Occasionally one advertisement stands out above its fellows because of the unusual degree of humanness it contains and plays upon. I have seen an advertisement of pianos bring tears to the eyes of an elderly Englishwoman. I have seen an advertisement of automobiles induce a Scot to buy one. These masterpieces, happily, are not born to blush unseen, but one brief week or month of life and they are gone, like the poet Lindsay's "songs that die"—

> Precious hymns that come and go,
> You perish, and I love you so.

Where is the Braithwaite who will prepare an Anthology of Ads?

TRIALS OF THE LITTLE NEUTRALS

CONSIDER Greece and Switzerland. They are studiously non-belligerent, but the back-wash of war catches them just the same. For the French and the English have a great military base on Greek soil, and German flyers drop bombs there, while Switzerland must keep its citizen-army constantly mobilized and on a war-footing to maintain neutrality by an imposing show of force. There is not much left for the Greek army to do, but the Swiss must be constantly patroling the mountain passes. In a like plight is Holland, whose non-partisanship has been submitted to perhaps the severest strain of all. Dikes will keep the sea out of Holland, but it takes soldiers and fortifications to keep the warring armies out. Query: would preparedness have any opponents in the United States if, like Greece, Switzerland and Holland, this country did not possess its much-talked about "splendid isolation"?



In one respect the Swiss army is fortunate—it can to some extent combine duty with winter sport. Therefore it is not necessary to pity the plight of this group of mountain infantry in the Bernina section of the Upper Engadine



Swiss military observers, one would think, could see about all the fighting from any handy peak. Their use, however, of military balloons, as illustrated here, indicates that they sometimes feel the need of artificial means of attaining a real birdseye altitude



The splash of light is the product of a German Zeppelin bomb. The bomb, dropped during a night raid over Greek territory, struck the Bank of Saloniki.

HUERTA AND THE TWO WILSONS

BY ROBERT H. MURRAY

IN HIS first article Mr. Murray told how he had seen Madero lying murdered by hired assassins. He had read the dispatch, written by our own ambassador to Mexico, urging that we accept the excuses of the murderers. Ambassador Wilson had prior knowledge of the Huerta plot.

In his second article Mr. Murray told how Madero came to distrust Ambassador Wilson. Mr. Murray then began an account of the scheme of Manuel Mondragon—an account which he continues in this instalment.

WHAT Mondragon schemed to do was this: He had seduced from their allegiance the bulk of the officers of the various regiments of foot, horse and artillery in and about the capital—it is not germain here to detail their names or how they were disposed. The city *gendarmes*, or police, who formerly were commanded by Diaz, had promised to join. The students in the school of Aspirantes, a branch of the Chapultepec Military Academy—mere boys, most of them—had been coaxed, coerced or intimidated into joining the plot. Two-thirds of the forces that were pledged to Mondragon failed to toe the scratch when the time came. They remained loyal. The commandant of the National Palace had promised to throw open the door of the place to Mondragon. That was about as far as Mondragon's calculations had carried him. His idea was that, with the National Palace and the bulk of the garrison of the capital behind him, he could swing the remainder of the army, stationed at various points throughout the republic, to his side. Madero was to be taken prisoner and killed. A complacent figurehead of a provisional president was to be put into office who would act as chair-warmer until the ambitious Mondragon could manipulate himself into the executive power. Diaz and Reyes were to take what Mondragon chose to give them. If they grumbled, so much the worse for them. Mondragon would kill them, too.

Madero was warned that rebellion was fomenting in the capital. He was begged and implored to abort the plot by arresting Mondragon and his principal aides, to order the transfer of suspected officers of the garrison—to do *something*. Madero was a very foolish little man in many respects, especially in his failure to appreciate the necessity of not shutting his eyes to the gravity of manifold important material considerations with which every man charged with the responsibility of government in a country like Mexico has to deal. Madero was miles from being a practical man. Had he been more practical, more ruthless, more energetic, he would still be alive, President of Mexico—and the country probably would be at peace. Madero refused to take any stock in the plot stories which were brought in. He would arrest no one. It is incredible, but absolutely true, that adherents of his government telephoned to him at Chapultepec Castle soon after midnight on Sunday, February 9th, that the conspirators were riding and arming; and that Madero dismissed them with scant thanks, saying that he would attend to the matter in the morning. Other men who were warned were not so oblivious to the danger, and moved with such effective purpose that, temporarily, at least, Mondragon was balked.

Given this outline of Mondragon's plans, ends and ambitions, let us see, briefly, what happened on the morning of Sunday, February 9, 1913. Mondragon and his aides carried the flaming torch of rebellion all through the night, from midnight on, from barracks to barracks in the city proper, in Tlalpam, Tacubaya, Coyoacan and other suburbs. They dashed hither and thither in automobiles, calling upon their accomplices in the army to redeem their promises and march on to the National Palace. Disappointments were met with, many of them. Some of the officers recanted. Others feared to cast their lot with Mondragon. A few were doubtful if their troops would follow them against Madero. A handful had been arrested. Much time was wasted. It was nearly dawn before Mondragon managed to collect enough soldiers to warrant him in making the dash to the palace. Dash is the wrong word; in reality it was a crawl. First the revolters went to the Santiago Military Prison and released Reyes. He was waiting for them, clad in the highly brilliant uniform of a general of division in the Mexican army. The uniform became his shroud before sun-up. Thence to the penitentiary to loose Felix Diaz from his cell.

HAVING thus acquired two "Men on Horseback," Mondragon proceeded to the next thing. He had with him maybe two hundred troops and a motley crowd of unarmed civilians, the latter all afoot. General Gregorio Ruiz, the commandant of the National Palace, was compacted to let the rebels into the place and yield the small garrison with its not too abundant supply of rifles, machine guns and ammunition. But Ruiz had been arrested and General Lauro Villar, a loyal soldier, intrusted with the defense of the palace. Mondragon did not know this. In the Calle de Moneda, around the corner from the palace, Mondragon halted his men. To Reyes was allotted the honor of "capturing" the palace. Reyes, on a big black horse, deployed his men before the middle of the three front entrances to the palace. He shouted with a loud voice for the men inside to open the doors. An officer, Colonel Morelos, threw wide a small door penetrating one-half of the massive wooden portals of the Puerta Principal. He parleyed with Reyes, warned him that the garrison was loyal and begged him to desist from the attack. Reyes thought that Morelos was bluffing, that the parley was a subterfuge. He could not see behind the door a machine gun with a gunner, hand on crank, ready to spray lead into the soldiers massed within range outside the palace. "Stop fooling, let us in!" angrily demanded Reyes. Morelos closed the door. "Fire!" Reyes cried. The little door gaped once more. The machine gun spat. Reyes fell dead, riddled. Half of his men were whiffed out as summarily. The palace was saved to the government.

A brisk press at this juncture by the federals would have ended the revolt. Mondragon was aghast when Reyes's demoralized men, beaten back from the palace, panted out the story of what had happened. Everything had gone wrong. Mondragon's plans, so far as fighting went, comprehended nothing beyond the capture of the palace. He had no alternative course ready. Clearly, it

was fatal for the rebels to remain where they were. The town was raised, and at aay miaute loyal troops might be upoa them. The Ciudadela suggested itself to Mondragon and Diaz as a refuge, a place where they could catch their breath aad puzzle out a way for extricatiag themselves from their dilemma. Mondragoa was douhtful about the Ciudadela. He had not been ahle to cajole the commandant. It was a desperate cast, but his only one. Mondragon drew off his men by a detour, to the clock which then stood in the middle of a small plaza at the head of the street giving upon the Ciudadela, a square away.

Here he halted, iadeterminate, fearing to charge the Ciudadela and its uncertain quantity of a garrisoa—uacertain both as to numbers and as to its temper. Mondragoa appreheaded that his welcome would be warm—with the same warmth that had scorehed his jacket at the National Palace. The fate of the revolt and of the conspirators hung in the halance, with the dip of the scales against them. While Mondragon and Diaz stood in hopeless aad helpless hesitatioa, a friend of Diaz, aa Americaa, came along. He had heard that there was trouble in the city, and had started toward the Zocalo, or square froatiag the National Palace, to fiad out what it was all about. He shook hands with the two generals and asked them what had happeaed. They told him. "What are you goiag to do now?" he queried. Both shrugged their shoulders fatalistically aad replied, "*Quién sabe?*" The American, being a maa of action, flared up, and retorted: "Well, you caanot stand here all day like damned fools; you must do something. Why don't you get into the Ciudadela? There are only a few men there. You eaa lick 'em. That will give you time to turn yourselves." Mondragoa and Diaz coaferred. "*Muy bien,*" said Mondragon. "*Muchas gracias, señor. Adios! Vamos muchachos!*" ("Very well. Many thanks, sir! Good-by! Come oa, boys!") The garrison in the Ciudadela resisted but feebly, aad within ten minutes the rebels were in possession. Here is where they were peaaed up for tea days. Besides a refuge, the Ciudadela yielded them ahuadant cannoa, machine guns, rifles and ammunitioa. The hulk of the arms aad munitions in the capital were stored in the arseaal.

THIS is not a pleasant story for an American to write, or an American to read. It is not a nice story. But it will explain, perhaps, many things, heretofore occult, as to the manner in which the Madero government was thugged, and the part taken in the thugging by our ambassador in Mexico. It will explain the reason for much of the mistrust of the United States and its motives which the Mexican people hold

THE telling of these things is important for two reasons. They illustrate impressively upon what flimsy and precarious grouad the revolt agaiast Madero was hased, and how easily it might have been overcome by a display of energy and iaitiative oa the part of the government ia the beginniag, and later by anythiag cvea remotely resemhling aggressive military tactics hy Huerta, famed as the best tactician aad fightiag man in the Mexicaa army.

Huerta bestirred himself when news was borne to him that rebellion had risen in the capital, and fared forth to find Madero. He eacouatered the President as Madero was riding dowa Avenida Juarez toward the palace, astride a showy, gray stallion, at the head of the Chapultepec cadets. Madero dismounted aad they talked. Huerta gave Madero the "ahrazo," throwing his arms about him in Mexican fashion, saying: "Señor Presidente, I am at your orders." Madero thanked him aad told him to assume charge of all the federal forees ia the capital, replacing General Villar, who had been wounded during the firing on the National Palace. Huerta found himself with between six aad seven thousand men, all well armed, with plenty of machine guns aad artillery, arrayed against Moadragon and Diaz with ahout five hundred, at the outside, aot couating an unorganized throag of two or three huadred civilians who imagined that they saw profit in following the banner of the rehels. Few of the rebels veatured from within the shelter of the Ciudadela walls at any stage of the revolt. They fought from behind cover.

On that day Mondragon and Diaz were beaten men. They were still beatea men when Huerta seized the government ten days later. They were beaten despite the incompetence of the government that was pressing them; despite the fareical, spiritless efforts of the loyal federal troops to dislodge them, under the vindictive and treason-meditating Huerta. They were beaten because neither outside, nor inside, of the City of Mexico did they receive encouragement, or accessions to their forces. They were beatea because they had no popular followiag. They were beaten because the time was not ripe for the Madero government to be overthrown ia any manaer save that in which Huerta did it—by treachery from withia. They were beaten—a million times beaten—regardless of the scores of dispatches which Henry Lane Wilsoa sent to his government which tended to ereate the impression in the United States that they were winning overwhelmingly. If one doubts that Wilson perverted the truth ia his reports to the State Department, let him take the trouble to compare such of those reports as were given out in Washington for publicatioa with the press reports cahled from the City of Mexico to newspapers in the States during the *Decena Tragica*.

Wilsoa sought to make it appear that the entire republic was seething with revolt. The couatry remained tranquil while the fightiag was goiag on in the capital. The only response of the army to Moadragon's cry came from the City of Mexico, and from a small portion of the Eleventh Battalion, in harracks in the city of Oaxaca, who proaounced futilely for Diaz and were immediately shot for doing it. Wilson's sympathy was out-and-out for the rebels. Americaas went directly from the American Embassy to the Ciudadela aad spoke words of comfort and cheer to Mondragon and Diaz. They were told that Wilson was for them, that he was doing his best to further their cause in the United States. Wilsoa hampered the government as much as he dared. He complaiaed that the firing upon the Ciudadela was eadangering the lives of foreigners; that the Embassy must not be included within the zone of fire. Madero placed at his disposal for embassy purposes a huge, well-appointed house in the village of Tacuhaya. Wilsoa refused it. He eacouraged a junta of anti-Maderista senators—his dispatches prove it—to demand of Madero, in the aame of the Senate, that he resign as the only means of stopping the fighting and restoriug peace. He threatened Madero with armed intervention.

The fourth instalment of "Huerta and the Two Wilsons" will appear in next week's issue

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THE GREATEST SPORT IN THE WORLD

BY W. B. HANNA

I WAS reporting a baseball game in Pittsburg not a great while ago. The Giants were ahead in the seventh inning, and a storm was threatening. Angry clouds rolled across Forbes Field, and the lightning was beginning to crack. The Giants went to the field a run or two ahead. It was certain that the storm would not permit another inning. The Pirates made a demonstration in their half, and with men on bases and two out needed only a base hit to win. It was so dark that Jack Murray, in right field, was not visible from the grandstand. The Pittsburg batter hit the ball a prodigious thump, and it screamed to right. Just at this moment came a flash of lightning. It revealed Murray, his red hair shining in the light, just as he jumped into the air and caught the ball. The storm broke, and the game was over.



"In a state of constant expectancy"

In twenty-five years of baseball reporting that was the most dramatic picture I have ever seen; but I have seen some that were not far behind it—catches made by fielders who were running into crowds or bending backward over fences, wonderful infield stops at vital moments, home run drives which meant victory or defeat and the difference of thousands of dollars in prize money. Then there have been the incidents of another kind but no less exciting: the sudden ejectment of some irascible star who spoke his opinion of the umpire too frankly, or the bombardment of players and umpire by pop bottles and other glassware—articles, be it said, that were thrown with the prodigality a man may properly display when throwing away something that doesn't belong to him!

Parenthetically, let it be set down that rowdyism in baseball is dying out; indeed, it is almost extinct; but there will always be occasions to give further proof of the integrity and courage of both umpires and players.

The variety of things that may occur in baseball makes it, in my opinion, the most interesting of all sports. A pitcher pitches from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five balls in a game. Consider what might happen from any one of them, and you realize the infinite possibilities of baseball. The spectator is in a state of constant expectancy. This, together with the diversity of action that baseball offers, explains its inexhaustible appeal.

It is a sport that presents the most striking contrasts. When the Giants were within half an inning of final victory in the Giants-Red Sox World's Series, Fred Snodgrass in centre field made his historic muff on an easy chance, the error that paved the way to defeat. Everybody remembers that play, but how many recall that a moment later Snodgrass raced in at full tilt, took a liner from just above the ground and consummated a rare, difficult catch? The game is built for the propagation of these fascinating surprises.

A great beauty of baseball is that it contains just the right proportion of action and inaction. I think that is one of its chief charms. Nothing palls so quickly as continuous action—else it must be maintained at a superhuman clip. Take hockey, polo, or basketball; any decrease in the speed of the game creates a dull spot. The times between innings in baseball, bringing relaxation amid the whirl and excitement, are restful and pleasant.

Then there is that advantage that has often been mentioned, that the baseball season lasts for six months on a stretch. It is a hackneyed argument, but a convincing one, that any game that can meet this test and withstand it proves its mettle. No other game wears so well as baseball.

Play in baseball is in the open. Like Honus Wagner's legs, it is all spread out. The movements of the players, and the phases of the game, are easy to follow. The spectator has it all before him. Team work and individual skill, tense situations, rapid-fire thinking—and its antithesis, doltish cerebration—these, I maintain, are not to be found in such quantity or in such alluring proportion in any other form of combat. The way baseball has endured, and its steady growth in popular favor, are evidence conclusive that most people feel as I do about it. Baseball is the melting pot of sports. It is played in the United States, Canada, England, France, the Philippines, Australia, China, and Japan. In our own land men of every nationality play it, pass through its crucible, and come out better sportsmen.

Psychology goes further in baseball than in any other form of sporting contest, and the educated man is appreciative. "Who won the fourth race at Belmont?" whispers John McGraw to a batter when a mate is on third. The opposing pitcher, not knowing that the question was irrelevant, thinks the batter is getting profound and subtle instruction, worries, and loses effectiveness. The mere sight of Big Ed Walsh warming up used to be enough to stop batting rallies by opponents of the White Sox. Ty Cobb swinging three bats is more alarming than if he swung only one. Hub Purdue worked a bluff spitter on the Giants in one game, and they couldn't touch him because they thought he was using his real spitter.

What other sport ever produced such an array of individuality, be that individuality conspicuous for magnetism, virility or eccentricity, as the game that is represented by Ty Cobb, King Kelly, Mathewson, McGraw, Hugh Jennings, Rube Waddell, Hans Wagner, John Evers, Pop Anson, Buck Ewing, Bugs Raymond, Nick Altrock, Arlie Latham, and the temperamental Heine Zimmerman? No dull game could attract such men.

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THE DULLEST SPORT IN THE WORLD

BY LOUIS GRAVES

HAVING acquired a national flag and a nationnl anthem, these United States of America decided some forty years ago that they needed a national game. Up to that time sport of nn individualistic character had sufficed; but now no longer could horseback riding, boxing, hunting, running and jumping meet the demands of a society that was rapidly becoming effete and citified and whose tastes were becoming communistic. Some substituto adapted to new conditions had to be found.

In an aimless, spasmodic sort of way a game played with a ball and bat had come into favor. It had all sorts of variations. In New England the rules would not be the same as in Pennsylvania or Virginia; the implements would differ in size and composition; and the number of players on a team—or side, as they called it in those days—would be greater in one place than in another. But by slow degrees there came to be uniformity; and then, in an evil hour for this land of the free, some busybodies, who ought to have been occupying their time in a better way, pounced upon this new game of baseball and declared it should be the national sport.



"Sitting inert"

It won its place by default. The time had come when people demanded the privilege of sitting inert in great crowds and seeing a few less lazy human beings go through physical exercise. They had no standnrds, in the form of existing games with this advantage, by which to measure a new game. They knew they wanted something, and they easily hypnotized themselves into thinking baseball filled the bill. It was all they had to choose, and they chose it.

The worst fault of baseball—and it is an unpardonable fault in any game that pretends to be a spectacle—is that it is not lively. For vivacity I would compare baseball with chess or billiards. It is somewhnt less exciting than a spelling bee.

Tell a fan that the national game is not lively, and he will bid you remember such and such a moment in some fnmous contest, when three men were on base and Christy Somebody was pitching and Hans Who's-This cracked a grounder to the shortstop, and so on and so forth. But the moments like this are abnormal. You go and sit through an hour and a half of dulness to get your one thrill. And you are lucky if the thrill comes then. I've lived in New York thirteen years and have seen about thirteen games—(I went to nearly all of 'em because of the good company, for some of the most likable men have the baseball delusion)—and in only one have I seen anything half as interesting as the balancing acts one can see the steel riveters on a high building do any day free of charge.

The truth is that baseball has been pitched to death. The pitcher is everything. So much has been talked and written about him, and his deeds have been recounted with such admiration, that the fans, in rapt contemplation of his skill, don't take time to consider that they are the dupes day in and day out. They glory in being satisfied with nothing. Nothing is right; it is the only fair description of what one gets for his money when he sits through inning after inning and sees the batsmen strike out and pop out in one-two-three order. The Napoleons or Cæsars of baseball, or whoever make the rules, ought to push the pitcher's box back far enough toward second base to give the batsmen—and the onlookers—a fair chance.

Then there is that fatal fact, professionalism. (I am talking only about professional baseball, for that is the phase of the game that people know most about nnd take most interest in.) When I know that the players I am looking at care not a snap of the finger what city they happen to be representing, that they are bought and sold back and forth like sheep, that Boston and New York might swap whole teams overnight and the teams would swap uniforms without a tremor of protest, it deals a deadly blow to my enthusiasm. It makes the shouting nnd the tumult of the crowds look like the antics of a lot of marionettes.

Though unquestionably the most ardent boosters of baseball do go to see it played, I have found that a great number of citizens extol it as a patriotic duty. It's a habit—like rising for "The Star Spangled Banner." My friends Frothingham and Arnstein, for example, dispute my verdict vigorously, but when I pin them down I learn that neither has been to a baseball game in five years. No doubt they feel guilty of treason for not visiting the Polo Grounds regularly, and hope to make up for it by giving a full measure of word-loyalty.

The only form in which baseball is truly interesting is the typographical form. Rice, Lardner, Hanna, Fullerton and the other arch deceivers seem to be in a gigantic conspiracy to keep the public well fooled. It is a successful conspiracy, too. They write such entertaining yarns about baseball that it makes you want to see a game; then, when you do see it, you are so anxious to read what they are going to say nbout it that you forget you've been bored. Thus you are caught in a vicious circle.

To put it briefly, baseball is the dullest of all sports. I have never been able to understand why the clergymen want to prevent its being played on Sunday; there is so little about the gnme to distract one's attention that the grandstand is an ideal place for meditation and prayer.

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FROM CAMERAS WITH A SENSE OF NEWS



Portrait study of Miss Margaret Mayo (by Ruth Hale)



THE centre picture at the top of this page has been awarded the $10 prize in this week's pictorial news contest for amateur photographers. For each of the other pictures $2 has been paid. *Harper's Weekly* will make similar awards every week, choosing from the views submitted those which best combine artistic and news values. Anyone can be-



Bathers at Coney Island who did not wait for warm days but braved the rigors of the winter sea (by E. F. Chase)



Culebra Cut, Panama, wh (by Will

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A PAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMATEURS

PICTORIAL NEWS DEPARTMENT



come eligible for the awards by sending pictures to the Pictorial News Department.

THIS photograph, taken by Edward B. Hansbury and awarded this week's $10 prize, shows the United States battleship *Delaware* steaming through a heavy sea in the North Atlantic. The picture was taken on one of the *Delaware's* most strenuous trips of the winter.



Dario Resta, winner of more big racing trophies than any other driver (by S. A. Dorner)



e the great slides occurred n Russell)



In a cocoanut grove—some of the United States sailors who landed at Haiti (by W. C. Cash)

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Jane Poupelet—a self-portrait



Profile of Mlle. Poupelet's portrait of herself

A GREAT FRENCH SCULPTRESS

THE WORK OF JANE POUPELET

BY JANET SCUDDER

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In calling the attention of American art lovers to the work of Jane Poupelet, Miss Scudder performs a valuable public service. Her own enthusiastic appraisal of the French artist's accomplishments probably will be equaled in enthusiasm by many connoisseurs of sculpture who find their ideals best expressed in classic simplicity of execution and severity of design. Jane Poupelet, though she is just beginning to be known in this country, is widely noted on the continent and has been decorated by the French government with the cross of the Legion of Honor. She does not come in the class of prolific artists, as she produces usually only two or three works a year. The works reproduced on these pages are excellent types of Mlle. Poupelet's choice and treatment of subjects.

JANE POUPELET is a sculptor whose work it is really important for the public to see and to study, and to be proud of,—to be proud that our own times have produced such a genius. It is no longer necessary to hark back to the antique to enjoy the glory and beauty of form simply expressed. Jane Poupelet shows this in her "Femme à sa toilette"; she has begged, borrowed, or stolen from other times and other peoples, she has expressed *herself* and given to the world a record of her personality and power that will pass on through the ages, just as the four marvelous Pompeian bronzes in the Naples museum (than which no greater art exists) have passed on through the ages, bringing with them the aroma of their own moment and a passionate pleasure in the beautiful that nothing can destroy. Poupelet's name will be forgotten just as the name of the sculptor of the Narcissi is forgotten—that is unimportant. But that we should take note of her genius while it lives amongst us *is* important. Jane Poupelet has lighted a torch that will shine forever: the present world should accept its radiance now and take joy from it.



Owned by Janet Scudder

A fine example of animal-modeling

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THE Metropolitan Museum has purchased this bronze by Jane Poupelet, called "Femme à sa Toilette." Beautiful design and simple handling, purged of all unnecessary detail, are marked characteristics of Mlle. Poupelet's work. With the ancients, she has a material appreciation of that greatness which comes, not from bare generalization, but from idealization of form. Her sculpture will never become tiresome through too much emphasis on the following of the model

herself



In this study from the nude, typical of Jane Poupelet's sculpture, are found reminiscences of best Pompeian art

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The G. O. P.: "I don't know about that peanut. He caused me terrible internal pain"

MARKING IN BOOKS

BY RENÉ KELLY

ONE of the rules at the library where I do most of my reading in off-hours is "Mutilation of the books or their margins is strictly forbidden." I try to live up to that rule. Never do I express my opinion of the villain on the white paper beside the account of his utmost perfidy; never do I seek to correct the cynicism of Schopenhauer when he speaks impolitely of the other sex, or the egotism of Bernard Shaw, or the immoralism of Arthur Schnitzler. No, I take books as I find them, and let them go back to the shelves just as they were when the library messenger brought them to my desk. All the same—what would that severe librarian say to Mark Twain marking in books?

Mark Twain's library was sold at auction in New York a few winters ago. Included were a number of manuscripts. That of *The Double-Barreled Detective Story* is especially treasured by its new possessor because "barreled" is spelled with only one "r." You may remember that this is the tale which begins, "We ought never to do wrong when people are looking." On the cover of the manuscript is written the motto: "Never speak the naked truth in the presence of ladies." But Mark Twain did not hesitate to enrich with mottoes other books than those of his own writing. Here is an essay at verse, scribbled on a fly-leaf of W. Hamilton Gibson's *Pastoral Days*:

> De ladybug hab de golden wing
> De firefly hab de flame
> De bedbug dosn hab noth'n 'tall
> But he git dah all de same.

But Mark Twain was more serious when he noted on a margin of Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*: "The wise man of one age is the idiot of the next."

It is comforting to me to read the marginal notes of Mark Twain. It half persuades me that I am not wholly childish when I mark up the white paper surrounding a book's islands of print. Provided we are improving upon our own copies of books, and not those which we have borrowed from the Carnegie Branch Library, marking in books is indeed a harmless recreation—on about the same level, say, as following a baseball game on the ticker.

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AMERICA FIRST

BY A FAMOUS AMERICAN EDITOR

AT THE outbreak of the present European war the aggregate wealth of the United States of America was approximately equal to the combined wealth of the three most powerful of the twelve belligerent nations.

At about the same time the value of the annual products of the people of the United States was but little less than the value of the combined products of all the European belligerents. The foreign trade of the United States was inferior only to that of England and that of Germany.

At the beginning of the war practically one-quarter of the gold of the world was in the United States—in its treasury, in the banks of the United States, or in the hands of American citizens.

In 1914 the leadership of the United States—in relation to all the other nations of the world,— economically speaking, had become absolute and even startling in its conspicuousness.

Early in the year 1915, if not the latter part of the year 1914, the population of continental United States reached 100,000,000. Only two other civilized nations had much more than one-half of this population.

Owing to the negroes in the United States, the effective white population in the United States was not over 90,000,000.

Perhaps the population of Germany, which is something short of 70,000,000, is more effective, man for man, than is that of the United States, considering its whole 100,000,000. However, even with fair allowance being made on account of our colored population, the strength of Germany, based upon effective population, is much less than that of the United States.

The population of all the territory of the Russian Empire is perhaps fifty per cent greater than the present population of the United States; but the strength of the Russian population is, man for man, so much less than that of the population of the United States, by reason of the race inferiority of a large section of that population, as to make it possible that the Russian people would be inferior in strength to the people of the United States, even if the institutions of civilization were as general in Russia as they are in the United States. But, conditions being such as they are, it is doubtful if the man force of Russia today is as great as that of England; which is less than half as great as that of the United States. Beyond this, the Russian state is generally weakened because, instead of its population being homogeneous or even a well-mingled and mixed heterogeneous population, it is composed of a great number of separate nations welded together by force—nations, each of which is composed of a distinct race, some of which have not only different religions from the Russian, but antagonistic religions.

The annual increase of the population of Russia has been estimated by W. T. Stead at 2,000,000; which is practically the same as has latterly been the increase of the population of the United States. The population of Germany has been increasing latterly at the rate of something less than 1,000,000 per annum. The present white population of not only Great Britain, but the whole of her colonies combined, is something less than 60,000,000. The native colored population of England's colonies are rather a source of military and financial weakness than of strength to Great Britain.

Germany has no white man's territory outside of her European boundaries; and this European territory of hers is now supersaturated.

While France has territories in Northern Africa capable of sustaining a large white population, the increase of the French people, both at home and in her African colonies, is negligible, and will probably continue to be negligible.

THE territory of the home country of the United Kingdom is more supersaturated than that of Germany. The population of Great Britain can only grow to any considerable extent in the future through her dominion colonies; and it is doubtful as to how long these self-governing dominions will remain a part of the British Empire.

Lack of home territory, and other conditions, make it impossible for other of the European nations, than those mentioned, to compete with the United States in the matter of population.

By means of conquest some of the colonies of the colonial territory of France or Great Britain might change hands politically.

Were Germany to obtain French territory in Northern Africa, she might build up a great population there with her home surplus; but German rule of the present Anglo-Saxon self-governing dominions would not change the Anglo-Saxon character of their people.

Now that the European white races have—having passed over the full width of North America—reached the Pacific Ocean, it is inevitable that, sooner or later,—sooner rather than later—the Asiastics and Europeans will be at warfare in a military way as they are now in an economic way.

It was not necessary that there should have been a great war in Europe (and that the internation conflagration in Europe should have destroyed the best part of the European people and have worked vast injury to the economic condition of Europe), in order that the United States should have rapidly forged ahead, not only of individual European states, but of all Europe together.

During the nearly half century of peace, or comparative peace, in Europe, the United States overtook and passed, one after another, each of the great European nations in the matter of population and wealth, and hence in force until, as it has been said before, she had actually gained the hegemony of all the world's nations long before the present European war broke out. Still, there can be no question whatever but that the relative position of the United States, as compared with each of the European states, is rapidly changing in favor of the United States as a result of the war.

The United States is not only progressing relatively to Europe, but intrinsically, both in population and general economics. In the latter respect, though not in the former, its progress is being made more rapid by reason of this war.

The reason underlying Great Britain's supremacy in the financial world for so long has been that, until the

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emergence of the United States, Great Britain has been the wealthiest notion in the world. Just as the money centre of any country is bound to be in the city of the greatest wealth, so is the money centre of the world bound to be on the territory of the wealthiest nation. Financial supremacy was bound, sooner or later, to be transferred from England to America, war or no war. Uoiversal human conservatism—that is to say, habit and custom—is a great force, and to this force alone is due the fact that for a decade or more London, rather than New York, has been the money centre.

For over a century Britain hos ruled the waves.

For a generotion or more Prussio has dominated continental Europe.

The conflict between Germany and England today has perhops points of similarity to the Roman-Carthage conflict and the conflict between the Athenians and Spartans.

BUT in those other two great conflicts the contestants were the two most powerful nations of the then eivilized world. At present, the conflict between Englond and Germany lies between two nations who, had they been united, would hove been unequal in a contest, either military or economic, with the Uoited Stotes, had the lotter recognized in time and prepared for o conflict.

Even in case of victory by either Germany or Eogland, the vietor can, at most, only obtain as a prize the second place in the community of natioos. To the extent that both are injured, or that either one is injured by this war, to just that extent, and perhaps more, will the nation of the United States be raised to a higher level as eompared with either or hoth of these two helligerent nations.

Politieally speaking, then, the war in Europe today is a wor to hasten the progress of the United Stotes to the position of world domination.

To one who is not a Sociolist it must be considered a fact, though lameotohle, that the hierorchic system must prevail amongst private individuols. There can be no doubt but that for long ages yet to come the individuals amongst the family of notions must be governed by a similar system. There must be an olmost oll-powerful, if not an all-powerful, nation that can, if it wills, control the political actions of the other states.

There was o *pax Romana*. There is just passing a *pax Britannica*.

Hereofter, the peace of the world must depend upon the Americon people; ond much else must depend upon them —leadership, direction, and control.

The American nation might be compared with England as one would compare a son with his father: Loog otter the son has ohtained his full maturity and perfect—at least poteotiol—indepeodence of his fother, the son retains the habit ocquired in childhood of obedience to and respect for his father. In like manner, the father continues to require such obedience and respect from his son. Often enough these two sets of hobits result in an anomalous, absurd, ond even loughoble situotion.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact thot the American son of the British father revolted ond established independence in a politicol woy over one hundred years ago, the American people have, in spite of oll their braggadocio, regarded the British father as o father instead of just another individuol.

It has been these two sets of habits—the English and the American habit—thot hove so long bolstered up the English credit—financial and other.

The keen-minded Americon, while his heart bleeds at seeing the poin ond suffering of the parent country, cannot now refrain from some exultation, or at least some resignation, such as the son and heir of o weolthy man must feel when his father lies suffering on his deathbed.

It needs not thot England should be crushed and ruioed in order thot the American heir should become possessed of the better port of what would be coming through his heirship.

Within two, three, or four decades of necessity, the American people will be intervening in oll international and world offairs—settling disputes between nations, and suppressing such international conflicts as moy, hy disturbing the world's peace, disturb the serenity of the American people.

AT THIS writing there seems to be on olmost universol acquiescence on the part of the American people to the project of a greot naval expansion. Of eourse we ore pretending thot our budding naval policy is dictated by caution—by a sense of necessity for self-defense in any emergency. But, consciously or unconsciously, the people os o whole ore odapting themselves to a situotion that is more or less recognized to be inevitahle.

Whotever may bo the final outcome of the preseot movement against militarism, there can be no doubt hut thot, in an early future, whatever may be the military establishments of other nations on lond aod sea, the military strength of the United States, as compared with the rest of the world's nations, will be dominant.

CONSTANCE

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

FIRST time we met I saw her oot. Twas night,
But fancy reod her lovely spirit right:
Soft as the dark her voice
That made my looely heart rejoice.

Wheo next we met, or ere I heard her speak
My foney fared afar her like to seek:
Where had I seen that face—
In Reynolds' or in Romney's grace?

Aod when she spoke—most like a morning child
Waking to wonder—how her spirit smiled!
Then voice ood foce were one:
Music and Art in unison.

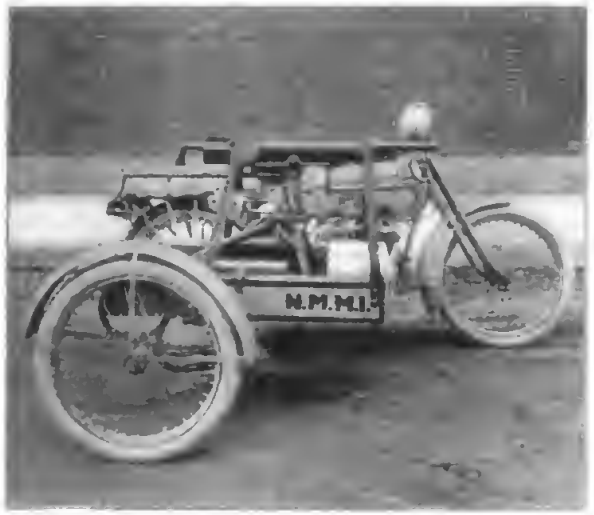
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Brigodier General Pershing (indicated by arrow) reviews the ormed motor-cycle squadron

OUR ARMY'S MOST MOBILE WEAPONS

WHEN Pancho Villa and his men came across the border to sack and slay in Columbus, the United States soldiers could not inflict adequate punishment because they could not take their machine guns with them in their swift pursuit of the retreating outlaws. In a remarkably short time after the army had telegraphed an order, a squadron of machine guns mounted on motor-cycles came to the border. They will be used in the pursuit of Villa and in defense of any border towns that may be attacked in the future. But there is food for reflection in the statements of army officers that if the armed motor-cycles had been part of the equipment at Columbus before the raid, Villa probably would not have escaped immediate capture.



An intimote view of the cycle and its gun



A view illustrating the possibilities of the motor-machine gun os an offensive weapon in o charge



In this way the motor-cycle squad would repel an aero plane attack

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HITS ON THE STAGE

"THE MERRY WIVES"

NEW YORK's slogan of "something doing every minute" is rapidly becoming "doing something for Shakespeare every minute." It is a dull week in which no new revival is staged, no new gridiron leased for pageant purposes. The latest venture is Mr. James K. Hackett's production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Desire to pay tribute to William Shakespeare was not the only thing in Mr. Hackett's mind when he selected this play. For a long time one of his ambitions has been to appear as Falstaff, a part which his father, James Henry Hackett, played a generation or two ago. There was considerable interest in seeing what the younger member of the family could do with his legacy. Unfortunately, a sudden illness upset his plans, and forced him to seek another Falstaff. He secured Thomas A. Wise, who gives a fine performance—considering the invariable criticism of blatancy with which we meet each new Falstaff.



Our newest Falstoff

The Merry Wives of Windsor was the *Fair and Warmer* of its age. What superiority it has in poetry is offset by its lack of originality. The only interesting persons in the play are those that Shakespeare stole from his own earlier works: chiefly Falstaff and Mistress Quickly. Even Sir Hugh Evans, who is the next nearest approach to interestingness, is a modification of Shakespeare's earlier creation: Fluellen. The new characters are commonplace: Fenton and Anne—"lovely Anne Page," to be sure, yet perhaps the most uninteresting heroine Shakespeare ever made. Far worse is Falstaff in decay. Both charm and genius have left him. Once he made Prince Hal wince with his witticisms; now he is the butt of such feeble wits as Nym and Bardolph. Falstaff degenerated because Shakespeare was out of touch with him, because he had become influenced by the banal representations of his own creature, and because Queen Elizabeth had bid him portray Falstaff in love. Being a sound, moral Englishman, Shakespeare was forced to make Falstaff not only an old reprobate, but an old fool.

Mr. Wise is so obviously enjoying himself when he acts Falstaff that he provides a naïve charm of his own. Besides, a large part of his audience is unaware that there is another and more charming Falstaff. At the same time it is familiar enough with the movies to greet the basket-dumping incidents as old friends. Consequently, our rather scholastic arguments are of little import. At any rate, Mr. Wise succeeded in being laughed at.

In Mr. Hackett's production the two "merry wives" are played by Miss Viola Allen and Miss Henrietta Crosman. Of the two, Miss Crosman seemed less conscious of her own comedy—though both of them stuck to tradition,—entering laughingly, and exiting hilariously. Paul Gordon, as Fenton, and Charles W. Butler, as the Host of the Garter Inn, were brightest among the lesser personages.

"THE GREAT PURSUIT"

MR. HACKETT'S production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was not permitted to give the week an entirely Elizabethan tinge. Late Victorianism took a spurt when Joseph Brooks staged *The Great Pursuit*. Under the title of *The Idler* this play by C. Haddon Chambers was first produced at the old Lyceum Theatre in 1890, with Effie Shannon, Herbert Kelcey and Georgia Cayvan in the cast. The first London performance was given a year later with a company that included Sir George Alexander, Gertrude Kingston, and John Mason.

Had Shakespeare been living, he would doubtless have been summoned to this country to bring *The Merry Wives of Windsor* up to date. Such resuscitation being out of question, the actors did the best thing under the circumstances by reading the lines with a Stratford-on-the-Sound inflection. But Mr. Chambers was not so fortunate. Being alive it was incumbent upon him to come to this country and inject twentieth century enthusiasms into his mild Victorian pageant. Mr. Chambers did his best. He deleted hansoms, and substituted taxis. He banished "asides," and put in telephones. Euchre fell before the onslaught of auction bridge.

It was like pouring oil on troubled fires. What was once a strange mixture of comedy and melodrama, became an event stranger mixture of comedy, Bayard Veiller melodrama, and Victorian innuendos. And all this with no real change in the nature of the play: it is still one of the familiar type that depends

(*a*) On the orchids the wife leaves on the table, when she hides behind the portières in her lover's apartment, at the unexpected arrival of her husband;

(*b*) On mating off the entire cast in more or less companionable twos, at the fall of the final curtain.

Nevertheless, Mr. Brooks has given *The Great Pursuit* such a fine cast that the performance is decidedly a success. There are eight players whose names merit eighteen-candle-power signs. They act the humorous portions of the play with genius, the melodramatic portions without roaring, and the dull parts with enthusiasm that spells quasi-redemption. Miss Marie Tempest, in the rôle of Mrs. Glynn-Stanmore, tops the list. In the original play this rôle was largely a silent one. In addition to the modernizations noted above, Mr. Chambers altered his play so as to give Miss Tempest more lines. In so doing he did almost as much for his play as if he had lopped off an entire act. Miss Tempest is one of the finest actresses of comedy rôles we have, and her performance in *The Great Pursuit* is pure enjoyment.

The other seven celebrities were Bruce McRae, W. Graham Browne, Montagu Love and Charles Cherry—fine actors all, and well cast; Miss Cynthia Brooke, who made an excellent foil for Miss Tempest; Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who did her best with another rôle that didn't fit her; and Miss Jeanne Eagles, who shows what can be done with a two-by-four part.

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A REALLY FINE SHAKESPEARE REVIVAL

Photographs by White







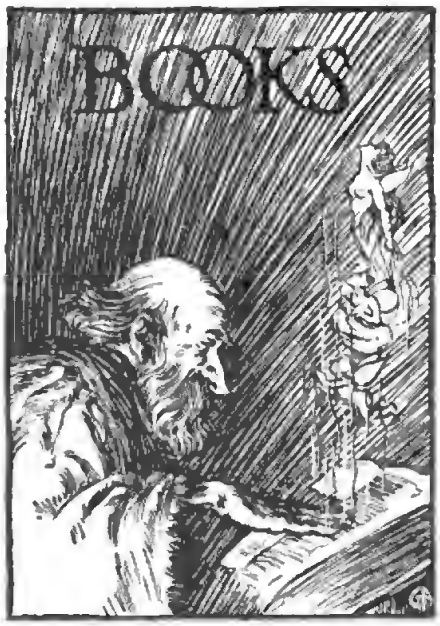
The art of Sir Herbert Tree in his production of "Henry VIII" is seen in the ability of the players who support him. Lyn Harding and Edith Wynne Matthison are stars in their own rights

Sir Herbert Tree as Walsey (centre) and Lyn Harding as Henry VIII (above) are impressive figures in the impressive production of one of Shakespeare's least impressive plays



"Henry VIII" is pure pageantry, according to many. Tree's production is more than that, but its coronation scene is a lovely pageant

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MR. CHESTERTON is at some pains to demonstrate that, even though he has called his latest book *The Crimes of England*, he has no intention of overlooking the crimes of England's enemies. So he devotes his first chapter to the crimes of Germany, treating them in the form of a letter to a mythical German professor. Then he goes on to enumerate the crimes of his own country, which in catalog form are: the abandonment of Napoleon III., failure to aid Denmark against Prussia, harshness toward Ireland, and the alliance with Prussia after Waterloo. "I think," concludes Mr. Chesterton, "our whole history in Ireland has been a vulgar and ignorant hatred of the crucifix, expressed by a crucifixion. I think the South African war was a dirty work which we did under the whips of money-lenders. I think Mitchelstown was a disgrace; I think Denshawi was a deviltry." But he finds a redemptive factor:—"Whoever we may have wronged, we have never wronged Germany." And in the beautifully written chapter on the Battle of the Marne, which ends the book, the lover of England can find patriotic balm for whatever lashes Mr. Chesterton may previously have delivered.

AFTER a man has been reading a lot of the newer novels that treat with a queer technique assortments of queer people and queer ideas, it is a fine and salutary thing for him to be able to turn to William Allen White's stories of his Kansas people, who, of course, are not exclusively Kansan in any sense, but universal. Five of Mr. White's stories, published in a volume called *God's Puppets*, have the same narrative power and moral sturdiness that distinguished *A Certain Rich Man*. Mr. White can declaim against the cardinal sins without becoming didactic, and his realism is free from sordidness. Besides, you will not very often find a writer who, with as little apparent technical finesse, makes his characters so palpably alive and vigorous. One is especially taken with a certain Colonel Longford, who is the hero of the first story in the book and a more or less outstanding figure in two of the others.

IN PREPARING a concise and fairly informative handbook called *Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs*, Emerson Taylor has proceeded on the theory that amateur theatrical effort ought to be inspired by a desire to interpret good plays seriously and conscientiously. He therefore prescribes a rather exacting regimen of hard rehearsing, enlightened choice of plays and competent stage direction. The routine is a bit too stiff for ordinary amateur purposes, but even the most frivolous amateur group can find a lot of useful information in Mr. Taylor's book.

There are maps of stage topography and a glossary that will enable any amateur to converse in the argot of back-stage.

ANY book with the title *The Mastering of Mexico* can be reasonably sure of its share of attention at this particular time. And though the military exploits related in Kate Stephens's book are those of Cortez and his gentleman-adventurers four hundred years ago, they contain a large measure of general interest beside their historical value. Bernal Diaz of Castile tells the story, and makes a real romance of the conquest of "New Spain."

THE incredibly perilous career of Nayland Smith and his Watsonian friend Dr. Petrie continues indomitably through *The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu*, Sax Rohmer's newest contribution to the literature of thrills. The gantlet run by these two embattled Englishmen is composed of assassins from all parts of the Orient, strange and picturesque and malignant animals, obscure poisons and a seductive Egyptian lady who provides what is called the heart-interest. And although the Chinese arch-plotter is apparently slain at the end of the book, there are hints of a sequel. The Fu-Manchu stories are the very best kind of adventurous extravaganza, written to the Sherlock Holmes formula, but with stage-settings and accessories all their own.

TO THE German soldier war is a business, to the French soldier a holy crusade, to the English soldier it is to a very large extent a sporting adventure. When all the books of the war have been written, we may expect to see these varying national points of view reflected in German, French and English first-hand narratives of the men who have been fighting each other. There is at hand an excellent example of the way this idea works out, the book being *The First Hundred Thousand*, by Ian Hay. It can never possibly be called a great war book, because it treats lightly and casually of only the more superficial aspects of training camp and trench life, never ventures anywhere near the deeper phases of the conflict in Europe and carefully avoids what are colloquially known as the horrors of war.

But is it not entirely probable that readers who have for months harrowed their souls with attempts to comprehend the colossal tragedy of a continent will turn with joyful relief to a bright and sympathetic narrative of how Private Bing tried to learn French, or of how Subaltern Fitz-Fitz circumvented the Staff Officer? Is not the bluff humor of trench existence as much a part of the picture as the waste and desolation between the lines? When soldiers' yarns can be told as Ian Hay tells them, not flippantly or with any callous disregard for the realities of war, but in the pulse-stirring key to which Kitchener's men bellow: "Are we downhearted? No?"—there is given us a valuable addition to the literature of war.

BOOKS REVIEWED

THE CRIMES OF ENGLAND *By G. K. Chesterton*
The John Lane Company, New York $1.00

GOD'S PUPPETS *By William Allen White*
The Macmillan Company, New York $1.25

PRACTICAL STAGE DIRECTING FOR AMATEURS *By Emerson Taylor*
E. P. Dutton & Company, New York $1.00

THE MASTERING OF MEXICO *By Kate Stephens*
The Macmillan Company, New York $1.50

THE RETURN OF DR. FU-MANCHU *By Sax Rohmer*
Robert M. McBride & Company, New York $1.35

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND *By Ian Hay*
The Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston $1.50

AMERICAN GUNS ON MEXICAN SOIL



Coming into action—the Eighth Machine Gun Cavalry Troop



Halt and dismount! Machine guns mounted for action

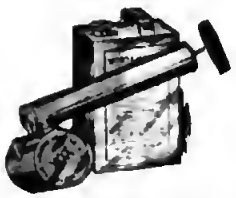


A real skirmish with the new type of mountain field gun near Agitos Pass

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MOTOR CAR CLEANSERS AND CLOCKS

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER



The sprayer and a can of the fluid used in it for cleaning cars. This fluid costs $3 a gallon, $2 a half gallon and $1.25 a quart. The sprayer is included at these prices

THE fact that a great deal of innocent pride surges through the veins of every motor car owner when he beholds his machine, shining like a newly caught trout in front of his door, has little to do with my reason for showing here an appliance specially designed to make his car so shine. Of course, it should not be overlooked. A man's pride in the appearance of his car influences his general treatment of it, and tends to make him careful with it. But the real importance of keeping one's car clean is that dirt is the natural enemy of everything made by man, especially machinery, and other metal products.

Dirt and dust that are allowed to cling for long to any valuable surface attach themselves thereto with increasing tenacity, and the longer they are allowed to remain attached, the harder they are to remove. Likewise, the longer they are allowed to remain, the more damage they do to the surface on which they are clinging. So that, when finally removed, they leave the said surface a legacy of pock-marks, scratches and similar abrasions.

Why are motor cars painted, anyway? To improve their appearance? Not so. What could be more magnificent and eye-filling than the polished surface of an aluminum body? Cars are painted because, if they were not painted, they would be corroded and scratched and eaten away by dust, dirt, moisture, and other components of the atmosphere. Paint is a protector. Therefore it is essential that the paint be in turn protected.

The device shown at the bottom of this page is made for the purpose. It comprises a sprayer and a special fluid to be used therein. This fluid loosens, absorbs and eliminates dust and forms a protective film on the surface to which it is applied. It is non-inflammable, non-combustible and non-poisonous.

To use it you spray the body of your car and then wipe it with cheese-cloth. Except when your car is plastered with mud this spraying device renders the use of a hose unnecessary.

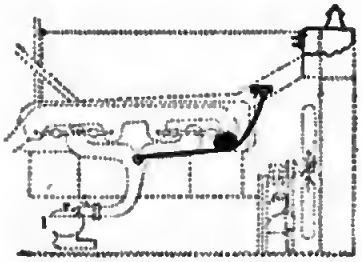
Incidentally, motor cars are not the only things to which this method of cleaning may be applied. Furniture, woodwork, bronzes, marble and many other substances respond to its treatment.

So much for the outside of your car.



A small electric signal for electrically equipped small cars. Complete with ten feet of double insulated wire, $6

If you are interested in knowing where you can obtain any of the articles on this page, write to the Motor Editor. He will gladly answer any of your questions



A perpetual carbon remover, $5

Have you ever heard of carbon? Foolish question. You wish you hadn't. Do you know what causes carbon deposits in the cylinder heads and on the valves of your car? If you don't, any automobile man can tell you in a few words. My question is: Do you know how to remove carbon, easily and economically?

Scraping is one method of removing it. The use of chemicals and the oxyacetylene method are also used. But they usually entail expense and inconvenience, and often damage the metal parts.

The device illustrated in the middle of this page removes carbon by the use of superheated steam. It works not merely once or twice a month, but every day, whenever your car is running. It prevents the formation of carbon deposits and at the same time makes for a perfect combustion of the fuel charge, which also cuts down gasoline consumption.



Showing how the spray described on this page is used for cleaning motor cars

Most automobiles are given about four coats of enamel paint, which is baked on, and then varnished and polished by hand. Hard though it undoubtedly is, this baked paint is rapidly pitted, its finish ruined and its efficiency lowered by accumulations of dust and mud. The only way to keep it working to preserve the metal that makes up your car is to clean it as often as possible.

It is now easy to do this.

The clocks shown on this page are the outcome of experiments conducted with a view to producing a time-piece that would not be affected either by jars and vibration, or electric and magnetic forces. They are set in red rubber, which assimilates shocks, and also serves as an insulator.

I shall be glad to tell any reader where the articles described on this page may be bought.



Rubber encased clock for Ford cars. The rubber prevents clock from being jarred and also insulates it. Fastens above steering wheel, $2.50



Rubber encased clock for the dashboard of any standard car. Live, red rubber, prevents jarring of clock and also insulates it, $3

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A QUESTION

BY LEE WILSON DODD

ALL writing for publication is more or less a pose. An author tries, instinctively, to put his best foot foremost. He avoids so far as possible those little slips in grammar and good usage native to his unstudied daily speech. Dictionary at elbow, he corrects, if he rely not on the proofreader, his somewhat uncertain spelling. He looks up his references and compares his quotations. (This is called scholarship.) But these things are superficial. The taint of pose strikes deeper, into the very pith of an author's thought. Thoughts cultivated and pruned for publication are seldom the genuine sprouts from an author's mind. Most of them are hybrids from transplanted seedlings—selected nursery stock. The wild, homely growth is scrupulously concealed from the public eye.

Thus my friend A., I find, passes with the general reader for a man of daring, revolutionary ideas. He is very strong on the emancipation of woman. Many times in print has he asserted that woman has the right to work out her own destiny, untrameled by the conventions of society and the home. A. is a widower with an only child, a daughter. The girl is stage-struck, and I believe she has a grain of talent and could become a proficient actress. At least she has not learned to pronounce the English tongue along Broadway. She is therefore needed along Broadway. Yet A. has absolutely forbidden her to think of a stage career. He is determined that she shall stay at home and keep house for him like a nice, sensible girl, and, in due season, marry a man of property.

On the other hand B., whom I know more slightly, is in print a thoroughgoing conservative. The old, tho tried, the secure, render him eloquent. The sanctity of home life may almost be called his hobby. So it is a little odd, perhaps, to discover that he wanders perpetually about the earth with the undivorced wife of a former friend. It seems that the former friend (who is not an author) does not believe in divorce, and thus makes it impossible for B. to regularize his present relationship. Yet I cannot truthfully affirm that this little difficulty appears in any marked degree to prey upon B.'s active and buoyant mind.



Your Company Breakfast

Bubble Bonbons--- Airy Food Confections

We venture that for company you serve Puffed Wheat or Rice. Certainly you do if you know them.

Puffed Grains have no rivals as gala-day foods.

Nothing can match their flaky crispness, or their fascinating flavor. They seem like extras—like rare dainties—designed for a festal meal.

But Why Not Every Day?

But why do these bewitching morsels seem too good for daily use by home folks?

Some housewives serve them Sunday mornings only.

One girls' school serves them Mondays—to start the week with cheer.

Yet these are whole-grain foods. And, in some ways, the best foods in existence. They are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, so every food cell is exploded. Every atom feeds.

No other wheat or rice food is so fitted for digestion. None is such a scientific product.

They look like bonbons—that is true. They taste like toasted nuts. But that's all due to a wonderful process, which makes them perfect foods.

Puffed Wheat Except in Far West 12c
Puffed Rice 15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

Puffed Grains are all-day foods. Breakfast should bring them with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheons and suppers, serve in bowls of milk. Between meals, let hungry children eat them like confections. At dinner, use for garnish on ice cream.

You have countless uses for whole-grain tit-bits which so easily digest. Even economy suggests them, because nothing goes to waste. And three Puffed Grains supply variety. No day should omit them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1247)

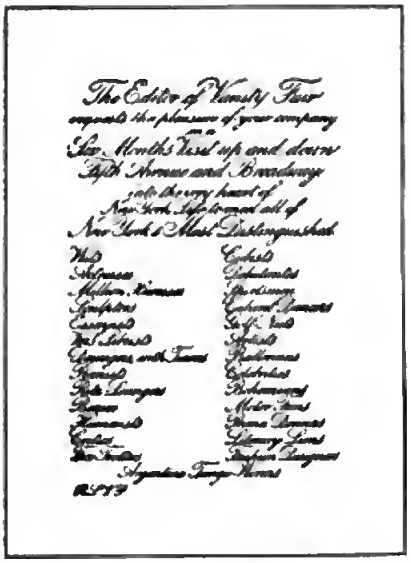
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R.S.V.P.

DO you like parties? If you do, then you should not lose a moment's time in accepting this invitation to a six months' party in the heart of New York as the guest of

VANITY FAIR



Don't miss it! Music! Singing! Theatricals! Dancing! Evening Dress! You simply MUST come to this party for sophisticated people.



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A Six Month's Pleasure-Party in New York for $1

You think nothing, in your poor deluded way, of spending $2 for a single theatre ticket, or for three faded gardenias, when for only $1 you can secure six issues of Vanity Fair. If you want to blossom out into a sophisticated New Yorker; if you want to become a regular, Class-A, 12-cylinder, self-starting human being, simply tear off the coupon to the left, along the perforated line, fill it out, put it in an envelope; stamp and mail it—with or without money.

You positively won't know yourself when you get back home after that six months' party in what is now the gayest capital of the world. And, which is much more to the point, your friends won't know you either.

Your own blood relatives won't know you. They'll probably think you're some visiting European crowned head in disguise. Such aplomb! Such ease of manner, such habiliments de luxe, such wide learning, such brilliant wit, such many aided culture, and oh! such exquisite savoir faire.

So just hop on to Vanity Fair's special, all-Pullman, all-anthracite, all-vestibuled buffet and drawing-room express, and come for a six months' party in the heart of New York—without leaving your own home, and without spending a cent more than $1.

You'll find your round-trip ticket in the opposite corner

To the Editor of Vanity Fair, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York

Well, I'd like to join the party by subscribing to Vanity Fair. I therefore enclose $1 with this. Send me the current issue at once—and the five later issues as they appear. (OR) Well, I'd like to join the party but I prefer to open an account with you. Please start my six months' subscription at once. I will send you the $1 on receipt of your bill.

Name .....

Address .....

M. W. 4-8-16

It has often enough been noted that what we think, and what we think we think, are birds of strongly contrasting plumage. Thus I do not at all mean to suggest that my friends A. and B. are artful hypocrites. No. The question I now think that I think is troubling me, seems rather this:

Is it possible (and if possible, is it desirable) for those of us who write to give the world the crude native ideas by which we regulate our lives, instead of the hothouse ideas with which we merely decorate our literary reputations?

Granted the change, would the proud garden of letters become at once a weed-choked desert?

But first of all, is it really *possible* for any man, born with that curious psychic twist called "literary ability," to do this thing?

I have been searching my own secret soul and I am not convinced it is possible. The essence of good writing is make-believe. When an author, however humble, sits at his desk or his typewriter, the mists of illusion rise round him and he is soon lost in the pictured fog. He seems to himself, and indeed he is, a man apart. My friend A., for example, with pen in hand, is no longer the anxious and careful father of one daughter, but the passionate and enthusiastic champion of Woman—abstract Woman, that troubling, beautiful, fantastic dream. And so may B., thumping his magic keys, call before him in vision a violent World, disorganized by impiety and radical thought—an abstract, illusory World—a dream World to be warned and saved by a satiric short story or a slashing review. In short, we who write, in the very act of composition, suffer an ink-change into something rich and strange. And though we cannot balance our small personal accounts, we are capable at such times of settling the fiscal policy of the nation.

Nevertheless, since few things are impossible to man, the wonder might conceivably be accomplished—were it worth the effort. Let us suppose that my friend A., convinced of its novelty, has decided to attempt the miracle. White paper is before him; he writes—

"Woman has today, after long ages of slavery to man, found herself. At last she is able to stand alone. Her future—the future of the race—is in her hands."

He pauses; his brow is corrugated; he is breathing hard.

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Presently, his finger-nails whitening as he grips his fountain-pen, A. draws a line through this passage, and rewrites it as follows—

"My daughter has today, after long years of slavery to me, found herself. At last she is able to stand alone. Her future—the future of the American stage—is in her hands."

As he studies this substituted passage his face grows purple, convulsed.

Once more (though now his hand trembles) he seizes his pen, draws a broad line through the offending paragraph, and slowly, painfully, sets down these words—

"Woman is the natural conservator of domestic life. Her primary duties must always lie within the home. The homeless woman is a menace to society."

His pen falters, his head drops forward; his body relaxes, slides from chair to floor; he has fainted away.

Only thus perhaps, through some such supreme and exhausting crisis, will an accredited author one day unveil for us—himself, as in himself he really is!

The further question, as to whether it is desirable that this be brought to pass, I must leave to those unbiassed consumers—the general reader and the tired business man.

QUI S'EXCUSE S'ACCUSE

By Martha Kean

THAT the wife of the rector of All Angels was unfaithful to him was known to all the congregation. That the rector knew his wife was unfaithful, and knew that his congregation knew it, was also known to them.

Whether it was fortitude, or patience, or cowardice, or laziness, that caused him to pretend not to know it, was a mooted question.

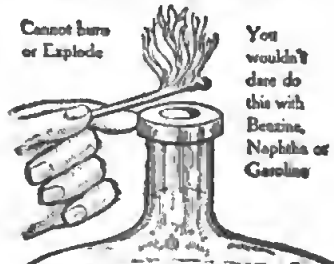
Certain members felt thrills of excitement, each Sunday, as he approached and read the seventh commandment.

He was dignity personified, she the embodiment of mirth. She danced through the Decalogue to the sound of his prayers.

When he took an overdose of chloral, her weeds were the latest mode and decidedly becoming.

And still his flock ask themselves and each other, "Was he Saint or Sinner?"

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Cannot burn or Explode

You wouldn't dare do this with Benzine, Naphtha or Gasoline

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25c, 25c, 50c, $1 Size Bottles. All Drug Stores.

Shoes made with F. B. & C. white bronze and fancy colored kids are cleaned with Carbona Cleaning Fluid.

IN FRANCE a man suspected of crime is considered guilty until he can prove himself innocent. But in America no man is considered guilty in the eyes of the law until he has been proved guilty.

Since you live in America, apply the American principle.

Never regard an advertisement as an assault upon your pocket until you can prove that such it is. The chances are that the average advertisement has a definite service to offer you. Remember this when you re-read the advertisements in this issue.

ASK THE MOTOR EDITOR ANYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW CONCERNING CARS, ACCESSORIES OR MAKERS

Touchstone in "As You Like It."



If Touchstone could speak for us, as we would speak for ourselves---

"If thou never 'sawest The Theatre,' then thou never sawest 'a good theatrical publication'; if thou 'knowest not theatrical news', then thy 'ignorance' must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, 'reader'."

And as a cure for ignorance we direct your attention specially to the April Shakespeare issue, with its wonderful articles on Shakespeare and its rare old wood cuts and engravings.

The Theatre Magazine

We will send you The Theatre for four months, beginning with April, for $1 as a trial. The bill will be sent you May 1st. Sign the coupon.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 West 38th St., N. Y. C.
Please send me The Theatre for one year beginning with April for which I will pay $3.00 when billed May 1st.
H.W.A.S.
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Address .....
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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. F. Chase, the Business Manager of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation, etc.) of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Name of publisher, McClure Publications, 251 4th Ave., New York City; Editor, Norman Hapgood, 251 4th Ave. New York City; Managing Editor, Charles A. Mers, 251 4th Ave., New York City; Business Manager, E. F. Chase, 251 4th Ave., New York City.

2. That the owners are: Cleveland H. Dodge, 99 John Street, New York City; Frederick L. Collins, 251 4th Ave., New York City; Norman Hapgood, 251 4th Ave., New York City; Charles R. Crane 836 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Julius Rosenwald care of Sears Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill; Geo. F. Porter First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; David Benton Jones, 1111 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas D. Jones, 1111 Marquette Building Chicago, Ill.; Franklin MacVeagh care of Franklin MacVeagh Co, Chicago, Ill.; Walter S. Rogers, La Grange, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners stockholders, and security holders if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28rd day of March, 1916: Edwin Brown. (My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

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THE SAFETY VALVE

APPRECIATION

By Elizabeth Waddell

I READ *Harper's* faithfully, often agree with it, always enjoy it. I particularly like its editorials.

Ash Grove, Miss.

A PARRY FROM HARVARD

By D. M. Brunswick

I HAVE just read "A Blow at Harvard" in your editorial column. How can the man you quote be "one of the solidest and fairest men you know?" I want neither to commend nor to attack President Lowell's stand on the Brandeis matter in this letter. But I do desire to combat the solid and fair man's judgment of Harvard. President Lowell is not Harvard. President Lowell is but merely its president. True, he controls its administration, and well; but he cannot make its spirit, unless men like the one you quote allow him to affect it. For the spirit of the university is created largely by its students. Of course, if progressives stop sending their sons to Harvard because its president happens to be a conservative, in the long run Harvard may become "a Bourbon stronghold," which it is far from approximating now.

And men like your solidest and fairest ones do not want such a fate to befall Harvard. For this university is one of the freest and is filled with opportunities of all kinds. The gentleman you have quoted must have realized the many excellent points of Harvard if he intended to send his boy here. Well, President Lowell's stand on the Brandeis case has not changed those points one bit.

It may be well, by the way, to point out that a petition in favor of Brandeis was started by some students, was circulated in the most frequent places, and was signed by many before it was sent to the Senate.

Harvard is not a Bourbon stronghold.

Cambridge, Mass.

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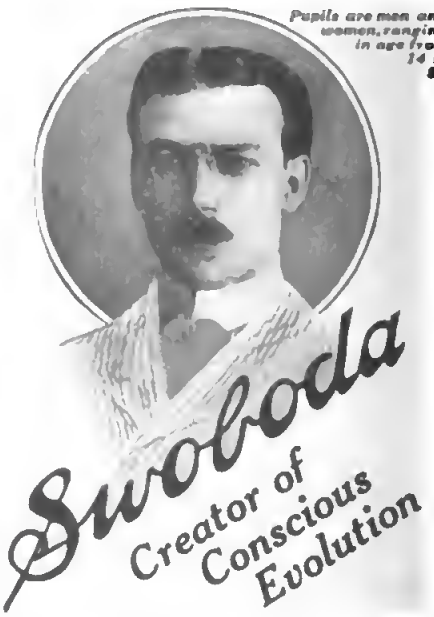
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"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

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"Conscious Evolution did more for me than all of the tobacco cures in the country."

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Write today for my FREE BOOK and full particulars before it slips your mind.

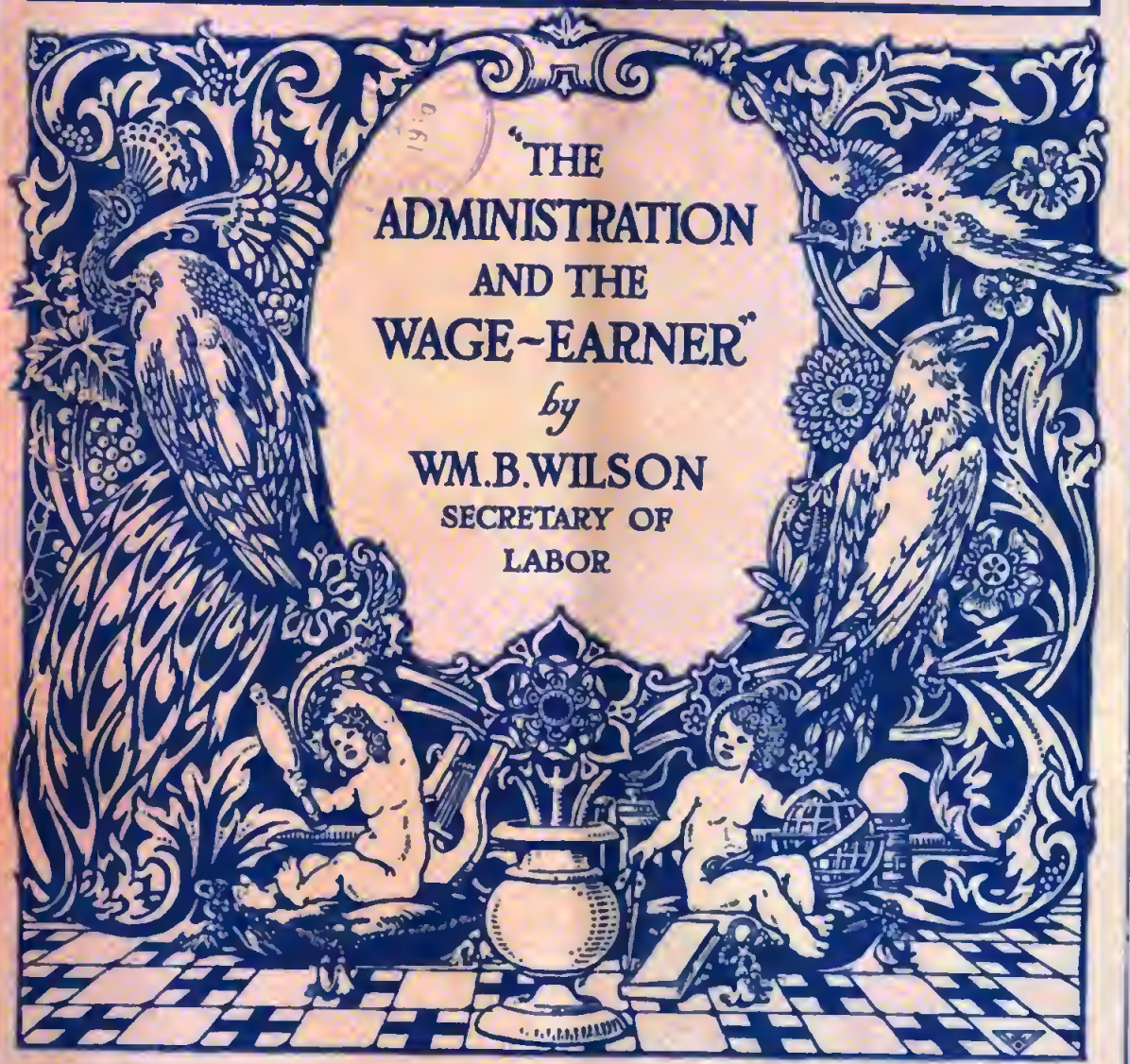
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ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1934 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



APRIL 15, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

An Old Publication with a New Point of View

If you are a little uncertain as to what constitutes a news photograph, go to a moving-picture theatre and study the news films—Pathe's Weekly, or the Tribune-Selig Weekly. They will give you an idea of the sort of pictures Harper's Weekly wants from you.

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Send your pictures to the

PICTORIAL NEWS DEPARTMENT OF HARPER'S WEEKLY

251 Fourth Avenue New York City

BEFORE spending another penny on new clothes, before even planning your Summer wardrobe, you ought to consult the great Spring and Summer Fashion numbers of

VOGUE



A stunning model by Lanvin

They follow now one right after the other! In the next few months—the very period in which these numbers appear—you will be selecting your entire Summer wardrobe and paying out hundreds of dollars for the things you select.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown! Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford!

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$2 INVESTED IN VOGUE WILL SAVE YOU $200

For $2 you may have before you at this important buying season all these Spring and Summer Fashion numbers. Not only that, but far into the Autumn, you will have the other numbers that follow them. Here are the twelve numbers of Vogue you will receive (and one extra):

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes April 15
First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means

Brides and Summer Homes May 1
A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride

Travel May 15
Places in our own country well worth a visit at least

Summer Fashions June 1
The final showing of the Summer modes that will be

In The Country June 15
Society takes to sports and life in the open

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The correct wardrobe for all outdoor sports

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The newest ideas in mid-summer entertainments

London and Paris Aug 1
War-stricken Europe regains her balance and sends us new and fresh ideas

Children's Fashions August 15
Outfits for the infant and for the school boy and girl

Forecast of Autumn Fashions September 1
Advance models gathered at the great Paris Fashion Openings

Autumn Millinery September 15
The best one hundred models that Paris has produced for the Autumn

Paris Openings October 1
The complete story of the Paris Openings establishing the mode

Autumn Patterns Oct. 15
Working plans for your entire Winter wardrobe—the newest models adapted to pattern form

Special Offer

THE Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes Number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose $2 with the coupon below, we will send you with our compliments, this beautiful number, making 13 numbers in all. Or, if you prefer, send coupon without money, and we will enter your subscription for the next 12 numbers.

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THE CATHEDRAL

A VAULT of scattered stars is overhead;
And, reaching hands of stone for stellar fires,
The wingless monuments of man's desires
Seem darting up—but cling to earth instead.

—Elias Lieberman.

Vol. LXII
No. 3095

HARPER'S WEEKLY *for April* 15, 1916

$5.00 a year
10 Cents a Copy

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TWO POEMS BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

APRIL IN WAR TIME



DANCE not into being the old way
This year, sweet April, and, if thou must sing,
Sing lower than thy wont, lest Sorrow hear—
For sharper than a sword to her is Spring;
Now, with light-hearted play
Of flowers and showers,
Be jocund thou—for to the dead, this year,
Thy flowers belong.
Yea! all the youth of all the world here lies,
Cut off and cast away in its white bloom
And golden song.
So bring thy flowers in mute processional,
As the slow-pacing maids to Adon's tomb,
Here where the heavens, in grief imperial,
Bend o'er a world of graves their starry eyes.

I think the earth, this year,
No happy flowers shall bear,
But, hidden deep in every flower's heart,
Be it indeed the very rose of joy,
Or daffodil or crocus in the grass,
Lettered in blood, by sorrowing Nature's art,
As on the grave of the fair Grecian boy,
Written shall be "alas!" and yet "alas!"
And every happy song
Of bird or carolling tongue
Shall ache with sorrow deep in the song's core;
So vast a grief. O world of many woes,
Hangs the black garland at each stricken door.
It is no world, this year, for song or rose—
O dancing April, this is Autumn's year.
Thou art too young and gay for hearts like ours,
For us the only purpose of thy flowers
To deck Love's bier;
Ah! sing thy songs to them
That sleep, for requiem—
We dare not hear; this year,
We dare not hear.

THE LIVING PRESENT

SING not, O singer, only to the Past,
To the closed ears that cannot hear your song
Nor on the sightless eyes for ever pore,
Nor knock for ever at the ice-locked door,
Doing the living face ungracious wrong.
Think you this present will for ever last,
For a dead bloom slight not the living flower;
Ah! all too soon as distant as a star
Will the lost marvel of this present hour
Shine with tear-glittering anguish from afar,
As widely reached at in a vain desire
As those old dreams that sow the night with fire.
The past that now is such a haloed thing
Was once the track and task of every day,
Woven of common stuff no poets sing.
Even the deeds that throw so bright a ray
For us, and light the future-climbing slope
With steady faith and ever-beckoning hope,
Were duties work-a-day and dusty themes,
With nothing of the majesty of dreams;
Men rose at dawn, and toiled with little zest,
And at the day's end thanked the gods for rest,
Unknowing aught of laurels or reward,
Plying alike the trowel or the sword,
Sternly intent to get the business done,
The temple builded or the battle won;
Too close to glory and too near to joy,
Missing the present gold in the alloy,
Nor dreaming distance such a light would shed
On them and all their doings, being dead.
For us, as they, the world is still a-flower,
Faces to love in love's enchanted hour,
For us, as they, the glory and the power;
Poets unborn shall sing of what we were,
And Time make us immortals unaware.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

DEAN THAYER'S VIEW

THE late Ezra Thayer, who did much for the Harvard Law School, was an old friend of the editor of this paper. Therefore we know something of Professor Thayer's views. In 1912 Mr. Thayer spoke to us, and also wrote, indignantly repudiating the floating Boston gossip that quoted him as one of those spreading charges against Mr. Brandeis. A few months later, in March, 1913, he wrote to Mr. Brandeis himself:

> I want ta express my deep disappointment aad regret that we are not to have the benefit of your services aa a part of the aew governmeat. Far you it is very likely matter for congratulation rather than condolence; aad for the rest of us there is the consolation that we shall coatiaue to have the benefit af your work for the public welfare in all sorts af wsys.

We reveal at this time our inside knowledge of the events of three years and more ago because of the extraordinary crop of lies being disseminated in connection with the Brandeis case. What do the Boston men who employed Mr. Fox, nearly all of them representing money interest in the New Haven railway or the Shoe Machinery Company, think of the moral standard involved in the story given out to the papers when the brief was filed? Is that *their* standard of honor also? Do *they* stand for the wretched untruth of the statements made about the Lennox case, the New Haven case, the Equitable case, the Gillette Safety Razor case, and so many others? These mendacious versions were carefully spread through the press after they had been fully exposed in the investigation. Is there no mercy or truth in these gentlemen when their class slogan sounds? To follow truth and fairness rather than stand with the inside gang is "unfitness."

Not all the headliners agree about one another. Mr. Moorfield Storey in *Root's Record in Philippine Warfare* 1902, p. 96, said:

> That *the statements of Mr. Root*, whether as ta the origin of the war, its progress, ar the methods by which it has been prosecuted, have been *untrue*. That he has shown a desire *not to investigate*, and, on the other hand, ta *conceal the truth*, tauchiag the war and ta *shield the guilty*.

We leave Mr. Root and Mr. Storey to settle questions of Philippine mendacity among themselves, but it would please us to know what Mr. Storey thinks of the Taft-Root effort to conceal the truth in the Ballinger case, backed as that effort was by perjury and forgery. Yet if either Mr. Root or Mr. Taft had been nominated for the Supreme Court would not Mr. Storey have applauded? Would not the whole aristocratic class have talked about what an ideal appointment the President had made? If the Republicans vote against the Brandeis confirmation when it reaches the Senate will not the class theory of the Socialists have its most dramatic confirmation?

Strange beyond words are the bitterness, the obliqueness, the respectable immorality of the social system, the invisible government. It is not the wicked who are most cruel. It is the "good" who crucify. Boston liberals may thank heaven that at least the Harvard Law School is unpolluted, and that Dean Pound, who has come out for Mr. Brandeis, is worthy of his high place, as Ezra Thayer was worthy af it before him.

GERMANY AND OURSELVES

THE principle behind the administration's submarine policy is plain. As a powerful neutral we undertook one task, the preservation of neutral rights in so far as infringement of our own undeniable interests gave us standing. The leading feature of that position has been that neutrals shall not be intentionally blown up while traveling legitimately on the ocean, the world's highway. Germany, denying the principle at first, was forced to accede to it. Then we had on us the obligation of patience in the difficult application of the principle. We were seeking not a fight but the establishment of a rule. When would it cease to be our duty to continue the effort to operate the principle with Germany, in spite of accidents? When the United States government should become convinced beyond all doubt that Germany was toying with us, lying to us, promising, with no intention to perform. To endure more, after proof of that policy should be complete, would not strengthen the international law we have been defending, but heap ridicule on all principle whatsoever. No nation is bound to accept forever proved lies in place of honest agreements. No nation can strengthen the fiber of the world by accepting lies indefinitely.

DUMPING

A HIGHLY educated friend of ours, strong in American spirit, nevertheless writes to us as follows:

> We take this time to talk of defeadiag ourselves against Europeaa industrial competition after the war! Of all the mean, selfish, stupid thiags that have been said aad done on this side during the war, that is the meaaest.

Strong as the statement is, it is true, if it refers to general competition from Europe, and to the desire of our business men to be constantly pampered as if they were still infants. There is, however, a kind of competition from which they have a right to be defended. Dumping is frequently used to mean any kind of competition whatever. It may, however, mean what corresponds to cut-throat or unfair competition in domestic trade. For example, American business men are now asked to build a dyeing industry to take the place of the importation from Germany, cut off by the war. If we should build up a dyeing industry, and after the war Germany should set out to kill that market by underselling it just long enough to ruin it, it would be the same evil aimed

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at in domestic affairs by such measures as price maintenance. All of this goes to show the unfortunateness of a tariff system that does not give to the executive power to modify the schedules in negotiating with foreign countries.

FLEAS AND POLITICANS

FLEAS were introduced by an all-wise Nature to supply compulsory exercise for people who do not golf or run for political office. If man possessed a proportionate amount of the flea's ambitious energy, he could live in Tamworth, N. H., and reach his Boston office in a single hop. For footwork, no other animated breed approaches the flea's one hundred per cent efficiency, unless it is the politician, who, while unable to jump as far, equals the flea in sudden, erratic changes in position and other irritating actions. Few problems are more difficult than locating a sophisticated adult flea, or placing the finger upon a politician's prospective attitude on important legislative bills.

THE SANATORIUM



LIFE in a glass house seems to be the existence of a number of our contributors. Sidney P. Cook, of Columbia University, goes after a previous commentator thus:

> Frank Evans, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, "begged leave to suggest that you take the overworked word 'sure,' frequently pronounced 'sho' in our section into your sanatorium of tired words." Wouldn't some farmers think "our section" contained only 640 acres?

H. T. Chase of Topeka, Kans., wishes to be put down as against the lauded individual who "does not mince words," and Bronson Coman, of Alhambra, Arizona, requests a shot at "without fear of successful contradiction." The above are condemned without appeal.

SAVING THE BOWERY



ONE of the most famous streets in America has escaped rechristening. Two hundred merchants in the Bowery petitioned that the name be changed to "Central Broadway," "Peter Cooper Street" or "Hewitt Avenue." The street is now respectable and orderly. Only a few jitney lodging houses and cheap show places now remain there to remind the visitor of the rare old, faro-old, gold-brick days; and these few reminders, too, are soon to be swept away. "Peter Cooper Street" and "Hewitt Avenue" are tame, and as for "Central Broadway"—there are already three or four thousand "Broadways" too many in the land of the unprepared. New York, like London, is steadily growing poorer in colorful street names; but London business men have had the grace to spare Houndsditch and Cheapside. Street names with history behind them are a form of municipal riches. Maiden Lane, Mulberry Bend, Great Jones Street and Bowling Green are reminders that our hulking metropolis has a story to tell. Gay Street, Gold Street, Milligan Place, Washington Mews, Macdougal Alley, Dutch Street, Extra Place and Rachael Lane contribute something to the city's personality. In our heart we would cherish to the last even Shinbone Alley and Quarrelsome Lane. London had to change Blow-bladder Street, Bandyleg Alley, Cutthroat Lane and Dead Donkey Lane, Deadman's Place and Crackbrain Court. Unless a street name be too odoriferous, let it stand. If the Bowery changes its name we'd find ourselves singing again:

> . . . I'll never go there any more!

The Board of Aldermen acted sanely in refusing the request.

THE ORIGIN OF FORGIVENESS

IN THE Old Testament in Leviticus xix, 18, we read:

> Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

In Sirach, which comes between the Old Testament and the New, we read:

> Forgive thy neighbor the injury done unto thee,
> And then when thou prayest thy sins will be forgiven . . .
> And be not wroth with thy neighbor.

In the pre-Christian Jewish writings such spiritual advice is exceptional and mixed with such conceptions as this:

> Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the rock.

Professor Charles, as high an authority as any on this subject, says that the only pre-Christian Jewish work in which the idea of forgiveness ceases to be a mere fragment and becomes the spirit of the whole is the Testament of the twelve Patriarchs:

> Love ye one another from the heart; and if a man sin against thee, cast forth the poison of hate and speak peaceably to him, and in thy soul hold not guile; and if he confess and repent, forgive him. But if he deny it, do not get into a passion with him, lest catching the poison from thee he take to swearing, and so thou sin doubly.

This book was written in the second century before Christ, but it was written in Galilee, and it was accepted and preserved not by the Jewish church but by the Christian church. Not even the post-Christian Jewish writings are saturated with forgiveness. Judea was the centre of Judaism. Galilee was the centre of Christianity. From Galilee came not only Christ but eleven of his disciples.

The great Galilean, in other words, found His central doctrine already existing in His land, but He expressed it with measureless eloquence and singleness of vision; through Him it became a world religion, and it is as rightly associated with His name as is the doctrine of evolution associated with the name of Darwin.

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THE GERMAN NAVY IN THE NORTH SEA



German torpedo boats have been showing such persistent activity in the North Sea that rumors of a great naval offensive have for some time been current. This flotilla is on a scouting expedition



From the deck of a German battleship in a North Sea harbor was taken this striking view of an evening scene in one of the German naval strongholds. Like the photograph at the top of this page, it has not previously been published in this country

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

JEWS AND THE IMMIGRATION BILL

THE Jews have been carrying on an unwise political campaign in Washington to have the words "including Hebrew and Yiddish" put in the literacy clause of the immigration bill. "Any language or dialect" of course includes Hebrew and Yiddish. What then lay behind so strenuous a campaign to get the words in? What lay behind it was the point of view of those who may be called political Jews. They are as a class out of sympathy with imaginative racial unity, such as is represented by Zionism, but they like unity of action for political purposes. The very leaders who attack Zionism foster this political factionalism.

There will be exactly the same problem raised if we negotiate a trade treaty with Russia, as Mr. Francis seems well equipped to do. There will be a howl to insert after the words "American citizens" the words "including Jews," adding nothing, but making it harder for Russia to accept the treaty.

A recent book, called *The Jews in the Eastern War Zone*, is very ably put together, but it shows this same unfair attitude toward Russia. It deals almost exclusively with what happened before August, 1915, and it carefully refruins from showing the uttitude of the Duma toward the Jews after the liberal *bloc* gained ascendancy. It quotes, as expressions of the Russiun government, statements made in the Duma, regardless of what group made them. It is not a fair presentation of the case.

Who could tell from the Jewish anti-Russiun propnganda in this country that the group now dominant in the Duma favors for the Jews ull privileges except two? Perhaps many will want to argue thut those two should be granted on the instant also, but at least the fuets should be stated. One of the restrictions is on land purchase, to discourage speculation during the period when the peasant is passing from communal to individual ownership. The other has to do with high official positions. Higher education, freedom in professions, restriction of the Jewish press and the entire abolition of the pule are features of the program. The progressive *bloc* obtained control, last August, of both the Imperial Duma and the Imperiul Council. If it is unable to put this program into effect after a victorious war it will be in no small degree due to the feeling kept alive by the American Jews, the most politically active of whom are pro-German in sympathy.

Words wholly redundant and needlessly critical of Russia have no place either in the immigration bill or in the hoped-for treaty.

WATER POWER IN CONGRESS

SOME experts in conservation were so shocked by the passage of the Shields bill through the Senate that the most they hope for is that no legislation at all will be passed this session. Others, on the contrary (and they are probably right), believe that the reactionary leaders will yield and allow the conference committee to agree upon a proper measure, provided the President will signify his view to the committee. The former Secretary of War favored the Shields bill. The new Secretary of War is more interested in the public and less in a special business clamor. The water-power situation is therefore distinctly improved by the change. It is an interesting detail of the fight that the leadership in the Senate against the grab has been taken by Senator Walsh of Montana. As a rule the northwestern senators have been on the other side, and the case for the water-power companies is being handled by Senator Smoot of Utah, who does it well, and who is a mighty power in our Senate, and will be the leader of it if the Republicans regain control.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTE

MOST of the reports from the west are to the effect that there never was so large an independent element. Party lines are generally reported as being shot all to pieces. Yet we have just received a letter from one of the best informed men in Kansas which says:

> I have never seen so rotten a state of public opinion as we have at present in all the thirty years in which I have been observing it. I cannot account for the fact that the people are not working out a national view of anything. They are tremendously party minded. I have never seen so much tooth-chattering fear of getting out of party alignment. Folks are just hamstrung with the fear of war and huddled together in their parties without much sense.
>
> Naturally I feel that this is a temporary panic, but it is here—a fact, and that is about all there is to it, and I don't see what there is to do about it. It may be a lull before the storm or it may be the first stages of insanity.

This letter stands almost alone among the reports to us from genuine experts. The general view is that the vote in November will turn overwhelmingly on men and measures, on war and peace, on prosperity, on Wilson and his opponent. Of course the regulars will mostly stand firm, but surely the regulars become fewer in proportion with the passing of every year.

APPOINTMENTS

ANYBODY who lives in the political circles of Washington must realize what a disproportionate part appointments take in the thoughts of men in responsible positions. It reaches right up to the President of the United States. A bad appointment may break an administration. A good appointment may bring comparatively little credit. Moreover the President, under our system, is compelled to make all sorts of appointments that he knows nothing about, and can know nothing about, even if he gives an absurd amount of his time to the subject. Some little postmaster will be selected by the Democratic senator from the state, all the forces concerned standing as a matter of course behind the senator, but the person, in the public mind, who takes the blame, if there is any blame, is the President. It is a thoroughly vicious system, and if we had political imagination we should free the President from the making of appointments, except those which are his choice in fact as well as in form. As long as this system continues, it is extraordinarily important for the present administration to keep up with the very highest standards. Those who seek to influence it to play old-fashioned politics in appointments are behind the times and are a source of danger.

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1760—*When the highway was called Bowern Lane. The present site of Chatham square*



1828—*The Bowery a country road, much used by travelers*

THE FIVE AGES OF THE BOWERY

WHETHER the Bowery has done more than Broadway to make New York famous probably will always be a disputed point. But Manhattan residents were sufficiently proud of Bowery traditions to raise a mighty cry of protest when a proposal to change the name of the old street was recently made. The proposal was promptly and officially rejected and the Bowery will remain the Bowery. Ever since it was called Bowery Road, in 1700 or thereabouts, the thoroughfare has been a landmark. About 1760 it became known as Bowern Lane, and it has been the Bowery ever since 1807. It begins at Chatham square and ended, first at Grand street, then at East Fourth street, and finally at Cooper square.



1886—*When the Bowery was earning its reputation as the happy hunting ground of the rough element of Manhattan Island*

While the Bowery has gained fame mostly as a region of rough and ready recreation, it has plenty of achievements of a different sort. The Old Bowery Theatre was the first gas-lighted building in America. On the Bowery *Lohengrin* and other operas were sung for the first time in this country. Before the elevated railway came the Bowery was the brightest street in New York, antedating Broadway as the "white way" of the city. Now it is no more refulgent at night than any of a hundred other city streets.



1896—*Here begins the transition from the old, bad Bowery to the new street*



1916—*A staid and respectable business street, but clinging to its historic name for sentiment's sake in spite of periodical agitations for a rechristening*

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THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION AND THE WAGE-WORKER

BY WILLIAM B. WILSON, SECRETARY OF LABOR

IN DEALING with the achievements of the present administration no record would be complete which does not give a prominent place to the two great labor measures passed by the Sixty-third Congress, the Clayton Anti-Trust Law, recognized by the leaders of thought in the labor movement in the United States as Labor's Magna Charta, and the Seaman's Law, hailed by the wage-workers throughout the country, irrespective of calling, as the Emancipation Proclamation for seafaring men.

In succeeding articles I shall discuss both these questions at some length in order that their full force and significance to the American wage-worker may be better understood and the reasons why so many of the great leaders of the American labor movement have a warm, friendly feeling towards President Wilson, more fully appreciated. In this preliminary article I shall summarize the more miscellaneous activities of the Department of Labor, which came into existence on March 4, 1913, has been organized under the present administration, and has been endeavoring in a systematic and sympathetic way to assist in the solution of the problems confronting the wage-workers of the United States.

The Children's Bureau has been dealing with problems of child life. It began with a study of pre-natal care of mothers, and its bulletin on that subject, written in plain, homely language, has been invaluable in tens of thousands of homes. Its practical demonstrations of the proper method of caring for babies which resulted in setting aside the week beginning March 6, 1916, as Baby Week for practical instruction of mothers in the proper care of infants, have awakened a universal interest in the conservation of child life. Its investigations of sanitation, safety, hygiene and allied subjects have made available for the legislative bodies of the various states and municipalities the very best practical thought upon the subject.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics, in addition to keeping the people of our country advised upon the fluctuations in wholesale and retail prices, has made a number of investigations covering almost the entire field of industry and sympathetically administered the federal compensation law, and has for the first time in the history of the government been called upon by other departments to investigate the prevailing rate of wages in the vicinity of government plants in order to determine accurately the rate of wages which should be paid to various classes of mechanics and laborers employed in government works.

THE Bureau of Naturalization has very materially broadened the scope of its activities. It is not believed to be good policy for any governmental agency to attempt to induce any alien resident in the United States to renounce his allegiance to the country from which he comes. Such action might lead to international complications which would be serious in their consequences, but when an alien has signified his desire to become a citizen of this country by formally declaring his intention to do so, not only the welfare of the alien himself, but the welfare of all of our citizens, native and naturalized, requires that in the interim between his declaration of intention and his naturalization he should be given an opportunity to become as thoroughly familiar as possible with our language, our customs, our form of government and the fundamental principles underlying it. The Bureau of Naturalization has consequently interested school authorities all over the United States to provide school facilities in English and civics at night for those who work in the daytime, and similar facilities in the daytime for those who work at night. To accomplish that end it arranged a series of mass-meetings from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, one of which was addressed by the President of the United States, which resulted in the Americanization movement being inaugurated by a number of public-spirited citizens to promote the education in civics of aliens seeking citizenship in the United States.

The Bureau of Immigration has administered the immigration and Chinese exclusion laws with tact and discretion, and has utilized its Division of Information to organize a nation-wide system of labor exchanges and labor distribution with the purpose in view of reducing unemployment to a minimum. The cooperation of the Post-Office, Interior, Agriculture and Commerce departments has been obtained with a view to making the system as effective as possible, and contact is rapidly being made with municipal and state labor exchanges, thereby broadening the scope of their activities and adding to the effectiveness of the federal system. Realizing that there may still be unemployed workmen under certain industrial conditions even after every available job has been filled by competent workmen, plans are being effected for a real back-to-the-land movement on a basis which will utilize personal character plus community character as a basis for credits to those who otherwise would be unable to go upon the land: first, because they have not the means to acquire it; second, because they have not the means to equip it; and, third, because they have not the means to live until they get returns from it.

In the consideration of the plan, it is proposed that the Department of Agriculture will play an important part in providing soil surveys to determine the class of crops which can be most profitably raised, the kinds of fertilizers which can be most effectively used and the best methods of tilling the soil and marketing the crops.

WHILE the general purpose of the Department of Labor is to promote the welfare of wage-workers, and to increase their opportunities for profitable employment, the one great specific duty devolving upon the Secretary is to act as a mediator in trade disputes, or to appoint conciliators when, in his judgment, it is wise to do so. During the brief time the new department has been in existence, it has been called upon to intervene and use its good offices in adjusting scores of trade disputes, involving many thousands of workmen, and very extensive property rights. In handling these cases, it has been the policy of the Department not to undertake to impress its view-point, or the view-point of its officers, upon either

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of the contending parties, but rather to seek some common ground upon which both can stand, and which they, in the heat of the controversy, may have overlooked. In over ninety per cent of the cases we have been successful in bringing about a mutual understanding between employer and employee, thereby promoting their welfare and the welfare of the people at large.

In handling trade disputes, our efforts have been centred in endeavoring to bring employers and employees together in order that they might mutually work out their own difficulties to a successful conclusion. That is by far the best method, if it can be accomplished. Employers and employees have a mutual interest, not an identical interest—mark the distinction—in securing the largest possible production with a given amount of labor. The more there is jointly produced the more there is to divide between them. Their interests only diverge when it comes to a division of their joint production. When that state is reached, how much better it would be for both sides and for all parties concerned, if instead of strikes and lockouts, thereby cutting off all of production, and leaving nothing to divide, they would, like sensible business men, sit down around the council table together and work out on as nearly correct a mathematical basis as possible the share that each is entitled to. If we fail to get them to undertake to adjust their own difficulties themselves, our next step is to appoint a mediator to pass between the different parties, getting their various propositions and making such suggestions as may occur to us in an effort to find a basis of settlement. Failing in that, our next step is to propose arbitration, mutually entered into, with a basis of arbitration laid down in advance. Either of these methods is preferable to strikes. Our industrial and commercial supremacy is not so much dependent upon the cheapness of our labor as it is dependent upon its efficiency. If cheap labor was responsible for commercial supremacy, then China and India would be the commercial masters of the world. The most efficient labor existing anywhere is in the mind and muscle of the American working-man. Yet you cannot reach the highest standards of efficiency unless you have a spirit of cooperation existing between employer and employee. And you cannot have a real spirit of cooperation when one side endeavors to impose its will upon the other without the other's consent, and particularly when it carries with it the imposition of injustice.

Next week Secretary Wilson will take up the Seaman's Act, which has been the centre of so much controversy

THE CORRESPONDENT-SCHOOL LINGUIST

BY ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

Showing how a few words of foreign extraction will help along a border story

IT WAS dark when we reached Chihuahua, and the *cabronassos* were stretched along the dusty *cartoucheras* like so many *paneros*.

It had been a long day. We had marched from Benavides and were hot and thirsty. As El Nino, the filthy little *rurale* who carried our *balassos*, remarked in his quaint patois, "*Oyga, señor. Quien sabe?*" And we all agreed that he was right. It *wasn't* much like Brynt Park. And, after all, why should it be? Weren't these men fighting for their rights and their *pendecos?*

Suddenly the heavy air was rent with a sound like the rending of heavy air. We rested on the shift-keys of our typewriters and looked at one another. There was really nothing else that we could do.

I was the first to speak. The rest had, by that time, all gone to see what was the matter.

I later found out that it was a practise battle between the *Bandilleros* and the *Caballeros*, and that the noise was caused by General Ostorzo refusing to make a more picturesque fall from his horse for the moving-picture men. Considering the fact that the old general had done the fall four times already, it was hardly to be *sorolla*. The American public does not realize, as I do, what the "watchful waiting" policy of the administration has brought about in Mexico. And the end is not yet.

As we turned the corner of the *cabecillos* I stumbled over the form of an old *carrai*. He was stretched out on the hot sand with his waistcoat entirely unbuttoned and no links in his cuffs. It was like an old clerk I had once seen when I was a very little boy, only much more terrible.

Now and then he raised his head and muttered to his press-agent, "*Quien sabe? Quien sabe?*" And when the press-agent, who was intoxicated too, did not answer, the poor old wretch would fall back into his native Connecticut dialect and dig his nails into the grass.

We passed by, and on into the night. But none of us talked much after that. We had looked into the bleeding heart of a *viejos* country and it was not a pretty sight.

* * * * * *

I was sitting on the *cabron* of the old *colorado*. The sun was setting for the first time that day. Dark faced *centavos* straggled by crooning their peculiar *viejas*. Suddenly there was a cry of "*Viva, viva! Quien sabe?*" and out from the garage came General Ostronoco, leader of the Bonanzaists. There was a whirring of moving-picture machines and the sharp *toscadillo* of the *bambettas*, and the man who repudiated Wilson made his way up the escalator.

He is a heavy man; not too heavy, mind you, just *todas*. In fact, the Ostronoco that I knew looked very much like his photographs (twenty-seven of which accompany this article). Only the photographs do not show the man's remarkable vitality, which he always carries with him.

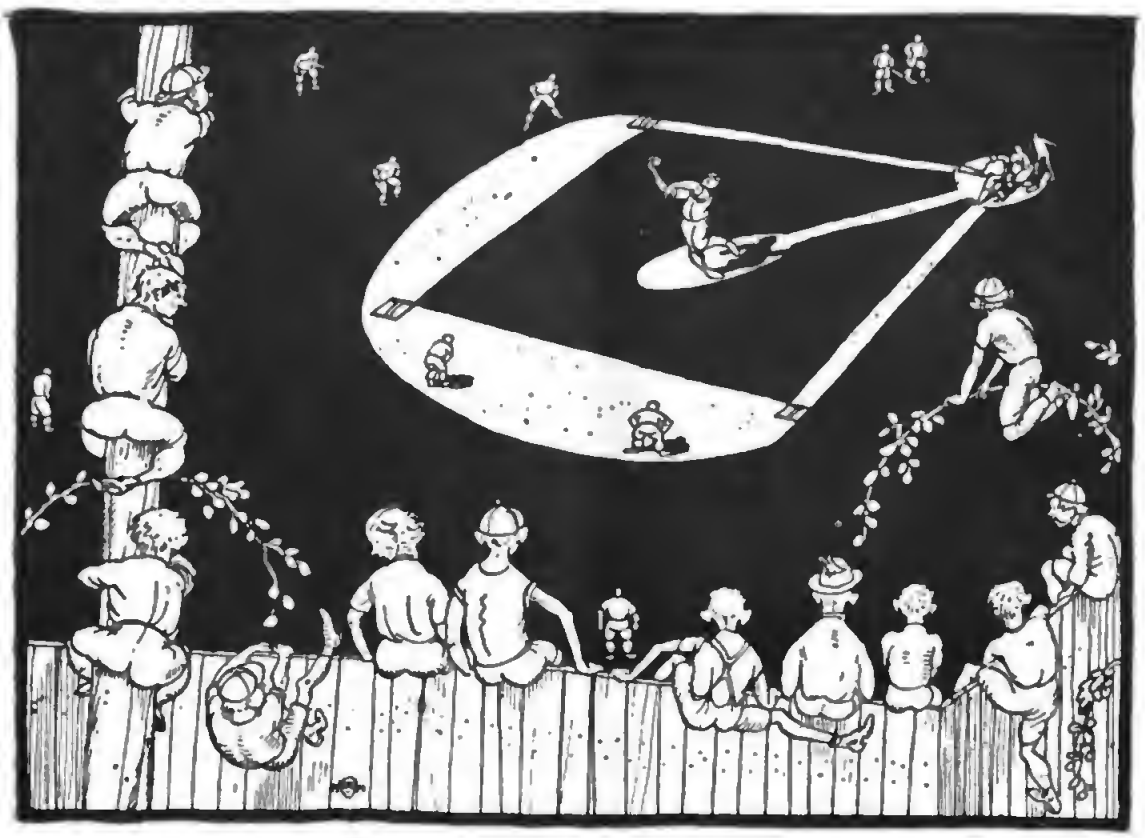
On seeing me he leaped impulsively forward and embraced me as many times as his secretary would allow.

"*Mi amigo! Mi babina*" he exclaimed. "*Quien sabe?*"

I told him that I was.

Then he passed on his way into the hotel bar. It was the last I saw of him, for the next moment we were surrounded by *muyjas*.

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PLUTARCH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

NO. 6: CHRISTOPHER MATHEWSON

BY F. P. A.

NOW it was Methusaleh, the story runneth, and of its authenticity there seemeth to be small doubt, who said, on the day on which his 360-year endowment policy matured, Lo! I have now Five Thousand and no-100 Talents and am accounted rich; wherefore I shall devote the remainder of my days to learning the game of golf, forasmuch as I am only 418 years of age, which is not too great an age to acquire proficiency in that sport; shewing the difference between that game and that of Base-ball, for it is held to be a matter of the most striking wonder that Christopher Mathewson, who is only five-and-thirty years of age, is still able to maintain his skill as a hurler of the horsehide, a pusher of the pellet, or, if that I may originate an expression, a baseball pitcher. For the years of a man's career in baseball are about five; then he goeth to the minor and minor leagues, and finally openeth a billiard parlor or an ale-house.



So when a man attains to the fame and age of J. P. Wagner, the Pittsburger, it is cause for great wonderment, and the young lads had liefer to be J. P. Wagner than J. P. Morgan, as I lately heard one say. But Christopher Mathewson they deem the most famous of all, not excluding Tycobb the Georgian. For he hath known the value of conservation; and he employeth no more energy than is necessary, squandering not even money. And of this trait there is this to be said: The populace crieth of a spendthrift, He is a fool!; and of a thrifty man, He is a fool! But the thrifty man is the better off in pocket, and in public esteem, too. Of the spendthrift, a few will say, He was a good guy when he had it. But his wife taketh in washing. And the thrifty man heareth the jeers of the witless, and buyeth another bond.

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BAKST ASIDE

BY CORNELIA STERRETT PENFIELD



Costume of Salomé, Soudeikin

THE inspired souls who are hurrying toward their several ideals of the "new theatre" would perhaps do well to pause occasionally,—often enough at least to permit the Average Person to catch up; surely there could be no better tarrying-place than with the Russian scene-designers: and surely it would be easier for the Average Person to understand those who are making the best of the present than to attempt to follow those whose thoughts lie wholly in the future.

"Russian artists! Ah, yes,—Bakst!" cries the A. P. happily. "Isn't he,—er, colorful! And his name is so easy to pronounce."

Sniff not, super-soul. The Average Person it is who in the end must ratify the judgment of both art-lover and critic. For lack of time he prefers the obvious; yet in due course he appreciates all that is permanently great and beautiful. Hence its permanence.

Unfortunately, Russian art to the Average Person means Bakst: and Bakst, Russian art. It is a severe mental jolt (even to some super-souls) to learn that since the bitter quarrel between Leon Bakst and the Russian Academy the artist has been an expatriate,—a resident of that Paris where he had spent his student days and where he was first acclaimed master-colorist,—at the "*salon russe*" of 1906.



Persian woman from "Le Coq D'Or," Gontcharova

Hence we must turn from Bakst, however unwillingly, to other Slavic modernists who are yet of Russia Russian: and these we find in talented numbers,—all contributing in some measure to the stage-settings which have been the glory of the Diaghileff Ballet or of the Art Theatre in Moscow: all owing their fame throughout the world either to Serge de Diaghileff, who took out into the world the Ballet,—or to Constantin Stanislavsky, who made the Art Theatre a journey's-end for the world.

The part that has been played by both Stanislavsky and Diaghileff in modern Russian art can but be mentioned. Suffice it that these great *régisseurs* have encouraged the work of artists such as Golovin, Doboujinsky, Larionof, Gontcharova, Benois, and Soudeikin, and presented it through stage-craft expression to the public,—the public, be it recalled, of Average Persons.

Therefore the knowledge of the pastel-softness of Golovin's work is not limited to the few who have visited the Tretiakoff gallery. It is shared by the many who know "Boris Godounov," the treasure of the Metropolitan, or "L'Oiseau de Feu" exquisitely designed for the Diaghileff Ballet. The greatest artists of Russia have been scene painters, and through their greatness has the once ignoble back-drop become a thing of beauty. Thus has it been with Golovin.

In the gray winter-Russia of *Boris Godounov* Golovin deified perfect artistry and historical accuracy without sacrificing either to the other. Further, he shrouded each scene with its own atmosphere, leaving any change in that atmosphere to foreknowledge of the lighting effects. Witness the coziness of the room in the Tsar's apartment wherein the little Tsarevitch played merrily with his old nurse: then the subtle change from coziness to cramped horror when Boris enters and enacts the haunting, retrospective scene with remorse and terror in his heart.

So, too, the artist-lighting of *L'Oiseau de Feu*. The setting is the same throughout, yet changes with the touch of the electrician to harmonize with the mood of the ballet.

During the opening *pas de deux* the audience senses merely a dim, mysterious background. As the enchanted maidens descend the stairs there comes a realization of the castle beyond the gates. With the entrance of the weird wizard the light changes to an eerie threatening baldness: the sullen red roofs and turrets are pricked out against the somber castle; and one becomes aware of the stone figures that dully express the fate of princes who have striven vainly. Then at the shattering of the spell, after the sudden blackness, is the bright, frank light of the day from which the prince and the enchanted princess are to live happily ever after; the castle seems to glow with radiant promise, and the red roofs are but a ruddy welcoming to their safe shelter.

Golovin never lived to see the completion of his design for this scene. After the friendly manner of Russia, Seroff finished the stone figures and Bakst planned the costume of the Fire-Bird, both sympathetic in their cooperation with their comrade, although of another school.

The two great art-schools of Russia have been characterized as "that of Moscow, picturesque and disbeveled," and "that of Petrograd, daring and wise, inventive, yet decorous." Possibly the best-known artists of the latter school are Bakst and Benois; of the former, Golovin.

Golovin was the most restrained of the Muscovites. Another, less picturesque than he, but certainly more disheveled, is Serge Soudeikin. A pupil of the great Korovin, Soudeikin began at the age of sixteen to design for the stage. One of his earliest settings was "La Mort de



Costume of Salomé, Soudeikin

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Tintagile" for Stanislavsky. His most startling achievement was in planning Florent Schmitt's "Tragédie de Salomé" which appalled Paris in 1913. For this he designed a costume for *Salomé* which consisted (in major part) of a long, marvelously long, train that swept down and down the stairs after *Salomé* had reached the stage below. Herein lies a reminiscent symbolism of the old legend that *Salomé* was transformed eventually into a comet, with the head of John the Baptist.

Such qualifications has Soudeikin presented that he may be recognized as "a cubist symbolist," a phrase sibilantly appealing to the great Russian critic Svetloff, who maintains that "The *décors* of this young painter are much more significant than all the theories of cubist philosophy." French and German critics have been less lenient in their remarks. Soudeikin is too extreme to be wholly inoffensive: but he is also too young to have defined irrevocably the future character of his work.

Another artist, more intimately connected with the Art Theatre, is Mstislav Doboujinsky, a youth of Polish descent, who forsook his law books for pencil and palette. His versatile genius has ranged from mural to book decorations, from studies of quaint nooks of old Russian cities to setting for the Art Theatre, for the Ballet, and for the Kommisarzhevsky Theatre of Petrograd. The *Midas* which he mounted for Diaghileff oddly interprets the theme in terms of farcical daintiness. His "Hamadryad," for example, is both graceful and comic; the sketch for it, a practical working drawing. Doboujinsky's designs are not primarily decorative as are those of Bakst and Soudeikin, nor secondarily quaint and crude as are those of Gontcharova and Larionof: they are instructions to the costumer, nothing more,—except to the discerning and imaginative person who sees in the sketch a hint of Botticelli or of Beardsley,—a hint that may lead to a fascinating study of other manifestations of Doboujinsky's art, his delicate vignettes, perhaps.



Hamadryad from "Midas," Doboujinsky

Nathalie Gontcharova, the sole woman artist to be cited in this inadequate *resumé*, is sadly handicapped—by being a granddaughter of Pushkin: that inseparable phrase overshadows her own considerable achievement. Her mounting of *Le Coq D'Or*, seen in Paris in 1914, framed the fantastic story in riotous color that seems not unlike old vivid chintz that has brightened rather than faded with the years. Here, again, was the artist prevented from undue prominence, however; for in producing *Le Coq D'Or* the iconolastic *régisseur* (again Diaghileff!) conceived a happy innovation in operas. The acting was intrusted to the mimes of the ballet, the music to a chorus seated on either side of the stage. A glance at the design in which Gontcharova has deftly expressed the half-humorous mood of the story of King Dodon, is enough to cause more than a moment's regret that *Le Coq D'Or* cannot be seen in America, the singing and acting performed by operatic stars and skilful actors respectively, and set in the gorgeous futurism of Nathalie Gontcharova's color-schemes. We must be satisfied with the trifle of her work done for the Ballet: even as with the bit of Michael Larionof's sharp splendor doled out to us in *Soleil de Nuit;* with the glimpse of Roerich in the setting of the dances from *Prince Igor;* with the folk-sympathy expressed by Alexander Benois in *Petrouchka.* More than these tantalizing tidbits must we forego for a while.



Warrior from "L'Oiseau de Feu," Golovin

As yet we have been given only enough of these artists to suggest to the Average Person how very much can be accomplished within the limitations of the "set" stage of today, by artists who understand art, lighting, and human nature. The more to come must be asked for by the Average Person himself, who may find through these Russian craftsmen a far simpler path to the theatre of tomorrow than all our ardent theorists have mapped.

Some fairly adequate idea of the Russian method (Bakst aside) as it is expressed in costume may be had from the illustrations accompanying this article. They are reproductions of typical costume plates by the leading artists whose work has been touched upon, and represent fairly the national trend in decorative art.



The first Oread from "Midas," Doboujinsky

HITS ON THE STAGE

BERNARD SHAW

AT THE Playhouse Theatre Miss Grace George is converting Captain Brassbound. Eight times a week she molds a vociferous brigand into an amiable sailor. On each occasion the transformation is complete and convincing.

Captain Brassbound is not Miss George's only convert. All season she has been saving souls from the musical comedy devil and the everlasting fire of the problem play. She has been enthusiastic enough to produce five good plays when one would have lasted her the season. To a very large number of people she has shown that things which give pleasure may also have sense. Miss George has converted a trash-bound public, as well as a Brassbound hero.



Miss Grace George

Certain people find Bernard Shaw enjoyable only when he is venomous. To these *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* will be a blow. The tone of the play is disappointingly genial. Shaw's only targets are the English judge and the African potentate, neither of whom is close enough home to permit a feeling of pleasant resentment. The play will also be a disappointment to the happy-enders. Most stage conversions result in a misalliance between the hero and his savior. But Mr. Shaw knows, among a great many other things, that a man had enough to be a villain in one of his plays cannot possibly make a fit husband for a nice lady. Consequently his play ends in a truthful and pleasing anti-climax.

A play in which there is as little running around and jumping over things as there is in this one, demands a superior grade of acting. This is true of all the plays Miss George has presented. Violent novelty or stereotyped sentimentality will not make a success of *The Earth*, *The Liars* or a Shaw comedy. Nor will repression, with a few fierce outbreaks, suffice. All season the acting of Miss George's company has appealed to the educated taste. Her own performances have been cultured, even though the five heroines have not been made quite distinct.

In *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* several of the best actors in Miss George's company are missing. Chief among these are Conway Tearle and Louis Calvert. Mr. Tearle played important rôles in all of the earlier productions, doing his best acting as Bill Walker in *Major Barbara*. In this play Mr. Calvert was also at his best. His performance of the part of Andrew Undershaft was one of the finest pieces of work of the entire season. But since there is no part in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* that suits either of them ideally, and since Miss George has replaced them with such fine actors as Robert Warwick and Lewis Edgard, their loss is not damaging. Ernest Lawford, who has been everything from a political boss to a Greek professor, takes another surprising leap. The theatre-goer needs no more pointed hint than to be told that as a production *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* is better than *Major Barbara*.

Such being the case we feel that we were justified in remarking, very early in the year, that Miss George's work was the most gratifying feature of the season.

THE MOVIES

ANOTHER repertory venture has been in progress at the Knickerbocker Theatre. There Henry Arthur Jones has been replaced by David Wark Griffith, and Bernard Shaw by Mack Sennett.

The Knickerbocker experiment has been an interesting one for several reasons. Primarily it has helped educate people to expect a superior sort of pictures. With few exceptions the films that the Triangle Company has been showing at the Knickerbocker Theatre have been intelligent and interesting efforts. It seems impossible to get away from the idea that comedy can be secured solely by pouring soup on a clean shirt. But the more serious films—the dramas and the "educational features"—have shown careful study.

This latter fact is one reason why the Knickerbocker experiment is unusual. The "educational feature" is no new device. For years it has been spoiling the evening for motion-picture enthusiasts. These people have suffered the educational element as a necessary evil, and silently submitted to it as such. Life is not all sunlight. But the prospect of a good murder picture was attractive enough to make a man endure a stiff dose of Scotch mountains or the portrayal of a potato bug in action.

It is along these ordinarily dull lines that the Knickerbocker managers have been most clever. They have realized that their evening's entertainment is quite like a magazine. Consequently they have seen the need of a good "make-up." They have put in their comedies and dramas much as a magazine editor uses his fiction and his best-sellers. The more solid material they have edited. In their hands the Alps become something more than a white strip beyond the ears of the horse that draws the photographer and his camera. The "nature studies" have been interesting, informative and an improvement on the dull actuality. The "news pictures" have not been deemed valuable solely because they are poor photography.

Finally, the programs at the Knickerbocker have suggested a new explanation for the popularity of the movies. It is an unconventional one: that people patronize motion pictures because they are not quite fond enough of music to take the latter in straight doses. On each Knickerbocker program there are at least three concert numbers, in addition to an overture and a constant repetition of Dvorak, Wagner, Schumann and others. If a movie enthusiast were asked to attend such a musicale he would rebel vociferously. But the Knickerbocker people believe that their house is filled because and not in spite of their music. They believe that their crowds enjoy music of a non-ragtime nature, and that the pictures are only incidental to this enjoyment. Fantastical as this may strike you, you have probably been one of those who pounded impatiently on the floor when the nickelodeon pianist stopped to find a new piece of music. At any rate, go to the Knickerbocker some time and listen to the applause that greets the concert numbers.

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STARS OF THE OLDEST LIVING PLAYS

ON THE first of April there were eight plays in New York City that had been running for twenty-one or more consecutive weeks. These plays, in the order of their production, were: *The Blue Paradise*, August 5th; *The Boomerang*, August 10th; *Common Clay*, August 26th; The House of *Glass*, September 1st; *Hit-the-Trail Holliday*, September 13th; *Hip-Hip-Hooray*, September 30th; *Potash and Perlmutter in Society*, October 21st; and *Fair and Warmer*, November 6th. Three of these plays are comedies, two are dramas, one is a farce, another a musical comedy, and another an extravaganza. Every possible form of theatrical entertainment is represented by a "long run" play.

The list does show one thing, however,—that the "problem play" is still popular. *Common Clay*, with 271 performances to its credit, wrestles with the problem of class distinction. *The House of Glass*, 267 performances old, tries to solve the still more weighty problem of how to commit a crime and not be arrested for it. Part of the success has been due, doubtless, to the popularity of the respective stars, Miss Jane Cowl and Miss Mary Ryan.

As might be expected, there is not a single "highbrow" play in the list. *The Boomerang* is probably the nearest approach, though its audiences would never admit the charge. *Fair and Warmer*, *Hip-Hip Hooray* and *Potash and Perlmutter in Society* are entertaining enough to merit their success. *Hit-the-Trail Holliday* is by George Cohan. But why the other three have been so popular is one of the secrets that make producing a fascinating sport.



Ever since August tenth Miss Martha Hedman has inspirited "The Boomerang" Moffett



White

Miss Jane Cowl—than whom there is no more popular weeper in the United States. In "Common Clay" she is now going on her two hundred and seventy-second cry



There have been 266 raids at Mary Ryan's "House of Glass" Hall



Barony

It was early in November when Miss Janet Beecher decided that she could live no longer with her "Fair and Warmer" husband,—but she is living with him still

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AN ISSUE OF THE NEXT ELECTION

BY F. J. H. VON ENGELKEN

TO HIM who runs and reads, and in this country his name is Legion, the information that Congress has on its program for passage a Rural Credits Bill, conveys little of information and possibly nothing more than the thought that the administration is, in exchange for votes, throwing a sop to Cerberus; that notorious animal in this instance being replaced by some millions of our rural population.

Since a little knowledge is a dangerous thing it is perhaps fitting at this time to point out to the "running reader" wherein exists a condition of our agricultural life requiring to be remedied and how the ramifications of such remedy will reflect to the financial benefit of the most casual head-line readers.

Why is the present farm mortgage system unsatisfactory, and what are the changes it is proposed to make? To answer one question with another, why do railroads, when securing funds, mortgage their properties for a long term of years instead of for short periods of from two or three to five years, as is the case with our farmers today? Eliminating technicalities, first, because the earning capacity of a railroad is in such proportion to the amount involved in its borrowings that it would be a physical impossibility to utilize its borrowed money for so short a period with the expectation of, at the end of such period, repaying the principal out of money secured by earnings. In the second place, a railroad depending for its earnings in large measure upon the transportation of agricultural products must recognize the element of uncertainty which enters into the business of agriculture, and must so trim its financial sails as to meet the stresses of lean agricultural years occasioned by conditions over which it has no control.

In the two elements cited farming and railroading are to all intents and purposes parallel. Considering the amount of capital involved, the earnings of the average farmer of today, after making the necessary deductions for livestock losses, fixed charges and a living for himself and his family, are utterly inadequate for the repayment of his mortgage loans within the short periods of time upon which such loans are available to him today. Furthermore, as anyone familiar with farming knows, reckoning must be had, no matter how intelligent be the operations, with curtailment of earnings by reason of natural conditions which cannot be controlled. Add a year, or perhaps two, of partial or total crop failures to the burden of the farmer, who is required out of his earnings to repay a heavy mortgage loan, and it will be plain that his condition is not one to excite envy. Nor does such a condition contribute to his standing with his local bank as one worthy of credit for his current needs.

The Emperor of Germany at one time publicly announced that the stability and economic strength of the German Empire is due almost entirely to the healthy economic condition of its farmers, and that this condition of the German farmers is due, more than anything else, to the intelligent and far-reaching financial vehicles which have been provided for their peculiar needs. It speaks volumes for the resources of our country and for the virility and energy of our farmers, that without such aids we rank so high agriculturally. Obviously, however, we ought to profit by the examples set us by other nations and place agriculture upon a sound economic footing. This the present administration proposes to do, and it is this effort that goes current under the title of Rural Credits. Once established it will be possible for the farmer to secure his constructive capital requirements for a long period of years and upon a basis which will enable him to make a gradual reduction of the principal, annually. The amount of the annual principal and interest payment will then be in such proportion to his average annual earnings as to come well within the scope of his ability to meet. Furthermore, aside from removing the constant dread of foreclosure, it will enable him annually to retain for his own use so much larger a proportion of his earnings than is now the case, that it will automatically make him available as credit material with his local bank, should he require short time financial assistance, since a larger proportion of his earnings will be available to him annually for the repayment of such obligations.

IT IS one of the peculiarities of the situation as it exists today, that the banker, the manufacturer and the merchant are making no effort to assist in the consummation of this piece of legislation. Even the most elementary attention given this question must convince anyone of the benefits to accrue to those having business relations, either direct or indirect, with the farmer. Aside from the increase in earning capacity that will come to the farmer by reason of a financial system constructed to meet his mortgage requirements, there will exist this situation: A farmer who today mortgages his property secures the money upon whatever terms he can from a local money-lender. Such a transaction obviously brings no outside capital into any given community. Under the new system the same farmer, through the medium of an absolutely sound bond, secures his capital requirements from sources where money is plentiful and thereby adds to the wealth of his particular community; and it must be apparent that the growth of an agricultural community is very largely dependent upon outside capital that can, in one way or another, be induced to come there. Added to this, by no means the least benefit to accrue to such a community would be the ability of farmers' sons and present tenants to purchase farms upon terms that will enable them to do so with comparative safety. More than land, an agricultural community needs land-owning farmers—and nothing that legislation could provide today is of greater importance or of more far-reaching effect than to make it possible to increase our number of operating farm owners.

This is a scant digest of the puposes to be accomplished by the present Hollis-Moss Rural Credits Bill. *It is a compendium of the examples provided by European experience shaped to meet our American conditions* and coordinated into a whole by the intelligent work of those who have the matter in hand in Congress. It is not bread cast upon political waters in the hope that votes will return; *it is a piece of constructive legislation that will cause the present administration to stand out in history when other things now deemed important will have long been forgotten.* Coming at the close of the term it will be a fitting climax to a record of achievement.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMATEURS

THE kodak shutters of the amateurs have been clicking busily, and the Pictorial News department of *Harper's Weekly* has been generously supplied with the resultant snapshots. There are news pictures on this page from east, west, north and south, to say nothing of Mexico. Every week more pictures will be published, with a $10 weekly prize for the best and a $2 check for honorable-mention views that are published. The pictures must be timely and must possess news value.



On the trail of Villa—a United States army pack-mule train climbing Mexican foothills with supplies. This photograph is awarded the $10 prize (Herbert Beardsley)



The aeroplane in which Frank Burnside broke the speed record for military aircraft—the fastest aeroplane in the United States. It is a 135 horsepower Thomas military tractor, type D2, and is accredited with an average speed of 95 miles an hour. (G. E. Brower)



Wreck on New York Central at Amherst, O., in which 16 lives were lost. (C. Halzaepel)



Ruins of the Hotel Imperial Knoxville, Tenn., which burned recently with $250,000 loss, but no casualties. (C. Raleigh Harrison)



Washington Square, New York City, after the last snowstorm of the winter. In the foreground is one of the city's fleet of snow-scrapers, which worked night and day to keep traffic operating. (Allen Carpenter)

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"Come out of there!"

HUERTA AND THE TWO WILSONS

BY ROBERT H. MURRAY

THIS is the fourth instalment of a dramatic contribution to inside current history. In his first three articles Mr. Murray told how Madero came to distrust Ambassador Wilson. He gave an account of Manuel Mondragon's scheme, of Mr. Wilson's conduct and of his threat to bring armed intervention into Mexico. In this week's instalment he continues his account of the revolution

MEANWHILE the fighting went on. What appeared on the surface, and estimated from the noise created and the amount of powder burned, to be a bona fide effort on the part of the federals to dislodge the rebels from the Ciudadela, was proved by later developments to be only a sham performance stage-managed by Huerta all through the ten days of the sordid, sanguinary farce.

Neither Madero nor his ministers had apprehension of the ultimate result. Madero's only confessed fear was that Wilson might succeed in inducing the United States to intervene. "The American ambassador is our greatest enemy," he declared to me on the forenoon of Sunday, February 16th, when I saw him in the National Palace. He then told me that Wilson had threatened that American troops would be sent into Mexico unless Madero resigned and the fighting ceased. "This is my answer," said the President, showing me a copy of a long cable message which he had sent the previous day to Taft, and which began: "I have been informed that the government over which your Excellency dignifiedly presides has ordered to set out for the ports of Mexico war vessels with troops to disembark and to come to this capital to give guarantees of safety to Americans."

"Who informed you to that effect?" I asked. "The American ambassador," replied the President. The next day Taft's reply came. He reassured Madero as to intervention. Wilson charged that Madero had tried to arouse anti-American sentiment through the republic by sending broadcast messages that the American troops were to be landed at Vera Cruz. What Madero did do, in a panic over the threat of intervention that Wilson had hurled at him, was to issue a proclamation, exhorting the people to remain tranquil and support the government so as to avoid creating a situation which might lead to an American intervention.

General Aureliano Blanquet's famous Ninth Battalion

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—composing the best organized, equipped and disciplined troops in the federal army—was in garrison in Toluca, three hours by train from the capital, when the revolt started. They were ordered to come immediately to the City of Mexico. Blanquet delayed. He wired one excuse after another: he had to collect his men; a bridge on the railway line had burned; he could not get cars. Blanquet could have marched his troops over the mountains in two days at the most. Finally he arrived on Sunday, February 16th, a week from the commencement of the fighting. The date and the fact are significant. Remember them.

Up to Monday, the 17th, when the last shots were exchanged between the beleaguered rebels and the federals, all operations not only had demonstrated the inability of the rebels to make gains, but, in spite of Huerta, had brought favorable results to the loyal troops. Wilson was unswerving in his declarations that the rebels were getting the better of the federals. The truth was that, if anything, the situation was stalemate. Evidently some intimation had been conveyed to the ambassador from the State Department that his reports on events in the City of Mexico were at variance with those received from other sources. For that, the department had only to compare Wilson's bulletins with the news dispatches from the capital. Replying on February 16th to a message from the department, under date of the 13th, Wilson cabled: "Without taking exception to the department's attitude, I must take exception to the statement therein that the latest reports from Mexico City seem to indicate a turn for the better. In fact, the reports which have been sent from this embassy have not indicated any improved condition, but on the contrary, conditions have been growing steadily worse, except that an armistice has been obtained for today."

NEITHER Madero nor his ministers had apprehension of the ultimate result. Madero's only confessed fear was that Henry Lane Wilson might succeed in inducing the United States to intervene. "The American ambassador is our greatest enemy," he declared to me on the forenoon of Sunday, February 16th, when I saw him in the National Palace

Wilson told the truth. The reports which had been sent from the embassy had "not indicated any improved condition." They told of rioting, looting, lack of food, rebels' gains, attacks upon Chinese residents—they told almost everything except the facts. I cannot recall one dispatch transmitted by the ambassador to Washington which contained an encouraging or favorable allusion to the government. Wilson had established secret relations with Huerta early in the fight. They had selected a go-between. "My confidential messenger with Huerta" Wilson terms him in one of his dispatches. This messenger was a fit selection for the dirty job that was cooking. Zepeda was his name—Enrique Zepeda, called by courtesy Huerta's "nephew," but in popular belief his illegitimate son. Zepeda was a notorious *debauché*. He had been expelled from the Mexican Country Club for disreputable conduct. In after days, while drunk, he boasted that it was he who had made the arrangements between Huerta and Wilson. It was Zepeda who first notified the ambassador that Madero was arrested. He rushed into the American Embassy on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 18th, with blood streaming from a wounded hand received during the *mêlée* in the palace which accompanied the seizure of the President, shouting: "Tell the ambassador that I have come, as I promised, to let him know what happened!"

When and how the ambassador obtained the first knowledge that Huerta would seize the government and imprison Madero is not precisely indicated in his dispatches. He originally broached the matter to the State Department on Sunday, February 16th. It is well to remember that this is the day upon which Blanquet, after a week's delay, brought his troops into the city. With the presence of Blanquet, the dependable Blanquet, Huerta was now in a position to drive ahead full speed. It is curious that on this day, when, with the arrival of Blanquet and his troops, Huerta must have felt the game securely in his hands, that the ambassador should have made his initial reference to forthcoming events in the following cryptic sentences with which he concluded a dispatch to the State Department:

"Eleven o'clock, Sunday morning, February 16th: Confidential. General Huerta has indicated a desire to speak to me and I shall see him some time during the day, and shall, perhaps, ask the German and the Spanish ministers to accompany me. I hope for good results of this."

One wonders what there was so unusual about the fact that a subordinate officer of a government, (with which the ambassador, according to diplomatic usage, was supposed to deal only through its executive, or its foreign office,) desired to speak to the ambassador as to impel the ambassador to call attention to the fact in a special, "confidential" dispatch! And what, one also speculates, were the "good results" of this visit for which the ambassador hoped?

The ambassador cabled again to the State Department in a dispatch dated at midnight on the same day, and said:

"Huerta has just sent me a special messenger, saying that it was impossible for him to keep the appointment he made with me for today, but that he expected to take steps toward terminating the situation."

One recalls that on this day there was no fighting, an armistice having been arranged between the contestants. Huerta, therefore, could not have been engaged on the firing line. But Blanquet had just arrived in the city. Naturally Huerta was eager to pay a courtesy call upon his old companion in arms and chat with him a bit, even though he had an appointment with the American ambassador.

Let's see. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the ambassador gives notice that Huerta wishes to talk to him and that he "hopes for good results of this." Blanquet gets into town. Huerta is too occupied to keep his appointment with the ambassador, who informs the Department at midnight that Huerta had not appeared, but had informed the ambassador that he "expected to take steps towards terminating the situation." It strikes one as remarkable that the ambassador should make two references the same day in cables to a meeting with Huerta. Probably he had before met Huerta and scores of other minor officials in Mexico, dozens of times, without telling the department about it. Palpably, Wilson knew something was brewing.

Here then, we have two dispatches transmitted to the Washington government containing intimations that "something" was going to happen which would exert an important influence upon the situation in the City of Mexico—a situation concerning which Washington obvi-

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ously was much disturbed. One would fancy that someone about Washington, possibly Taft, Knox, or even Huntington Wilson, would have manifested sufficient languid interest in the subject to ask Wilson to speak up and tell them what it was that he was hinting around about. But no one did.

Wilson may have sent up these two messages, balloon-fashion, to see if Washington would awaken to the fact that developments of moment presaged in the Mexican situation, and demand explanations.

If Washington had done this, and Wilson had cabled full particulars, it would then have been up to Washington to do one of two things: either give tacit consent, by saying nothing in objection to the impending overthrow of a friendly, legally constituted government by a traitorous general; or to notify Wilson that the United States government would not stand for the sort of thing that Huerta purposed doing, and instruct the ambassador to warn Huerta to behave himself. But Washington remained silent. It asked no explanation of Wilson.

Wilson might have argued from this: "They understand what I am hinting at, and do not want to interfere. Silence gives consent. They have put it up to me to do as I please. I'll do it."

This was rather canny on Washington's part, one opines. If they could get rid of Madero without soiling their own fingers and see him replaced by a man who would give Mexico another "strong" government, like that of Diaz, and too much uproar was not raised over that, well and good. On the other hand, if the thing did lead to an international scandal Washington had in Wilson a scapegoat. Upon him would fall the odium, the fault for acting without instructions, for not taking his home office into his confidence. A cool, level-headed man would have seen through Washington's game in a minute. But not Wilson. Sometimes one suspects that the ambassador was not an especially clever man.

To continue: On the following day, Monday, February 17th, at four o'clock in the afternoon the ambassador once more endeavored to force his confidence and his secret upon the dull, cold ear of his superiors in Washington. In this dispatch he opened up a trifle, became more specific, cabling:

"General Huerta has just sent his messenger to me again to say that I may anticipate some action which will remove Madero from power at any moment, and that plans were fully matured, the purpose of the delay being to avoid any violence or bloodshed. I asked no questions beyond requesting that no lives be taken excepting by due process of law. I am unable to say whether those plans will come to anything or not. I simply repeat to the government the words sent to me, which I feel bound to listen to, as it so intimately concerns the situation of our nationals in the city."

Still no query from Washington. The State Department stood mute. Taft and Knox palpably reposed supreme confidence in the representative of the United States government in Mexico, in his discretion, his skill, his finesse, his ability to keep his government out of trouble, to preserve its prestige unsullied before the Spanish-American nations.

That night, Monday, before he retired Wilson got off another cable to the department. The hardest fighting of the entire *Decena Tragico* took place that day. Possibly Huerta was so engrossed in his own private concerns that the federals got away from him, and really made headway. They accomplished important gains in the vicinity of the Ciudadela, so much so, in fact, that the government people, from Madero down, flattered themselves that one more assault, either that night, or the following day, would give them the Ciudadela. I had this from the lips of Madero on Monday night.

On the evening of the same day Ambassador Wilson sent another message to Washington, part of which follows:

"Monday night, February 17th, 10 o'clock: The federal troops are being withdrawn from all exposed points tonight and retired toward the palace." (This was wholly false, for the only troops which went into, or towards, the palace that night were those of Blanquet, which Huerta had ordered there, to replace loyal soldiers in preparation for the *coup d'état* next day. Further evidence that the ambassador knew what was going on is afforded by the following extract from the same dispatch:

"Blanquet's troops have been placed in charge of the National Palace, which is in accordance with a message sent me by General Huerta that all purely Maderista soldiers were to be put outside and soldiers upon whom he could depend would replace them. The disorganization and lack of loyalty in the federal army is becoming more evident and the adhesion of the citizen volunteers to Diaz more marked. I expect important developments tomorrow.")

Still no query from Washington. "With patience," probably thought Taft and Knox to themselves, "and if we wait long enough we shall find out what those 'important developments' are all about. No use in bothering Wilson; besides, he must be a very busy man." He was, unquestionably. Wilson was taking long chances in his statement regarding the "adhesion of the citizen volunteers" to Diaz. Along about the second day of the fighting Mondragon incontinently shooed all but a few of the "citizen volunteers" from the Ciudadela, for they were eating the garrison out of house and home, and doing nothing, excepting to clutter up the place.

The important element of publicity—publicity properly angled—was not overlooked by Wilson in all the multitudinous arrangements for the obsequies of the Madero administration. He snatched time to attend to that. During the evening of Monday the ambassador summoned to his cabinet a newspaper correspondent, with whom he was on terms of close personal intimacy. This correspondent represented the Associated Press in the City of Mexico. Under pledge of secrecy, and for the purpose of equipping the correspondent with information which would enable him to govern his movements the following day, the ambassador communicated in detail what was planned to take place within the next twenty-four hours. He told the correspondent that at noon on Tuesday Madero was to be made prisoner by Huerta and that the cabinet and Don Gustavo Madero, the President's brother, were also to be arrested.

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The fifth instolment of "Huerta and the Two Wilsons" will appear in next week's issue

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL

BY W. J. CLARKE

ONE of the most approved methods of improving the mind is to trace out historical parallels. You write a comparison between Alexander the Great and Charlemagne, or Dante and Milton, or Judas Iscariot and the leader of the other political party, and you prove conclusively that they resemble each other minutely in some respects and differ only in others. In doing this your mind expands like the paper bag which the small boy bloweth out, preparatory to a glorious bang. The people who read these parallels, also have their minds improved, provided their minds are capable of improvement, which is not always the case. It is believed that almost any sort of mind will be influenced, one way or another, by a perusal of this great historical parallel between an Eskimo tribe who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and a tribe of young men who lived in this country in these latter days.

By making a special effort, the name of the Eskimo tribe could be printed, but it could not be pronounced, so the effort would be in vain. They lived in happy innocence, among icebergs and polar bears, thriving on a natural diet of whale-blubber and free from the digestion-destroying joys of tallow candles and train-oil. Their life was wild and free and, knowing nothing about any part of the world except their own bleak arctic regions, everyone of them had as good an opinion of himself as a rich man in a country town. All that Nature had to give away in that region, was theirs for the taking, and as they had no knowledge that nature was more bountiful in other places, they were contented according to their lights.



"Told them incredible stories of other lands"

The young men on the other side of the parallel lived in a state of happy celibacy (which is practically the same thing as innocence) among Tennis matches and Whist clubs and throve on restaurant fare, thereby escaping the digestion-destroying joys of Home Cookery. Their life was wild and free and, knowing nothing by experience of any other existence than their own bleak single blessedness, every one of them had as good an opinion of himself as a self-made man. All that Civilization had to give to men in their benighted state was theirs and, as they had no idea that Civilization was more bountiful to men in other conditions of life, they were contented according to their lights.

In those specious days when our Eskimos lived, the inhabitants of Europe, who found it difficult to live by plunder at home, spent most of their time scouring the earth in search of other lands to plunder; and no place being so unprotected as the new world in the west, they ravaged it from Terra del Fuego to the Arctic seas. One shipload of these miscreants came to the land where the unpronounceable tribe lived and told them incredible stories of other lands where it was so warm that clothes were worn in order to keep cool; where vegetation, instead of taking the lowly form of moss, covered the earth with stately trees bearing luscious fruits—in a word, they told them about the new settlement called Virginia, from which the narrators had recently managed to escape.

In these present days, it is wisdom for anyone who has seen a coin lying on the ground and, on trying to pick it up, has realized that it is attached to a piece of thread with a small boy at the other end, to say nothing, but try the same dodge on other people. That is why married people are always matchmakers. Some of these people told those unsophisticated young men incredible stories about a state of existence where all was calm and peaceful, and clothes instead of wearing out were patched and darned; where Arithmetic, instead of being a hard and bitter thing, was so pliable that two could live as cheaply as one; where life was one long triumphant joy-ride and no one had to look up the meaning of the word "comfort" in the dictionary. In brief, they told them of the happy and holy state of Matrimony, from which the narrators had no hope of being able to escape.

The Eskimo, in their ignorance, smiled at the narratives at first, but Repetition is the mother of Belief and, in time, they began to look upon them as true or, at all events, as near the truth as the navigators could get. Like the people who study occult science, they began to believe that there was "something in it." After a time, a number of them decided to leave their bleak, northern home and go and enjoy the delights of the much vaunted settlement of Virginia.

THE modern young men, in their ignorance, also smiled at what they were told, but Credulity is the offspring of Repetition and, in time, they began to look upon it as true, or as near the truth as could be expected

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in a wicked world. Like the people who read patent-medicine advertisements, they began to think that at any rate there must be "something in it" and, after a time, a number of them decided to risk it and enter into the enjoyment of the much vaunted state of Matrimony.

Once more we revert to the Eskimo. The brave hearts who had decided to abandon the homes of their youth and tempt Providence in search of happiness in a far country, bought a passage on the ship that had been their undoing and traveled to the aforesaid settlement of Virginia. To their extreme surprise, they found that what they had been told by the sailors was true; that sunshine was the normal state of things; that vegetation grew to a surprising height; that fruit grew on the trees; that birds, adorned with brilliant feathers, flew among the branches, and that other things happened as they had been told. Then the Eskimo rejoiced and said scornful things about those of their tribe who had feared to venture.

Again we digress to the modern young men. The brave hearts who had decided to abandon the habits of their youth and tempt Providence by seeking happiness in double harness, bought golden rings and so entered the aforesaid state of Matrimony. To their extreme surprise, they found that what they had been told was true; that comfort was the normal state of things; that household bills grew to surprising height; that babies grew under gooseberry bushes; that hats, adorned with brilliant feathers, could be bought in shops, and that many other things happened according as they had been told. Then these young men rejoiced and said scornful things about those of their tribe who had feared to venture.

THE Eskimo were now settled in a country that exceeded their previous habitat in every possible way and they had every comfort that heart could desire. Instead of the icy air of the north, teeming with seagulls, they had the balmy air of Virginia, teeming with nothing worse than mosquitoes. Instead of the vast solitude of the icefields they had Salvinistic settlers and the noble Red Man for companions. Instead of the ample profusion of the northern seas, where food was plentiful at any time, they had cornfields and nothing to do but wait until the harvest was ripe, when they felt hungry. They were in the lap of luxury and Lord! how they pined to be back in the old country once more!

The young men were also settled in a condition that exceeded their previous state in every possible way and enjoyed every comfort that the heart could desire. Instead of the hollow joys of singularity, teeming with disappointments, they had the soul-filling delights of domesticity, teeming with all sorts of things: Instead of the grim solitude of their early days, they had their wives' relations for companions. Instead of the ample profusion of hotel dining-rooms, where whatever they happened to fancy was obtainable at a moment's notice, they had the domestic larder and nothing to do but wait until dinner was ready, when they felt hungry. They were in the lap of luxury and not one of them dared to say, even to himself, that he bankered after the old days.

This is by no means the whole of the parallel, but it is enough. Anyone reading it about seven times, will have the moral lesson it teaches revealed to him, either slowly, like a rosebud unfolding itself, or suddenly, like the child's hoop that is trodden on and smiteth the shin. The moral is, that the surroundings of youth however lowly are dearer than a more gaudy environment that lacks the charm of childish remembrance. But, as every man is born a bachelor, this moral lesson must not be carried too far.

WOMAN'S EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA

BY GEORGE F. MILTON, JR.

ADVOCATES of higher education for women in Virginia were disappointed by the Virginia Legislature's failure to pass the bill establishing a coordinate college for women at Charlottesville, where Thomas Jefferson's famous institution is located. Coordination leaders were not discouraged, however, and plan to bring the matter before the next legislature and work for its passage undisturbed by this failure. This is the third time, since the proposal was first brought out in 1910, that it has failed of passage in the House of Delegates. The Senate has each time passed it, and the majority against it in the house has been decreased, until on March 7th of this year it was but two out of 94.

The University of Virginia is the child of the greatest Democrat in the early history of the country, and one of his proudest boasts—in fact, one of the three things by his command carved on Jefferson's tombstone. It early took a lead in southern education, and assumed a commanding post. The names of Minor, Gildersleeve, Humphreys, Mallet, Harrison, Francis Smith among the professors, Poe, Page, Wilson, Oscar Underwood, and John Sharp Williams are on the list of graduates.

When the proposal for the admission of women to Virginia was first broached, a cry of horror arose from undergraduates and alumni. The faculty was divided on the subject, but with the majority on the side of the coordinate college. But still the prejudice remained among the students.

There is no doubt that the majority of students at the university are still opposed. When asked why, they will admit that they believe in the higher education of women, in a state university for them, on a plane with the one for men at Charlottesville, but will say that women's admission to a college near the men's school would be a blow to the traditions of Virginia. Back of this plea is a fear of anything new, a belief that change will be hurtful, and not helpful, that the *status quo* must be maintained, if Virginia is to advance.

A certain amount of reactionary thought is necessary for a university, or a community, or a nation, but an institution for the education of the youth of a state in the way to live is not fulfilling its proper function to the state if ultra conservative Virginia has had too great a past to play such a part. Mrs. Munford's efforts will soon bear fruit, and in the light of the future her present opponents will bless her accomplishment.

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JOURNALISTIC JINGLES

BY A. R. FERGUSSON

INVOCATION

IF YOU be one of those Strange Creatures who
Care no iota for the Press Omniscient,
Nor for the Master Minds that make it, you
Have read sufficient.

But if you'd like to meet the Men who Planned
The Sheet on which your Daily Thoughts depend, you
May go ahead and read These Writings, and
The Gods defend you!

THE COPY CHOPPER

THE Copy Chopper chops the lines away,
Letting the phrases fall where'er they may.
The head he fashions does not fit the sense,
But what cares he? It fits the space O. K.



THE WAR CORRESPONDENT

THE War Correspondent goes off to the Front,
With letters to everyone there.
To see him in khaki you'd think that the brunt
Of the fighting would fall to his share.

His stories are dated from "Somewhere in France,"
"In Belgium with French's command;"
And the editors doubtless would view them askance
If they knew they all came from the Strand.

THE REPORTER

REPORTERS ferret out the lairs,
And often injure the digestions
Of janitors and millionaires
By asking irritating questions.

And when they gather in a tale
They know is truer than the Bible,
The City Ed. lets out a wail
And says, "Can't use the thing—it's libel!"



THE HUMORIST

THE hardest job of all to twist
Is handled by the Humorist,
Who grinds his Column's daily grist
Peck after peck.

Does he get time to see the games,
To bowl a half a dozen frames,
Or dally with the dimpled dames?
You bet your neck!



THE CITY EDITOR

BEHOLD the City Editor! You may
Have reasons why you think you ought to prize him,
Until you sit beside him for a day
And listen to the people who advise him.

The Humorist, the Advertising Man,
The Circulation Manager, the Printers,
Know more about his job when they began
Than he will know in half a hundred winters.

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SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

HIS job of reporting the war all the way from Flanders to Constantinople and back again had one specially pronounced effect on Arthur Ruhl—it gave him the deepest sort of sympathy for the fighting men of all allegiances, and correspondingly the deepest sort of contempt for what he calls "newspaper rhetoric and windy civilian partisanship." This phrase occurs in one of the early chapters of Mr. Ruhl's book, *Antwerp to Gallipoli*. Toward the end of the book the author's sentiments on this topic have become so intensified that he is suggesting "an attempt to send the editors and politicians of all belligerent countries to serve a week in the enemy's hospitals."

But except when he gets to thinking about the swivel-chair strategists in the capitals, Mr. Ruhl keeps his own views on the rightness and the wrongness of things strictly in subjection to his task, which is the reporting of what he saw in his remarkably extensive tours through the different zones of warfare. The chapter on the bombardment of Antwerp is perhaps the book's best example of straightaway reporting. The pages dealing with wartime Berlin show how natural it is for correspondents in Germany to grow enthusiastic over the unquenchable nationalism of that country. Readers who have wearied of the stark realities of war will find the idyllic and the gently humorous in Mr. Ruhl's stories of the correspondents' village in Hungary and of the fifty hostages at Gallipoli. The whole thing is a fine, balanced piece of writing.



Illustration by W. T. Benda, from H. G. Dwight's "Stamboul Nights"

ONCE in a while it is given to a writer to tell stories of the lives of an alien people, not as one who looks on from the window of a hotel, but in the very manner of the people whose stories he is telling. This does not happen very often, but when it does, as in the case of H. G. Dwight's *Stamboul Nights*, one may be sure that reading the stories will not involve any waste of time. Mr. Dwight contrives to make his narratives of Turkish life sound as if they had been transcribed semi-literally from viva voce accounts by the characters themselves. Such stories as "The Leopard of the Sea" and "The House of the Giraffe" have more than "local color"—they reproduce vividly the shiftless, corrupt Turkey of the old régime.

WHILE the critics are still heatedly engaged in their attempts to determine whether the *Spoon River Anthology* is exalted prose or illegitimate poetry, there appears a new volume of the works of Edgar Lee Masters, called *Songs and Satires* and made up mostly of poems hewn into perfectly orthodox forms. About the only blood-relatives of *Spoon River* in the new book are a piece about Mr. Bryan called "The Cocked Hat," a middle-west idyl named "In Michigan," a personal sketch of William Marion Reedy, and possibly one or two others. On the other hand, Mr. Masters goes back to medieval ballad form for "St. Francis and Lady Clare" and his two "Launcelot" ballads, which are beautifully done. Neither is there anything essentially "new" in "Rain in My Heart" (see Verlaine), or in cheerful lyrics like the one beginning:

> When under the icy eaves
> The swallow heralds the sun.

There are more songs than satires in *Songs and Satires*, and the verses are pretty uniformly good, though not of a type that will thrill the disciples of "emancipated" verse as the *Anthology* did.

READERS of *Seventeen* will laugh boisterously, callously, over the emotional experiences of Booth Tarkington's adolescent hero, William Sylvester Baxter. In this manner they will advertise their inability to recall their own youthful soul-reactions to front-veranda moonlight, amber-colored fluffy hair and a saccharin lisp. Or else they will be poignantly recalling personal reminiscences of the puppy-love period, in which case the loud laughter will be for the purpose of slurring over these self-accusing reflections. Of all things that a man does not care to let his memory dwell upon, the foolishness of youth is chief.

William Baxter, the delectable Miss Pratt and others of their social set are presented by Mr. Tarkington with all their imperfections on their head, and yet not unsympathetically. There are countless illustrations of the author's uncanny knowledge of the psychology of youth.

IT HAS been the pleasure of a number of writers to visualize for the benefit of the multitude the probable plight of our undefended nation should war come upon us. Told in spirited fiction, these prophetic recitals have made excellent reading, but have had a distressing effect on the patriotic soul. A more comforting picture, though in similar form, is drawn by John McAuley Palmer in a little volume called *An Army of the People*. Major Palmer believes that the Swiss method of building a citizen army, with its conscription eliminated, would meet the military needs of the United States. For the purposes of his narrative he assumes that the modified Swiss system has been adopted by us, and tells the story of the supposed first few years' operation of the plan. The story has life and color.

BOOKS REVIEWED

ANTWERP TO GALLIPOLI Charles Scribner's Sons, New York	*By Arthur Ruhl*	$1.50
STAMBOUL NIGHTS Doubleday, Page & Co., New York	*By H. G. Dwight*	$1.25
SEVENTEEN Harper & Brothers, New York	*By Booth Tarkington*	$1.35
SONGS AND SATIRES The Macmillan Company, New York	*By Edgar Lee Masters*	$1.25
AN ARMY OF THE PEOPLE G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York	*By John M. Palmer*	$1.00

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ROWING DIFFICULTIES AT HARVARD

THE Harvard 'varsity crew has had a peculiarly trying succession of problems at the start of its new season. In the first place, it is beginning a new coaching régime under which Jim Wray, veteran of many Harvard rowing years, has been succeeded by R. F. Herrick. The new coach and his assistants will have to tackle the job of bringing the eight, after two consecutive defeats at New London, to a point of winning efficiency before the Yale race.

The situation was further complicated by the freezing of the Charles river basin, where Harvard boats usually begin their spring practise. The Charles stayed frozen so long that the oarsmen were taken, with their shells, to Lynn, Massachusetts, where they had their first real rowing practise March 23rd, the latest season's start since rowing was begun at Harvard.

To offset the adverse conditions they have encountered, the Harvard coaches have the consolation of knowing that they have plenty of experienced material to work with. Six of the eight men who rowed in the first boat last June are back on the squad, and the new men are distinguished for ruggedness and power.





To get to the water of Lynn, the Harvard oarsmen had to trudge through ice and snow on their way to the boat landing. The 'varsity crew is here shown starting for a morning row. Even with the comparatively favorable conditions found at Lynn, it was sometimes necessary on these morning spins to dodge floating ice, and long rows were out of the question

One of the Harvard eights is here shown at Lynn with its shell poised overhead ready for launching. Many starts like this will be made daily until the men are in rowing trim



This is the Harvard 'varsity crew as it will begin the season. The men are: Creger (cox), Lund (stroke), Cabot, Morgan (captain), Stebbins, Taylor, Tolcott, Parson and Potter

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German iris



A handsome arrangement for the base of a wall



Foxglove

TAKING THE SPRING OFFENSIVE

BY ROBERT L. CARTER

IN SPITE of the attention demanded by politics and preparedness, the great spring drive in out-of-doors America is getting under way. The strategic plans for fine gardens and rich crops have been laid. The men are already in the trenches. No doubt in their ease about being out of them by Christmas—and with something to show for their labor. All that remains is for May to bring up the heavy rain artillery and an 18-centimeter sun.

In all branches of American agriculture there has been rapid development in the last decade, but in perhaps no other line has it been so marked as in gardening. Until very recent years that phase of agriculture was comparatively neglected in this country. England, of course, had gardens, ages old, and associated with scenes and incidents of national history. France and Italy had their terraced gardens where Louis XIV watched Molière play his comedies, and Columbine danced with Harlequin. But in this country we were more austere. A stout fence and a good patch of tomatoes made enough of a garden for the respectable landowner. Perhaps it was the popularity of the "summer home" that brought the change. At any rate, today our American country estates have splendid formal gardens with poplars and cypresses, artificial lakes and sunken flower-beds. And our smaller homes—even in the centre of great cities—are acquiring charm and character. A neat lawn, comely trees, and a few beds of such flowers as are pictured on this page are better than uncut wildernesses of grass—and make a more valuable property.



A bed of blossoming deutzia

Because we are now matching the world's best where once we were not even contenders, the development in gardening stands out most prominently. From the start we equaled the world's best in farming. But at least we have continued to be the leaders. The estimated world-crop in corn for 1915 was 3,800,000 bushels. Of this total the United States produced 2,900,000. In the same year we produced a fourth of the world's production of wheat, a third of the oats, and three-fifths of the cotton.

With this leadership there has gone an accompanying development in the methods of production. In 1909 the United States exported twenty-five million dollars' worth of agricultural implements. Five years later, just before the war broke out, we were exporting forty million. The American farmer of today has every advantage that science and progressiveness can give him. No longer does he depend solely on a horse-drawn implement; he has motor tractors that plow, harrow, seed, thresh his grain and saw his wood.

The great spring drive is on. How many worthless plots will be turned into gardens? what new record set in crops?

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APPOMATTOX—AN ANNIVERSARY

BY A. J. McKELWAY

WITH the colored people of my early acquaintance all history was divided into three parts—Befo' de Waw, Endurin' of de Waw, and Sence Surrender. Concerning the surrender itself, the old negroes who had remained on the plantation had a very distinct memory of hearing the cannon booming at Appomattox, over twenty miles away.

Beginning with April 7th, there passed the historic correspondence between Grant and Lee, the first letter coming from Grant, expressing his belief in the hopelessness of Lee's continuing the struggle and his desire to prevent the further effusion of blood. This gave Lee the opportunity, "though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia," to ask what terms would be offered on condition of surrender. Grant's generous reply mentioned only one condition—"that men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged." Upon the reception of this letter it was arranged that an interview should take place at Appomattox Court House. And there, in the old McLean House, the two men, whose armies had clashed in the fierce and bloody battles of the preceding year, met face to face.

Both men were sprung from Revolutionary stock, Grant's grandfather, of New England Puritan descent, having been a soldier of the Revolution, while Lee's father, "Light Horse Harry," had won fame under Washington. Both had been at West Point, Lee graduating second in his class in 1829, Grant graduating twenty-first in his, in 1843. Both served in the Mexican War, Grant being brevetted captain, and Lee colonel, for distinguished gallantry in the field. Lee was afterwards Superintendent at West Point, while Grant retired to private life, where his business career proved a failure. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Grant recruited and drilled a company of volunteers, at Galena, Illinois, and, receiving no reply to his offer of services to the general government, accepted a colonelcy in the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment. Lee was offered the command of the army of the United States. He wrote, later, "I declined the offer made to me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and courageously as I could, that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the southern states." Lincoln was a long time finding a soldier that could cope with Lee, his first choice for the command of the army, but found he was at last. And now, through four long years of conflict, Lee has come, by way of Gaines's Mill, Second Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, and Grant by way of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, and Cold Harbor and Petersburg—to Appomattox.

YET it is in the great moments that we think of little things. Grant related afterward that when he saw Lee, in full dress uniform, while he himself was in fatigue uniform, with a private's blouse and only his shoulder straps to distinguish his rank, he recalled an incident of the Mexican War, in which Lee, General Scott's Chief-of-Staff, had reprimanded Grant for appearing at headquarters in fatigue uniform, contrary to martinet Scott's orders. And recalling this, Grant was afraid that Lee would also remember and think that an affront had been intended.

The articles of capitulation signed, which have made Grant beloved throughout the south, Lee left the McLean House and was seen to look for a few moments at the Virginia hills and then to smite his hands together as in excess of agony. Then he mounted Traveler and rode back to an army, "worn to a frazzle" as General Gordon expressed it. At the turn of the road he made his last address to his troops:

"We have fought through the war together; I have done the best I could for you."

His last military order closed with the words:

"You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

BUT after Appomattox Lee became again a patriot in the wider sense of the term. After the appeal to the sword, it was written into the Constitution, in the Fourteenth Amendment, that we are all citizens of the United States. And, again, Grant's magnanimity and Lee's greatness of soul alike contributed to the healing of the nation.

When Grant's first draft of the terms of surrender, allowing the officers of the defeated army to retain their side-arms and horses, was handed to Lee the latter remarked that his cavalrymen and artillerymen also owned their horses, and Grant promptly made the necessary change in the verbiage, remarking that the horses would be "useful for the spring plowing." From the windows of the McLean House, the peach trees in bloom could be seen.

Grant refused to enter Richmond, lest his coming should seem too much to be a triumph. When Lee reached Richmond, his first-recorded utterance was, "General Grant has acted with magnanimity."

Robert Bingham, of Asheville, N. C., who surrendered with his company at Appomattox, relates that when Grant left the McLean House a band nearby struck up, "Hail to the Chief!" whereupon Grant ordered somebody to "stop that damned music." Bingham had had one experience of hearing the enemy cheer when his company had been overwhelmed by a charge. At Appomattox he felt that he would simply die if the victors cheered then. But, as he tells the story, his command marched away between two lines of Union soldiers, with a second line above, on either side of a sunken road. His own men were sobbing like children and he was crying with the rest, when, noticing the silence of the blue lines, he looked up and saw the tears rolling down the cheeks of his so recent foes. No wonder that he blesses the memory of Grant to this day.

Then and thereafter, Grant was considerate and restrained in victory. He protested with such vehemence that he overthrew the counsels of small and vindictive men who would have put Lee on trial as a traitor, in

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violation of the terms of surrender. And Lee "wore defeat as 'twere a laurel crown."

It would be difficult to overestimate Lee's influence over the whole south, continuing until this day, through his contact with the young men who attended Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, during his remaining years, from October, 1865, to October, 1870, the date of his death.

Among many unpublished reminiscences I choose the story told me by the late H. B. Furgusson, representative from New Mexico, nearly in his own words:

"My father was a citizen of Alabama who lost everything by the war. I was too young to join the army, but when General Lee became president of Washington College, nothing would do but that I should go to Lexington. I think I was the poorest boy in college; my clothes were shabby, and I shrank from contact with my fellow students. I made a bargain with a farmer living a few miles from Lexington, getting a small hut to live in and my meals in return for a certain amount of work about the farm. I walked to college, studied late at night, kept severely to myself, and worshiped General Lee afar off.

"It was not long before General Lee noticed me, among the hundreds of students that thronged to Lexington. I suppose that he understood my loneliness and my unwillingness to associate with the other students so long as I could not do so on equal terms. So one day he stopped me and asked me what I did with myself between recitations, seeing that I lived in the country and did not have a room in the college. I told him that I went from one class-room to another until I found one vacant and studied there until my next class. 'Now that is very inconvenient,' said General Lee. 'I have a little office and always a good fire. You will not be disturbed in your studies if you will sit there, so come to my office tomorrow.'

"That was an invitation not to be refused, so the next morning I found that General Lee had a chair and desk provided for me near the fire in his office, and there we sat together day after day throughout the session, he at his work and I at mine, and I the very poorest boy in the college.

"One day I had such a bad cold that I was afraid to go out in the wintry weather and walk the long miles to college. So I stayed in my little hut. That afternoon I was astonished to see General Lee dismounting from Traveler at the door. I invited him in; he complimented me on how nice I was fixed up and how good a place it was to study, away from the distractions of the college, told me he had missed me from his office and was afraid I was sick, and so had come to see about me.

"Once afterward he showed me a kindness. I could not afford to go home in vacation, so hired myself out to the farmer for the summer. One day I was helping thresh wheat, and if you have ever stood under the threshing-machine, separating the chaff and wheat from the straw, you may know how grimy and dirty I was when I looked up and saw General Lee, on Traveler again, with another gentleman on horseback. The General beckoned to me and I went up to him just as I was. He spoke of the usefulness of farm work, but said he had found something for me to do that would perhaps be more congenial, which turned out to be teaching a school in the neighborhood during the summer months, the money I earned helping me famously through the next year's term."

Here are three instances of Lee's kindness to one of the hundreds of students that he helped in various ways. The Lee *memorabilia* are exhaustless.

TO REVERT again to boyhood's days, I recall now what seemed entirely natural then, that the surrender was a landmark of history never referred to with the bitterness of defeat. Almost every man in my county old enough and not too old to bear arms had been in the Confederate army, but when it was said of one, "He surrendered at Appomattox," he was understood to be wearing an invisible cross of honor. Representative Charles M. Stedman of North Carlina boasts in his congressional biography thus: "He is one of twelve soldiers who were engaged in the first battle at Bethel and surrendered with Lee at Appomattox." The soldier's parole signed at Appomattox became a precious family document, and rare enough they are, for though Lee asked for thirty-five thousand rations for his starved army, only nine thousand muskets could be counted among the arms that were stacked on the field.

I became familiar with the Appomattox battle-ground in young manhood, riding over that region often on horseback, and talking with the survivors who had been in the track of the retreating and pursuing armies. Eleven years ago I went with a company of North Carolinians to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the surrender of their fathers and brothers, with a few survivors of the surrender itself. The Appomattox battle-ground is now owned by Col. George A. Armes, of the Union army, who generously donated to North Carolina the lots for the monuments erected that day on the field. The larger one bears the historic inscription:

> First at Bethel
> Farthest to the front at Gettysburg and Chickamauga
> Last at Appomattox.

North Carolina proceeds to make good part of her claim on the reverse side of the monument as follows:

> At this place the North Carolina brigade of Brigadier General W. R. Cox of Grimes's division fired the last volley April 9, 1865.
> Major General Bryan Grimes of North Carolina planned the last battle fought by the Army of North Virginia and commanded the infantry engaged therein, the greater part of whom were North Carolinians.
> This stone is erected by the authority of the general assembly of North Carolina in grateful and perpetual memory of the valor, endurance and patriotism of her sons who followed with unshaken fidelity the fortunes of the Confederacy to this closing scene, faithful to the end.

Some three thousand Virginians and North Carolinians attended the ceremony of the unveiling of these monuments, among them Governor Montague of Virginia, Governor Glenn of North Carolina, Colonel Armes, and General Roberts, the youngest general of the Confederacy, whose command captured last a battery of Union cannon at a spot in the field which is also marked by a monument.

And this spring brings the fifty-first anniversary of Appomattox. Grant and Lee, with their soldiers, have become a national heritage. Grant's Tomb in Riverside Drive is annually an object of veneration to hundreds of thousands. In quiet Lexington, every Sunday morning on their way to church, the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute march, at attention, past the little chapel where Lee is buried and where his recumbent statue lies.

> Whatever record leaps to light, he shall not be ashamed.

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MOTORING AND NERVES

BY H. C. PENMAN

"OH! I could never drive a car; I'm too nervous. If I should see another car coming a block away, I'd be panic-stricken for fear I couldn't pass, and if anybody started across the street before me I'd be sure to run him down. I'm so highly strung, you know."

Some women say it with a sort of pride, as if to have nerves that are unreliable, to fall into a panic in an emergency, were something to boast of in a day when women run most things.

For this type, the experience of one nervous woman may be enlightening.

She was one who preferred to keep her nerves in the background like a disgraceful family secret, and yet who was recognized by all her acquaintance as being intensely nervous. Her mode of life was like that of many other foolish women who belong to numberless organizations and live in a whirl of responsibility and haste. She wanted a car because it would enable her to hurry more. Circumstances and inclination made it desirable that she should drive it.

With the fact of having nerves she also left in the background the conviction that she had heart trouble, so she consulted a physician.

"I want to drive a car," she explained, "but I don't wish to get a heart attack and kill anybody else. What shall I do?"

"Get the car," he replied succinctly. "You'll forget that you have a heart."

Her relatives candidly expressed horror at her imprudent and improvident purpose.

With characteristic obstinacy she made the purchase—a big touring car, with clutch not too easily engaged, but with starter and other accessories. After going out several times with various instructors, and finding more or less hard work in learning to do five things at once—shift gears, push out the clutch, apply foot-brake, guide wheel and sound horn—she decided that the only way she would ever learn would be to go entirely by herself. So one day, when she was in a hurry to reach a suburb, she sallied forth alone.

She returned safely, having driven five miles where unpaved streets and a gathering of automobiles complicated her new task. There were no exciting incidents, but she found herself dripping with perspiration and a little a-tremble. After that she went unaccompanied by a chauffeur. Within a week she was able to drive through the crowded business district—sometimes to the cynical observations of other drivers and the harsh chiding of traffic officers who cautiously withdrew to safety zones, but this was not for long. All summer she drove independently, on tours, for business or pleasure, taking with her those who had few opportunities to motor.

Whatever nervous strain there might have been at first soon vanished along with her "heart trouble" that has never been noted since. Strange to say, her nerves have steadied and she has taken on needed flesh and color despite circumstances that were the cause of much distress and worry. She has gained poise and even happiness along with radiant health. Best of all, the ability she developed in dextrous handling of the car has given her a consciousness of reserve strength and activity. Instead of yielding to the passive assumption that she had lived her life, and it was time to grow old, life has taken on new and charming phases of power and efficiency.

If she could learn to run a car with such ease and assurance, being able to change tires, to reduce recalcitrant spark-plugs to submission, know the habits of the engine and the carburetor, she could do almost anything, and suddenly the world has become to her a new field of opportunity and usefulness. The sense of resourceful capability in emergencies has extended to other domains and has brought her unexpected recognition. A nerve specialist told her:

"It is the nervous people who can drive cars best. Their brain and muscles coordinate with lightning celerity. The motorist you want to climb over the fence to dodge is the sedate, phlegmatic kind, whose mental adjustment does not work a rapid transmission with his hands and feet."

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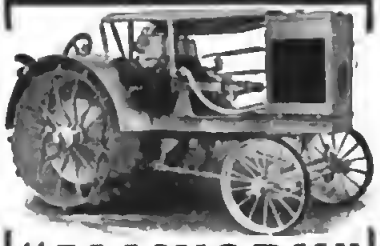
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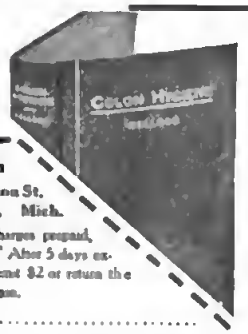
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Going West?



LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

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Ask the Motor Editor of Harper's Weekly anything you want to know about cars or accessories

A SUGGESTION TO AMATEURS

BY EARLE HARRISON

THERE is a movement throughout the country for national preparedness. Many schools, colleges, clubs and other organizations are forming infantry companies, rapid-fire gun squads, armored automobile crews, etc.

If you can snap pictures of practise drills, or meetings of any such organizations, we would be glad to have you send these to *Harper's Weekly* Photographic Contest.

When snapping news pictures with the view of sending them to *Harper's Weekly*, be careful to see that the light is good and the negative sharp. The size is of no importance, but when cameras or kodaks are used smaller than 3¼x4¼, the film, as well as a glossy print, should be sent in. In describing your subject, do not fail to write all interesting facts, dates, etc., distinctly upon the back of the print.

If you get pictures of great news value, time is a prominent factor in their value to *Harper's Weekly*. Rush them by special delivery mail. A day's time can also be saved by making the prints from the negative while they are still wet—just as they come from the wash water. To do this, wet the sheet of developing out paper, place it on the negative and rub in perfect contact—then wipe the water from the reverse side of plate or film and print as usual, allowing twenty-five per cent more time in printing, as the paper does not print as rapidly when wet. If you are careful, printing in this manner does not in any way injure the negative, and saves the many hours of time required to thoroughly dry the negatives.

Now that spring is here, and with it the troubles of developing in hot closets or dark rooms, a suggestion which will prevent your films or plates from frilling will be of timely assistance. Before placing the negative in the developer, put a teaspoonful of magnesium sulphate (epsom salts) in each one-half pint of working strength developer. This will prevent frilling and does not interfere with the usual working of the formula.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S AFTERTHOUGHT

(From *The New Republic*)

BIOGRAPHERS of Mr. Roosevelt will puzzle their heads about the month of October, 1914. Something happened to him in the short space of four or five weeks which had the effect of a religious conversion. He made an absolutely complete reversal of opinion on the question of America's duty to Belgium. It was not an ordinary case of a man's changing his mind, because it was accompanied by complete forgetfulness of his earlier views. Between the *Outlook* article of September 23, 1914 (resurrected recently by *Harper's Weekly*), and the *Times* article of November 8, 1914, the conversion took place.

Thus in *The Outlook* he wrote:

> We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her [i. e. Belgium].

In *Fear God and Take Your Own Part* he writes:

> When Germany thus broke her promises—we broke our promise by failing at once to call her to account.

In *The Outlook*:

> . . . sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of our uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent national duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference.

In *Fear God and Take Your Own Part*:

> The treaty [i. e. Hague Conventions] was a joint and several guarantee, and it was the duty of every signer to take action when it was violated; above all it was the duty of the most powerful neutral, the United States.

In *The Outlook*:

> I think, at any rate I hope, I have rendered it plain that I am not now criticizing, that I am not passing judgment one way or the other upon Germany's action [in Belgium].

In *Fear God and Take Your Own Part*:

> We have also refused to say one word against international wrongdoing of the most dreadful character. . . . Our plain duty was to stand against wrong, to help in stamping out the wrong, to help in protecting the innocent who had been wronged. This duty we have ignobly shirked.

In *The Outlook*:

> A deputation of Belgians has arrived in this country to invoke our assistance in the time of their dreadful need. What action our government can or will take I know not. It has been announced that no action can be taken which will interfere with our entire neutrality. It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral, and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other.

The New Republic has supported Colonel Roosevelt from the first in his insistence that America should have protested against the violation of Belgium. Until *Harper's Weekly* called the *Outlook* article to our attention, we did not know of this violent and sudden reversal. So if at any time we have used the Belgium issue to point a moral against Mr. Wilson and for Mr. Roosevelt, we can only say now that we deeply regret the injustice. If this nation "ignobly shirked" its "duty" we are all guilty—Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Root, Mr. Wilson, and everyone else who at the time the invasion took place thought America's first duty was non-interference.

But what of the Belgian issue itself? In a Utopia we can imagine Colonel Roosevelt issuing the following statement:

> I was converted in the month of October, 1914. I was so dazzled by the new vision which came to me that I forgot all I had said and felt a few weeks before. I had the new convert's contempt for the unconverted, and I have been deeply unfair to Mr. Wilson. But I still feel that the United States owes a duty to Belgium, and I hereby pledge myself to advocate America's guarantee of the integrity of Belgium after this war. We have all failed in the past; we can make certain now that we shall not in the future fail in the same way.

Is there enough candor and courage in American politics for such an utterance?

THE DORMANT COLONEL

(The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*)

"Roosevelt's Awakening" is a headline in the Chattanooga *Times*. Who caught him napping?

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The picture of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of March 25th, was copyrighted by Victor Georg

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MRS. FISKE

has written for Harper's Weekly an article on

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and his art. This article will appear next week—in the April 22nd issue, which will be on the newsstands Tuesday April 18th. Ten cents a copy.

AN OLD PUBLICATION WITH A NEW POINT OF VIEW

THE SAFETY VALVE

ENCOURAGING THE MOVIES

By David Wark Griffith

WHILE drawing my usual weekly refreshment from your pages I ran across your reference to my work.

This recognition is very encouraging. Whether we like them or not, motion pictures are the embodiment of thought that reaches the greatest number of people. They are crude—but they are new. They are not going to be suppressed because of their crudities, but they are going to shed these crudities and reach a rich development according as earnest and enlightened people bring to bear upon them their best influence, not only from within the work but from the outside.

Now I have made you partly responsible for whatever happens in the motion pictures.

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"ROOSEVELT—VISIONARY"

By E. B. Ward

IF THERE exists a clearer or more concise summing up of Roosevelt's vicious attacks on the President than the article by Charles Merz in your current issue I, for one, would like to read it. His reference to the "bridge-score" is remarkably apt.

San Mateo, Cal.

TERSENESS

From the Alamogardo (N. M.) *News*:

NOTHING in print is saner than *Harper's Weekly*.

POLITICS AT WASHINGTON

From the *Capital* (Topeka, Kans.):

NORMAN HAPGOOD finds out a good many things at Washington, where he is representing his magazine, which nobody else discovers, some of which turn out to be correct. He was the only journalist to anticipate the appointment of Brandeis, nobody else even remotely suspecting such a thing. Now Mr. Hapgood explains the silence of Justice Hughes on the real question—whether he will take it if nominated. To make good the alleged reasoning of Justice Hughes, or his friends who are reported to have persuaded him to this course, the determination of his action, whether to run or not to run, should depend on the nomination the wild ass Democracy makes for Vice-President.

HARVARD AND BRANDEIS

From the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*:

WE WOULD express emphatically the further belief that it is far better for the president of Harvard sometimes to make a mistake than always to stand aloof and refrain from using his entire influence in public matters of vital import. The freedom of speech and action which have always belonged to the Harvard faculty should preeminently be his also. Of course he will sometimes provoke dissent, as he has done in the present case. But he will more often serve the public good, and, nine times out of ten, he will have the great majority of Harvard men with him. In every case they will vigorously resent, as they do now, such grossly unjust attacks upon him and his motives as have appeared in *Harper's Weekly* and elsewhere.

A POSSIBILITY

A correspondent of *The Unpopular Review*:

I KNOW of no magazine or paper unless it be the *New Republic* which deals with public questions in a spirit of candid investigation. All other journals (possibly I might except *Harper's Weekly*) are partisan, prejudiced, propagandist.

AN OASIS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Wm. H. Jackson

YOUR editorials in defense of President Wilson are like drink to the thirsty to one living in Philadelphia, where every paper (but one) refuses to forgive him for being elected.

Philadelphia, Pa.

APPROVAL

By M. E. Edson

I LIKE very much the excellent publication that you are putting out.

Norfolk, Va.

PRAISE INDEED

By C. M. Connolly

HARPER'S WEEKLY looks and feels and reads a lot better. —Congratulations!

Troy, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY



APRIL 22, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

National Defense and International Peace

What the Engineers are Doing

THIRTY thousand American engineers are making a card index survey of American industry so that it may be prepared for its vital part in defending the Country, if need comes. The past eighteen months have taught us here in America what lack of industrial preparedness has meant to some of the countries now at war. These nations had the ships and they had the men; but when the hour struck, their factories were not able to furnish the colors with arms and shells and powder. Their factories were not prepared. And our factories are not prepared.

But it is not enough to draw a moral. In the United States five great Engineering Societies — Civil, Mining, Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical — have pledged their services to the Government of the United States, and are already working hand in hand with the Government to prepare industry for the national defense. They receive no pay and will accept no pay. All they seek is opportunity to serve their country, that she may have her industries mobilized and prepared as the basic line of defense.

All elements of the nation's life — the manufacturers, the business men, and the workingmen — should support this patriotic and democratic work of the engineers, and assist them cheerfully when asked. *There can be no better national insurance against war.*

The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, representing all advertising interests have offered their free and hearty service to the President of the United States, in close co-operation with these five Engineering Societies, to the end that the Country may know what the engineers are doing. The President has accepted the offer. The engineers have welcomed the co-operation.

This advertisement, published without cost to the United States, is the first in a nation-wide series to call the country to the duty of co-operating promptly and fully with the Engineers to prepare industry for

NATIONAL DEFENSE AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE

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represents to the lover of a real American Home, that which is newest and most modern in decoration, gardening, town and country life. The May number, now on the newsstands, covers more topics than ever before, and its contents are of a greater variety.

FURNITURE AND HANGINGS

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HAVE you friends who do not get along well together? Probably you have studied how to bring together these conflicting personalities at dinner, in perfect harmony.

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THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE

THIS photograph shows the street leading to the temple where Christ taught. On pages 430 and 431 will be found more pictures of Jerusalem at Easter time

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A NEW WAR SECRETARY'S IDEAS

BY FRED C. KELLY

IT STANDS to reason that:

If as a boy you never cared for tin soldiers—

And grew up without ever having shot a gun—

And then all of a sudden, like the unexpected blowing out of a tire, were called upon to be the head of the Department of War—

It stands to reason, I was about to say, that you would learn a number of things that you had scarcely suspected before. So I asked Newton D. Baker:

'Of all the things you have learned since taking hold of the War Department, what has surprised you the most?"

Without even pausing to bat an eye, Baker replied:

"The most surprising thing is that the high-up army officers are just as anxious to keep out of war as you and I are.

"I came here with the idea," he went on, "that the professional soldier would like to follow his profession, and rather welcomed war talk as a thing to enhance his prestige. At the end of a week I became convinced that our army chiefs are not spoiling for war at all. Their point of view, as I get it, is that they want to be prepared for war, first in order to avoid it, and because of a professional horror of seeing the army humiliated, owing to a lack of preparedness, if war should come."

It has often been said in Washington that a Secretary of War entering office with an anti-military view-point will absorb the army point of view—within six months.

"Just let him alone," army officers are said to have said about one war secretary after another, "and he will get 'right.'"

I asked Baker what his experience had been on this point, to date.

"Well," he replied, "I don't expect to undergo any radical change of opinion. I have never felt that peace can come through non-resistance, and have therefore favored preparedness. Having favored preparedness, the next thing is to make up one's mind on what preparedness consists of—how short we are of preparedness. I think I can say that I have changed my ideas on that without having to make any radical shift. It is simply a matter of getting information. The other day we had to send part of the army into Mexico to catch a bandit. Then we sent more of the army to protect the first part. And in case of an unexpected additional uprising along the border, practically the entire standing army of the United States would have been called upon to put down the trouble. One cannot consider such facts as that from an inside angle without realizing that our army would be totally inadequate to handle a real war difficulty. I also think that conditions have changed considerably since our standing army was fixed at 50,000 men. With our present population of 100,000,000 people we would not need to regard an army of 200,000 as a menace.

"Another thing I have learned here," remarked Baker, "is the reason why most of our war secretaries have been lawyers. It is distinctly a lawyer's job. First of all the secretary must be a civilian, for that is in keeping with the spirit of our institutions—to have the civilian paramount to the military. In comes a man direct from the people to direct the army in such a way that it will best serve the people; that is the theory of the thing. Moreover, I think the army itself would not want an army officer for its head, simply because, no matter how honest a military man might be in his convictions, he would be accused of favoring that branch of the army from which he came.

"If we go ahead then with the theory that the War Department head should be a civilian, we can soon arrive at the conclusion that he should be a lawyer. Every day we make contracts here for supplies, contracts with inventors, contracts for vast building projects of one kind or another. These total, of course, into many millions, and they should be handled by somebody having legal knowledge. This department has charge of all navigable streams in the United States, which fact makes it necessary to settle here conflicting rights not only between individuals but between different states. We have charge of the Philippines, of Hawaii, of the Panama Canal. The handling of these naturally brings up countless daily problems with legal angles to them. And it is one of the duties of the Secretary of War to review the findings of courts-martial—a judicial function.

"A lawyer is supposed to know something about weighing evidence. Each day I am obliged to hear evidence on technical matters and decide questions which I know nothing about, except in so far as I can get expert information from the military authorities—just as a judge on the bench frequently has to base a decision on the evidence of expert witnesses.

"As a matter of fact, I can see now that there is no more reason for a man at the head of the War Department being a military expert, than for the mayor of a city to be a policeman. When I was mayor of Cleveland I was obliged to be indirectly in charge of seven hundred policemen. That was one branch of the mayor's duties, just as the army is a branch of the work here.

"My idea is that when a nation is really great, it does not have to fight except under extreme provocation to maintain its dignity. The United States can do things today that at one time it could not do, simply because its position as a great nation is already established.

"Some day permanent peace will be established by means of an international court which will settle disputes, with nobody ever raising the question of its ability to enforce its decisions any more than we consider the question of how to enforce a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization
EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE SAME THING

THE popular mind inevitably dwells on the most dramatic topics of the moment, such as Mexico or submarines. Somebody, however, has to think of underlying domestic things. Few realize, perhaps, that the same principles that guide the policy in dramatic foreign circumstances are setting the standard of conduct in the government of ourselves.

Let us draw an analogy. In "The Nation's Capital," in this number, you will find details about the fight to determine whether or not the Supreme Court of the United States is in the last analysis sacred to the interests which give Gary dinners. Senator Walsh, the same man who fought almost alone against the water-power onslaught in the Senate, says in his opinion on the Brandeis case:

> It is said that it is to be regretted that any such controversy as this in which we are involved should arise over a nomination of a justice of the Supreme Court. So it is. But when it is said further that one might better be chosen over which no such bitter contention would arise, I decline to follow. It is easy for a brilliant lawyer so to conduct himself as to escape calumny and villification. All he needs to do is to drift with the tide. . . . The bar is still the bulwark of the liberties of the people. To it they must look in the future as they have looked in all of our history for fearless champions. Discouragements enough beset the ambitious youth who resolutely sets out upon the path of devotion to duty and to the cause of justice, who strives to render some real public service. *I do not care to warn him to abandon the hope of reaching the summit of his profession by that route.*

The italics are ours. We hold that the keynote of this administration is courage in the service of modern spiritual understanding. It is the same note in Mexico that it was in the Federal Reserve Act. Patience and firmness and a defined object in our defense of the ocean highway mark the same qualities of mind as our relations to South America, our treatment of China, the spirit of our tariff, the abolition of backstairs influence in Washington. It needs executive ability, judgment, to lead a great nation, but it needs an apostle of the truth to lead it upward. There are able executives who have in them no burning light, as Mr. Root, and there are apostles without sufficient balance, mere preachers. In the head of a nation the two qualities should be wedded. They are one in the President. When ideals interest him is when they can be applied to the circumstances of the time. When facts interest him is when they can be used as the blocks from which high principles are built.

FORD VS. SMITH

IT IS easier to make a cheap joke than it is to say anything. Little sense lay in most of the comments on the fact that Henry Ford, without wishing to be on the primary ballot, received more votes in Michigan for the presidency than the long-time politician, William Alden Smith. It is not to be supposed that many voters in Michigan expected either Mr. Ford or Mr. Smith to be elected President in November. It was merely the expression of a point of view. It proved that a conventional politician, whose highest flight was his *Titanic* record, means less to the sympathy and imagination of Michigan than a gifted manufacturer, whose vision did not stop when he learned how to make an efficient and needed car and how to sell it. That vision then turned on justice to his employees. In the world quake it led him to an effort not made with the advice and cooperation of the wisest persons,—made, indeed, under the influence of at least one individual who was far from happily chosen. Yet, poorly planned as it was, it was the effort of a noble nature, and who knows but it may have been only the first stumbling step of a pilgrimage to result, before its end, in genuine help toward a better world-mood? Michigan did well.

MOLLYCODDLE STUFF

IN HIS farewell address George Washington left this advice:

> Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. . . . It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt but, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature."

How disgustingly ethical!

What mollycoddle spirituality!

How sentimental! How could it ever have been written by a hero with red blood in his veins? (Reader, please fill in here something inflammatory about infamy, raped nuns, Belgium, Colombia, degeneracy, and big stick.)

WE PASS THE BUCK

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S article in the *Outlook* for September 22, 1914, is thus far giving his supporters trouble comparable to the Tennessee Coal and Iron case and the "regulated competition versus regulated monopoly" issue of 1912. Several papers, including our good friend the Chicago *Evening Post*, invite us to retreat from our position because Mr. Lawrence Abbott would rather have us discuss the whole article. Really it seems to us a case for division of labor. In "The Nation's Capital," in this issue, we collect those parts of the article which strike us as in somewhat staggering contrast to recent

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diatribes again Mr. Wilson and allegations that we were morally and legally bound to butt in on Belgium. To our anti-Wilson contemporaries we leave the pleasant task of reprinting everything the Colonel may have said in the same issue on preparedness, race suicide, mollycoddleism, rivers of doubt, syntax, and immortality, and drawing what deductions they like. The quotations on p. 423 are sufficient for our purpose. The task of getting away from them is not ours.

ENTER THE CAMERA MAN



ABOUT the motion picture business, we read full length novels, and crisp short stories of the massive-brained director, who curses in one syllable and pounds a bunch of uninspired hacks into a gripping ensemble who make you weep and shiver. There's another library about the daring sweet-faced actress, who dangles from skyscrapers and plunges from the Twentieth Century Limited into the rapids of the Hudson river at Troy. Many are the hero-actors, whose profile is as good as their smile, who walk away with panther grace, also men with lint-white locks in a tangle of black who are loved by every true woman in the land.

But who says a word for the sturdy camera man, who has to stand up to all weathers, work in rocking boats, dipping aeroplanes and blazing engines? The writer has watched a set of moving-picture men at the front in Belgium. They take the risks of fighting men. One of them, who was with the writer, had a shell shave his head as he was photographing the battle of Alost. The gas entered his lungs and stomach, and he has been laid up for one year. That is the price of a good picture. And it is these freelance fellows, taking chances, who keep the business freshened up.

POLITICIANS



POLITICIANS are a hardy race found in any land between the poles. Indigenous to all climes, this race is one of the greatest and oldest on earth, dating back in history to a time when the Sphinx was a mere child, and before the river Nile emigrated to Egypt. It is thought that Julian, in 4713 B. C., was one of the first politicians to see an advantage in the short ballot, inaugurating the system by beheading troublesome rivals. This also took the place of an eliminating contest. Through the many centuries, politics emerges only a trifle hazy. The Julians, Cæsars, Pompeys and other party leaders of olden times tolerated no long caucuses, but met, and after a brief argument with swords, the strongest political aspirant walked away to claim his office, dropping in to tell the coroner the news. All other crops may have their seasons of short measure, but the political yield holds its own from year to year. Although some portions are blighted, yet there is a superabundance to fill all vacancies from poundmaster to president. Politicians are driven by six horsepower motives, the best known being cash, personal pride and a consuming desire to save the country. There are several varieties. The perennial class thrives under all adverse conditions, and discounts other breeds of optimists. Another variety binds and gags himself and when discovered tells how the office has been forced on him. There are the specimens known as the hothouse growth, hobbled and trotted into the convention paddock by aspiring and conspiring wives, who have become interested in reading "Letters from a Congressman's Wife." Above all, a successful politician should be, like a popular bartender, a good mixer.

UNITY AND SHAKESPEARE

IT IS not extremely easy to state the principle on which we are celebrating the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's death. The tercentenary of his birth was celebrated fifty-two years ago. No reason for celebrating the death is required, other than the advantage of any device that increases the presentation of his plays and the discussion of his art. It has many incidental values. For example, we heard one conversation spring from it that dealt with the question of what is left of the dramatic unities today. Look at the unity of time in regard to some recent plays: *Common Clay* and *The House of Glass* each require ten years; *Just a Woman*, sixteen; *The Girl Who Smiles*, twenty-four; and *The Pride of Race*, about the same time. Shakespeare cared nothing for either the unity of time or the unity of place, principles born of different theatre conditions and different national tastes. What he did care for, when he was most inspired, was unity of action, which in essence and broadly interpreted is nothing but cumulative mass effect. The modern theatre at its best accepts the Elizabethan rather than the Greek test, in spite of occasional efforts in the other direction. To modern feeling *Macbeth* and *Othello* have all the unity they need. So have plays with such different strands in plot and character as *The Merchant of Venice*, or even *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Those of Shakespeare's plays proper (as distinguished from his pageants,) such as *Much Ado About Nothing*, that are bad in plot, are usually bad not because of lack of unity but because of conventionality, indifference, lack of plausibility in the story. *Julius Cæsar*, among the greater plays, is perhaps most notable for lack of unified effect of action, since the height of the play comes at the quarrel scene, and there is far too much waiting after that. This is an entirely different principle from the panoramic or epic endings of *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Those plays have a truer unity when Fortinbras is allowed to enter, and the Capulets and Montagues are reconciled, than when the plays are stopped as soon as the heroes are dead. There is gained the unity of a larger story, and the end comes so soon after the close of the more personal story that historical or epic feeling is saved with no loss of intensity.

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Dreadnought "Oklahoma"

THE U. S. S. OKLAHOMA

BY TRUMAN SMITH

OUR newest dreadnought is shortly to take its place in the first line of defense, the Atlantic Fleet. The most powerful unit on this side of the ocean, she compares favorably with the latest fighting machines of Germany and Great Britain. Unfortunately, her construction has been so slow that she goes into commission fourteen months after the date expected. So in the meantime we may expect the warring nations have launched larger and more powerful ships.

Today our first-class battleships number ten, and all except the *North Dakata* are part of the Atlantic Fleet. The latter has had such serious difficulty with her engines with consequent loss of speed, that the naval authorities have deemed it wise to lay her up at League Island, pending a thorough overhauling. It is uncertain when she will resume her place in the first line. Two other capital ships, the *Michigan* and the *South Carolina*, have such low speed and so few heavy guns that they are not properly first-class ships at all. Both would undoubtedly be relegated to the second line in case of serious difficulty with a foreign power. Three dreadnoughts, the *Oklahama*, her sister ship, the *Nevada*, and the giant *Pennsylvania*, will all join the fleet in a few months. We will then have two fine divisions of five dreadnoughts apiece. Germany had twenty-one before the war, while England had thirty-three. Both have made considerable additions since. Japan has probably an equal number.

The *Oklahama* is the *Queen Elizabeth* of the American navy. She displaces 27,500 tons, has a length of 575 feet and draws 28½ feet of water. Her engines are capable of developing 25,000 horsepower and are expected to drive her through the water at a speed of 20½ knots. Her main armament consists of ten fourteen-inch guns. Besides this, she carries a secondary battery of twenty-one five-inch guns to ward off submarines and torpedo craft. She is armored with 13½ inches on the water line, 16 and 18 inches on the turrets and conning tower.

The *Queen Elizabeth* and her powerful German rival, the *Worth*, each carry slightly more powerful guns, but we offset this advantage by the three-gun turret, which allows us to carry two more guns per ship. Probably there is little difference in strength between the eight fifteen-inch battery of the *Oklahoma* and the ten fourteen-inch battery of the *Queen Elizabeth*. But the *Queen Elizabeth* with her twenty-five knots, could steam circles around the *Oklahama*, with her 20½ knots.

Succeeding articles will describe four other important types of United States warships

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND BELGIUM

THAT Colonel Roosevelt is to be the Republican nominee seems all the more likely, since his *entente* with Mr. Root and Senator Lodge. If he is the nominee, foreign policy will be all that he will feel at home in. He surely will not attack the new currency system, and unless he is driven to it he will not go into tariff questions. He will attack by preference our treatment of Mexico and Germany. Our series on Huerta and Henry Lane Wilson throws sufficient light on Mr. Roosevelt's view that President Wilson has not aided the only persons Mr. Roosevelt thinks should have been helped. Either Huerta is meant, apparently, or Hearst and other genial foreign investors. It must be admitted that Hearst, the New York *Sun*, and, in our guess, Wall Street generally will support the Colonel against the President.

On the German question it is necessary to hold steadily to the light what the Colonel thought before he had decided to seek a political issue in foreign affairs; while his partisanship, after a fashion, "stopped at the water's edge." Hence our emphasis of his article in the *Outlook* for September 22, 1914. As the magazine thinks it has been misunderstood, we now bring together in a more orderly form the passages in that article which ought to be considered by campaign speakers. They might do well to tear out this page and keep it. The Democratic campaign book should contain it. Colonel Roosevelt says:

> Our country stands well-nigh alone among the great civilized powers in being unshaken by the present world-wide war. For this we should be humbly and profoundly grateful. . . .
>
> As regards the actions of most of the combatants in the hideous world-wide war now raging, it is possible sincerely to take and defend either of the opposite views concerning their actions. . . .
>
> When Russia took part, it may well be argued that it was impossible for Germany not to come to the defense of Austria, and that disaster would surely have attended her arms had she not followed the course she actually did follow as regards her opponents on her western frontier. . . .
>
> I wish it explicitly understood that I am not at this time passing judgment one way or the other upon Germany for what she did to Belgium. . . . I am merely calling attention to what has actually been done in Belgium, in accordance with what the Germans unquestionably sincerely believe to be the course of conduct necessitated by Germany's struggle for life. . . . It is neither necessary nor at the present time possible to sift from the charges, countercharges, and denials the exact facts as to the acts alleged to have been committed in various places. . . .
>
> I think, at any rate I hope, I have rendered it plain that I am not now criticizing, that I am not passing judgment one way or the other, upon Germany's action. I admire and respect the German people. I am proud of the German blood in my veins. When a nation feels that the issue of a contest in which, from whatever reason, it finds itself engaged will be national life or death, it is inevitable that it should act so as to save itself from death, and to perpetuate its life. . . . The rights and wrongs of these cases where nations violate the rules of abstract morality in order to meet their own vital needs can be precisely determined only when all the facts are known and when men's blood is cool. . . . I am not at this time criticizing the particular actions of which I speak. . . .
>
> . . . A deputation of Belgians has arrived in this country to invoke our assistance in the time of their dreadful need. What action our government can or will take I know not. It has been announced that no action can be taken that will interfere with our entire neutrality. It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral, and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other. . . . Neutrality may be of prime necessity in order to preserve our own interests, to maintain peace in so much of the world as is not affected by the war, and to conserve our influence for helping toward the reestablishment of general peace when the time comes; for if any outside power is able at such time to be the medium for bringing peace, it is more likely to be the United States than any other. . . . Of course it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose; and very probably nothing that we could have done would have helped Belgium. We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her, and I am sure that the sympathy of this country for the suffering of the men, women, and children of Belgium is very real. Nevertheless, this sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of our uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent national duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference. . . .
>
> . . . Every public man, every writer who speaks with wanton offensiveness of a foreign power or of a foreign people, whether he attacks England or France or Germany, whether he assails the Russians or the Japanese, is doing an injury to the whole American body politic. We have plenty of shortcomings at home to correct before we start out to criticize the shortcomings of others.

ONE IDEA OF FREEDOM

OUR excellent friend, the *Outlook*, thinks that when President Lowell of Harvard published his opposition to Mr. Brandeis he gave proof of academic freedom. When did college presidents ever lack freedom on the Tory side of public affairs? They are money raisers by necessity, and we have never noticed them shrinking from open agreement with the forces that hold the bag. The criticism of President Lowell was not based on the fact that he expressed an opinion. It was based on the kind of opinion he expressed. If he wishes to mix in fundamental questions, by the method of soiling a great man's name, he should not shed tears over himself when he receives a few blows in response to his.

A POLITICAL MYSTERY

FROM a political point of view Senator Cummins's vote against the confirmation of Mr. Brandeis has aroused considerable comment. Nobody in Washington, so far as we know, gives him credit for sincerity in his vote. He is too intelligent a man not to have seen how completely the case against the nominee collapsed. His vote has been explained on two grounds, both having to do with his being a candidate for the presidency.

1. He wants the solid backing of Iowa, and Thorne, who objected to Mr. Brandeis's fairness to the railroads,

has considerable influence in the state and has kept after Senator Cummins.

2. The standpat Republicans want to "go to the mat" on what they deem a wicked concession to radicalism, labor, and the Jews, and Mr. Cummins must please the Republican leaders if he is to have the ghost of a chance at Chicago.

The fact that Senator Cummins so grossly misstated Mr. Brandeis's position when he admitted the railroads needed more income, helps to bear out the general view that the senator had reasons other than his love of truth.

The Republicans already have practically all of the money back of them, and the other Tory groups, so they scarcely need such a demonstration of subserviency. There are three groups to whom they deliver the most dramatic possible slap in the face. One is the Jew, whose vote is important in several doubtful states. Another, and much larger, group is the labor vote all over the country, bitterly offended by this flagrant proof that the Tories look upon the Supreme Court as sacred to a class. It is what labor has been saying all along. The third class consists of hundreds of thousands of progressive minds through the country that belong to none of the three classes just mentioned, but include advanced liberals of every kind, such as those members of the Bull Moose party who joined it on principle and not merely out of personal adherence to Colonel Roosevelt.

The best guess we have heard made toward solving the mystery is this: The Republicans are now busy getting the money power absolutely solidified. That is the first job. Popular opinion can wait. It is influenced by unforeseeable accidents anyway. Moreover, T. R. is apparently to be the nominee, and he is the great master in selecting popular cries when they are necessary. So don't worry about the people yet. Tie up the insiders now.

A BOSTON TRIBUTE

LAST week we pointed out the freedom of the Harvard Law School, as illustrated by the Brandeis test, referring particularly to the opinions of the former dean, Ezra Thayer, and of the new dean, Professor Roscoe Pound. We now take pleasure in quoting the views of a prominent Boston liberal. Norman H. White has been consistently progressive in Massachusetts politics. He was a member of the legislature for five years and has been chairman of the state commission on efficiency and economy. His view of the Brandeis case helps to show another side of Boston opinion from that so vociferously represented by the New Haven, Shoe Machinery, and affiliated interests. Writing in *Commerce and Finance* he says:

> First, I wish to here set down his own words concerning the present time lawyer:
> "It is true that at the present time the lawyer does not hold that position with the people which he held fifty years ago; but the reason is, in my opinion, not lack of opportunity. It is because, instead of holding a position of independence between the wealthy and the people, prepared to curb the excess of either, the able lawyers have to a great extent allowed themselves to become adjunct of the great corporations, and have neglected their obligation to use their powers for the protection of the people."
> Brandeis has always sacredly kept his "position of independence between the wealthy and the people," and has always stood ready, at tremendous personal sacrifice, "to curb the excess of either," and it is interesting to note that some at least of those lawyers who are now attacking him are those "able lawyers who have to a great extent allowed themselves to become adjunct of the great corporations and have neglected their obligation to use their powers for the protection of the people." The former eminent "legislative counsel" for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad in Boston is a specific typical exponent of this class who have become "adjunct of the great corporations and have neglected their obligation," etc.
> His first fight was against the West End Street Railway Company. . . . The financial powers were pitted against him with his small band of followers. They were bound to own and not lease from the city of Boston the subways which were building or were to be built. . . . The result was that Brandeis won, and it was he who provided that at the end of twenty-five years the leases may be terminated by the city or the traction interests. . . .
> Next we find him at the head of a movement for the benefit of the consumers of gas. Boston gas was poor notwithstanding the fact that prices were high. The gas companies assumed that the attack was against them. The results, however, have shown that the Brandeis method not only relieved the public but has so satisfied the gas companies that they would not now change the law which Brandeis caused to be enacted. . . .
> Not long after the gas contest Mr. Brandeis found that a huge monopoly in transportation covering the whole of New England on land and sea was being established contrary to the laws of Massachusetts. At length the Massachusetts Supreme Court in a unanimous decision upheld Mr. Brandeis's views, but the New Haven proceeded on in defiance of both law and order. Ask the man in the street today who was right! Ask the newspapers who so bitterly attacked Brandeis at that time! Ask the stockholder! . . .
> Finding the wage-earners of Massachusetts burdened with the industrial system of life insurance, a most unconscionable system, with its heavy costs and thousands of lapses, Mr. Brandeis believed that the state of Massachusetts should give some relief by the enactment of a law which would provide, with most rigid state safeguards, life insurance to her wage-earners in small amounts at cost through the medium of Massachusetts savings banks, properly guarded by a state system, using the savings banks as the instrument for relief. . . . After a huge effort, the Brandeis Savings Bank Insurance bill was enacted into law in the year 1907. Again the Brandeis idea is approved by those who originally wished its defeat. . . .
> There is no man in the country who has the confidence of the wage-earners and the confidence of manufacturers as Mr. Brandeis. His settlement of the cloakmakers' strike in New York in the summer of 1910 involved some seventy thousand employees and a business of $180,000,000 a year.

Speaking of the now famous Oregon woman's labor case Mr. White says:

> I maintain that in this one endeavor he has accomplished more than all the good works of his enemies together.

The statement is strong, but it is just. And that is the record on which the Republicans are inviting a political issue. As to why they dare do it, see preceding column. See also Gary dinner and Bacon lunch.

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A column of cavalry in Mexico on a forced march

ON THE TRAIL OF VILLA

These are the colored soldiers of the 24th Infantry on their march to join Pershing's forces. At Guerrero the colored troops chased the Villa soldiers ten miles before suspicions of a trap led to their recall. They are showing in Mexico the same fighting spirit that distinguished them in Cuba and the Philippines





The greatest problem of the punitive expedition is keeping supplies up with fast-marching soldiers. This auto supply train helps solve the problem, although the entire absence of even passable highways in northern Mexico puts the army's motor equipment to the most severe test it has ever had



The advance base at Casas Grandes is kept supplied by mule caravans like the one shown here, which comes from Columbus. The army mule is indispensable in operations over country of the type through which the troops are marching. Roads and trails are never too rough for the mule trains

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THE SEAMEN'S ACT

BY WILLIAM B. WILSON, SECRETARY OF LABOR

AS A member of the trade-union movement practically all of my lifetime I have, in common with others, participated in the great and ever-present struggle for human liberty, human rights, and human uplift generally. As a result of my observations and experience in that movement it has been thoroughly impressed upon my mind that men must first achieve liberty before they attain their other rights. In the struggle of the centuries gone by, step by step, all classes of labor save one, have achieved a measure of freedom until in this country at least workmen are no longer compelled to work against their will or physically forced to fulfil a civil contract to labor. The single exception is the seamen of the world, including those of the United States. After a legislative struggle of more than twenty years, in which the seamen were vigorously supported by the balance of the trade-union movement of our country, the Seamen's Bill was enacted into law by the Sixty-third Congress and the last vestige of serfdom by legal requirement was thereby wiped from our statute books. The seamen are freemen now and are able to stand erect before all the world, the owners of themselves and their own labor power.

The struggle has been a bitter one and the end is not yet. The same interests that fought the enactment of the measure are now putting forth every possible effort to secure its repeal, principally upon the plea that it was a hastily enacted, poorly considered measure which will drive the American merchant marine from the seas. What an absurdity! For sixty years prior to the enactment of the Seamen's Law we had no merchant marine worthy of the name. It had practically gone out of existence. Surely the Seamen's Law could not be blamed for destroying something that did not exist. It is a matter of record that the American merchant marine has grown more rapidly in the past year than it ever did before, although every man who invested in vessels under the American flag knew that the law would go into effect on November 4, 1915. And, in addition to that, American shipyards have more vessels under way for American shipowners than has ever been the case since steel superseded wood in the manufacture of ships. There could, however, be no permanent privately owned American merchant marine until the two great obstacles to its maintenance had been swept out of its way. You can have no permanent privately owned American merchant marine with an American personnel in its crews until it is just as profitable for American capital to be invested in American vessels as it is to be invested on land, and just as profitable and free and safe for American men to go down to the sea in ships as it is to labor on land. The Seamen's Act, plus the ship registry act, has made possible the achievement of this much-to-be-desired end.

There were two very important reasons why the American merchant marine had dwindled. The first of those reasons was that it cost the American shipowner more for his vessel, for the same carrying capacity, than it cost his foreign competitor. That meant a greater investment upon which dividends were to be earned than his foreign competitor had to invest for the same carrying power. That has been partly modified as a result of the ship registry act, which gives him the right to register foreign-built vessels for oversea trade. The American shipowner will not, however, be entirely upon an equal basis with his foreign competitor until he is permitted to use the vessels which he owns, no matter where he purchases them, in exactly the same kind of trade that his competitor can use them in. In other words, he must have the opportunity of using them in the coastwise trade as well as in the oversea trade, in order to be upon an equality with his competitor. But the disadvantage has been greatly modified, and it is not costing the American shipowner now much more, if any more, for his vessel, at the same carrying capacity, than it is costing his foreign competitor.

THE other great cause for the dwindling of the American merchant marine was that it cost the American shipowner more for his operating expenses than it cost his foreign competitor; and that increased cost in operating expenses was not due to the fuel or other supplies used on board the vessel, for those things could be purchased in exactly the same markets that the foreign shipowner purchased them in and at exactly the same cost. The difference was due to the greater cost of labor for the American shipowner than for his foreign competitor. The labor itself represents about from ten to eighteen per cent of the cost of transportation and the difference in wages ranged from twenty to two hundred per cent. Now the question naturally arises, Why was it that the foreign shipowner was able to secure his labor so much cheaper that he had a big advantage over the American shipowner in operating expenses? And the answer lies in the fact that while all other men in the civilized world had been given their freedom, that while slavery and serfdom had been abolished on land, the seamen of all the world, including the United States, still remained bondmen to the vessels upon which they signed the ship's articles. The economic effect was direct: A shipowner under a flag of some foreign country, signed his seamen in that foreign country. If he was flying the flag of England, he signed his seamen in the British Isles or in the colonies from which the vessel sailed. And then when those seamen came to the United States, instead of having an opportunity of ending a civil contract to labor as any other working-man had the right to do, that right was denied him, and if he left the vessel upon which he had signed he was looked upon as a deserter, and we who had so unanimously adopted the thirteenth amendment to our constitution abolishing slavery in the United States, set the machinery of our police power in motion and hounded down the seaman as we hounded down the slaves years ago and carried him back to the vessel from which he had deserted and compelled him to fulfil his civil contract to labor against his will. And by utilizing that police power and running down the seaman, carrying him back to the vessel upon which he came, we maintained for the foreign shipowner the advantage he had in being able to sign his seamen in a port where the wages are lower than they are in the United States.

The Seamen's Act changes that condition of affairs. It not only says to the American shipowner that American seamen shall be free to leave their vessel when the vessel is in a safe port in this or any other country, but

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it says to the foreign shipowner, "When your seamen come into American ports, the very fact that they are in our waters and under our jurisdiction makes them free men."

The result must be inevitable. You have two vessels lying at your dock: One of them is manned by American seamen securing the wages paid out of an American port; the other is manned, if you will, with Lascars, signed by an English vessel out of some of the ports of India, and those Lascars will, by the underground method if no other presents itself, learn of the wages that are paid to American seamen out of American ports and that they have the right to insist upon similar wages. Ultimately—it may take time to work out—ultimately, they will insist upon having just as much wages for their work as the American seaman receives for his.

That will mean that the American shipowner will be placed on the same level from a competitive standpoint as his foreign competitor is placed. And if under those circumstances, with but the same initial cost of his plant, with the same operating expenses as others have, the American shipmaster is unable to compete with the rest of the world, then I have missed my guess of the shrewdness of a Yankee skipper.

But that is not all. That deals solely with the question of human liberty. Human liberty is the basis of all, but there are other phases. One of the other phases of this very important subject is the question of safety at sea; and in dealing with the question of safety at sea, it has been too often dealt with exclusively from the standpoint of the passenger, and the thousands upon thousands of seamen in our freighters, vessels carrying no passengers, are apt to receive scant consideration except that which grows out of the fact that certain conditions are dangerous to passenger vessels. But because we have an interest in maintaining the safety of those who travel by sea as passengers, we are led to include the same provisions for the welfare of the seamen who operate the freighters.

AMONG the other things the Seamen's Bill insists upon is that seventy-five per cent of the crew who sign the ship's articles, no matter what department they may be in, shall understand the language of the officers of the vessel. Now that does not mean that they must understand English; nor does it mean that they must understand German in a German vessel, English in an English vessel, French in a French vessel; but it means that there must be no interpreter standing between the master of the ship and the crew when an emergency arises when a second's time may mean the saving or the losing of a thousand lives.

It is not only essential that there should be a sufficient number of qualified men to man the vessel under normal conditions, but it is also essential that there should be a sufficient number of men qualified to man it under abnormal conditions. And why? Because your wrecks, your loss of life, do not take place under normal conditions. You have no need under normal conditions for any great number of men or any particular skill. But it is in the abnormal conditions, where wreckage from various causes confronts you, that you need the man there who not only has the skill to perform the labor, but who has exercised that skill with a sufficient frequency to be able to do it with a cool head and a clear judgment. And so the Seamen's Bill, in addition to the language test, provides for a standard of skill not only with regard to sailors, but with a new class that has been created called lifeboat men.

Nearly every condition of employment relating to seamen is determined by law or regulation. Seamen are not like other men in that respect. A man on land may make his contract with his employer in a way that would be mutually satisfactory and agreeable. Not so with the seamen. Why? Because after the vessel leaves the dock and puts out to sea there is a community of risk, and because of the community of risk there must be some central head whose orders must be obeyed. And wherever you place power in the hands of any individual there is a tendency to gather more power towards himself.

And because of that tendency in human nature to use the power it has to gather more power, when you place the absolute power in the hands of one man over the lives and property of others at sea, where for the time being he is beyond the reach of governmental control, then you must by law regulate and limit those powers.

THE provisions of the Seamen's Act are not imposed solely upon American vessels. That must be clearly understood. They are imposed upon American vessels now. It will be June next before it goes into effect with other vessels. And that is due to the fact that we have not only passed laws regulating the life of the seamen, but we have entered into treaty arrangements with other countries by which they regulated the activities of our seamen in those countries, and we regulated the activities of their seamen in our country. Those treaties required a certain notification before they could be ended. Usually one year's time. Three months' time was given to the President of the United States in which to prepare for the renunciation of the treaties, and so, in the early part of this year, the treaties were renounced, and beginning with the early part of June of next year, not only the seamen of the United States will be free, but the seamen of every country in the world whose vessels trade in American ports. So the Seamen's Bill stands out as one of the great landmarks in history. The Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Emancipation Proclamation, the Clayton Act and the Seamen's Law, giving freedom to all seamen in the waters of the United States, stand out preeminently in the struggle for human liberty.

As to the claim put forward for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company that it was forced out of business because of the enactment of the Seamen's Law, the records of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington prove that the statement is without foundation. In February, 1913, the general manager of the company appeared before the committee and during his testimony stated in substance that the Pacific Mail Company was going out of business because they were unable to operate profitably in the Oriental trade under the laws then in existence, and the hope that they might be able to operate in the coastwise trade through the Panama Canal was made impossible of realization by the passage of the Panama Canal Act prohibiting railroad-owned vessels from using the Panama Canal. And as the Pacific Mail Company was owned principally by the Southern Pacific Railway Company it was shut out from that trade, and consequently they were going out of business whether the Seamen's Bill passed or not.

Next week Secretary Wilson will tell what has been done for labor through the Clayton Act.

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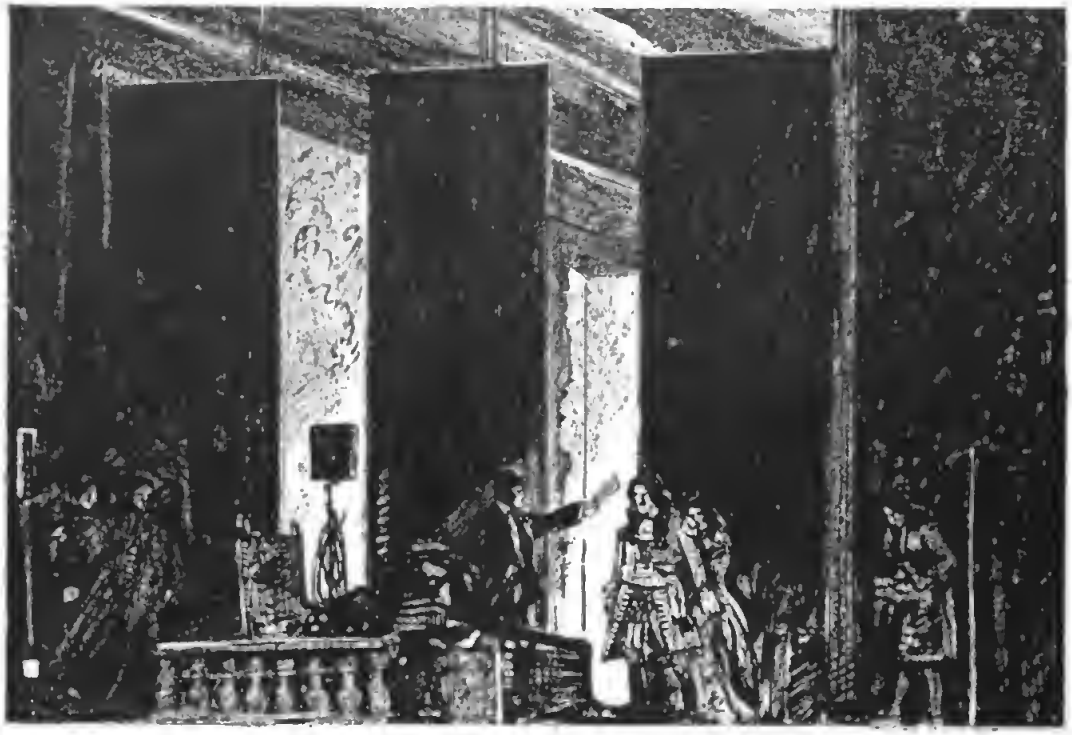
ATMOSPHERE OF THE THEATRE

BY LEE WILSON DODD

Dramatizer of "His Majesty, Bunker Bean"

ONE day last winter I was chatting with a stage director, who has written successful plays, and who also happens to be a very charming woman. There are not, as yet, many women capable of staging a play, and I was discussing with her the difficulties of her chosen profession. "Oh," she exclaimed, "it would be impossible to any woman who had not grown up in the atmosphere of the theatre!" And she went on to tell me how as a little girl she had run about behind the scenes of a small "stock" theatre in the middle west, prattling to the actors and stage-hands and making great friends with the property man. To be friends with the property man was like being friends with Santa Claus. She would stand for hours in his dim workshop to watch him fashioning his wonderful toys of painted wood or papier mâché. As a result of all this the littered corners, the rope-hung and confusing spaces of "behind-the-scenes" became her native country, as familiar to her as grandma's house to many another little girl, and perhaps even more fascinating. This fascination, she insists, has never worn away. Behind the scenes, in spite of a present intimate knowledge of details, has never ceased to be a magician's workship. And this, I fancy, is generally true of those connected with the stage. In this paradoxical "atmosphere of the theatre" use and wont lose their customary power to deaden and destroy. The world back of the proscenium arch is at one and the same time a world of matter-of-fact mechanics and a world of enchantment.

Yet I feel that my friend spoke truly, that one must have breathed this artificial atmosphere from an early age and for a period of years, in order to become native to the element. To one whose lungs have grown accustomed to a less specialized ether, the atmosphere of the theatre may at first seem stimulating and grateful, but is apt before long to oppress a little, as if lacking a full-bodied vitality.



"For the time being all is sunless tempest, black lightning!"

On the other hand, I hardly know more vital folk than your true citizens of the theatre, for whom this slightly toxic atmosphere is the very breath and fragrance of life! Vital? Why, they abound in vitality! They have the never-deflated bounce of healthy children at their games.

Nothing, I think, struck me more forcibly throughout my first active experience "behind" than the untiring vigor of all my associates. I do not mean physical endurance merely; I mean that everybody about me appeared to be living at high tension without any visible symptoms of nervous fatigue. Such energy is in part contagious, and I soon found myself running exclusively on high speed—but alas! to me the magic atmosphere was not equally sustaining; I was not acclimatized; and I suffered at times from a nervous exhaustion which never seemed to trouble my companions.

Not that an actor, a stage director, manager, or scene shifter, is always gay! Ten thousand times no. It isn't a question of gaiety versus depression. But when it is gloomy back of the footlights (and I think no land can be so instantly saturated with midnight gloom) there is

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nothing passive, nothing resigned, in those who suffer. For the time being all is sunless tempest, black lightning. The unceasing energy has simply, for a brief hour, seized on darkness for a cloak and fallen to cursing. Happily these storms soon pass, but the energy behind them never passes.

Surely an atmosphere which can feed so constant a vital flame is not to be called *vitiated*. But, I repeat, one must be plunged into it young to get from it what it apparently can give—the gift of Eternal Youth. For there is no doubt about it, the citizens of the theatre are young till they die—and perhaps after death. I should imagine the ghost of an actor would be more likely than any other to appear.

What is there, then, in this atmosphere of the theatre so curiously animating and preservative?

Youth steps down into the Forum of Life through the Gates of Imitation. But when Youth has once passed these Gates and entered the Forum, Youth is no longer young. Now your true citizen of the theatre never enters the Forum at all; he remains always within the Gates of Imitation, of Make-believe, and is therefore exempt from age. This I take to be a true, if allegorical, explanation of the matter.

In one of his charming essays Mr. Birrell quotes Mr. Bagehot on the advantage of "keeping an atmosphere." Mr. Birrell continues: "Awkward questions are not put to the lucky people who keep their own atmospheres. The critics, before they can get at them, have to step out of the everyday air . . . into the kept atmosphere, which they have no sooner breathed than they begin to see things differently." Now the atmosphere of the theatre is just such a kept atmosphere, surrounding not one human being, but a whole class of beings. That it is possible, if one remain entirely on the outside of this kept atmosphere, to criticize those who dwell within it pretty severely, Mr. Birrell has himself proved. There is, no doubt, much cruel truth in his essay on actors. But having myself passed within at divers seasons and breathed that atmosphere, I necessarily (as Mr. Birrell suggests) "see things differently." The citizen of the theatre can no longer seem to me an object for slightly contemptuous pity. He does not belong to the Forum, which he has never entered, and is not to be judged by Forum standards. He is Eternal Youth dwelling within the Gates of Imitation for the pleasure of all the disillusioned who stand without in the naked atmosphere of Reality. Ah, I have inhaled a few deep breaths of that dusty magic, and though I would not always be breathing so close an air, I could almost find it in my heart to wish I had been born to know no other. Then I too might have learned the engaging secret of being forever young.

HOW JAPAN GETS HER SOLDIERS

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE

AS A manufacturer of soldiers, Japan has done fairly well. Our Russian friends advertised our product in great shape. It made a sensational hit, because people almost always like to see something good come out of Nazareth; surprise being, as we all know, a regulation uniform of the dramatic.

At that, there is small reason for Japan to plume herself over her soldier-making industry with anything more than that of a humming bird's wings. In the first place, she cannot help herself very well, any more than Pittsburg could help being the home of the steel industry. Take the question of raw material, for example.

Every year the surgeons of the Imperial Japanese army have from 400,000 to 450,000 young men of the uniform age of twenty-flat to look over. The boys come to the official quarters, sit there and wait upon the pleasures of the officers. Comparison is sometimes more painful than odious. Compare this collection of patient raw material ready and waiting to the labor, speeches and cigarettes so freehandedly lavished upon almost any old caller at the recruiting stations for the United States army.

All that the Japanese surgeons have to do is to be rather particular in their choice. Out of about 430,000, they permit something like 250,000 to 270,000 to enlist. "Permit" is the right word, indeed a very mild one. And the boys take it in that very spirit—and weep bitterly when they happen to be rejected on the ground of physical unfitness. In all other civilized countries, boys at twenty have more sense than that—especially in enlightened America.

When the conscription law was first inaugurated—it was as early as 1873—it was a mere collection of dead letters, heavy, dead, dignified, unintelligible as so many dead things are apt to be—on the statute book; for in those days the boys of Japan had just one pipe dream. To fight and die for the state was to find a short cut into the Veranda of the Lotus. They would have simply laughed at an unexpected sack of diamonds in exchange. Today, the Japanese government is finding the conscription service very handy indeed.

Indeed, that is the only way of getting a good fighting machine, ever ready and efficient—especially in these civilized days of ours,—more especially when a government isn't willing to pay more than the wages for the lowest grade of labor in the land. All this talk of a volunteer army is a fine chopping block for college debating societies and for the newspapers, but as a machinery ready any old time, night and day (and that is the only kind that counts in these days of abbreviated distances and time-murdering cunnings), it is worth little more than a circus clown's ha-ha and is not nearly half as entertaining. Conscription is the only way all the nations which mean business get their raw material. Germany gets it that way, Russia, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, also. The British Empire, proud and arrogant over her sturdy manhood (not without a solid and beefy reason for it, too), does not resort to conscription. And she doesn't have an army capable of manning more than fifty miles out of a couple of thousand miles of front the Allies are holding against their common enemy.

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I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me.—Matthew xxvi, 55
The illustration shows what is now called the Temple inclosure, where Christ taught

EASTER IN JERUSALEM

BY EARLE HARRISON

THESE pictures were taken during Holy Week, just before the world war began. While thousands of pilgrims were visiting the sacred places in Palestine, I went with these pilgrims, saw the spots (pointed out by Arab Dragomen) where the great events of Christ's life occurred. Many places are shown the visitors—the rock from which Christ mounted the ass on His journey from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem on Palm Sunday; the rock from which He ascended into heaven, and numerous other spots. In fact the people of Palestine have locations for practically every prominent event in Biblical history, though there is nothing to prove their authenticity except tradition.

King Solomon's Temple stood just where the picture was taken, as is proved by excavations recently made. The road from the Mount of Olives to the Golden Gate is today just as it was in the days of Christ. Likewise, the Garden of Gethsemane is correctly located and appears much today as it did in the days of Christ. The Ecce Homo arch under which Pilate stood when he condemned Christ is preserved to the present time. The foundation of the arch is just as it was in the days of Christ, while the old flagstones under the arch still remain and show the designs cut upon them by the Roman soldiers with their swords.



He is not here: for he is risen.—Matthew xxviii, 6
The picture shows "The Church of the Sepulchre"

Within the walls of what is now the church of the Holy Sepulchre stood the cross upon which Christ was crucified and the tomb in which He was buried and from which He arose.

The street scenes in Jerusalem show the city as it is today, and resemble closely the architecture of the days of Christ. Although the city has been destroyed several times, it has been rebuilt upon the ruins.

In the year 70 A.D. it was completely destroyed and the Jews were dispersed by the Romans under Vespasian and Titus. In 614 the city fell into the hands of the Persian King Ghosroes II. A quarter of a century later it passed into the control of Calif Omar. From the year 1007 on Jerusalem has been definitely under the dominion of the Turkish Empire. Centuries of crusades were unable to rescue it.

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And the multitudes that went before, and that fallowed, cried, soying, Hosanna to the Son of David.—Matthew xxi, 9
The illustration shows the road leading from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem. Over this road Christ passed on Palm Sunday



Then released he Barobbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.—Matthew, xxvii, 26
Here Pontius Pilate stood when he condemned Christ. The road is "The Street of Sorrows," through which Christ passed carrying the cross



He went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was o gorden, into the which he entered.—John xviii, 1
This garden is kept up hy French monks. The old olive tree dates back to the days of Christ

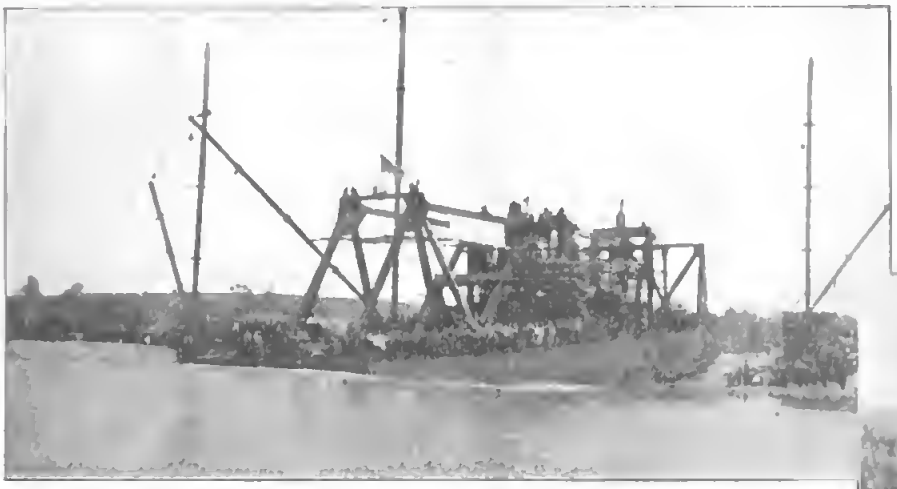


O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou thot killest the prophets ond stonest them which are sent unto thee.—Matthew xxiii, 37
Houses in Jerusalem today—constructed in the same way as they were in the days of Christ

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INTERESTING THINGS SEEN

FROM every part of the count
kodak prints have been comm
to the Pictorial News department
Harper's Weekly. The views shov
on this page, the best of the week
arrivals, represent impartially nort
south, east and west. They sho
besides that the amateur photo
rapher, now that he has multifario



The launching of an unusual craft—the largest gold dredge in the world, to be used near Marysville, Cal. (By E. L. Jennings)



*The United States army is us
to extract field-pieces and vel
Fort Sill, Okla. This picture i*

A late March snowfall at Salt Lake, Utah, was so heavy that the roof of this dancing pavilion, supported by what was said to be the largest wooden truss ever built, collapsed early the morning of March 25th. (By O. J. Grimes)





Nashville, Tenn., suffered March 22nd from the most disastrous fire in its history. When the conflagration was checked a strip three blocks wide and nearly a mile long had been burned. This is a typical street scene after the fire. (By S. A. Weakley)



The bronze greyhounds (above) were placed by their sculptor, W. H. Deiderich, atop of the pedestal (right) in Central Park, New York, one recent moonless night. Next day they were removed by the police and confined at head-

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Y AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

movie news films to use as textbooks, is acquiring an excellent sense of the sort of picture that will interest readers of a national publication. Each week *Harper's Weekly* will pay $10 for the best amateur photograph submitted and $2 for every view that it publishes. Pictures must be new and possess general interest.



A torpedo leaving its tube, carrying to the target nearly a ton of metal and 300 pounds of high explosives. (By Herbert Beardsley)



a new type of caterpillar tractor s from the heavy, sticky mud at ven the $10 prize. (By L. Rensch)



The effect of fire and water on a chemical laboratory — Morse Hall, Cornell University, after it was partly destroyed by fire with heavy loss in equipment and manuscripts. (By Ralph Cornwell)





quarters. Mr. Deiderich announced that he made the unsolicited gift because he could not bear to see the park pedestal standing unsurmounted. It was originally erected for a figure of General Bolivar. (By Earle Harrison)



This hill in San Francisco, offering a fifty per cent grade, is much used by automobile salesmen who have sufficient confidence in the hill-climbing powers of their cars. Demonstrations are always well attended by prospective motor car owners. (By J. J. McCarthy)

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T. R.—"I hope you all feel heroic"—

HUERTA AND THE TWO WILSONS

BY ROBERT H. MURRAY

THIS is the fifth instalment of a dramatic contribution to inside current history. In his first four articles Mr. Murray described the beginnings of the revolution, up to Monday, February 17—the day that Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson advised our State Department that he had been in communication with Huerta, and that he "expected important developments tomorrow."

MONDAY night passed without incident. Fighting was not resumed on Tuesday morning. When I called at the National Palace a few minutes after noon to ascertain the reason for the lull in hostilities, Ernesto Madero informed me that Huerta had asked for time in which to redispose the federal forces in preparation for a final assault upon the Ciudadela. Several times that forenoon the President, restless under the inaction of the troops after the heartening successes of the previous day, had sent for Huerta and asked him what was the meaning of the delay. Huerta put him off with various pretexts. Huerta was with the President when I was at the palace. I could see them in conversation in the President's private office, through the door connecting the office and the small anteroom in which Ernesto Madero and I were sitting. Madero was manifestly agitated. Afterwards I was told that Huerta, when the President finally cornered him, had insisted upon being permitted to handle the military situation as he saw fit, and offered to relinquish the command on the spot if Madero was not satisfied. Madero was far from being satisfied, but what could he do? Suspicion of Huerta's duplicity has never entered his mind, tangibly. When the blow fell, an hour or so later, it was all the more fearsome and crushing because of its unexpectedness.

So here at noon, on Tuesday, we have Madero expostulating, Huerta playing for time, the Associated Press correspondent fidgeting and Wilson waiting. Things were not going according to schedule. Can one imagine the fever our ambassador must have been in? His impatience played him a scurvy trick, as his correspondence shows. He could not restrain himself until the jaws of the trap had closed upon Madero, to flash the glad news to Washington. Noon was the hour told him by Huerta for the springing of the snare. Noon was the hour at which Wilson had warned the Associated Press correspondent to be on the lookout for the big news. And in-

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conceivably stupid as it may seem, noon was the hour at which he sent the following message to the State Department announcing nearly two hours in advance nf the fact that Madero was then a prisoner:

"Twelve o'clock noon, Tuesday, February 18th: This morning there is complete calm, except that at certain intervals Diaz fires his heavy guns to prove that he has abundant ammunition. The supposition now is that the federal generals are now in control of the situation *and of the President.*"

Some time between half-past one and two o'clock soldiers broke into Madero's private office in the National Palace. Two or three of his aides attempted to defend the President. Shots were exchanged. Several men were killed. Madero sought to flee from the palace by descending to the ground floor. There Blanquet confronted him and made him prisoner. All of the Madero ministers were seized. Huerta had lunched with Gustavo Madero in Gambrinus restaurant, a few squares from the palace, leaving the dog's work in the palace for Blanquet to do. With Gustavo Madero's food in his stomach and his wine still wet on his lips, Huerta excused himself, went outside the restaurant and ordered within a squad of soldiers to lay by the heels his host, who sat waiting for Huerta to return.

NOON was the hour at which Wilson had warned the Associated Press correspondent to be on the lookout for the big news. And inconceivably stupid as it may seem, noon was the hour at which he sent a message to the State Department announcing nearly two hours in advance of the fact that Madero was then a prisoner

If Wilson's noon message to the State Department was a false alarm, that which he cabled at two o'clock redeemed his reputation for accuracy as a reporter. He wired:

"My confidential messenger with Huerta has just come from the palace, badly, but not seriously, wounded, to inform me that Madero has just been made a prisoner by Blanquet, with the approval of Huerta. He states that the President resisted, and that a number of officials in the room were killed, and that he (Huerta) afterwards took a squad of men and captured Gustavo Madero in Gambrinus restaurant."

It was a merry afternoon at the American embassy. Smiles wreathed all faces. Americans shook hands with Wilson, hugged him, tossed off highballs to his health, congratulated him upon the successful accomplishment of the day's work. They made quite an impromptu little *fiesta* with the materials for a Roman holiday which events had provided them.

But our ambassador was obliged to tear himself away from these scenes of merriment. Intervention is serious business. Matters of vital moment demanded his attention. He had to build a government between then and morning. First he hurried off a messenger to the Ciudadela to summon Mondragon and Diaz to a conference in the embassy. Diaz refused to stir from the place unless the protection of the American flag was assured him. Our ambassador gave it. He sped another telegram to Washington, at three o'clock in the afternoon, telling of the "receipt of an official note from Huerta announcing that he had made prisoners of the President and the cabinet, and requesting that the news be communicated to Taft and to the resident diplomatic corps."

It was well into the evening before he rounded up Huerta, Diaz and Mondragon and a few less important associates of the conspirators in the embassy. Out of that meeting grew the so-called "Pact of the Ciudadela" to which the signatories were Huerta and Diaz. Mondragon was relegated to a secondary place, largely through the influence of Wilson, who projected Diaz to the front. It was agreed that Huerta should become Provisional President and that Diaz should succeed him for the constitutional term at an election which Huerta bound himself to call at the earliest possible date. The cabinet portfolios were thrown into a jackpot and the pot was split between Diaz and Huerta, each taking half. Mondragon's sole and only prize was the war ministry. Our ambassador, cabling to the State Department at midnight, when the half-drunken traitors had finally cleared out of the embassy, staggering, hiccoughing, maudling, epitomized the shameful history of the day, as follows:

"Apprehensive of the situation which might ensue after the downfall of President Madero, I invited Generals Huerta and Diaz to come to the embassy for the purpose of considering the question of preserving order in the city. After they arrived I discovered that many other things had to be discussed first, and after enormous difficulties I managed to get them to agree to work together, on the understanding that Huerta should be Provisional President of the Republic, and that Diaz should name the cabinet and that thereafter Diaz should receive the support of Huerta for the constitutional presidency. After these points were settled, both left the embassy to put into effect the common order which had been agreed upon for the public peace. I expect no further trouble in the city. I congratulate the department upon the happy turn of events, which have been, directly or indirectly, the result of its instructions."

EVENTS marched swiftly. Under duress the Congress was convened the next day, Wednesday, February 19th. Madero and Pino Suarez, yielding to the advice of their relatives and friends, had written their resignations. The agreement was that the resignations should be placed in the hands of the foreign minister, Pedro Lascurain, who should not deliver them to the Congress until Madero and Pino Suarez, escorted by the Cuban and the Chilean ministers, should have been taken to Vera Cruz on a special train—leaving that night—and placed aboard a Cuban gunboat, bound for Havana. Huerta subscribed to this compact. But when Huerta assured himself that the resignations were in Lascurain's possession, he came down on him like a hawk upon a field mouse and frightened him into yielding them to the Congress immediately. By the acceptance of the resignations by a cowed Congress, Lascurain, because of his tenure in the foreign ministry, automatically became President. He was President for fifteen minutes, only long enough to appoint Huerta as Minister of the Interior, that minister being next in succession to the presidency. Then Lascurain resigned and Huerta was in the saddle. Huerta broke his word and promise. He refused to allow Madero and Pino Suarez to leave the City of Mexico.

On that day our ambassador took occasion to felicitate the Taft administration upon what he had done for the good of Mexico and the well-being of foreign interests in the republic. Although he provided the department with a résumé of conditions in the capital as affecting the public order and the relations between Huerta and Diaz,

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he contented himself with merely mentioning as a "rumor" the death of Gustavo Madero. Madero, in the small hours of the morning, had been removed in an automobile to the Ciudadela and butchered. The ambassador's dispatch is timed "five o'clock in the afternoon."

BUT the killing of Gustavo Madero and the refusal of Huerta to keep his pledge to allow the President and the Vice-President to go from the country with whole skins does not seem to have suggested to Wilson that Madero and Pino Suarez were in jeopardy. He remained blind ostensibly, to a danger and to tragic possibilities that were on the lips of the population of the capital from the minute of Madero's arrest. The citizens, with few exceptions, accounted Madero as a dead man. Rumors leaped about on Tuesday night, Wednesday, every day until the end, that Madero already had been done to death. Americans repeated and discussed these rumors and possibilities in the American embassy. Still there is no word, or line, in any of the dispatches which the ambassador sent to Washington up to the 24th to indicate that he had offered any vigorous representations to the new powers in the government that the life of the betrayed President must be safeguarded. Indeed, there is significant omission on this point, for a dispatch of Wednesday night says, after mentioning that the written agreement between Huerta and Diaz was on file in the embassy:

EVER since President Wilson took office and before, hundreds of thousands of people in the United States have wished they might get more real, inside facts about the Mexican situation.

Why was President Wilson so intense in his feelings about Huerta?

This series by Robert Murray throws light on the whole situation.

"There are three agreements which I stipulated, but which are not reduced to writing, namely, the release of *the Madero ministers*, the liberty of the press and an uncensored telegraph service, and joint action between the two generals for the maintenance of order in the city. Congress is now in session, but I imagine that its ratification of the agreements made last night in the embassy will be little more than a matter of formality. The President and the Vice-President are still in the guardhouse of the palace. I have assumed considerable responsibility in proceeding without instructions in many important matters, but no harm has been done and I believe that great benefits have been accomplished, and especially for our countrymen in Mexico, who I believe will now find the ban of race hatred removed. Protection of their interests will receive just consideration, at any rate. Our position here is stronger than it has ever been, and I would suggest that I have general instructions to bring to the attention of whatever government may be created here, the complaints set forth in our note of September 15th, and urge for at least an arrangement to settle them all."

The Madero ministers were provided for, the cable was relieved of censorship, the liberty of the press (which meant the reappearance of the ambassador's personal organ, *The Mexican Herald*, which Madero had shut down for seditious publications)—everything and everybody was cared for, excepting the captive President.

After Huerta had vaulted into the presidency that night, announcement of what Congress had done was transmitted to Washington by Wilson at ten o'clock. It will be noticed that Wilson did not inform Washington that Huerta—as Wilson well knew—had promised to send Madero and Pino Suarez that night to Vera Cruz under escort of the Cuban and Chilean ministers. Possibly he refrained from saying anything about this agreement through knowledge that Huerta did not intend to do anything of the sort. He had talked with Huerta that afternoon, for the message says:

"I went to see General Huerta this afternoon for the purpose of getting guarantees for the public order and for the purpose of learning the exact situation. He gave me satisfactory assurances. He says that the President and Gustavo Madero had tried twice to assassinate him and had held him prisoner for one day. He asked my advice as to whether it were best to send the Ex-President out of the country, or to place him in a lunatic asylum. I replied that he ought to do what was best for the peace of the country."

If Wilson that day told Huerta that harm must not be allowed to befall Madero the fact must have escaped his memory when he was inditing the dispatch. But, in his dispatch of the following day, Thursday, February 20th, when the new government formally was installed, he says that he did charge Huerta to protect Madero. The ambassador, with a caution that did not always stamp his official acts, went to pains to tell this to Huerta in the presence of a witness. He conspicuously mentions the witness, or, at least, permits it to be inferred that the German minister who, he says, accompanied him to Huerta, was also present when Madero was discussed.

One interpretation that might be placed upon the final sentence of his message printed below would be this: "What do you want me to do? Tell Huerta that Madero must not be murdered, or let Huerta do what he pleases with him?"

Washington remained silent to the ambassador's tacit inquiry. Wilson, again proceeding on the silence-gives-consent theory, did nothing. If he did, his later dispatches do not show it. Here is his production of six o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday:

"The revolution is now complete, so far as the City of Mexico is concerned, and the installation of the provisional government took place amid great public demonstrations of approval. A wicked despotism has fallen, but what the future conditions will be cannot now be safely predicted. At the request of the wife of the Ex-President I visited General Huerta today, in company with the German minister, and unofficially requested that the utmost precaution be taken to prevent taking his life, or the life of the Vice-President, except by due process of law. General Huerta replied that he would have sent the President and Vice-President away last night, but feared to assume the responsibility of an attack upon the train. He said that every precaution was being taken to guard the lives of these two persons, and that they probably would be tried, but upon what charges he did not state. Madero is still incarcerated with the Vice-President and some generals in the National Palace, and I understand is being severely treated. This feature of the situation, I think, should be brought to the attention of the President, and I would suggest that instructions be sent hither, with General Diaz as an intermediary with General Huerta."

The concluding instalment of "Huerta and the Two Wilsons" will appear in next week's issue

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Refugees on the road and in the court of a district school. By Frans Masereel

HOW THE ARTISTS OF FRANCE SEE WAR

ON ONE special class of European artists war has had a decidedly stimulating effect. The brilliant French crayonists have eagerly grasped the opportunity to catch and fix the fleeting aspects of the struggle, and the result has been an array of brilliant drawings illustrating all the contrasting phases of the war in a way that no former period of history has found possible. Two firms of French publishers undertook the task of collecting the best drawings that had appeared in scattered form; and have admirably succeeded in compressing into a volume a striking résumé of war as the artists have seen it. In *La Grande Guerre par les Artistes* there is grotesque and sublime





Nos armées aujourd'hui ! Formons nos bataillons !







TO THE words of national hymns, made by long usage in time of peace perfunctory and almost meaningless, the coming of war gave new significance and power. Roubille draws a series of dashing designs symbolizing the fiery lines of Rouget de Lisle, and, to show the good will of one ally to another, Simpson produces a similar series illustrating the less vivacious but equally patriotic sentiments of "God Save the King."

Roubille's "Marseillaise" drawings are in the same exalted emotional strain as the flaming stanzas of the song, while, as is eminently fitting, Simpson's figures are mostly genial British soldiers and sailors.



The Porter:—"Curses! I think this time they've shut the door in my face." By Jou



The Class of '17:—"Oh, I wish I were wounded!" By Hermann-Paul



"What a mess these shells make!" By Huard



"For a long time there's been nothing more to sell . . . but those who are left like to see the shops open." By Huard



Prisoners. By Hermann-Paul

HITS ON THE STAGE

"JUSTICE":

THE best play in the world would go begging, unless it had a two dollar theme. Producers do not always insist upon good plays; but they demand plays with subjects of sufficient temporary interest to make the average man spend two dollars. Theatres, scenery, costumes and contracts are expensive. Thus John Galsworthy's *Justice* has had to wait for its American production until the Osborne case stirred up interest in prison conditions.

To those who admire Galsworthy as a great artist this dependence of art upon commercial contingencies must be a disagreeable relationship. At the same time, as a writer in the Boston *Transcript* has put it, Galsworthy never wrote with a "God's-eye view." He is enough of the artist to keep himself "detached" from his own work; but he is enough of the man to be interested in the movements of his own age. The combination makes *Justice* the strongest play that New York has seen in years: impersonal, plain, artistic.



John Barrymore as Falder

A SILESIAN peasant may not be the best critic of the act-divisions in Hauptmann's *Weavers;* but he must necessarily be the best judge of the play's truthfulness. Similarly, one should be a newspaper editor to criticize the substance of *The Earth,* an opera singer to say whether *The Great Lover* is a faithful portrayal. For this reason, nothing that we could say of the condition described in *Justice* would be of as much value as a sketch written for the New York *Tribune* by Thomas Mott Osborne. Mr. Osborne says:

"As a play Galsworthy's *Justice* is a masterpiece, and will stand as one of the great literary works of the generation. It is not propaganda, but the exposition of real, vital truth, wonderfully done.

"Some critics of the play remarked that its lesson does not apply to this country, because the conditions depicted in the English prisons do not obtain here. This statement is founded on a serious misunderstanding of the spirit of the play, of which the point is just as applicable in America as in England. Whatever the superficial difference in treatment of prisoners in the two countries may be, the two systems are fundamentally the same. We need to learn, as well as any other country, that a man should come out of prison a better and not a worse man than when he went in, and that any system which does not accomplish this is a failure, and a disgraceful failure.

"Everyone in the audience at *Justice* instinctively hopes that William Falder will not be sent to jail, not because he is innocent, for he is not, but because they know what prison means. We do not shudder when we think of a man with a broken leg being sent to a hospital, for we know that he will not come out with two broken legs, or if he has a strained tendon that he will not come out with a compound fracture. Yet that is about what we feel will happen to the morally injured man who is sent to prison.

A MASTERPIECE

"Falder was guilty of forgery. The plea of his counsel was specious, and according to law he deserved—I will not say 'punishment,' for that implies revenge—but discipline. And yet everyone in the audience knew what the reaction of a term in prison would be on a sensitive man, and they hoped that he would escape it.

"One critic said that the third act is a digression. On the contrary, this is the most important scene in the play, because it shows the effect of a blind, automatic punishment on the individual. The officials, well-meaning as they were, could not discriminate in favor of this one man without being unfair to a dozen others like him.

"And it is just here that the crux of the prison problem lies. When the individual has to be sacrificed to maintain the integrity of an institution there is something radically wrong with the institution. For it is only through the individual that anything worth while can be accomplished. You cannot reform men in a mass. Each must be helped, according to his individual case. It is to this end that the Mutual Welfare League was formed. The Mutual Welfare League is the solution of the problem of the individual in prison.

"*Justice* has one weakness: Galsworthy has not looked far enough ahead; he has ended his play in a discord. He has not suggested even a ray of hope at the end. This is due probably to the fact that in England they do not yet know that there is possibility of a really successful prison system. Perhaps, also, it is due to the present-day outlook upon life. The tendency is to end everything at the third act, instead of looking ahead to the fourth; to shut our eyes to the power of redemption that lies in things evil.

"*Justice* is a very remarkable and powerful play, but as a work of art it suffers because the note of hope which should resolve the discord is omitted.

"The answer to the unanswered question of *Justice* can be found today at Sing Sing and Auburn."

MR. OSBORNE'S belief that *Justice* would be a finer work of art if it concluded with a note of hope is a matter of opinion. Many people will find that the very power of the play lies in its impersonal bleakness. It is Mr. Osborne's views on the matter, rather than the manner, that are enlightening.

Justice has been well staged under the direction of B. Iden Payne. He has made every detail significant of the implacable "grinding of the chariot wheels of justice."

The part of William Falder is splendidly played by Mr. John Barrymore. We have only one suggestion to make: his Falder is so crushed and submissive at the very start of the play that the effect of prison life upon him is not so marked as it should be. O. P. Heggie, Lester Lonergan and Henry Stephenson give admirable and sympathetic performances. From every point of view the production of *Justice* at the Candler Theatre is a remarkable interpretation of a remarkable play.

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THE DRAMATIC ZOO FOR 1916

Photos by White



Envied by disengaged actors —he's in "The Boomerang"



What is known as "a cat" in the Hippodrome production



Man Friday—alias Mr. Al Jolson—finds a goat on Robinson Crusoe's island

OF THE group of animal celebrities gathered together on this page perhaps the most important is "Captain Flint." The Captain is one of the prominent figures in *Treasure Island*. Not only does he contribute "atmosphere," and catch the fancy of all who were brought up on Stevenson; he is an actor of temperament. The writer has seen him in three performances. One time, with an audience only mildly enthusiastic, the Captain was lackadaisical. On the other two occasions, when the applause was hearty, the Captain responded with fervor. He improvised on his part, adding unexpected squawks and whimsicalities enough to match the vivid character of Long John Silver, his owner.

The make-believe animal is no new device. The wonderful lion of *The Wizard of Oz* is a classic. At present there is an extremely clever piece of work being done by a fake "Jasper" in Mr. George Cohan's new revue. The real "Jasper," in *Young America*, was lord of the early season. The fate of the play hung on his acting when left alone on the stage. The new "Jasper" is not so important a factor in Mr. Cohan's play, but he is an amusing side-light.



"Treasure Island" would lose its charm without Long John Silver and his parrot



Little Billy and an imitation "Jasper" in Mr. George M. Cohan's new musical revue

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FOUR MASTER-STROKES IN POLO



This, the under-the-belly stroke, is the most spectacular of all. The player sends his mallet between the pony's legs in such a way that both may go down if anything goes wrong



The right-hand back stroke. The player in this picture, as in the others on this page, is Earl W. Hopping, who all this season has been one of the best of the polo riders at Aiken, S. C.



This, the back stroke, is used to get the ball out of a scrimmage. The player hammers the ball clear without having any particular idea where it is going. Devereux Milburn is especially good at it



Spectators take great delight in the under-the-neck stroke, to accomplish which the player leans far forward and snicks the ball from under his pony's feet without lessening his speed

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SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

IN AN explanatory first chapter, Elizabeth Robins Pennell explains that she has chosen *Nights* for the title of her new book of reminiscences because it is only her nights that have been filled with music, days during the period of which she writes having been devoted to such professional tasks as "doing" the art galleries of the continent for the London papers. She is therefore careful not to burden her succeeding chapters with recital of the day's routine, but fills them instead with charming intimate impressions of idyllic nights in Venice, gay boulevard nights in Paris and Thursday at-home nights in London. The Rome and Venice Mrs. Pennell describes are of the period she chooses to describe as "the esthetic eighties," while London and Paris are of "the fighting nineties." The differentiation of atmosphere is complete and delightful.

Naturally the greatest interest of *Nights* is in people rather than in places. Through Mrs. Pennell's keen, friendly eyes Henley, Harland, Stevenson—not Louis but his brother—and dozens of less important personages become ever so real. Mrs. Pennell's admiration of Henley is warm and constant, and her liking for Aubrey Beardsley such that she regrets the tendency of people nowadays to see in him (judging him only by his drawings) nothing but "his perversity and his affectation." Whistler appears in *Nights* as an omnipresent but shadowy figure, the Pennells having previously devoted an entire volume to him. Etchings by Joseph Pennell and some interesting portraits are decorative features of a most enjoyable book.



William Nicholson's portrait of W. E. Henley, from Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "Nights"

THERE comes from England an excellent war book which possesses special interest because it turned out to be something quite different from what the author intended. Sir Max Aitken, who officially is record officer of the Canadian troops in Flanders, prepared a series of reports, intended to be chiefly statistical, of the achievements in action of the soldiers from Canada. But a gift for spirited story-telling got the upper hand and spoiled the statistics, which are crowded into an appendix to *Canada in Flanders*. In the rest of the volume we are given fresh, dashing accounts of Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy and other engagements where Canada took an important part. In a chapter on Neuve Chapelle Aitken frankly discusses the British tactical blunders that made only a local success of what might have been, he thinks, a great victory. A series of maps enlightens the descriptions of the greater battles, and all through the chapters names and places occur in uncensored frequency.

One of the most useful things accomplished in *Canada in Flanders* is the author's effort to give valorous individuals the public credit they cannot expect in official dispatches. Thus one becomes acquainted with Sergeant Newell, a cheese-maker from Watford; Sergeant-Major Cuddy, a druggist from Strathroy; Private Vincent, an Ontario lumberjack, and other heroes hitherto nameless.

TO REALIZE the very considerable importance of *Green Mansions* in the field of contemporary novels it is not at all necessary to accept without question John Galsworthy's opinion that W.H. Hudson is "the most valuable writer" of the present age. Mr. Galsworthy's appreciatory preface to the American edition of *Green Mansions* is, indeed, so glowing that it is easy to imagine its being a source of embarrassment to Mr. Hudson, who is by profession a naturalist and not a novelist. Yet he has written, in relating the adventures of a youthful idealist in the trophical wilderness of Guiana, a romantic tale of a high order. If he has used his technical knowledge of South American flora and fauna to good effect in his descriptions of nature, he has always kept the stigma of the text-book out of his style and has subordinated all else to his poetic conception.

In *Green Mansions* is accomplished the difficult stylistic feat of using elaborate realistic detail as a background for idyllic drama. Mr. Hudson's story is interesting and moves rapidly and surely. Quite aside from the story this book, whose publication in this country has been delayed more than a decade, is valuable for the living picture it presents of an unknown land.

IT IS as the author of "The Black Mask," a terse and intense example of the drama of horror, that F. Tennyson Jesse is most widely known in this country. In Miss Jesse's new book of stories, called *Beggars on Horseback*, this same pungent episode appears with slightly changed title and is the best of the half dozen narratives in the book. Readers of *Beggars on Horseback* will profit by concentrating their attention on "The Mask" and such other of the stories as are English in setting and rather grimly realistic in spirit. Those that are French and romantic are not nearly so good. They have not the life and feeling of such tales as "The Coffin Ship" and "The Ladder," and are bloodless in comparison.

BOOKS REVIEWED

NIGHTS *By Elizabeth Robins Pennell*
The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia $3.00

CANADA IN FLANDERS *By Sir Max Aitken*
The George H. Doran Company, New York .50

GREEN MANSIONS *By W. H. Hudson*
Alfred A. Knopf, New York $1.50

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK *By F. Tennyson Jesse*
The George H. Doran Company, New York $1.25



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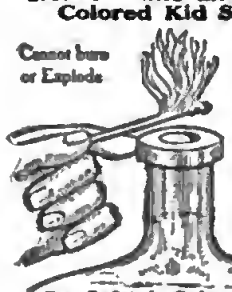
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BEHIND THE WHEEL

BY JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER

WHEN you buy a car nowadays you buy it complete—as a rule. At least, the maker advertises it as being complete, and none but the carper will gainsay him. Carpers are sometimes of value, however, in that they are dissatisfied with things that satisfy the rest of the world, and consequently are often apt to suggest ways of improving those things.

It is my belief that no car, now advertised as being sold complete, really is so. Because so far as I have been able to ascertain, there is no car whose standard equipment includes —tire chains.

Perhaps it is because I narrowly escaped destruction about six weeks ago, while riding in a car that was not equipped with chains, that I feel the necessity of them as strongly as I do. If so, it should be considered an excusable prejudice.

Some time ago there was a city ordinance forbidding the use of tire chains in Central Park, New York. Can you conceive of a measure quite so stupid as that?

I believe the rule has since been repealed. It seems to me that any board of aldermen, or selectmen, any vigilance committee, or government commission that may happen to find itself hard up for a new regulation would do well to pass a law forbidding the use of motor cars without tire chains on wet roads.

A prominent automobile manufacturer recently gave vent to a few remarks anent the high price of gasoline. He said that his car is so much cheaper this year than it used to be, and so much more economical to run that it counteracts the increased price of gas.

That is an interesting thought. And who shall say that it is not logical?

But he failed to say anything about the people who bought his car a year or two ago, before it was so cheap or so economical, and are still running it. And he failed to say anything about the people who can only afford to buy still cheaper cars than his, and who are having a hard time paying up-keep bills. Nor did he mention the poor people who own really expensive cars—cars whose up-keep would be costly even if gasoline were only ten cents a gallon.

There has been much discussion, of late, regarding an efficient substitute for gasoline as a fuel for internal combustion engines. Public spirited scientists are busy with all sorts of messes, trying to hit upon something good. Many people seem to bet on kerosene as their favorite, others swear by alcohol, and still others are placing their faith in a variety of chemical dark horses. The public seems unaware of the fact that almost any carburetor will vaporize kerosene, and that almost any motor on the market will burn kerosene, and be run efficiently by it. There is nothing new in kerosene as a motor fuel.

You need not take only my word for this. We are having an article on it written for us by a man who has made a study of the subject. This article will appear in an early issue, and will treat of the topic from many angles.

Tire chains are not the only things that ought to be included in the standard equipment of all cars. There is another protective device that is equally vital and desirable. I refer to a portable light-weight fire extinguisher.

The danger of fire is really much greater than the danger of skidding. When the roads are wet, greasy or icy, the sane man drives carefully. The roads themselves are a warning to him. But with fire there is no warning. One minute you may be driving along in perfect calm, while the next may find you at the side of the road watching your machine give an imitation of a Belgian village after a Teutonic visitation.

A fire extinguisher will not prevent your car from beginning to burn, but it will, nine times out of ten, stop the blaze before it has a chance to make charcoal of the upholstery and junk of the metal-work.

To those who may be interested I shall be glad to give the name and address of a firm which is making a new two-unit electric starting-lighting system for Ford cars. It is inexpensive, efficient and can be attached with little difficulty, and without requiring any tinkering with the motor or the transmission.

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A CORRECTION

IN THE issue of April 15th there was published an appreciation of the work of Jane Poupelet by Miss Janet Scudder. An error occurred in the printing of the sketch which we regret and wish to correct here. It was stated that Mlle. Poupelet "has begged, borrowed, or stolen from other times and other peoples." Obviously, as the context showed, this passage should have read: "she has not begged, borrowed, or stolen from other times and other peoples."

An exhibition of Mlle. Poupelet's bronzes is being held at the Goupil Galleries, 58 West 45th street, in New York City.

EASTER

BY W. P. LAWSON

EASTER, the word, is joyous; it is a synonym of hope. Something of spring's promise clings to it. It suggests the fresh brilliance of early sunshine, yet warmth, one feels, is not far away. It is flower-scented and fair, a word too beautiful, almost, for the cynical world to crown with faith.

But Easter wears no mask. The word is a joyous word because the idea for which the word stands symbol holds the seeds of eternal rejoicing; because Easter the festival, the anniversary of the Resurrection, commemorates a victory, complete by implication, over the powers of darkness and death. This deeper significance of Easter absolves it of frivolity. The beauty of the word is but the outward radiance of a sustaining spiritual truth.

It is well to recall that truth now, for to many of us this year Easter will not come rejoicing. There will be tears in Easter's eyes, dust on the hem of her white robe; her lilies will be withered and streaked with red. On Easter day there will be clouds before the sun, there will be a chill in the air. To many of us, this year, the words of hope trembling on Easter's lips will seem a mockery. How can one hope, when hope is dead?

A God died once upon the cross. But He arose again from the dead. This is the Easter miracle.

Mrs. Fiske's article on "The Art of Charlie Chaplin," announced for this issue, will appear in the Harper's Weekly of May 6th.



Oats Never Told the Secret

Of Their Spirit-Giving Powers

The oat is the mystery food.

We know its elements, of course. And how rich it is in brain and nerve constituents.

We know its energy value. And the facts we know have made it the food of foods.

But why are oats so animating?

Why are bubbling spirits, vim and vivacity so indicative of oats? And why do men—like horses—respond to their enlivenments?

Other good effects, proved by countless experiments, have never been explained.

But a thousand years have proved that oats are for energetic people. And that active folks of every age should eat them.

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The Upper Third in Oat Flakes

Less than one-third of the oats as they come to us go into Quaker Oats. We use just the big, plump grains.

Thus we get flakes which are large, white and luscious. And a flavor that's doubly delicious.

Because of this quality, Quaker Oats is the favorite oat food. Not only here, but all the world over. Millions of oat lovers send over seas to get it.

Get this grade when you order oats. It costs no extra price. And it makes a dainty of this all-important dish.

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Aluminum Cooker by Parcel Post

This ideal cooker is made to our order, of heavy pure aluminum. Its cereal capacity is 2¼ quarts.

Quaker Oats are cooked perfectly in it, without loss of flavor or aroma. That is why we supply it. Over 700,000 homes are using our cookers now.

Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the fronts of five Quaker Oats packages. Send one dollar with the trademarks and this ideal cooker will be sent by parcel post.

If you are a lover of Quaker Oats we want you to have this cooker. Address

The Quaker Oats Company
1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago

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Bored?

You *are* bored
We *know* you are

Your mind is dulled with the reading of mushy novels.

Tired with *all* meaningless frothy reading.

We'll tell you why if you'll read a little further.

By "you" we mean "you who have never read The Theatre Magazine."

You who do not know the joy of reading a magazine that gives more intellectual enjoyment to the page than any novel could possibly afford.

The Theatre is *worth while*. Because it is *clever*. Because all the great actresses and actors that heretofore you have only seen on the stage come and go in its pages.

Because it is full of their photographs—their life stories—their plays. Even their gowns and costumes, both personal and stage, are here in detail, and the stage can always boast of the most cleverly dressed women in the world.

The Theatre Magazine

We will be glad to enter you as a subscriber to The Theatre beginning with the May issue if you will sign and address the coupon at the side. We will bill you June 1st for the year's subscription, or you can send us your check for $3.50 if you prefer.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 38th St., N. Y.
Please send me The Theatre for one year beginning with May
for which I will pay $3.50 when billed.
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

Please say you saw it in Harper's Weekly

FOREIGN TRADE AFTER THE WAR

BY JAMES D. WHELPLEY

EUROPE is an armed camp and ordinary human activities are suspended until the battle-royal is ended. A man would indeed be brave who dared prophesy as to the exact political conditions which will prevail when peace is made. It is possible, however, even at this time to forecast to a considerable degree the economic condition as it will exist in Europe when hostilities end.

Before the war industrial Belgium was the balance wheel of the trade of the world. Paying less wages, taking better care of its labor, and with great natural resources, Belgium produced steel at a lower price than did America, England or Germany. Belgium, ravaged and desolated, mills and factories destroyed, population scattered and decimated, is no longer a factor in the industrial world, and it will take years for the country to regain its erstwhile proud position in the front ranks of the purveyors to the needs of mankind.

With Belgian competition eliminated Germany becomes the cheapest market in which to buy. In Germany not a mill, factory, mine or workship of any description has suffered at the hands of the combatants, and Germany's vast industrial machinery will probably be found intact when the treaty of peace is signed. To readjust the labor question and to impose increased taxation in such manner as least to hinder industry will be the two problems for German statesmen. They have proved themselves most skilful in the past in these directions and there is no reason to believe they will fail in the future. Victorious or defeated, the German people may look forward with a certain amount of complacency to the resumption of normal international exchanges, for the position of the producers of Germany will be even stronger than before the war.

There has been much talk in other countries of "capturing German trade." Up to the present, and to the end, so far as can be seen now, nothing has happened or will happen that will render the German nation less able to resume her strong position in the world-trading community. German commerce has been built up through industry in the application of science to manufacturing, strong

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and effective cooperation between the law-making and industrial interests, employment of the railroads for the benefit of the people, participation of the banks in business enterprise, nnd a strong and united national effort in the single direction of material advancement. No matter what the result of the war, this spirit will still remain, and it will aid in the prompt rebuilding of whatever mny be destroyed. The Germans will be no less formidable as business competitors after the war than before, and except for some prejudice which may prevail for a time in certain countries, internntional commerce will continue to be a fair field.

Belgium is the country that is suffering and will suffer most through loss of producing power. The destruction of her tremendously complex industrial and social structures is one of the overshadowing trngedies of history. France may well be plnced next upon the list, for not only is a large and productive part of her area devastnted, but France can ill afford her already great loss of able-bodied population.

For many years the English nation will labor under the handicap of henvier taxes with little compensating gain in national income, for the increased business which may come to English factories will not greatly expand the normal production of the country.

Nothing can really hurt Russin; in fact, the gain to her population through increased temperance in drink nnd the development of a more vivid national spirit would be an offset for greater losses than the war will entail. Victor or vanquished, Russin will stand as she did before.

America stands to gain nothing by the war except experience, though that can be made most productive of wealth in the years to come. Certain increases of foreign trade in South America may be held, though they will later on be threatened again by powerful European competition stimulated to unusual netivity by the necessity of giving employment to people at home and of replenishing emptied war chests. The American cost of production will soon again be met and underbid in countries where the wage standards are lower, trade efforts more systematic and continued and the need for foreign business more pressing. The greater good which can come to Americnn industry will he an awakening to amazing possibilities of a close commercial friendship with Russia.



Ask the Motor Editor of Harper's Weekly anything you want to know about cars or accessories

Please say you saw it in Harper's Weekly

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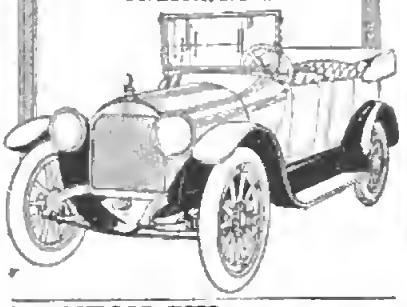
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claims a widely known film producer in the April 29th issue of Harper's Weekly—while in the same issue an experienced scenario writer declares that

THE MOVIES ARE

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THE SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION gives *unusual health, unusual energy* and *unusual vitality.*

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The Beautiful Lawns of Europe

are easily produced here if the right Seed is used. We import the European mixtures for sunny or shady places. A postpaid sample pound package of the cleanest and best Lawn Seed, enough for 225 square feet, sent on receipt of 35 cents. Booklet on "Lawn Making" free for the asking.

Barwell's Agricultural Works

Established at Leicester, England in 1800.

Waukegan, Ill.

THE SAFETY VALVE

HUERTA AND THE WILSONS

A correspondent in the *Sun* (Baltimore, Md.):

IN CONNECTION with our relations with Mexico, it seems to me that no open-minded American voter, who, between now and next November, must pass on the policies of the present administration, can afford to miss reading the revelations concerning the action of Ambassador Wilson at the time of the assassination of Madero.

These relations have appeared in the current issue of *Harper's Weekly*, and represent the most amazing disclosures ever made in connection with the foreign policies of the United States.

IN NEW DRESS

By Ben B. Lindsey

WE WERE glad to get back to Denver and to the few of our favorite publications, among which, *Harper's*, with its "new dress" was perhaps the most welcome.

Denver, Col.

A THOUGHT-PRODUCER

By the Rev. A. Pahlman

THE new dress of *Harper's Weekly* detracts not at all from the new ideas so plentifully sprinkled through its pretty garments. Always a thought-provider, it is now more than ever a thought-producer. Congratulations!

Philadelphia.

A REGULAR CALLER

By George Bailey

WE HAVE greatly enjoyed the visits of your magazine during the current year.

Erie, Pa.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT

From the *Surf* (Santa Cruz, Cal.):

STEPHEN LEACOCK in *Harper's Weekly* writes with so much cleverness—and *truth*—on the modern crucifixion of language and literature that we cannot forbear quoting it.

A TEXT-BOOK

By M. L. Norment

I CONSIDER *Harper's Weekly* as good an instructive agency for the American democracy as we have. You are teaching us to know ourselves. We must thank you for the light you are turning on Congress. We are getting tired of its petty squabbling and quibbling. We resent the filching of time, well-paid for, and the organized plunder of the national treasury. Keep us informed and before long Washington will know what o'clock it is in the country at large.

Bethany, W. Va.

CORDIALITY

By Ellen M. Beane

I GIVE *Harper's Weekly* my good word, and read it with interest.

Washington, D. C.

CHEERS

By Mrs. J. F. Eastman

THREE cheers, Mr. Hapgood, for your courageous defense of President Wilson in *Harper's Weekly* entitled "Three Years!"

It is worth the price of the magazine that one may read this article.

Washington, D. C.

A HANDICAP

From the *Herald* (Grand Rapids, Mich.):

THE very worst thing we have heard about the appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to the Supreme Court of the United States is that the designation is probably entirely satisfactory to Norman Hapgood, Editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

This is a greater handicap than Brandeis ought to be required to carry. Agreement with Hapgood carries with it a presumption of error which any man, however strong, would find it difficult to remove.

ONE OF A TYPE

From the *Caller* (Corpus Christi, Tenn.)

IN *Harper's Weekly*, March 25th, there is an article dealing with the part former Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson played in those crude plots which culminated in the assassination of Francisco I. Madero. The exposé is blunt enough to make interesting reading, and it is backed up by cumulative evidences of truth.



Fore!

BEFORE you drive a dollar bill into the door of this office, you should have a pretty definite idea of what you will receive for it.

One dollar will bring you Harper's Weekly on trial for thirteen weeks. These thirteen issues will contain, among other things:

Thirteen or more pages of first-hand political news direct from Washington.

Twenty-six pages of intensely human editorials.

Four hundred—approximately—pictures, including photographs and sketches.

Thirteen illustrated articles on the stage.

Thirteen articles on motors and motoring.

Five pieces of fiction so good that we had to break our rule against printing fiction.

Several articles on "Where to spend your vacation"—dealing with the joys of the Great Lakes, New England, the Hudson River country, the Thousand Islands, etc.

Bob Murray's series—the end of it—on "Huerta and the Two Wilsons," and other stories of Mexico by the same author.

There will also be articles on art, and weekly book reviews, to say nothing of special articles on politics by well known men.

So tee up a dollar bill on your writing table and drive it into this office with the aid of the coupon below.

An Old Publication with a New Point of View

HARPER'S WEEKLY, 251 Fourth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Stop Eating Poisonous Food Combinations!

Noted Scientist Shows How Certain Combinations of Good Foods Are Responsible for Over 90% of All Sickness, While Others Produce Sparkling Health and Greatly Increased Efficiency

TWENTY years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door. For years he had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal trouble. His doctors—among them the most noted specialists in the country—gave him up to die. He was educated for a doctor but got no relief from his brother physicians, so as a last resort he commenced to study the food question in its relation to the human system, and as a result of what he learned he succeeded in *literally eating his way back to perfect health* without drugs or medicines of any kind—and in a remarkably short space of time.

Today Eugene Christian is a man 55 years young. He has more stamina, vitality and physical endurance than most youngsters in their 'teens. He literally radiates mental energy and physical power.

23,000 People Benefited

So remarkable was his recovery that Christian knew he had discovered a great truth which, fully developed, would result in a new science—the Science of Correct Eating.

Without special foods, drugs or mechemes, he has up to this time *successfully* treated over 23,000 people for almost every kind of non-organic ailment known and has greatly increased the physical energy and mental power of as many more who were not suffering from specific troubles.

After his twenty years of study and practice Eugene Christian has come to the definite conclusion that 90% of all sickness is due to wrong eating. He says we are poisoning ourselves through our ignorance of food values. Many good foods when eaten in combination with other good foods form a chemical reaction in the digestive tract and are converted into the most dangerous poisons, from whence come most ills. Many scientists have long recognized this, but until now all their efforts have been directed toward removing the poisons *after* they had formed, while Christian removes the *cause* by *preventing* the poisons from forming.



Do You Know?

How poor foods rob you of mental efficiency?
What foods cause hot tempers?
What causes constipation and how to avoid it?
What produces acid stomach?
What is one great cause of rheumatism, gout, lumbago?
What makes your liver sluggish?
How much starch does your system require?
What happens when you overeat?
What should be eaten together for digestive harmony?
How to keep warm in winter and cool in summer?
How foods establish health by removing causes of disease?
What to eat and omit for all stomach and intestinal disorders?
How many different things should you eat at each meal?
What combinations of food are not foods but poisons?
How should vegetables be eaten?
What causes ferments (gas)?
Why the appetite can not be trusted as a guide to what to eat?
Why some foods actually explode in your stomach?
What foods build fat?
When is water beneficial, when is it injurious?

These are only a few of the many Health Building Questions answered.

Little Lessons in Correct Eating

24 Pocket-Size Booklets in Leatherette Container

Send No Money—Only $3 if You Keep Them

Christian's Course of 24 lessons is written expressly for the layman in easy-to-understand language. It does not, however, merely tell you *why* you should practice correct eating and what the results will be. It gives actual menus curative as well as corrective covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, and covering all occupations, climates and seasons. To follow these menus you do not have to upset your table—nor eat things you don't enjoy—in fact you will enjoy your meals as you never have before.

Vigorous Health—Increased Efficiency

It has been the almost invariable experience of those who follow Christian's simple suggestions that they enjoy a new type of health—a health so perfect that it can only be described as a kind of super-health. Christian's ideal of health is to be literally champing at the bit with vital physical energy and mental power—not once in a while—but every moment of the day and every day of the year from youth to deferred old age—and that is what he gives you through these little lessons. There can be no doubt of the increased personal efficiency that this will develop. The better you feel, the better work you can do. And greater material prosperity naturally follows.

No Money in Advance

The price of the Christian Course of 24 lessons—containing rules, methods and actual menus which are literally priceless—is only $3.00. We will gladly send you the course without deposit for five days' free inspection. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be mailed you at once, all charges prepaid. Then if you decide to keep the course, you can send the money. If not, mail the books back to us; no obligation will have been incurred. If the more than 300 pages contained in Christian's Course yield but one single suggestion that will bring you greater health, you will get many times the cost of the course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write us that they find vital help on every page. Tear out and mail the coupon *now*, before you forget, as this announcement may not appear here again.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
334 Hunter Ave., Maywood, N. J.

24 Little Lessons in Leatherette Container



Send No Money

Send me the "Little Lessons in Correct Eating." I will either remail it within five days or send you $3.00

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Mail to Corrective Eating Society Inc., 334 Hunter Ave., Maywood, N. J.

What People Say

Below are just a few out of hundreds of similar letters written by grateful owners of Eugene Christian's Little Lessons in Correct Eating.

"My husband and myself are surprised at the improvement in our health already. We have just lived up to your rules for the past five days. Mr. Kenny was always more or less distressed after meals but he now tells me he never felt better in his life." Mrs. Charles Kenny, 1455 Pearl Street, Cleveland, O.

"It is a pleasure to read the book. One does not need a college education to understand it." Ed S. Crumbiet, Wenatchee, Wash.

"I have been troubled with chronic and intestinal disorders for five years. Your course is succeeding where all else have failed." Harold Walrath, Conneaut, Ohio.

"Your course is worth all it costs just for a diet for convalescents. The work is very plain and simple to understand. I greatly appreciate Dr. Christian's works on Corrective Eating and wish to thank him for his great deed of kindness to mankind." H. C. Case, Catonsville, N. Y.

"Please allow me to compliment you on this great work. It is in my estimation the greatest and most necessary book ever written." A. Lazar, Louisville, Ky.

"It is like a hand reaching down to one stumbling in the darkness in misery and ignorance, and leading them upwards to the light of health and safety." K. W. Freund, 184 Nassau Street, New York City.

"They are written in the plainest possible manner and are worth many times their price to those who need this valuable information. I believe that in the course of a few months I can make myself what I have been striving to become for many years." N. Cook, Galt Hotel Co., Galt, Ont.

"I would not take $25.00 for this course if I could not replace it." Mrs. I. A. Ballman, 820 Chestnut Street, Irwin, Pa.

"I am well pleased with the course and think it worth ten times the small amount asked for it." S. H. Black, Box 636 Sidney, N. S., Canada.

"After careful examination of their contents I have been satisfied that I have found in formation that I have been looking for years." W. G. M. Corregan, Glacier, B. C., Canada.

"I have only read to the tenth lesson and it has helped me wonderfully. Gained four pounds in last three weeks. Have not had to take a physic of any kind as I did before about every other day. I was so that I could take about half a cup of salts or about four in six teaspoonfuls at a dose. I think so much of the course that I could not help telling you about it." C. B. Simmons, Lima, Ohio.

"I have been troubled for the last year or more with my stomach. The doctors did not seem to know what was the trouble. I began at once on this treatment and after the second day I began to see great improvement. Now I never felt better in my life. Your course is worth many times its price." J. L. Buckner, Ladonia, Tex.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



A H
27
19th

APRIL 29, 1916 PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Money For Your Education!



SHE EARNED $3,000.00

"In looking back over the five summers that I have spent working under the auspices of the Fund, in which time I have made my entire expenses through one year in high-school and four years in college, I find them to be the most pleasant and by far the most profitable summers in my life."
(Signed) "Cora Caudle."



SHE EARNED $300.00

"I have just received your letter inclosing check for one hundred dollars. Thank you very much for quick remittance. I am very glad to get a duplicate of the special offer too.
"Your constant interest and letters have been a great help to me, both in solving problems and persuading.
"I am sure that anyone can at least do as well as I did if he or she is willing to try."
(Signed) "Clarissa Gibson."



SHE EARNED $500.00

"I have just received your letter giving the list of prize winners and hardly know how to express my gratitude that I find my name among them. Nothing could have been more welcome to me just now than the sixty dollars. Thank you for it.
"I feel as if much of my success in the summer's work is due to your unfailing, untiring and ever enthusiastic help." (Signed) "Mamie Jongeward."

C. O.
5-1916

Ample funds are now available for young men and women who really appreciate and want the advantages of a higher education, and who have the courage and persistence to work for what they want. Amounts, ranging from $100.00 up to $3,000.00, have been earned by ambitious students working under the auspices of the

Current Opinion Scholarship Fund

These sums have been earned far more easily than money is ordinarily earned by the untrained student, for the reasons, first, that this special and original plan is unprecedented in its generosity, and second, that those working on it are guided by people of long experience, so that they achieve the maximum of results with the minimum of effort.

Herewith, we show photographs of half a dozen young people whose experiences are typical, whose achievements you may duplicate if you need funds for your education and are determined to get them.

The descriptive literature of the Fund, which will be sent to those who are interested, gives full particulars, and the names and photographs of many more young men and women who have worked successfully under this plan, and to it owe their education.

The Highest Endorsement

is of course these successful candidates, yet part of their success is due to the fact that educators and public men of known integrity approve the Fund and the work it is doing, and have consented to serve on the Scholarship Fund Committee. Here is the list.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT,
Ex-President of the United States

JOHN H. FINLEY, LL.D.,
Commissioner of Education, State of N. Y.

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,
Secretary of the Interior

MARY E. WOOLLEY, L.H.D.,
President, Mt. Holyoke College

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.,
Ex-President Lafayette College

DAVID STARR JORDAN, LL.D.,
Chancellor, Leland Stanford Jr. Univ.

Send at once for our booklet entitled, "The Open Door to a College Education" which gives particulars about the plan, with names and photographs of many successful students to whom you may write, if you wish. Use the handy coupon (it places you under no obligation to the Fund) or a post card is sufficient—but be sure to write at once.

Current Opinion Scholarship Fund
134 W. 29th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free booklet "THE OPEN DOOR TO A COLLEGE EDUCATION," and full information about profitable work under the auspices of the Fund.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Current Opinion Scholarship Fund
134 WEST 29th ST., NEW YORK CITY



HE EARNED $300.00

"The work gives a student experience that will be of benefit later in life, no matter what his or her career may be.
"There is no better way for the student to pay his college expenses, for it gives him big returns in a short time, just what the student needs. I worked about 240 hours, and earned $300.00, which meant that I was being paid over one dollar an hour for my work."
(Signed) "Arthur Peterson."



HE EARNED $300.00

"During a working period of less than nine weeks my gross proceeds amounted to about three hundred and forty ($340.00) dollars, and by working in my native city and State at very little expense, I am able to report a clear profit of over three hundred dollars for my summer's work.
"The work brought me in contact with the best people of every community and offered an unexcelled opportunity to study human nature from an entirely new viewpoint.
"The courteous treatment and even cordiality with which I was received by those with whom I came in contact, together with the royal treatment at your hands made the work a pleasure. Too much cannot be said for the manner in which I was treated in my dealings with you."
(Signed) "Francis S. Harmon."



HE EARNED $2,000.00

"One point has not hitherto been sufficiently accentuated. As a Scholarship worker for several months in New York City, in immediate and personal contact with the scholarship Fund management, I am impelled to say that above all else I was struck with the policy of uniform integrity and courtesy they follow in all their dealings with students—and with the cheerful and effectual efforts they make in co-operating with and recommending the candidates. They know how to help and they do it."
(Signed) "Mayer P. Ross."

SCHOOL TEACHER MADE OVER $1,000,000 SELLING MAGAZINES

She was a Kentucky woman who found it necessary to add to the slender income her work as an educator provided.

Shortly after she began her solicitation of subscriptions she discovered the possibilities in her new field of endeavor. In a businesslike way Miss Kentucky established a magazine agency, and under her capable handling it became one of the leading agencies in the United States.

This successful woman died recently, and when they estimated her wealth they figured it at more than $1,000,000.

Join the Business Staff of THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE!!!

We want representatives everywhere to solicit CRAFTSMAN subscriptions.

A liberal financial proposition will be made to responsible men and women: energetic workers will find that little effort is necessary to sell our publication.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S delightful text, beautiful typography and illustration form a most direct appeal to the cultured mind.

THE CRAFTSMAN does not print the frivolous: its message is entertainingly educational: perusal of its pages leaves beneficial and pleasant impression.

Architecture—House Building—Home Furnishing—The Garden—Music—Art—Literature—The Crafts—all authoritatively treated.

Heretofore, we have not employed direct agents, but in order to extend the influence of THE CRAFTSMAN Idea, we have decided to change our policy.

Make a real-every-day business of it. Increase your personal income. Help the local charity.
Does the neighborhood nursery or club need funds?
Is the rector seeking a new method of making moneys for the support of his church activities?

Why not organize a Craftsman Subscription Club?

THE CRAFTSMAN is an A1 product, and its sale is a clean and creditable work. We will pay you well for it.

Every time you sell a CRAFTSMAN you make a real friend for yourself, as the subscriber will consider you have conferred a boon in directing attention to such a worth-while publication.

Craftsman Representatives will be welcome visitors.

If you are interested, write at once to the undersigned for particulars.

J. H. BROWN
Subscription Department
The Craftsman Publishing Co.
6 East 39th Street, New York City



THE OLD FISHERMAN

Translated from the Chinese

BEYOND the pale of the osier-stalks
The misty half-moon sets,
But the old, old fisherman laughs or talks
While patching the broken nets.

Now is the year at an end;
The wandering salmon descend
Far down to the shore where the rivers run free
And are lost in the salt of the sea.

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Vol. LXII
No. 3097

HARPER'S WEEKLY *for April* 29, 1916

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THE COMING ELECTION

BY CHARLES D. HAZEN

Former Professor of History in Smith College and Author of "Europe Since 1815"

THE election of 1916 will turn upon the problems growing out of our foreign relations. The actions of other nations over which the United States exercises no control will control the suffrages of the people of the United States. There is no person living who can say whether three months or six months from now we shall be at war with one or more nations. If at war, the problem for the voters will be comparatively simple. They will have to decide whether the party in power or the party in opposition offers, by reason of its leadership, its composition, its recent record, its general tone and tradition, the greater guarantees of seeing the war through to a triumphant issue. No quotations from authorities highly considered, and justly so, to the effect that it is unwise to swap horses while crossing a stream, ought to settle the question. It will depend upon the appearance of the horse. If the one on which we are traveling, and will be traveling, November next seems to be in sound condition then it will be wise to keep our seat. Otherwise it will be better to swap, hazardous as the operation may be.

If the United States is not at war in June or in November the situation will, nevertheless, be practically the same. For, if not at war, we shall be living under the ever-present shadow of war and in constant danger of it. An incident may supervene at any moment which will have to be met by war, if the American nation is to maintain one spark of self-respect, if it is to extend to its citizens one atom of real protection. There is not a neutral nation in the world today which can plume itself on its security; which can repose at ease simply because conscious of its own rectitude.

The record of the administration in regard to the tariff, the currency, conservation, the regulation of business, will not be the paramount consideration with the voters, for the regrettable reason that it has been eclipsed by the storm that has come up out of the east and that carries on its wings issues far graver than these. The question of national safety has summary precedence over the question of internal reform. Whether our opinion is that the domestic policy of the present administration has been admirable or the reverse, we shall be compelled to forego the privilege of expressing our approval or disapproval on that ground because it is now and will inevitably remain, as long as the war lasts, a matter of distinctly secondary or tertiary importance.

OF THE two aspects of our foreign relations there can be no question as to which is the more important. The problems arising from the European conflict are far more significant for us than those arising out of Mexican anarchy. If the present situation should continue until November then the national verdict will be taken on the European struggle, and we shall witness the spectacle of the greatest democracy in the world passing judgment on the greatest war in history, a contemporary judgment, composed in the heat of the fray, not in the calm retreat of retrospect, an appraisal of the war not as an object of detached observation, something alien to ourselves, however interesting, but as the most pervasive and momentous fact in our own national life by its reactions, actual and potential, upon our standing in the world and upon the prosperity of the ideas and the institutions to which this country is irrevocably committed. Whichever side wins we may be sure of one thing—the increased influence, prestige, and vitality of the principles represented by the victor. Whatever there is of democracy in Europe is to be found in the camp of the allies, is to be found in England, Belgium, France and Italy. Whoever expects a victorious Germany, Austria and Turkey to favor, on the morrow of their triumph, the spread of democracy and anti-militarism, will also expect to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. Nothing succeeds like success, and this is as true of democracy as of anything else.

There are more serious reasons for believing that the war has just begun than there are for believing that it is rapidly approaching its end. Those who know best the temper, the purpose, and the resources of Germany, France and England, are the least inclined to expect an early cessation of hostilities. The period ahead of us will see an intensification of the war, and the dangers in our foreign relations will increase and not decrease with the growing bitterness of the conflict, with the increasing desperation of the combatants. The war will become more, rather than less, perilous for neutrals. Their rights will be respected, if at all, only in proportion as their power and spirit are respected and feared. The neutral nations of Europe are small, several of them border on Germany, like Holland, Switzerland, Denmark; they are fearful, and properly so, for their very lives, knowing full well what happened to Belgium.

The United States is the only neutral power which is potentially strong. How entirely unprepared it is for any vigorous rôle has already been authoritatively revealed. The supreme requirement of the hour, in the United States, as in every European country, is that the government shall be a government of National Defense, energetic, enlightened and resolute. Those who aspire to share in the government of the United States during the years that are immediately ahead of us, should be compelled by thoughtful and critical voters to show that they understand what national defense means. There should be, at the hands of an earnest and discriminating electorate, a great winnowing of the wheat from the chaff. The parochially minded candidates should be kept in their parishes; the nationally minded should be sent to Washington.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization
EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

MIND, MATTER AND JUNE

ON THE same day perfectly clear statements of position were made by Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. The contrast may have little to do with the election, or it may have much. Dramatic accidents in foreign affairs may sweep away all other considerations. If they do not, the campaign will show us a thoroughly interesting contrast of conceptions of life. On Jefferson's birthday Colonel Roosevelt said:

> I believe heartily in a protective tariff.
> Unless we return to a protective tariff, preferably administered through a commission of experts, we shall face widespread economic disaster at the end of this war.

He said nothing about the Federal Reserve Act or the Aldrich bill. On the same day Mr. Wilson said:

> The mere increase in the resources of the national banks of this country in the last twelvemonth exceeds the total resources of the Deutscher Reichbank, and the aggregate resources of the national banks of the United States exceed by $3,000,000,000 the aggregate resources of the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the Bank of Russia, the Reichbank of Berlin, the Bank of the Netherlands, the Bank of Switzerland and the Bank of Japan.

And then he added:

> The question we have to put to ourselves is, how are we going to use this power?

Colonel Roosevelt said:

> We must stand not only for America first but for America first and last and all the time and without any second.

Mr. Wilson said:

> Wherever we use our power we must use it with this conception always in mind, that we are using it for the benefit of the persons who are chiefly interested and not for our own benefit.

Colonel Roosevelt said:

> East and west and north and south alike must hold the life of every man and the honor of every woman on the most remote ranch on the Mexican border as a sacred trust to be guaranteed by the might of our united nation.

The President said:

> Gentlemen, are you ready for the test? God forbid that we should ever become directly or indirectly embroiled in quarrels not of our own choosing, and that do not affect what we feel responsible to defend, but if we should ever be drawn in, are you ready to go in only where the interests of America are coincident with the interests of mankind?

Neither was answering the other. Each was expressing the essence of his nature, the substance of his message, the tone of his soul. It is a contrast we ought to consider. It is a difference that should be reflected upon intensely for many months. Mr. Wilson said (and it was his only allusion to his antagonist):

> This country has not the time, it is not now in the temper, to listen to the violent, to the passionate, to the ambitious. This country demands service which is essentially and fundamentally non-partisan.

You have in these quotations the problem stated. Mr. Wilson has ignored the pressure of all classes, all nations, all enemies, all friends, and pursued the path he chose for himself at the beginning. The problem of the election is whether we believe in the principles he has laid down, and if we do, whether we believe in them for copy book, rhetorical, and Sunday school purposes only, or also as guides to life.

You have also the question of sincerity. It is fair to consider whether partisanship should rock the boat violently in a foreign crisis; whether such a Belgian record as Colonel Roosevelt's is a trick that should be successful; whether the Colonel's remarks in favor of Huerta and against Carranza have in them too much of George W. Perkins and his investments. In short, before our votes are decided upon, we should get away from the noise, alone with ourselves, and decide to what extent we like the truth.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THOSE who counted Davis among their friends have lost what they valued even more than his brisk, graphic style and his skilful narrative. They knew kindliness, humor, cordiality, that won hearts, and courage that led him always to frank speaking of his faith. Davis was the everlasting opposite of fatigue. He had no conception of indifference. Always he was avid about events in the great world, about the trees on his farm, about the sports and companions of his life. He was shy, notwithstanding a confident manner, and only his intimates knew all the lovableness and charm. He should have lived longer. It would have been great joy to see him in old age, full of sunlight and ardor as when a boy.

PAN-GERMANISM

THE German chancellor has recently declared in the Reichstag that talk about German aggressive designs on this continent is sheer lies. Let us recall one illustration in many hundred. Five years ago there was issued by a German publisher Otto Richard Tannenberg's *Gross-Deutschland*, an exposition of the problems of the so-called *welt-politik*, and of Pan-Germanism generally. Pan-Germanism, by the way, is a great deal more than the theory that there should be a politico-economic union of all lands where Germans are in a majority or in a formidable minority. It means raising the German flag and establishing German custom houses and army bar-

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racks in every part of the globe which is already partly German, or which might prove useful to Germany. Re-reading Tannenberg today, the average American would be most struck by the parts which deal with the United States and with the German acquisition of at least half of South America: a program that was to have been consummated after France and Russia had been chastened, and England had been thrashed separately, or frightened into inconsequence. Reading such books one has a clearer understanding of the political morality which has dominated Germany from the violation of Belgium's neutrality to the sinking of the latest neutral vessel.

> Politics founded on sentiment is a stupidity. Humanitarian reveries a silliness. The division of benefits ought to begin with one's own countrymen. Politics is business. Justice and injustice are notions that are needful only in civil life.
>
> The German people is always right because it is the German people, and because it numbers eighty-seven millions.

How long will that spirit last? Exactly as long as the present governmental spirit lasts. The chancellor said that the Allies in trying to destroy "Prussian militarism" were aiming to kill Germany's strength. No, they are aiming to save Germany's soul, and by saving hers to save their own.

SUGGESTED FREE

A FEW weeks ago Theodore Roosevelt's new book was reviewed in *Harper's Weekly*. Since then Mr. James Kerfoot, who writes on books for *Life*, has suggested that though *Fear God and Take Your Own Part* is the title, the text is *Fear Woodrow and Take The Part of Teddy*. We suggest to the publishers that they get out another edition before the election, with the actual text as title, and see if the book would not sell even better than under the more sanctimonious designation.

BROADWAY—THE DESERT



A STEEL-GRAY aeroplane, packed for shipment to the Mexican border, went rumbling down Broadway the other day on two big motor trucks. By this time that great gray mechanical bird is soaring over the deserts of Chihuahua, high in a cloudless sky above the blinding white alkali and sand, over a wall of barren, jagged hills.

No one gave the aeroplane much attention as it passed down Broadway; it was a mere machine. But see it now—a dragon fly skimming swiftly in the brilliant desert sunshine on an adventure more romantic and thrilling than man ever knew in the famed days of King Arthur. Out of a choking cloud of dust the khaki-clad doughboy gazes aloft and waves his hat as he hears the dragon fly's drone. The desert is not so sophisticated as Broadway; the desert is thrilled. The goat herder in sombrero and serape strains his eyes to follow the strange gray fly to the far horizon line.

And well might Broadway wonder a little, also, knowing as it does that only ten years ago there were but two men in the world who could fly: those "two, long, lank, silent Western Reserve Yankees," the brothers Wright. The worldly know the secret of aviation now and are indifferent to its romance. Only in the desert is the birdman still viewed with marvel. On Broadway only a few small boys and idlers paused for a moment to wonder where the steel-gray bird was bound.

ARCTIC SPRING



WE WHO live in the temperate zone—what do we know of spring? The little thrill we feel at beholding the first robin or the first blossom of the new season—what is that compared with the exultation of those who live in the Arctic? To them spring means the return of sunshine. Think of the poetry, where spring means light. After months of darkness, one morning your heart leaps into your throat to see the sun return. Next morning the glow lingers longer; and, at last, there comes an almost delirious day when you can *feel* the sunshine. You climb small mountains and slide down them regardless of the seat of your fur trousers. You long to meet a polar bear and give battle to him single-handed. The dogs go mad; the penguins, always silly enough to behold, disport themselves like salaried delegates on a peace ship. The Eskimo youth goes courting and drags his Sabine prize out of her dad's snow hut. As for the Arctic poet, some word stronger than "frenzy" must be sought to describe his mood. Take down the "Golden Treasury" to see what our own poets of the temperate zone produce on a fine spring morning. Selection 1, Book 1, T. Nash on "Spring":

> Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
> Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
> Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
> Cuckoo, ju-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

T. Nash is evidently a little demented; but G. Gnash, Eskimo, expresses even stronger sentiments in incoherent whoops.

VAGARIES OF CENSORSHIP

WHY should we think it worth while to censor motion pictures but not worth while to censor Sunday newspaper supplements? A Sunday yellow which exploits brutalizing stories of crime and vulgar "comics" surely comes as near to deserving censorship as films which exploit the same sort of commodity. The poses of an actor for the films must pass inspection before the National Board of Review [until last week known as the National Board of Censorship] and, sometimes, a state board of censorship and a city censor as well. The police are also on the alert. But for the Katzenjammer Kids, the photographer of impropriety and the draftsman who makes murder graphic, the only censor is a genial postal authority.

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SEAGULLS OF THE BRITISH NAVY



A British seaplane in Mediterranean waters about to rise from the sea as it starts on a trip of reconnaissance. In the background is a British battleship, which serves as a base of operations for the plane



Since German warplanes made their first raid on the allied base at Saloniki, English and French airmen have been constantly on guard. Photograph shows an English plane hovering above the Greek harbor

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THE NATION'S CAPITAL

FOR SENATOR CUMMINS

SENATOR CUMMINS has known all along that he cannot be nominated for the vice-presidency, or appear as even a very dark horse for the presidency, without satisfying the plutocrats behind the Republican opposition. In selecting the five per cent rate case as his excuse in the Brandeis controversy he also retains Mr. Thorne's assistance in Iowa. We refer him to the following, apropos of what Mr. Brandeis did in the rate case. At the Massachusetts Bar, to which Mr. Brandeis was admitted, the onth has long been:

> You solemnly swear that you will do no falsehood, nor consent to the doing of any in court; you will not willingly promote or sue any false, groundless, or unlawful suit nor give aid or consent to the same; you will delay no man for lucre or malice; but you will conduct yourself in the office of an attorney within the courts, according to the best of your knowledge and discretion, and with all good fidelity as well to the courts as your clients.

The canons of ethics, American Bar Association Reports, Volume 33, 1908, page 576, any:

> 5. The primary duty of a lawyer engaged in public prosecution is not to convict, but to see that justice is done.

Cotton Mather, in his address to lawyers in 1710, says:

> You will abominate the use of all unfair arts to confound evidence, to browbeat testimonies, to suppress what may give light in the case.

Senator Cummins made, among others, the following definite misstatements of fact and manglings amounting to misstatements:

> *Page* 62, *last line*. "It was claimed before the committee that this letter made Mr. Brandeis *substantially a member of the commission*." No such claim by or for Mr. Brandeis or anyone else.
> *Page* 63, 3-4 *down*. "Mr. Brandeis . . . was in regular conference with the attorneys"—The evidence was wholly contrary (17, 50, 61, 80, 82).
> *Page* 63. "Congratulations upon the showing made"—This was not in approval of the conclusion, but of the work "as an intellectual feat" (12).
> *Page* 64. Total failure to observe distinction between "adequate return" for services rendered and "adequate net income."
> *Page* 65. "Brandeis gave him no intimation"—This is directly contradicted by the evidence quoted in the report.
> *Page* 66, 3-5 *down*. "Practically decided the suit in favor of the railroads"—A rather extraordinary statement in view of the fact that the commission decided against the railroads, and that Brandeis filed an able brief to show that the returns were adequate for the services rendered and that the railroads were suffering from other causes (69, 89, 988, 22).
> *Page* 67, 3-4 *down*. "Established beyond controversy that the net revenue of the carriers had during the preceding year been sufficient. . . . 8.7 per cent"—Nothing of the kind was shown. What did appear was that the total net revenues of all the railroads in hodge-podge was the sum stated, but not that the vast minority of the railroads had any such revenues. Moreover the sum was 8.07, not 8.7 (32).
> *Page* 68, *middle*. UNITED SHOE MACHINERY CO. "Very system he had helped to build up. . . . Frequently advised with respect to the leases and contracts which were afterward assailed"—The evidence was wholly to the contrary. The contracts on which he advised were building contracts, etc. The system was built up before his connection with the company (704, 733, 744, 745).
> *Page* 69 *middle*. LENNOX. Cummins states that Stroock and Stein visited Brandeis before they saw Lennox at the hotel and advised him to see Brandeis. The fact is otherwise (Lennox 1114, Stroock 1074, Stein, 1108-1105).
> *Page* 69, 2-3 *down*. An exhaustive inquiry "by Mr. Brandeis, unquestionably under his employment by Mr. Lennox"—This refers to the extensive inquiries on September 4th. Lennox says that Brandeis stated that he would not decide that day whether he would take the case, and that it was the next day after this when the stenographer was present that he said that he would (1131, 1119).
> *Page* 70, 3-5 *down*. "Then see him turn on Lennox"—Total failure to report the fact that Lennox and his counsel turned on Brandeis's partner, the trustee, denied the validity of the assignment which they had made to him, claimed he had obtained it by fraud, refused to turn over property or assist in securing it, although it belonged to the trustee, and that these things created the necessity for bankruptcy.
> *Page* 71, 2-3 *down*. "Manifest that *Collier's Weekly* had as much right to appear before the committee as Glavis." The only ones given the right to appear by the resolution for the inquiry were, "any official or ex-official of the Department of the Interior," etc. (988).
> *Page* 71. "Collier was invited to appear." As a witness and not as a party or by counsel (396).
> *Page* 74, *WARREN, near bottom*. "Mr. Brandeis represented . . . the heirs"—The evidence is that he did not represent them in this matter unless and except as counsel for the trustees and lessees. Never gave or received communications from Edward on the matter (1307) nor was he retained by him in the matter.

Could anybody have believed ten years ago that ambition could have caused so able a man as Senator Cummins to sink so low?

FROM THE BRANDEIS RECORDS

SO MUCH comment has been aroused by President Lowell's interference in the Brandeis case that special interest attaches to the opinions of such men as Ezra Thayer, former head of the Harvard Law School, already printed by us, and Professor Pound, present head of that law school. Among the letters received by Senator Chilton, chairman of the sub-committee, was one from Professor Pound, which contained the following:

> His friends, as it seems to me, make a great mistake in urging as his chief qualification his views upon social questions and the eminent services he has performed in the public interest. Important as these matters are, their importance does not lie immediately in the direction of qualification for the bench. What is not generally known is that Mr. Brandeis is in very truth a very great lawyer. At the beginning of his career his article in the Harvard *Law Review* on the right of privacy did nothing less than add a chapter

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to our law. In spite of the reluctance of many courts to accept this, it has steadily made its way until now it has a growing preponderance in its favor. All the cases upon this subject concur in attributing the origin of the doctrine to Mr. Brandeis's paper. The promise thus given has been amply fulfilled. One might instance the revolution which his brief in Muller vs. Oregon achieved in the matter of arguing cases involving the constitutionality of social legislation. The real point here is not so much his advocacy of these statutes as the breadth of perception and the remarkable legal insight which enabled him to perceive the proper mode of presenting such a question. Since I came to Cambridge, not quite six years ago, I have had many opportunities of observing Mr. Brandeis, and do not hesitate to say that he is one of the great lawyers of the country. So far as sheer legal ability is concerned he will rank with the best who have sat upon the bench of the Supreme Court.

To Harvard's credit also we copy the following from a letter sent by Professor William Z. Ripley to Senator Walsh:

My professional work at Harvard has for many years required that I keep in close touch with transportation and labor matters, and quite aside from personal acquaintance with Mr. Brandeis, it has been in the true line of my work to follow every detail of his career. Two particular events, in my judgment, prove that Mr. Brandeis, far from lacking the judicial habit of mind, is preeminently fitted to exercise it. The first of these is his attitude on the rate advance cases, wherein, as your committee has already been so fully informed, he was willing to so far do justice to both sides as to concede the need of revenue for the carriers while still fully comprehending the interest of the public, which he represented, in low transportation rates.

The second instance of marked judicial capacity on the part of Mr. Brandeis is his record in the New York protocol covering fifty thousand or more garment workers and substituting a standardized and orderly conduct of a great business for chaos and incessant strife.

WALSH AT A DINNER

SENATOR WALSH, speaking in Washington on Jefferson's birthday, narrating the legislative accomplishments, said: "They were all possible because the national Congress enjoys a freedom now to which it has long been alien."

The abolition of the lobby, that is to say, has made possible a much higher, freer, more constructive legislation. The President has no dinners, lunches, or secret conversations generally with men merely because those men have money. Therefore the system by which Congress has a few bosses, who themselves take their orders from big money bosses outside, has received a heavy blow.

Senator Walsh, for example, argued that the big Alaska problem had been solved because the public had confidence that there could be no steals connected with a step taken by this administration. The public knows practically nothing of what has been done, under Mr. Lane's leadership, in Alaska, but it takes it for granted there can be no Ballingerism.

If it shows its head, as in the Shields water-power bill, it is a certainty that it will either be remedied in conference or vetoed by the President. The average congressman or senator can be made into a tool of the boss-and-money-power system or into a fairly intelligent and high principled legislator, according to the way he is led.

MC ADOO

ONE very interesting feature of this same dinner of the Common Council Club in Washington was the great applause that greeted the tributes to the Secretary of the Treasury, on his general record and on his connection with the new currency act. Mr. McAdoo's enemies are in the circles the members of which are able to make their voices heard, and in the talk centres he is freely berated. Disinterested experts put his work extremely high, however, and it was with their opinion that the tributes at the dinner harmonized. "The most resourceful and fearless Secretary of the Treasury we have ever had," said Mr. Glass, to great applause. As it was a Democratic rally, Alexander Hamilton could scarcely come in as a hero, but with that exception Mr. Glass's statement represented the sober opinion of many present.

QUIET ISSUES

SENATOR HOLLIS, in the same keynote gathering, described what the administration has done for the farmer. Those who read our issue of April 1st may remember a summary of what the Agriculture Department has done. Senator Hollis touched that subject, but gave most of his time to the rural credits bill, that is sure to pass. There is no doubt that in the approaching campaign the Democrats will seek as much attention as possible for their constructive achievements, such as the currency act and the proposed rural credits act. Whether they can get such attention depends on two things, on the state of foreign affairs and on the defense measures. The fact that the Republicans voted against a firm foreign policy on the submarine issue will have little bearing. That issue will be on the deeds of the administration and of the Democratic majority.

MEXICO AND D. C.

WASHINGTON, even more than most towns, is a talk factory. It is therefore full of nerves, which it calls red blood. It is not an easy matter to think straight in such an atmosphere, which is one good reason for the President's not mixing too much. Few here know what Carranza has done. They would not believe you if you said he had already shown constructive statesmanship of a rather high order, and taken real steps ahead in better government. They will bark like a pack of coyotes if we come out of Mexico. The outrage of our interfering with the revolutionary development of a neighboring people is not visible to them. They think "honor" consists in considering narrow interests along traditional lines and in being angry. The President's range and freedom and novelty of thought make a kind of courage they are incapable of understanding. If he had followed pure principles, and punished some American officers for being surprised by Villa, and arranged for better boundary policing, instead of impinging so far on Mexico's sovereignity, nobody would have made as much noise as Washington. If this town could vote, Washington society would be carried overwhelmingly by T. R. on the platform "eat 'em alive."

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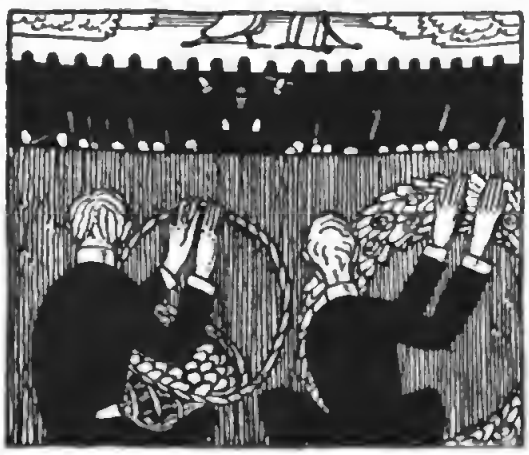


PLUTARCH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

NO. 7: BERNARD SHAW

BY F. P. A.

BROMIDIUS the Dubbite, having attended a performance of *Man and Superman*, a play written by Bernard Shaw, although Bromidius may have uttered the remark after having seen *Androcles and the Lion*, or *Fanny's First Play*, is reported to have said that it was difficult to determine whether Shaw were serious or poking fun; and indeed I have heard hundreds of others make the same animadversion. To whom I say, bravely, that perhaps he is doing both, forasmuch as seriousness without humor is but ponderousness, and of no more spiritual effect than the telephone directory; and poking fun, or clowning, when actuated by no serious purpose, is as ineffectual as are the anticks of Eva Tanguay, the so-called comedienne; which is to say not at all. He is a sage, say some; and, he is a fool, cry others: these being unaware that he is the perfect assimilation of these two things, and hath, in addition to these divine gifts, that of making game of himself and the theories he so passionately advocates. Ha! laugh many who see his plays, the fellow is an amusing droll: how he caricatureth the hypocrisies and pretensions of many folk I know; never, he continueth, harpooning myself, forasmuch as I have no pretensions and am without any faults.



"One hundred years from this day . . ."

Yet I hold, nor am I alone in this, that one hundred years from this day Shaw will be distinguished as having been one of the greatest men of this age; and on this I am desirous of hazarding one million dollars to a plugged jitney; the drollery of which being that in an hundred years I shall be more dead even than those who today consider Shaw but a comickall harlequin.

For he hath so wise a head he can not but often be conscious of his loneliness in so great a world of dullards: and were I he, and writing this piece, I should say, as to his consciousness of such loneliness, I know how he feels.

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MOVIES DESTROY ART

BY CHARLES E. WHITTAKER

IN THE sacred name of truth, let us abolish this new *cliché*: to speak of "the art of the movie" is to employ a vast farce of a phrase that is a contradiction in terms.

Art is the effort on the part of a human being to express life as he sees it by brush, pen, chisel, song, or stave. Art is far from the movies—not merely in absence, but in positive antithesis—because the chief effort of the movie seems to be to present something that shall express life, not as the manufacturer sees it, but as he imagines somebody else wants to see it. This is not art but artifice.

If it be insisted that the interpreter can be an artist, such folk as think would ask what close-ups, the *piece de resistance* of the photodrama, have to do with art, whose essence is restraint. For whom, they might ask, are the close-ups of the vampire-ladies intended? A countenance six feet wide, depicting a desire for revenge, is a manifestation that, one hopes, is never encountered in public or private moments.



"Depicting a desire for revenge"

The appeal of the movie is based upon the fact that it presents movement and real life, neither of which is indispensable to art. Even in a mercantile way, Mr. Burton Holmes's pictures of travel fetch as much per foot of film as do the most terrifying sex-dramas that were ever issued from a Fort Lee studio. The public, insatiable in its quest for the rapid acquisition of knowledge, loves the war picture; it delights in the Gaumont and Pathé motion views of villages in Algiers, Iceland, and Hindustan. All this is real life.

One does not expect real life on the legitimate stage; and, thank goodness, one does not get it. One gets philosophy, well or ill expressed in terms of drama. Not a living soul in the audience at the Ibsen play is disturbed if the entire wall of the room sways when Nora, making her final exit in *A Doll's House*, shuts the door; what is important is that she is leaving her husband. Yet the entire audience would be distracted beyond description if in any Egyptian scene in *Antony and Cleopatra* a cat were to appear, because the art of the drama can be smothered by reality and by the purely imitative.

The motion "picture," by reason of its lack of atmosphere and composition, design, perspective, and draftsmanship, has, of course, nothing to do with the art of the picture. Of all the arts there are but two of which the movie is the poor relation: the drama and literature. To speak of "the silent drama," as some do, is to express another contradiction. One may be gratified to think that the deaf man may enjoy the movies, but that would be no excuse for speaking of the art of the victrola, merely because it may enliven the moments of the blind. And if the words of the playwright—himself an artist—and the eloquence of the actor, are taken from the drama, what is there left of its art?

Is it as a modern exposition of the art of letters that the high-priests of the motion picture would have it judged? Mr. Maurice Tourneur, once an artist, now a director, has destroyed the possibility of that illusion. He does not believe that the author of a story, which is to be shown on the screen, should write the scenario from which the action is played. A short synopsis only of a story is what Mr. Tourneur requires. Two months after the weaver of romances has sent in his synopsis, he may see the precise effect of Mr. Tourneur's policy. His story will have been hanged, drawn, and quartered by the continuity writer, burned by the actor, and its ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven by the director.

In the Dark Ages a young prince, to whom was supernaturally revealed the fact that his father the king has been murdered by the prince's uncle—who had afterwards married the dead man's widow—entrapped a confession of the murder from the newly crowned king by reconstructing the crime in the form of a play. To obtain revenge on his nephew for this trick, the king arranged a game of fencing between the prince and a gentleman whose sister, distracted by love of the prince, had committed suicide; and it had been previously arranged that one of the foils was to be poisoned. In the intervals between the bouts, the foils changed hands, whereupon both the participants were mortally wounded. The prince, just before dying, having been apprised of the secret of the poisoned foil, killed his uncle; and the queen drank some poisoned wine, also intended for the prince, by accident, whereupon she died.

Happily, the tragedy has already been written by Shakespeare, but I invite Mr. Tourneur—should he ever produce *Hamlet* for the screen—to say whether he will work from Shakespeare's text or from my synopsis. The irreverent might tremble with unholy joy in speculating upon the close-ups of Claudius, but it is clear that Mr. Tourneur believes that the movie is purely interpretative

As for the final test of art, its permanence, the future will decide. Shakespeare's words are still with us; but no one knows or cares what appeared in the first number of the first newspaper. Conversely, one may suppose that the permanence of the movie will rest upon the reproductions of life in the trenches and in the whaling boats, and not upon the sublimity of the story as revealed in the *Perils of Pauline*.

The movie is not art, because it is not literature; it has no persistence, save for its illustration of daily news. The life of the best of the photodramas, on the word of Mr. Daniel Frohman, is two years. That art should perish so! If it is necessary to find a definition for the movie, it would seem to be unrelated to art of which it is not even the Cinderella. Myself, I regard it as the little cutey of the crafts.

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MOVIES CREATE ART

BY MAURICE TOURNEUR

MOVIES: a quivering rift in an emerald woods, silver-shot with a summer's sun; a startled nymph beside a mirrored pool, the play of whose form is a prayer; a charnel house, grimy and shadowy, its damp marble slabs glinting green against the moon; a baby's smile, also its tears, the one as unfeigned as t'other; a mountain ridge at night with silhouetted riders speeding by against the clouds; a jungle kraal, with a panther brood frolicking about a recumbent mother, whose eyes are lit with the maternal fire that shines not on the land nor on the sea—these motion picture miracles, the tabulation of scarce more than a single hand against an overwhelming array, many as inspiring, many more thrilling, many more enthralling alike to the artist and all others—and these are but exhibits of a craft?

Bezeul, now a confrère at the Paragon studios, several months ago stalked the woods of the Champagne section in France at the close of a battle, equipped with a movie camera, and the world has since thrilled with the chill of death as shown by war's horrors in the raw; no sheltering fiction of paint as Meissonier gives it, nor of molded mineral Rodin forms, but death real, stark, limp and fearful, carpeting an actual glade, animate only in the mute, orderly stepping from corpse to corpse to check the victims' identities by their regiment tags. Merely mechanical, to turn the crank that rolls the film upon whose solution the heroism of a nation is writ indelibly. Staging death in the mass, yet with restraint, keeping the will master of the emotions, so directing the camera that the merely gruesome shall be but an underlying terror of the whole—this, too, is but craftsmanship—a cutey?



"With silhouetted riders"

I produced the French stage version of *Alias Jimmy Valentine*. I later filmed the play for this country. Paul Armstrong's piece in its stage form needed little adapting for the films. Armstrong, as everyone knows, took the character of "Jimmy" from an O. Henry tale and that's all he took. Scarcely more than four printed pages in length in its O. Henry form, it was the idea of a semi-polished outlaw gaily fastening himself upon the payroll of a bank that he designed subsequently to rob, that fired Armstrong. Structurally there is no more resemblance between the O. Henry fiction and the Armstrong comedy than there is between a chess board and a woman weeping. Do the learned judges of the new art deny that Armstrong created an enlivening drama? Do they deny that the mere record of Jimmy's job-taking in the bank, even without the details of its original fiction, was in essence a play? Would they deny this adaptation practise to the credentialed film director! Isn't the history of the acting drama and the printed fiction that inspires it a voluminous record of interchanges? Didn't the great romancer take largely from Montaigne? Doesn't Montigne freely confess his own appropriations from multiple sources? Aren't we all creatures of just so many emotions? Isn't drama mere criss-crossed collisions of these, taking new forms with each fresh alignment? Isn't there in Shakespeare an entire gamut of masculine character, also a more or less complete feminine galaxy as it exists about us today?

Do filmdom's decriers concede the necessity for the preservation of something like a unified whole in a spoken stage piece or a mute filmed one? Do these captious weeping willows know that if a film director produced verbatim the average scenario as detailed in, say a five reel picture, the audience would consider the six-day Chinese drama a delightful tabloid in comparison? Do they know that one entire reel of one thousand feet of film may be interestingly devoted to the mere entrance of a single person into a room?

I have not seen anywhere any claim of any manufacturer of films that he considers himself an artist or even a purveyor of art, or that he aspires or seeks to mold public taste in photoplays, nor do I believe he makes a practise of producing what he thinks the public thinks it wants. Considering the difficulties besetting his supply, I think the film manufacturer is doing, in the short time of his existence, a great deal more than any publisher or theatrical manager of an equally brief existence did, not even excepting the early days of the French, German and English stage and literature, which reminds me that Shakespeare shows in all his work that he would have reveled in the magical volubility of the motion camera. Not a play of his but shows his *flair* for scenic embellishment and brilliant variety. What he would have done with his filmed battle scenes—a flash here of panoply, a shift to a portentous conference, a flash of helmeted couriers, all filigrees of his main current.

The quarrel with close-ups by the present school of film decriers is without consideration. The close-up, which, by the way, is not new, is merely a director's emphasis of a phase of his play, an auxiliary he employs to insure the conveyance of a definite thought at a definite stage of the play. Reference to their abnormal size is as intelligent as the same criticism would be of the colossal bronze of Daniel Webster in Central Park, the Bartholdi Liberty Lady in New York bay, or the Sherman equestian figure on the Plaza on Fifth avenue, New York.

Authorities agree that the stage production methods of Max Reinhardt are art. Are film directors, who write, create, adapt stage and camera plays less entitled to the term? Capellani, a Paragon associate director, filmed *Les Misérables*. If photoplay critics think the people—the common people—are artistically obtuse, let them scan the royalty records of the Hugo fiction in films and note the millions who came, wondered and wept with Valjean and the other unfortunates of the imperishable tale.

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SPARTA REVIVED — BOYS BEARING ARMS

WAR has brought to the boiling point the national spirit of all the European nations. So great is the desire of everyone to take a part in the struggle, that there have been countless examples of women and children seeking to become soldiers. One may be quite sure that the boys whose pictures are on this page were not forced to shoulder muskets, but went to war in spite of rules.

Joseph Koswurm is the youngest soldier in the Austrian army. He is shown here with Archduke Joseph Ferdinand







Jimmy Cosh is the mascot of the Fourth City of London Bottalion. He goes recruiting for the unit, ond is given the honorary title of sergeont



Here is on extremely young Montenegrin who, in spite of his age, has the gift of excellent marksmanship. He has been notably successful as a sharpshooter

Anatoly Galpa was a Russian circus boy. He followed the soldiers when they marched to the front, and so endeared himself to the men of o Siberian artillery brigade that they made him their mascot

Photos by Underwood & Underwood

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THE FRENCH CASE

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

GOING to war is more like going to law than is generally believed. There is a state of mind, which a man reaches once in a lifetime, when he sees red and sends for a lawyer. Possibly it is only a state of health. But what has happened is that he has suddenly developed something called by philosophers the Will to Expand, and he is looking hard for a man endowed with something else called the Will to Contract. If he happens to be Prime Minister or *Reichskanzler* at the moment, he sits in a solid douche of expensive telegrams, begins rapidly giving off White Papers or Maroon Books in accordance with the national taste in art stationery, and mobilizes everyone else's relations. Then the case comes on for trial.

There is this further resemblance between a war and a law case—that each party has a distinct idea of what it it about and no two parties happen to have selected the same thing. Thus the Englishman is under the inspiring and (as I believe) accurate impression that he is prosecuting a large man for trying to run over a small boy (named Belgium) in a 42-centimeter automobile with caterpillar wheels. But all the time the German Michael (if that is the right archangel) continues to assure the court that he has unearthed a particularly sinister conspiracy between the Englishman and the small boy to dent his mud-guards by being run over. Turkey is fighting for the sacred right to eviscerate the Armenian, and Japan is conducting a strictly local eviction on the Chinese coast. An alarming result of this astonishing divergence of objects is the wealth of argument, which has resulted in at least one belligerent country in a serious shortage of paper. Every belligerent is engaged in stating his case at the top of his voice without stopping to listen to anyone else, and there must be moments in the life of every neutral when he would dearly like to quit listening and take a turn with the megaphone himself.

There is the German case for freedom of the seas, which bears a striking resemblance to the more popular burglar's case for freedom of the keys. There is the Russian case for an ice-free port and the Austrian case for a Serb-free Serbia and the Montenegrin case for an ordinary free fight. There is the cry of "Poland for the Poles" and the attractive German alternative of Poland without any Poles at all. There is the Prussian claim for a right of way through Belgium and the Bulgarian claim for a right of way through the Treaty of Bucharest. There is the Russian case (which is warm water) and the German case (which is hot air); but nobody ever seems to notice the French case (which is cold steel).

There is about the French attitude in the present war something curiously unobtrusive. It goes always without saying that France had ample and satisfying reasons for ranging herself among the Allies, it is taken continually for granted that the French armies are holding five-sixths of the western front, and it merits no loud or constant comment that the industrial area of northern France is either in the French line of fire or the German line of communications. It seems (at least to this observer) that these things have gone without saying quite long enough. The French case is less advertised than most of its competitors and the French terms are rarely canvassed by those ingenious persons who practise their thought reading alternately in the Great General Staff and the War Council of the British Cabinet. But perhaps they are none the worse for that.

The intervention of modern France in a European war is not, like the intervention of Montenegro, a thing that one would expect. It is perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole explosion, because the French republic is not (like the Prussian monarchy) a military *parvenu* on the make who measures the length of his career by the length of his sword; it is not even (like the government of Bulgaria) a syndicate of political adventurers that can see no further than the end—although it is a long way off—of its ruler's nose. Modern France is not the sort of organization that naturally goes to war. It is, simply and with all its faults, a modern republic of a type which is familiar in both hemispheres, controlled by politicians, directed by the civilized consideration of its own comfort, and preoccupied in time of peace with the organization of its peace-time life and the solution of its peace-time problems at the expense sometimes of its preparations for war. The most civilized communities (and France in 1914, with its secularism, its pacifism, and its diffused education, was the most civilized organization in Europe) are not organized for war, because they have no intention of going that road which leads them to the fulfilment of no single one of their ideals. The most experienced states (and France has a longer political experience than any patch of Europe larger than the municipality of Rome) do not believe in war, because they have seen it fail so often; that is the lesson which Europe placidly teaches to each little *parvenu* that tries to come the conqueror over it. The men of the Third Republic have no illusions; they were all lost for them a century ago by the men of the First Republic and the men of the First Empire. The French Revolution set out in arms to show a new light in Europe. When the revelation was rejected by a syndicate of unenterprising (and mostly half-witted) kings, Napoleon set out with the design, which was at least something that his adversaries could understand, of conquering western and central Europe. But when the torch of French ideas had been carried flaming overhead from one end of Europe to the other, and when the emperor's escort had ridden noisily into every capital from Moscow to Madrid, that war, which was indeed a great war, ended in the double invasion of France and the treble darkness of Europe.

AFTER that experience it was unlikely that Frenchmen would enter again upon a war of propaganda, such as had strained the revolution, or upon a war of conquest, such as broke the empire. In the distant days when war was an impressive ornament to the perorations of patriotic speeches, Mr. Norman Angell called it the Great Illusion. His meaning was financial, but it is perhaps more true to say that the illusion which makes war possible is that political error, which France has unlearnt and Germany is unlearning, that a country may live at ease among its laurels when once its infantry has marched down the main street of a neighbor's capital. France lost that illusion when it discovered in 1814 that wars which open with a French parade into Moscow are apt to close with a Russian parade into Paris.

The contrast between France at peace and France at

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war is dramatic and absolute. France in 1914 had completed its political education; it had learned to have few ambitions, it was sophisticated beyond the need of empire-building, and it was too wise to play the war-game with the childish gusto of its less intelligent neighbors. France in 1916 stands firmly and definitely at the other end of the scale; it exists only for war, its factories function only for the manufacture of projectiles, and the women work the fields in order that their men may flick lead across parapets at the Germans. It remains only to examine the factors which have determined this amazing change. Primarily France is in this war because of the Franco-Russian alliance, and the history of that combination in relation to the development of French ideas is singular. In the year 1893, when it was inaugurated, France was the embodiment of a single idea—*revanche*. The whole of the French effort was directed towards the single object of avenging the defeats of 1870 by the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine. Since Prince Bismarck had already included Austria-Hungary and Italy in the hostile system of the Triple Alliance, France could not succeed without an ally. Keen naval and colonial competition placed England out of the question, and only Russia remained. The Franco-Russian combination was to some extent traditional: Napoleon had attempted to partition Europe between France and Russia, and it was widely believed that Russian action had saved France from a second Franco-German war in 1875. The combination was effected, and it has survived. Gradually during the later nineties the political education of France proceeded, and the new Frenchman incurred in some quarters the reproach that he was less patriotic than his father. He had lost undoubtedly the aggressive patriotism which launches a country on a career of conquest; he was concerned simply in a civilized and sensible manner to live at ease in the enjoyment and development of his European and colonial territory. *Revanche* almost faded into an ambition of soldiers and reactionaries, and the Franco-Prussian alliance almost lost its meaning until German policy was tempted in the years between 1900 and 1906 to its gravest error. France was permitted to see that its neighbor was not satisfied with the annexation of 1871 and was developing fresh appetites. Bismarck had judiciously encouraged the republic to seek compensations for its European disappointment in the more spacious sphere of colonial expansion. Since the humiliation of the Treaty of Frankfort France had effected a process of Asiatic and African expansion and consolidation which was resented by no European competitor except Great Britain. But this wise direction of German policy was varied by the successors of Bismarck; from an attitude of sympathy with French colonial schemes the German Empire was swung round by its own newly conceived marine and transmarine ambitions into an attitude of flat opposition. It became an object of German policy to limit the increase of French territory in northern and central Africa and even to substitute German for French control in some parts of that continent. That change of direction coinciding with British appreciation of the growing menace presented by German naval construction, precipitated the Anglo-French convention of 1904, which is the germ of the European alliance of today. France in every move of its policy since that time has been fighting for its African sovereignty. To that extent the French case is a colonial case.

BUT there is at stake a larger issue. Once it had been decided by France to retain her colonies at all costs, and once it had been decided by Germany to acquire them in face of French resistance, those colonies could only change hands after France had become in the course of an unsuccessful war a power of the second class. To that extent the French case is a European case. It consists indeed of a queer medley of past and present policies: France is fighting for Alsace-Lorraine and for *revanche*, which are luxuries, and for the European position, which is a necessity. She is fighting with an ally, Russia, whom she selected for European purposes, and with an ally, England, whom she selected for African purposes. That is why every man in France is convinced that his country is right. She stands for every cause that has appealed to Frenchmen in the past half century, and she stands to win.

MAKING PHOTOGRAPHY PAINLESS

BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

AS AN art, the making of portraits has not advanced the smallest fraction of an inch since the days of the old masters; but as a science it has been traveling faster and faster through the decades.

When portraits were painted or hewn out of marble, the sitter had to hold the pose for an appalling number of hours. To sit for one's picture cost as dearly in time as to serve on a jury.

The invention of the daguerreotype ushered in a new age in which the subject was called upon to contribute not more than half a day to the ordeal.

The muzzle-loading blunderbuss type of camera introduced a third age of portraiture and reduced the sitter's agony to a matter of half an hour spent in a pillory.

In a few more years, the breach-loading light artillery came up; head clamps were discarded and the subject was allowed to lounge around anywhere in the studio that he pleased. As he lounged, the piece was fired upon him without warning from various vantage points.

The fifth age of portraiture again reduced the duration of the pose. The snapshot camera, a pocket magazine-gun loaded with a roll of films, became the rage. The brass-bound family album was packed off to the attic, and a book of kodak prints took its place. The prima donna no longer posed in majesty in her stage robes; she was sniped in her overalls sawing wood, or in a one-piece bathing suit emerging from the breakers.

The sixth and latest stage is, of course, the era of the rapid-firing "movie." The modern album is the home cinema outfit. Here you see Homer and Lucile leaving the church after the ceremony. Homer dodges an old shoe. Lucile ducks into the limousine in a shower of rice. The next reel presents Homer, Jr., *aetat.* three weeks; and here is just how he looked when he cut his first tooth, did his first toddling on the lawn and took his first degree in Montessori. When Homer, Jr., runs for president, he can unroll his whole past before the voters on a screen, and declare that his life is "an open book."

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THE DESPOT



BY

W. J. CLARKE

THE man with the bronzed face looked up from his newspaper and said:

If I were a Despot ruling this country, the first thing I should do would be to make a law that firearms that are left lying about must always be loaded. I would give a man six months for every cartridge he extracted. There would be a crop of fatal accidents for a time, but it would save any number of lives in the long run, for sooner or later people would get it into their heads that it is silly to point a gun at your best friend and pull the trigger for a joke. It isn't even a good joke; you can get much more amusement by letting somebody sit on a bent pin, and it saves trouble to the coroner. There is a case in the paper today; the same old story—"didn't know it was loaded."



"Used to sit in his Divan dispensing justice"

As it happens, I am not a Despot, which is bad for this country but good for me. I knew a Despot once, the real Oriental article, and it cured me of any desire I may ever have had of setting up in that line.

He ruled a tribe of Moslem riff-raff in northern Africa, and as he was alleged to be a descendant of the Prophet, he had religious veneration as well as political power. He could do just what he pleased. He could commandeer any lady who took his fancy and cut off the head of any man who talked back, and you might think that was enough to make any man happy. He used to sit in his Divan every morning dispensing Justice and that was bad enough, but he made it worse by tempering it with Mercy, for if he let a prisoner off he generally made an example of the prosecutor and his lawyer and witnesses. When the day's law cases were finished, his subjects began to breathe freely, for they reckoned their lives were safe until the next day.

He never went among his loving subjects without an armed guard, just as you wouldn't swim over Niagara Falls without wearing a life-belt; and he was out of doors a good bit, for his nerves were not strong enough to allow him to stay at home more than he could help. When you come to think of it, a royal palace with half a hundred devoted slaves at your beck and call must be a jumpy place to live in; for, even supposing a dozen of them were safe, the odds were more than three to one that the particular faithful servant who was nearest to him was looking for a chance to knife him.

Poison was the thing he dreaded most and, next to poison, sleep. He was a pretty active man and felt capable of tackling anything in the way of steel, while the firearms they used out there had never been known to kill anybody, although they generally knocked down the fellow who fired them. But the thought of poison always gave him a chill, and the thought of what might happen to him while he slept used to keep him awake every night, and it was want of sleep that made his nerves go wrong. But even a Despot must sleep and eat sometimes, and, with trouble like that about, he wants a drink every now and then, especially in a climate where you can cook a dinner by letting the sun shine on it.

He had family troubles as well; as you might expect, seeing that he had four wives. Four is the Moslem allowance, but it is generally considered that three are enough for any man; that means that two of them would be against the third and she would have to make a friend of her husband, which is always a pleasing novelty to a married man. Four wives means two parties of two each, so that the man isn't wanted at all, and gets the feeling that he is only a lodger in his own house, although he pays all the rent.

It is pretty clear that if a Despot wants a good sleep, the only place he can get it is in his grave. The man I am telling you about never had what you might call a full night's rest until he was underground. I had a hand in the business, and it has always been a pleasure to me to know that I did him a good turn.

When I go to an outlandish place like that I always take a portable phonograph with me. If the natives are half civilized it pleases them to listen to syncopated melodies, just as it pleases the same sort of people in this country. If the natives are quite unsophisticated, it scares them to death to hear a small, wooden box singing or talking, and it induces them to keep the commandments.

I TOLD the Despot all about it and offered to bring it to his Hall of Justice and give the assembled multitude a treat. Unfortunately, his Arabic and the brand I speak are very different and he didn't quite get the idea. He thought it was a new and improved kind of musical box, and the first record I put on happened to be a brass-band selection from an Opera, and everybody thought it was fine. The hall was lit up by their smiling faces as if they had had the electric light laid on—those people do everything to excess, even when they smile.

I put on the next record and a band began to play again. Then, suddenly, they heard a brazen voice bellowing that there ain't no other peach like you, ma honey, and it smote them with fear and dread. They made a rush for the doors, and the first man to get outside was the Despot himself; as I said, he was an active sort of man and it was good to see him shoving everybody else out of the way like a girl at a Bargain Sale. He flew out of the palace into the town with a howling mob of retainers after him, and the townspeople took it to be an insurrection and joined in at once. He was stabbed and shot about seventeen times before his retainers could explain it was only a Supernatural Visitation and not a Revolution. He was a pious man and a descendant of the Prophet; he never massacred his subjects unless they offended him, and never took anything that belonged to them unless he wanted it, which shows that, for a Despot, he wasn't a bad sort. So I saw him planted with every hope for his future happiness and with the full assurance that, whichever way he went, he wouldn't have a much worse time that he had had during his pilgrimage through this Vale of Tears.

NEWSPAPERS AND OUR COLLEGES

BY RENÉ KELLY

DO COLLEGE professors nowadays believe in newspapers? We believe the best of them do. Some professors even read them, and there are occasional instances of a college professor actually being persuaded to write articles for the Sunday supplement! It was very different in 1838. Edward Everett Hale was a Harvard undergraduate then, and was one of those who signed a petition for a college "reading room." Not only did the Faculty say No, but President Josiah Quincy explained to young Hale "that there had been a reading room some years ago which the college government were obliged to break up; that newspapers were fascinating things 'even to us old men' and that they would take young men away from their studies. A very weak argument." It is a far cry from President Quincy's view of seventy-eight years ago to the view of President Lee, of New York University, expressed some weeks since. President Lee suggests that a good daily newspaper be used in the classrooms where instruction in high-school grammar and rhetoric is given. It would seem to be President Lee's notion that the fact that newspapers make interesting reading is nothing very much against them, and that there is as much instruction in studying the history of our own times as in studying the Seven against Thebes. Newspapers are turned out in a hurry, and the best of them fall into errors of style as of taste, but, if not in schools, at least in colleges, the use of newspapers ought to be urged upon such youngsters as require the urging. One of the hardest tasks of the teacher of "English Composition" is to impress upon his so-called students the practical importance of learning how to write good English. Many a practical-minded boy regards instruction in this field as wasted time; he is going to be an engineer or an agriculturist or a merchant and not an Addison or Milton or Emerson—so why bother with Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends, or Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America, or Stevenson's Lodging for the Night? The newspaper is a part of daily life, even for agriculturists and engineers and merchants; and the youth who reads newspapers must realize a little more completely than he did before the advantage it is to command words and sentences as well as flesh-and-blood employees. Moreover, a good newspaper serves to bridge the gap between day-by-day practicality and all-time literature: often it is a stepping stone from literary blindness to something like appreciation. We are not of those who are gloomily conscious of newspaper superficiality; we are, instead, ever newly amazed by the high standards of style and information which the best of American newspapers reach, overnight. Those of our college teachers who croak at the occasional split infinitives of the editorial page would do well to ask themselves whether their own best lectures would make endurable newspaper reading.

LYRIC

BY ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH

WHEN in the winter of heart's desire
Sirens are dead, and the songs of fey
Jangled and flat on a musty lyre—
What shall we call today?

Vagary wrought of a laugh, a kiss,
Mystery, wonder, and breath of May—
How shall our hearts remember this
When it is yesterday?

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NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMATEURS

THE best camera-time of the year is at hand and kodaks of all shapes and sizes are being dragged from their winter's retirement to record the endless spring aspects of the great outdoors. This stimulating effect of the new season is specially noticeable in the Pictorial News department of *Harper's Weekly*, which is receiving from nearly every part of the country snapshots of scenes that the photographer finds interesting. Naturally,



The "Friederich der Grosse," home of the latest "conspiracy" scandal, and other interned German ships at Hoboken, N. J. (By Walter Miller.) Awarded the $10 prize

the photographer's ideas of what is interesting do not always coincide with this magazine's standards, but when they do it means a promptly sent check. For every picture used *Harper's Weekly* pays $2, and for the best picture each week $10 is given.



Where United States navy officers are being taught to fly—the naval aviation school at Pensacola, Fla. In the photograph is shown a seaplane or flying boat of the newest type. (By Marc N. Goodnow)



One of the sure signs of spring is the emergence of the circus caravans from their winter quarters. Here are the Barnum and Bailey elephants entering their special Pullman cars. (By A. Fellowes)



The largest electric locomotive in the world, used in the West Virginia coal fields. (By P. S. Barraw)



Any old morn

HUERTA AND THE TWO WILSONS

BY ROBERT H. MURRAY

THIS is the concluding instalment of a dramatic contribution to inside current history. In his earlier articles Mr. Murray described the events of the revolution up to Tuesday, February 18th—the day that Ambassador Wilson sent a message to the State Department announcing, nearly two hours in advance of the fact, that Madero had been made a prisoner by the federal generals.

RECOGNITION by all the foreign governments was the thing that Huerta and our ambassador were hot for. Manifestly it was desirable to commit the United States and other countries, big and little, that were diplomatically represented, or misrepresented, in the City of Mexico, with the loss of as little time as possible, to a *de facto* acknowledgment of the legality and existence of the Huerta government. That would make it more difficult for the home offices of the diplomats to withhold full and formal recognition, should any of them evince an inclination to become too inquisitive or analytical as to the occult ways and means by which Huerta had lifted himself into power. So Huerta and Wilson rode recognition at a gallop. Huerta seized the government on Tuesday. He was declared President on Wednesday. The new government formally was installed on Thursday, and on Friday at noon the diplomatic corps waited upon Huerta in the National Palace, paid their respects to him, extended their congratulations, and by this act accorded him and his government *de facto* recognition. Wilson spoke neatly and sonorously the necessary words of felicitation on behalf of his colleagues.

Our ambassador recognized Huerta without instructions from the State Department. In fact, his arrangments were calculated to head off adverse orders should Washington have been minded to give him pause. The manner in which he did this was rather adroitly worked out. On the evening of Tuesday he cabled to the department requesting instructions on the question of recognition. The cable is timed "eight o'clock in the evening." That same night, probably before this message had even left the cable office in the City of Mexico, he summoned the remainder of the diplomatic corps to a conference in the embassy. At the conference the diplomats agreed with our ambassador that the recognition should be granted on the morrow. One of the arguments used was that, inasmuch as Huerta had invited the diplomats to the

palace on Friday, it was impossible to ignore or decline his invitation without giving him offense. They feared the rage of an offended Huerta; it might react disastrously upon "foreigners and foreign interests." It seemed not to have occurred to the diplomats that they might properly arrange to delay their call upon Huerta for a day or two, until sufficient time was obtained in which to receive instructions from their governments.

LET us consider what chance Wilson had of getting, before noon on Friday, a reply to his cable of eight o'clock of Thursday evening. Wilson's telegram, which would have to be decoded, would hardly be laid upon the desk of Knox or Huntington Wilson in the State Department before nine o'clock, Washington time, or eight thirty City of Mexico time, on Friday morning. Assuming that a reply had been written and sent immediately, the task of coding the message in the State Department, transmitting it to the City of Mexico, and decoding it in the embassy there, could hardly have been accomplished before the time arrived for our ambassador to set out for the palace to recognize Huerta.

And Wilson knew it! Indeed, before going to the palace on Friday morning, he cabled of the decision reached by the diplomats the previous night, pleading lack of instructions as an excuse for his precipitateness, and saying:

"After discussion, my colleagues, all of whom are without instructions, agreed that the recognition of the new government was imperative to the end of enabling it to impose its authority and reestablish order. I shall accordingly unite with my colleagues, believing I am interpreting the desire of the departments and assisting in the tranquilization."

On the same day, manifestly prior to the recognition forms being gone through with at the palace (for he employs the future tense in referring to recognition), Wilson set in operation the machinery of the United States consular service in Mexico for the behoof of Huerta, by ordering our consuls throughout the republic not only to get behind the new government themselves, but to begin a Huertista propaganda among the Mexicans. The wording of this message indicates that Wilson did not fear that adverse orders would come from Washington to ditch the recognition express before the goods it bore were safely delivered at noon to Huerta. This is Wilson's order to our consular representatives in Mexico:

"The provisional government was installed yesterday, with General Huerta as President. There is general approval in the city, which is practically quiet. The Ex-President is a prisoner, waiting the decision of Congress in his case." [Query: What decision could the emasculated and cowering Congress make in Madero's case that would not be a decision dictated by Huerta?] "The Senate and the House of Deputies are in full accord with the new administration. You should make this intelligence public, and in the interests of Mexico urge general submission and adhesion to the new government, which will be recognized by all foreign governments today."

Could any intelligent Mexican, can any intelligent, unprejudiced American, reading this order—which was printed in Spanish by most of the consuls and consular representatives and conspicuously displayed—escape the conviction that the United States government stood back of Huerta, that it was the purpose of the United States government to impose its will and a creature of its own as President upon the people of Mexico? Still, we complain that the Mexicans are suspicious of us and of the motives of our acts when they relate to Mexico and to Spanish-America at large. Can they be blamed?

Madero and Pino Suarez were still under guard in the basement room of the National Palace, where they had been flung on Tuesday afternoon. The wife and the mother of Madero, the wife of Pino Suarez, their relatives and what friends of the two doomed men had not gone into hiding, importuned Wilson ceaselessly through Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday to assert his influence with Huerta and obtain guarantees for their lives. They found him unresponsive. In one of the dispatches to the department on Friday, the 21st, he makes incidental mention of these pleas, saying:

"I have just received a letter from the mother of President Madero, asking me to intercede with General Huerta to spare his life and that of Pino Suarez, and to allow them to go to Europe, stating that this was the expressed condition attached to their resignation."

THERE is nothing in the record of Wilson's official correspondence with Washington to indicate that at any time Wilson exercised more than a perfunctory interest in the phase of the situation which concerned Madero and Pino Suarez. The only written communication in this connection in which he indulged himself consisted of a five line note which he sent to Blanquet.

Washington remained silent. There is nothing in the record of Wilson's official correspondence with Washington to indicate that at any time Wilson exercised more than a perfunctory interest in the phase of the situation which concerned Madero and Pino Suarez. The only written communication in this connection in which he indulged himself consisted of a five line note which, on Friday, he sent to Blanquet—not to Huerta—at the appeal of Señora Pino Suarez. In this he said he concurred in her request to be allowed to see her husband, "hoping that it will be entirely compatible with your wishes in the matter." Blanquet ignored this request.

For Madero and the Madero women-folk he did not trouble himself to do as much as this, even. This omission contrasts impressively with what our ambassador had done the previous week for de la Barra, under circumstances somewhat akin, although the menace to the life of de la Barra was not a hundredth part so real as it proved to be in Madero's case. De la Barra, during the fighting, had refuged in the British legation, where he was as safe as a man reasonably could expect to be. No one excepting de la Barra himself deemed that he was in danger. But our ambassador, on February 17th, wrote thus sternly, largely and warningly, to Pedro Lascurain, the foreign minister:

"Information has been brought to me from an unquestioned source, but from one which I cannot reveal, that certain government officials have instructed the officers of the police force to seize Mr. de la Barra, who is now in the British legation and cause him to be shot. I assume the privilege of advising Your Excellency that any act of violence toward Mr. de la Barra would cause profoundest indignation in the United States and in all civilized countries. While this circumstance is one beyond the province of my diplomatic character, I believe it my duty, as a friend of Mexico, to urge upon you the exercise of all diligence in preventing all crimes of this kind against distinguished Mexican

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citizens who happen not to be in accord with the government's policy, but who, nevertheless, are not engaging in open rebellion against the constituted government."

Note the phrase "constituted government." What would have been Huerta's response had our ambassador stepped without the "province of my diplomatic character" far enough to have enabled him to write to Huerta on behalf of Madero, a letter couched almost in the same language as the epistolary egis which he threw over de la Barra, who needed it not? But he didn't.

Huerta had yielded to him in such vital matters as the uncensored telegraph, the release of the Madero ministers and the freedom of *The Mexican Herald*. Possibly our ambassador was loath to presume too much upon Huerta's good nature. But, surely, Huerta would not have boggled at granting such a trifling boon as the lives of Madero and Pino Suarez at the behest of one who might have appealed to him "as a friend of Mexico."

On Saturday, which was Washington's Birthday, our ambassador, accompanied by the various assistant ambassadors and vice and deputy assistant ambassadors of the American colony, as well as the common people of the colony, went to the Washington monument. That night he cabled the department that he had delivered a patriotic speech at the statue and deposited a wreath there. Madero and Pino Suarez that night were led to the shambles, while the wreath which our ambassador had laid at Washington's feet was still unwithered.

THE explanation given was, that Madero and Pino Suarez had been accidentally killed while being transferred from the palace to the penitentiary during an exchange of shots between their guards and a rescue party. No one in the city believed the explanation. Diplomats frankly expressed their skepticism. But our ambassador accepted the version unreservedly.

While the corpses of Madero and Pino Suarez were lying on the cement floor of a corridor of the penitentiary, Huerta, de la Barra and various other members of the government were in the throes of a long and excited conference in the palace. They strove until nearly daylight before they evolved an explanation which they thought might satisfy not only the people of Mexico, but, what was more important, the foreign governments. Their final production was to the effect that Madero and Pino Suarez had been accidentally killed while being transferred from the palace to the penitentiary during an exchange of shots between their guards and a party of friends who sought to rescue them. No one in the city believed the explanation. Diplomats frankly expressed their skepticism. But our ambassador accepted the version of Huerta unreservedly, and communicated it without comment or qualification to Washington. His dispatch did not go until thirteen hours after the murder, although the early editions of the morning newspapers printed full details of what had occurred. Persons who saw him in the embassy that morning tell of his agitation. His notification to his home office reads:

"Sunday, twenty-third, at one afternoon: De la Barra informed me last evening that the government intended to transfer the President and the Vice-President to the penitentiary as quickly as possible, to make them more comfortable and safe, and where they would be in safety until public passions subsided. They were accordingly transferred last night at 11.30, and *en route* to the penitentiary the party was attacked, according to the government's published reports this morning, and in the struggle which followed both the President and Vice-President were killed. President Huerta in a published letter explains the occurrence in this way, and also states that the circumstances will be made the subject of a rigid judicial investigation."

Our ambassador, it will be noted, omits mention in this dispatch of any official explanation having been handed to him by the government. He refers only to "the government's published reports" and to Huerta's "published letter." These were available to him as soon as the morning newspapers were on the street. Could he have lingered until one o'clock before notifying the State Department, waiting and hoping for an official explanation directly to him which would be more reasonable and more readily pass current, perhaps, in Washington than the only one with which Huerta took the trouble to provide him? If so, he lingered in vain. Nothing more was forthcoming. He and Taft and Knox could take it or leave it as they choose. They choose to take it. On the same day our ambassador, evidently feeling the importance of enabling the Mexican citizenry to visualize something which would impressively demonstrate to them the respect and esteem with which Huerta was regarded by the United States, submitted the following curious proposition to Washington:

"If the 'atmosphere clears measurably within the next few days, I suggest that the department consider the advisability of sending to this city the commanding officers of our boats in Vera Cruz, with marines and such sailors as may be desirable. I think the effect would be excellent."

By Monday our ambassador had regained what of his nerve he might have lost temporarily. He again addressed Washington in his wonted sure and confident vein.

"The city remains perfectly quiet," he cabled, "and evidently the tragedy of yesterday" [It should have been written "Saturday night"] "has produced no effect upon the public mind. As from published summaries of the contents of the London press it appears that a vnst ignorance exists as to the actual situation here, I would suggest that the London *Times* correspondent in Washington have the situation carefully explained to him."

THE British minister in the City of Mexico began to be troublesome, to evince symptoms of gagging and getting away from the control of our ambassador, for on Monday Wilson told the department:

"The Secretary of the British Legation expressed the opinion to me today that his government probably will not recognize the provisional government, on account of the murder of Madero. This will be a great error, endangering the provisional government, upon which the safety of all foreigners depends, and I think it would be wise to have some consultations with the British embassy."

Here, again, our ambassador's brain tricked him. It allowed him to put on the paper an admission that he must, in his own mind, have carried the idea that the killing of Madero and his Vice-President was a "murder," and not an unfortunate accident, as the "government's published reports" had sought to make it appear.

Later our ambassador developed symptoms of perturbation as to the propriety of his participation in the thronged events of the past few days, particularly with the expediting of the *de facto* recognition of the new government. For in subsequent dispatches he devoted

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many words to an exposition of the reasons why he had urged the immediate recognition of the government, and the motives which impelled him to accept so confidently the government's explanation of the murders. He cabled:

"I believe that in announcing publicly my acceptance of the official version of the death of these two men—and, indeed, I could not with reference to the gravity of the situation assume any other course—I adopted the surest method of allaying that singular perverse sentimentality which frequently leads to the commission of greater crimes as punishments for lesser ones. As the department is aware, an official investigation, apparently impartial, is being made of all circumstances connected with the death of Madero, and in due time will be published and transmitted by this embassy."

The State Department never received the results of this investigation. No one did. No investigation was made. Therefore there was nothing for the ambassador to send.

SOME explanation of our ambassador's zeal for the safeguarding of de la Barra, and of the note which he sent in de la Barra's behalf to Foreign Minister Lascurain, is suggested by a note to Wilson from the British minister, which Wilson included in his correspondence to Washington. A word or two of correlative circumstance is necessary. Much advantage has been taken by those who sought to defend the seizure of the government by Huerta and the sympathetic attitude of our ambassador toward the treason, of the allegation that the Mexican Senate had demanded that Madero resign as the sole means of ending the fighting in the city. Nothing of the sort ever happened. What really took place was this: ten or a dozen of the old Porfirista senators, led by Sebastion Camacho, met in Camacho's house and decided to request, in the name of the Senate, Madero to resign. No session of the Senate was held during the Decena Trágica. The Camacho junta of senators had no legal, or other, authority to make a demand in the name of the Senate, for Madero's resignation. They were not authorized to do this for the Senate. They acted wholly upon their personal responsibility as individual senators.

The senators forced themselves into Madero's presence and broached their errand. Madero not only refused to resign, but scourged them from the room with bitter words of condemnation and reproof. Madero suspected de la Barra of being at the bottom of the resignation movement. De la Barra, when the ill-success of the senators' mission came to his ears, took fright, and fearing Madero's wrath, hid in the British legation. Later Wilson cozened the Spanish minister to act as a stalking horse for the resignation movement. He induced him to tell Madero that in the view-point of the foreign diplomats, he should yield to the demand for his resignation. Madero answered him as sturdily and uncompromisingly, but a trifle more courteously. It seems to be well established by the British minister's note that our ambassador was the author of the plan, for the note says:

"British Legation, Mexico, February 14th.

MY DEAR MR. WILSON:

"Mr. Brenchley has just told me that you had privately urged Mr. Lascurain to get some members of the Senate together who should impose the resignation of President Madero. I entirely concur in the course you have taken. It seems to me well adapted to bring to an end this intolerable situation. Yours very sincerely,

"FRANCIS STRONGE."

But if our ambassador failed with the Porfirista senators, Huerta did not disappoint him.

IN SIMILAR manner as I have constructed this narrative, constructed it almost completely from the evidence furnished by Henry Lane Wilson's own dispatches to his government, why was it not possible for Knox and Taft, with the same material at their disposal, to have interpreted them, read them, taken from them the same story that I have—the story they so plainly and unmistakably tell? It was there. But they didn't do it.

Taft, on the contrary, did his best to whitewash Wilson, to give him a clean bill of health. Wilson was under fire before the new administration in Washington in the spring of 1913. He strove desperately to hold his job. He sent a packed delegation of representatives of the American colony in the City of Mexico to Washington to plead that Wilson be retained as our ambassador. The delegation scheme was inspired and engineered from the embassy. Wilson sent a Macedonian cry to Taft for help. Taft responded in the following letter:

New Haven, Conn., June 29, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. WILSON:

"You were ambassador of the United States to Mexico during the most trying time that the people of Mexico have passed through, and during a period when the relations between us and Mexico were constantly being subjected to a serious strain. I have great pleasure in expressing my high approval of your zealous and courageous efforts in the protection of American interests, and, indeed, the interests of foreign governments generally during the critical periods of Mexican disorders. No one can understand the difficulties of your position and the exceptional excellence of the work you did, who is not familiar with the constantly changing circumstances of the situation and the variety of the exigencies which you had to meet. You have my full permission to publish this letter.

"Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) WILLIAM H. TAFT."

Whatever verdict the jury of public opinion may render on these facts, there can be no question of the verdict passed by Wilson himself upon the government for the existence of which he, our ambassador, was more responsible than any other man in Mexico. Here it is:

"I am convinced that the present government is fully as corrupt and incompetent as any which has preceded it!"

Wilson cabled this to the State Department a few days before he was recalled to Washington for the purpose of having his resignation accepted.

Our ambassador repudiated his own offspring!

But the shameful facts of the offspring's birth, written in black and white by Wilson himself, still stand.

Mexicans will remember them long after Wilson has died a more seemly, peaceful death than that from which he might have saved Madero.

But they look beyond Wilson. Behind him they see the United States government, which allowed Wilson to do the thing he did.

They blame Washington, not Wilson. It is not Wilson who suffers, but the prestige and fair fame of the United States in every republic south of the Rio Grande.

THE END.

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"A Sunday at Grande-Jatte," by Georges Seurat, in the exhibition at the Bourgeois Galleries

MODERN ART TODAY

BY WALTER PACH

THERE is nothing wiser in the writings of Blake—and I am tempted to say there is nothing wiser anywhere—than the terse sentence set down by the great Englishman among his proverbs: "Expect poison from standing water." What does it matter if the water of brooks and rivers is turned to rain and so in the lapse of centuries repeats its course a thousand times? Running water is healthy, stagnant water turns to poison,—and the analogy with thought that Blake intended is obvious to everyone.

Three years ago a group of American artists made a great effort and brought to this country a collection of paintings and sculptures that showed in a systematic manner the development of the vital art-movements of the last hundred years, beginning with Ingres (the only public exhibition in America, so far as I can learn, where work by the great classicist has appeared), through the Romantic school, the Barbizon men, the Impressionists, and so to the art of our own time, which was naturally given the most space.

Since the International Exhibition numerous opportunities have been presented to study the matter in more detail. One may mention at random the beautiful showing of Brancusi's marbles at the Photo-Secession gallery; the whole-hearted work of Mr. Montross in exhibiting first the work of the American modernists, then Matisse, then Cézanne, with today a group of French Cubistic painters; and the series of exhibitions at the Carroll galleries, with their final showing of Picasso in his whole development. This winter introduced to us the Modern gallery, where a consistent effort has been made to represent the men who are or were the pioneers of the new movements. Splendid things by van Gogh, by Picasso, and two of the final masterpieces by Cézanne were exhibited at this gallery. One of the last-named pictures and its pendant are now at the Metropolitan Museum, on loan, through the courtesy of their owners.



Jean Metzinger—Head of a woman, in the exhibition at the Montross Gallery

At present writing, the Bourgeois galleries have opened their doors to a most complete exhibition of the latter-day painters,—starting with Cézanne, Redon, Gauguin, van Gogh and Seurat, and arriving, after a representation of Matisse, Rouault and Picasso, at

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the latest work of the younger men of several European countries and of America. Especially worthy of study is Seurat's painting "A Sunday at Grande-Jatte" in this collection. It is the most important work by the artist to cross the Atlantic since 1885, and shows the immense range of the man who sums up much of the development before and since his time. Marcel Duchamp reappears in the exhibition and confirms his right to the position in which many place him, as one of the most original and brilliant thinkers of our day.

The war has taken many of the young men of Europe out of their studios,—forever, in some cases, and it seems to have been the signal for an anti-modernist campaign among certain writers in this country. The events of the season scarcely give ground for hope to those who would have us believe that the so-called revolutionary schools have disappeared and that the current of art has at last stood still. One person said that Picasso had gone back to conventional methods in his latest work: a few weeks later the catalog of that painter's exhibition gave 1915 as the date of quite the most "advanced" canvases in the group. Mr. Pennell's attack, including the statement that "Cézanne was one of the most serious duffers that ever lived" was not supported by the thousands who visited the various galleries where Cézanne's work was shown this winter, nor by the tens of thousands who have studied the beautiful picture by the master that the museum bought three years ago. A facetious obituary in one of the magazines, in which the writer gloated over his fancied massacre of the whole advance guard, seems to have been but little noticed, and a similar fate befell the heavy theorizing of still another article, whose author tried to stem the tide with a statement that each modernist had become the sole admirer of his own work.



"Superman" by Georges Rouault, at the Bourgeois Galleries



"The Leather Hat" by Henri Matisse, at the Bourgeois Galleries

It is quite true that new movements in art need time and study before they are understood. But the masters have in all epochs given less attention to what others thought of them than to keeping their minds alive and creative. We seem in no danger at present of reaching the standing water against which Blake gives his warning. Galileo supplied the right watchword when, after release from the torture that had forced him to retract his theory of the earth's motion, he said, "And it moves anyhow!" And that proud *"E pur' si muove!"* is not too much to say of modern art.

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ARGUMENTS FOR RIDING IN MOTOR CARS



Not a circus trick, but an extremely dangerous backward fall such as may occur when a startled horse rears suddenly



This horse balked at a hurdle and his rider, Lieutenant de Malherbe, had to make the leap by himself



Frederick Prince, of Boston, was shaken but not hurt when his mount tossed him to the ground during the horse show at Pau, France



Miss Rena Maitland had this spectacular tumble when her mount reared at Pinehurst, N.C.



After taking the last hurdle in a race at Belmont Terminal, Elbart stumbled and fell, his rider with him

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LABOR AND THE CLAYTON ACT

BY WILLIAM B. WILSON, SECRETARY OF LABOR

IN CONSIDERING the Clayton Anti-Trust Law the declaration contained in section six should be continuously borne in mind, that is, that "the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce." Labor produces commodities, but it is not a commodity itself. It cannot be a commodity under any other condition than that of slavery or serfdom. What is the labor of a human being? It is the mental and muscular power developed within, a part of and inseparable from the individual in whom it exists, and is incapable of use except in response to bis will, and his only. It is part of man. They are "one and indissoluble." If you class labor as a commodity, then you class man, of whom it is an integral part, as a commodity also. The thirteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States declares that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, . . . shall exist within the United States." It becomes clear, then, that labor, being a part of man and inseparable from him, cannot become a commodity, the property of those who desire to buy and sell, without doing violence to tha constitution and to the fundamental principles of human liberty. And if it cannot become a commodity, then it cannot become an article of commerce.

For the same reason, a restraining order or writ of injunction cannot properly be issued against it. A restraining order or injunction is an equity process that can only issue from an equity court, and an equity court, as its name indicates, deals with the equities of disputants over property or property rights. It has no jurisdiction over the personal relationship between man and man. The law courts cover that jurisdiction and the equity courts have no more right to invade it than the ordinary layman. The only reason why equity courts heretofore have assumed tbe right to issue injunctions in labor disputes has been based upon the presumption that labor was a commodity or article of commerce, and that somehow or another an employer had a property right in a sufficient amount of labor to operato his plant. Out of this theory had grown the mongrel contention, based upon no definite principle, that an employer had a property right to a free flow of labor to his factory door and that no one else bad any right to dip into the stream and take any portion out until that employer had been satisfied and surfeited. These theories were either a survival or a resurrection from the time when one man had a property right in another as in slavery, or a quasi-property right as in serfdom, and have no propor place wbere men are free.

Witb the legislative declaration that labor is not a commodity or article of commerce the basis for tho issuance of an injunction in a labor dispute is immediately removed, and the principle in equity may now be accepted in its entirety that a restraining order or writ of injunction may issue whenever necessary for the protection of property or property rights from irreparable injury, where there is no other adequate remedy at law. Thus the Clayton Bill clarifies the atmosphere; declares that labor is not a commodity and, therefore, interference with it cannot be restrained or enjoined by an equity court. Such interference must be dealt with by the law courts where it properly belongs.

But the Clayton Act does not stop there. Section twenty specifically provides that—

> No restraining order or injunction shall be granted by any court of the United States, or a judge or the judges thereof, in any case between an employer and employees, or between employers and employees, or between employees, or between persons employed and persons seeking employment, involving, or growing out of, a dispute concerning terms or conditions of employment, unless necessary to prevent irreparable injury to property, or to a property right, of the party making the application, for which injury there is no adequate remedy at law, and such property or property right must be described with particularity in the application, which must be in writing and sworn to by the applicant or by his agent or attorney.

That clause covers the ground of labor disputes in general terms and adds that no restraining order or injunction shall be granted in such cases "unless necessary to prevent irreparable injury to property, or to a property right, for which injury there is no adequate remedy at law." Now, when you remember that the same act declares that labor is not a commodity, and, therefore, is not property, the far-reaching effect of the clause quoted becomes apparent. If during a strike, any person or persons, strikers or others, undertake to injure the property of an employer in such manner that the injury would be irreparable, and there is no other adequate remedy at law, the courts may still issue injunctions, but the property endangered must be described with particularity in the application, and must not include the labor or tha patronage of a human being. In all other cases involving or growing out of labor disputes, the injunction is abolished so far as the federal courts are concerned, and if any violations of law are alleged or take place during such dispute, they are to be dealt with by the law courts in the same manner as if the violations had been committed at any other time.

SECTION TWENTY of the same act further provides that—

> No such restraining order or injunction shall prohibit any person or persons, whether singly or in concert, from terminating any relation of employment, or from ceasing to perform any work or labor, or from recommending, advising or persuading others by peaceful means so to do; or from attending at any place where any such person or persons may lawfully be, for the purpose of peacefully obtaining or communicating information, or from peacefully persuading any person to work or to abstain from working; or from ceasing to patronize or to employ any party to such dispute, or from recommending, advising, or persuading others by peaceful and lawful means so to do; or from paying or giving to, or withholding from, any person engaged in such dispute, any strike benefits or other moneys or things of value; or from peaceably assembling in a lawful manner, and for lawful purposes; or from doing any act or thing which might lawfully be done in the absence of such dispute by any party thereto; nor shall any of the acts specified in this paragraph be considered or held to be violations of any law of the United States.

By that declaration it is no longer a violation of any federal law:

First—To terminate any relation of employment.

Second—To cease to perform any work or labor.

Third—To recommend, advise, or persuado others by

peaceful means to terminate or cease to perform labor.

Fourth—To attend at any place where the person or persons so attending may lawfully be, for the purpose of obtaining or communicating information.

Fifth—To peacefully persuade any person to work or to abstain from working.

Sixth—To withhold patronage, either singly or in concert, from any party to a dispute concerning terms or conditions of employment, or to recommend, advise, or persuade others, by peaceful and lawful means, so to withhold patronage.

Seventh—To pay or give to, or withhold from any person engaged in such dispute, any strike benefits, money, or other things of value.

Eighth—To peacefully assemble, in a lawful manner, and for lawful purposes.

Ninth—To do any act or thing which might lawfully be done in the absence of a dispute concerning terms or conditions of employment.

Nor shall a restraining order or writ of injunction be issued by the federal court forbidding the doing of any of these things. This does not mean that labor is free, during times of labor disputes, to assault, intimidate, or coerce strike-breakers, or others, but simply that hereafter all alleged violations of law will be dealt with by the law courts, and the law and the facts passed upon by a judge and jury through the processes which our civilization has developed to safeguard and protect the lives and liberties of the people.

SECTION TWO declares that it shall be unlawful for any person engaged in commerce, in the course of such commerce, either directly or indirectly to do certain things. Section three opens with a similar declaration. These are the two vital sections of the bill. The other sections are included for the purpose of defining terms used, creating means by which evasions may be prevented, persons and things excluded from its operations which were not intended to be included, and providing penalties for violations of the mandates of the act. It will thus be seen that the purpose of the act is to apply to all persons engaged in commerce and was not intended to apply to those not engaged in commerce. To declare that such an act is class legislation is equivalent to declaring that every legislative act is class legislation. If it only applied to a portion of those engaged in commerce, then the criticism might be valid, but it applies to all.

The definition contained in section one of the act declares that "Commerce, as used herein, means trade or commerce among the several states and with foreign nations, etc." A law enacted for the purpose of preventing monopolies or combinations in restraint of trade should not be expected to apply to those who have neither trade nor commerce to restrain. The wage-workers are in that position, and the restraint of trade features of the Clayton Act do not apply to them. As wage-workers, they have no interstate or foreign commerce. They lend themselves, or refuse to lend themselves, to the production and transportation of articles of commerce owned and controlled by others. They produce and transport the commodities that constitute commerce, but they are neither the commerce nor the commodity itself. The combinations known as trade unions that the worker enters into are not for the purpose of creating a monopoly in trade or to restrain commerce, but for the purpose of securing the best terms possible for the loan of himself and his labor power, which is a part of him, to those who are engaged in trade and commerce and desire his services.

The question of whether persons engaged in labor should be permitted to combine is an entirely different question than whether persons or corporations engaged in commerce should be permitted to combine. Capital has always been permitted to combine. Neither the Sherman Anti-Trust Law nor the Clayton Law prevents the combination of capital. They only prevent certain methods of combination having certain results which are considered injurious to the general welfare. Every copartnership and every corporation is a combination of capital. Capital has been encouraged to organize not only to bring large amounts of it together, but to utilize its combined efforts in such manner as to get the very best results. That has not been the case with labor. It is only in recent years that labor unions have been considered legal if they undertook to utilize their energies to secure the best results obtainable for them. The struggle has been one of centuries, and the biggest single step that has been taken since serfdom and slavery were abolished is the enactment of the Clayton Law.

THE first application of the conspiracy laws to the workers in the development of our modern jurisprudence was the case of The King versus The Tub-Women in the breweries of London who went on strike in the thirteenth century. Then, as now, there was a tax on ale and beer. The king, through his law officers, prosecuted the case against the tub-women on the theory that they had entered into a conspiracy to interfere with the revenues. The tub-women were convicted. It was but a short step to extend the precedent to include any concerted action on the part of the workers which would interfere with the revenues of their employers. It took a struggle of six hundred years to overcome the precedent that was stablished in the case of The King versus The Tub-Women. As late as 1875, in the case of the State of Pennsylvania versus John Siney, *et al*, Zingo Parks and several others were convicted of conspiracy in the courts of Clearfield county, Pennsylvania, on the sole ground that they had combined to cease work. So far as my knowledge goes that was the last case of conviction in the United States for conspiracy solely on the grounds of combining to cease work uncomplicated by any other allegations.

As soon as it became generally recognized that the workers had a right to cease work when the conditions were unsatisfactory to them, the contest was transferred to the equity courts and the writ of injunction was used by employers to enable them to accomplish what they were no longer able to accomplish on the charge of conspiracy in the law courts. By assuming that one person or corporation had a property right in the labor of another person, and that that property right must be protected by injunction from irreparable injury and that there was no other adequate remedy at law, the effort was made to prevent one workman from consulting with another so that concerted action would be impossible. Compared with the struggle against the conspiracy laws, the contest has been brief. It has been vigorously and intelligently conducted. The issue has been a great victory for human rights as against property rights. For the first time in the history of the world the wage-worker takes his place as a living, moving, sentient human being, instead of being classed as a commodity, "a brother to the insensible clod which the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon."

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Scene from "The Revenge of Hakim"

A MASTER OF MARIONETTES

BY GILBERT HIRSCH



THE great war, which has taken the destinies of many millions of human beings into its hands, as if they were so many puppets, has brought to Berlin a traveling company of puppets who act strangely like human beings. Among those who were called to the German colors in those first mad, thrilling days of August of 1914, was Ivo Puhonny, reservist, artist, designer, constructor and manager of the famous Marionette Theatre of Baden-Baden. And those hundreds of marionettes which he had carved with his own hands and inspired with his own spirit, would have huddled together, listless and spineless, until the end of the war, in the big packing-case that served as their concentration camp—had not Ernst Ehlert, actor and manager, come along and spirited them—packing-case and all—away to Berlin; where, in a low-vaulted hall, like the cellar of a monastery, he allows them, for a couple of hours every evening, to stretch their limbs and express their emotions in the presence of one of the most appreciative audiences of Germany's capital.

Imagine Goethe's great philosophical play of *Faust*, which everyone quotes, and no one understands, being given by puppets. Imagine the storm of disapproval on the part of those Germans—and they number hundreds of thousands—to whom Goethe is a sort of religion, and to whom a marionette production of his greatest work seemed sacrilege. Imagine a production so artistic and real that those critics have been silenced, and one of the most solid and judicious newspapers of Germany quoted as saying that it is not only effective but "in many respects more effective than on the large stage."



"The scene in heaven, in particular"—so says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—"had a much purer and stronger emotional effect in this symbolic miniature presentation, with its modest and reliable lighting effects, than is possible in the hard reality of the larger stage. The heavenly ring of the angelic army shimmering in magical red, which reminded one of the pious fantasies of the Beato Angelico; the voices of the archangels sounding from above; the gleam of white light when the voice of the Lord was heard; the dark chasm leading to the depths of the earth, out of which the wonderfully lithe figure of Mephistopheles appeared, and then, blinded by the radiance of divinity, turned aside and covered himself with his bat's wings:—all this provided a pure, artistic satisfaction, which called forth enthusiastic applause."



Goethe's "Prologue in Heaven"

"The object of every work of art, the thing that makes it truly artistic, is the attainment of the greatest possible emotional effect with the simplest possible means."

It was no professor of the history of art, no artist or critic who spoke these words, but the puppet-showman himself, Ernst

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Ehlert. It was after a performance of *Doctor Sassafrass*, the tragi-comedy written for the puppet-stage over a century ago by the Italian Count Pocci. It was difficult to think of him as in the same category as the manager of a Punch and Judy show. He not only talked like a doctor of philosophy,—he looked like one.

"What makes a work of art a real delight," he went on," is that it does not fully express, but merely suggests, and excites the imagination of the observer to help in the presentation of the reality. That is why a puppet play is not merely more amusing, but more artistic than a real one.

"The puppets, moreover, have style. They are cut out sharply to present their particular character, and those characteristics are pronounced. The manager of a puppet show has a free hand in the fashioning of such a company as best carries out his creative impulse. But with real actors, it is impossible to make them other than they are, to subordinate them entirely to the manager's creative will. I have been an actor, both in Germany and in Russia—so I know."



The dancing Chinamen, Ching and Chang

Perhaps it was his stay in Russia that is responsible for his success with his two dancing Chinamen, "Ching" and "Chang." For they are very much like figures from the Russian Ballet. They dance to the music of a phonograph; and it is hard for one who has not heard it to imagine how perfectly the slightly mechanical tone of the phonograph combines with the slightly mechanical motion of the figures to give a combined impression which is not at all mechanical, but which gives full expression to what the fashionable philosopher of our times calls the "*élan vital*." That number is always enthusiastically encored.

Caruso singing *Pagliacci* (with the aid of a friendly phonograph) is also very popular. And the question that is now giving Herr Direktor Ehlert many sleepless nights is whether or not the great Enrico shall be one of his company on its prospective trip to the front. All the arrangements for this trip have been made, and all that is now wanted is the permission of the War Office—an easy matter, thinks Ehlert, who is an enthusiast, ignorant of the ways of war offices, and confident that his theatre will put the soldiers into such good humor that they will gladly keep on fighting for another year if they have to. And no doubt his enthusiasm will carry him through, him and his three lady wire-pullers and his packing-case marked —"Dolls!! Very Fragile!! Handle with Extreme Care!!!" He has already decided that "Miss Madge Chickenegg, the Truly Neutral American Singer," is to be of the party. But Caruso? An Alien Enemy? Or should a man who lives in the realm of Pure Art be above making distinctions of nationality? A very difficult question. . . .

SEA SORCERY

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

DID you ever feel this about the sea,
In her huge enfolding ecstasy
Lost as you lay,
Adream and asway—
That you were suddenly going to be
Rock and sea-weed, and even as she?
That you swayed and swung on the brink of a change,
A wordless glory, a wild and strange
Translation blindingly swift and sweet;
That, a moment more,
And a secret door,
As it were, would open and take you in,
And you and the sea be kin and kin,
And the Land nevermore be pressed of your feet.

So, when your heart is filled full with the sea,
And your body hangs poised, like a crystal sphere,
In an infinite ether of mystical glee,
Streamed through and through,
Like the sunlit dew,
With a glory of gold,
And a glory of blue;
With the delicate vastness of heaven as near
And soft as a flower or a tear;
Flesh no more, but a thing to hold
Joy like a cup and song like a bird:
Only in music is hidden the word
For the height and the depth of your ecstasy,
Lost in a palace of light, and alone,
As a god is alone, with the sea.

Ah! then of the sea have a care!
In that moment of high content
Is the mystical snare;
It was that the wise Greek meant
By the sea-nymph and her hair.
Call back your heart, lest it fill
Too full of felicity,
Your mortal heart, lest it break
With too much of divinity,
And the soul of waters enter in,
And you and the sea be kin and kin!
Ah! then shall you watch, as she sways and sings,
The earth and its folk as alien things.

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A RADICAL STATESMAN

BY McGREGOR

WHAT is there about the Welsh strain that tends toward radicalism? One remembers that in the great revival of religion in Wales, some years ago, men were so soundly converted that they actually paid off old debts, and where they had reaped the fruits of oppression, made restitution. Radicalism could go no further. Why is it that the greatest radical whom Great Britain has produced in this generation, that is, responsible radical, lately Chancellor of the Exchequer, now Minister of Munitions, one David Lloyd-George, is a Welshman? Further to amplify the coincidences, how does it happen that the man who is recognized as the leading authority in this country on the parcel post, and the foremost advocate of the telegraph-telephone system as a postal agency, is a grandson of Wales? For David John Lewis is the son of Richard Lewis and Catherine Watkins, who migrated from Wales.

From his ten line biography in the Congressional Directory we learn that he "began coal mining at nine years of age and learned to read at Sunday school; continued at mining until 1892, when he was admitted to the bar, having pursued his occupation as a miner and his studies in law and Latin at the same time." Law and Latin! Training in the first enables him to hold his own with the lawyers of Congress, of whom there are very many, some of them learned in the law; doubtless his study of Latin has helped to give him that mastery of elegant English that is his. He served one term in the Maryland Senate, where he introduced the first workman's compensation bill that was enacted into law in this country. Then he was elected to Congress, and has been twice reelected. He was made chairman of the Committee on Labor after having served one term in the House, and was reelected to that position this year. He is forty-five years old, and five feet high.

I recently visited a town on the eastern short of Maryland where the State Grange had been in session, and I found that various and sundry articles of literature had been distributed concerning the folly and danger of government ownership, especially of the telegraph and telephone lines. The mystery of the flood of literature was explained when I was informed that David Lewis, as a candidate for the United States Senate, before the Democratic primaries to be held in May, had made a speech before the Maryland Grange, and his literature was intended to unprejudice the rural mind. Further I am informed that the same course is taken wherever it is announced ahead of time that David Lewis is to make a speech.

Lewis does not often speak in the House, but when he does his speech is so self-revealing that it gives one the best means of studying his character.

For example: Lewis supported the ship purchasing bill last session, though with some misgivings because, in his opinion, government ownership and operation are most successful under conditions that give the government a complete monopoly, which would be impossible under the competition of all nations in the ocean carrying trade. He does not want the government to fail in its enterprises. But when a Texas statesman delivered an eighteenth century speech in opposition to the bill, denouncing the scheme as "socialistic" and proclaiming the somewhat shopworn sentiment that the country is governed best that is governed least, Lewis could not resist reply. He dismissed with a wave of his hand the "aphoristic statesman, the man with the mouth full of maxims and apothegms, which he shoots at you upon all occasions, which are mere substitutes for thought by statesmen, mere short-cuts to conclusions, which only avoid particular labor and study of political problems so essential to their wise solution." One is reminded of Mirabeau, "who had swallowed all formulas." Lewis followed with a statement that a good many of us have formulated in our minds, but without such aptness of expression:

"I know it is the habit of superficial talkers, if not superficial thinkers, to classify themselves and others as socialists and individualists or communists, and then in a word and in a moment determine and solve every problem before society. I want to say that in any real sense there are no socialists, there are no communists, there are no individualists in this Congress today, or, rather, to state it more accurately, every one of us is a combination of all three.

"There is not a man here who would assign the farm and the factory and the grocery store to socialistic action. There is not a man here who would assign the public school and the public road to the field of individualism. I hope there is not a man here who would take from the post-office the functions that it has so beneficently discharged in the last hundred years all over the world."

LEWIS drafted the parcel post bill as passed by the House. It is under its elastic provisions that we are doing our whole parcel post business, including the present insurance and C. O. D. features, as well as the twenty-pound and fifty-pound weight limits, and the reduced rates; also the slowly developing movement of food products directly from the farm to the kitchen, with an elastic transportation system, responsive to business requirements, and susceptible to development by mere administrative order. It is carrying in this, its third year, four parcels per capita, as many as the German system after forty years.

Lewis, during his first term in Congress, asked leave, one day, to extend his remarks in the *Record*. To say that he did extend them is a very large understatement. That speech has been ever since an exhaustless storehouse of facts that David Lewis had digged out for himself.

Everybody knows now that Congress did not really intend to establish a parcel post system that would succeed under the competition of the express companies. But that speech spoiled the game. The House passed the bill, and the Senate slyly amended it, limiting sizes and weights of parcels to be carried. The conference committees from the two houses were deadlocked over the bill, and finally the House yielded, with the exception of insisting upon an innocent little rider, suggested by Lewis, allowing the Postmaster General to modify the weights, distances, rates and other incidental details of managing the parcel post system. That saved the day for the parcel post.

And now he is doing the same service to the country in furnishing the facts and figures about comparative telephone and telegraph rates at home and abroad. Dur-

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ing the delivery of the speech above referred to, he said:

"Of course government operation must be uneconomical. That is fundamental with the aphorists. Well, in Australia today the cost to the government of shipping a telegram, over a country as large as our own, is just twenty-seven cents on the average. It costs the American companies forty-eight cents."

Then Campbell of Kansas interrupted with the question:

"Upon what authority or information does the gentleman make the statement that the telegraph operatives of this country are less efficient than the operatives in other countries?"

Lewis replied:

"I will give the gentleman the specific facts. The function of telegraphic institutions is to handle telegrams, and the number handled per year per telegraphic employee in New Zealand amounts to 4000. The number handled per year per telegraphic employee in the United States amounts to 2900. The number of telegrams per office in the United States, upon which the operatives had a chance to make a record, was some 41 per day. It was only 12 in New Zealand. The telegraph monopoly of the United States is absolutely reeking with functional inefficiency, while it charges rates that run from two to four times those of other countries."

Lewis has made us all a bit uncomfortable by showing that with all our boasted American efficiency in business, we rank ninth among the nations as telegraph users and fourteenth among sixteen countries in the matter of local telephone charges.

In the same speech, from which we have been quoting, Lewis unconsciously described himself:

"The responsible radical has come. He has no simple rules by which everything can be solved, but he studies the field and examines the facts and circumstances and from that examination constructs his conclusions. He reports to the president of the company that a bridge ought to go down. The aphorist would burn it down and take the time to build a new one. The responsible radical will let the bridge stand until a new bridge in constructed, so that traffic will not stop for a moment."

So Lewis, midway between the extremist, the destructive radical and the complacent Bourbon, is working out, as chairman of the Labor Committee, the problems of unemployment, of child labor, of convict labor, of industrial accidents and diseases. He is far removed from that familiar type of self-made man who boasts, "I went to work when I was nine years old, and it never done me no hurt." He has the sympathy of experience with all the little children who toil in mine or factory in this land of the free. It is worth the price of a Chatauqua ticket, at least, to hear him recite John Hay's "Little Breeches." It is a favorite with him, partly because it expresses a quite unorthodox opinion of the work of the angels.

That saving a little child,
Is a' dern sight better business than
loafing around the Throne.

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A nation is dying of hunger. It is a small, weak nation, and its call for help is unheard among the stronger appeals of its powerful neighbors, in their sudden, recent, sufferings. For three years the country of Albania has been the victim of sword and famine. Now, the people are without food. Ten thousand human beings are starving daily.

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THE SPOTLESS TOWN STATION

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

A SLOVENLY and a dirty railroad station means a slovenly station agent—many times. There are more times when it stands as a symbol of a slovenly railroad management, and he who rides will ride wisely if he takes notice of such symbols. For it is rarely that you will find slovenly stations and tidy stations along the same stretch of railroad. The one thing or the other is apt to be characteristic of any one property. And so it is that down in the gaunt southwest you will find one great railroad whose immaculate stations are not alone its boast, but pleasant memories in the minds of those folk who come to travel over it. It is not an easy task for that line. It maintains lawns—green and refreshing—down in the sagebrush, where the water to keep those grassplots green and refreshing has to be brought many miles in tank-cars. And no man who has ridden over the Santa Fé by day can fail to remember Hutchinson, Kas., or Albuquerque or Barstow—these last two desert division points whose stations would do credit to considerable towns along the north Atlantic.

Indeed it is along the north Atlantic—in that very New England who likes to think of herself as the trim front parlor of America—that you will find those considerable towns sometimes being served by stations that, as far as cleanliness and sanitation are concerned, would not be tolerated in a sagebrush junction of the southwest. They are old, but the handsome double structure of Springfield, Mass., is not old. The last time we entered it, it was not to be particularly distinguished for its cleanliness. Age does not necessarily mean dirt. The historic Camden station in Baltimore and the equally historic and vast station of St. Albans, Vt., are both old and yet each is kept clean. And there are new stations not only along the Atlantic seaboard both north and south but well into the central portion of the country, that have been permitted to lapse into almost unspeakable filth—particularly in regard to sanitary arrangements. Such conditions are almost invariably direct reflections upon the manage-

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. F. Chase, the Business Manager of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation, etc.) of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) E. F. Chase, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1916: Edwin Brown. (My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

ment of the railroads that permit them.

A smart young man who was made superintendent of an important eastern railroad three or four years ago established his headquarters at a large city in the section along the Great Lakes. The passenger station in that city—you would recall its great, smoky, impressive train-shed in an instant were I to mention it to you—was the gateway to the town. As the gateway to a town possessing considerable civic pride it was a good deal of a failure. Travelers laughed in disgust at it, filth occupied its corners, but the thing that caught the young superintendent's eye the first time he went down there at night was the manner of the amiable gentleman who inspected tickets at the gateway of the waiting-room. He expressed the personality of the station. The superintendent saw that in an instant.

Mr. Gateman sat tilted back at his elegant ease in a battered chair. A piece of board extended its back up to a comfortable place between his shoulder-blades; there was a piece of iron rail handy for his feet. In an ingenious moment he had devised a rope and pulley mechanism by which he operated the door as he glanced at your tickets, without ever descending from his semi-reclining position. The only time that he did descend from comfort was at ten-minute intervals, when he would solemnly alight, cross his little railed pen and use the spittoon. After which he would return to the weightier part of his labors.

The superintendent stood back of a corner of the news-stand and watched this elegant employee of his chief station for some time. Then he went over and introduced himself in his pleasant offhand fashion.

"That's a comfortable sort of chair you have there," he said.

The honest railroad employee's face wreathed in friendly smiles. He did not descend from his perch.

"Rigged it myself. Had that old chair nine years."

His boss stroked his long thin chin.

"Seems to me that you would have an easier time if you moved the spittoon to this side," he volunteered, still in his gentle, friendly fashion. "Then you know you would not have to get down at all."

The gateman grinned.

"Never thought o' that," he said, and straightway put the suggestion into effect.

The superintendent straightened his back. All the friendliness went out of his tones.

"Report to my office at four tomorrow afternoon," he said.

But the next afternoon when the night gateman shambled in he merely nodded, with a glance at his Franklin stove:

"It was a bit chill here this morning and we were short of fuel. You won't feel bad when I tell you that your fine old chair kept me warm all this day."

For a moment the gateman looked ugly. Perhaps if it was today he would have contemplated an appeal to the brotherhood of something or other and tying up the entire system until his late-lamented chair could become part and parcel of the federal systems of adjudication down at Washington, but he finally weakened.

"S'pose I could get another," he breathed.

"Then get another job with it," said the super, and waved the interview as over.

That evening the night gateman stood at his trick and took good care as to his manners. And the influence of his renaissance spread like magic over that grimy old station. The boys in the news-stand and the information bureau and the girl in the telephone booth tidied up their cubby-holes and the ticket-agents got their shoes shined, although the little Italian lads who did the shining had to shine quickly, for they were cleaning the toilets—a part of the contract by which they maintained their stands—the first real cleansing that part of the station had received in five years. The red-cap porters began saying "thank you" even when drummers gave them Canadian dimes, and old-time travelers were rubbing their eyes in astonishment.

It is the spirit at the head of an organization that permeates down through it.

EUGENICS

A LECTURER at Wetherford advocated that before a boy or girl should be allowed to marry, their ancestors should be known, says the *Booster*, which calls to mind what a blessing it would have been if the parents of the Lincolns, the Jacksons, the Franklins and a host of other obscure families had looked up one another's ancestors and then decided not to marry.—*Oklahoma City Oklahoman.*

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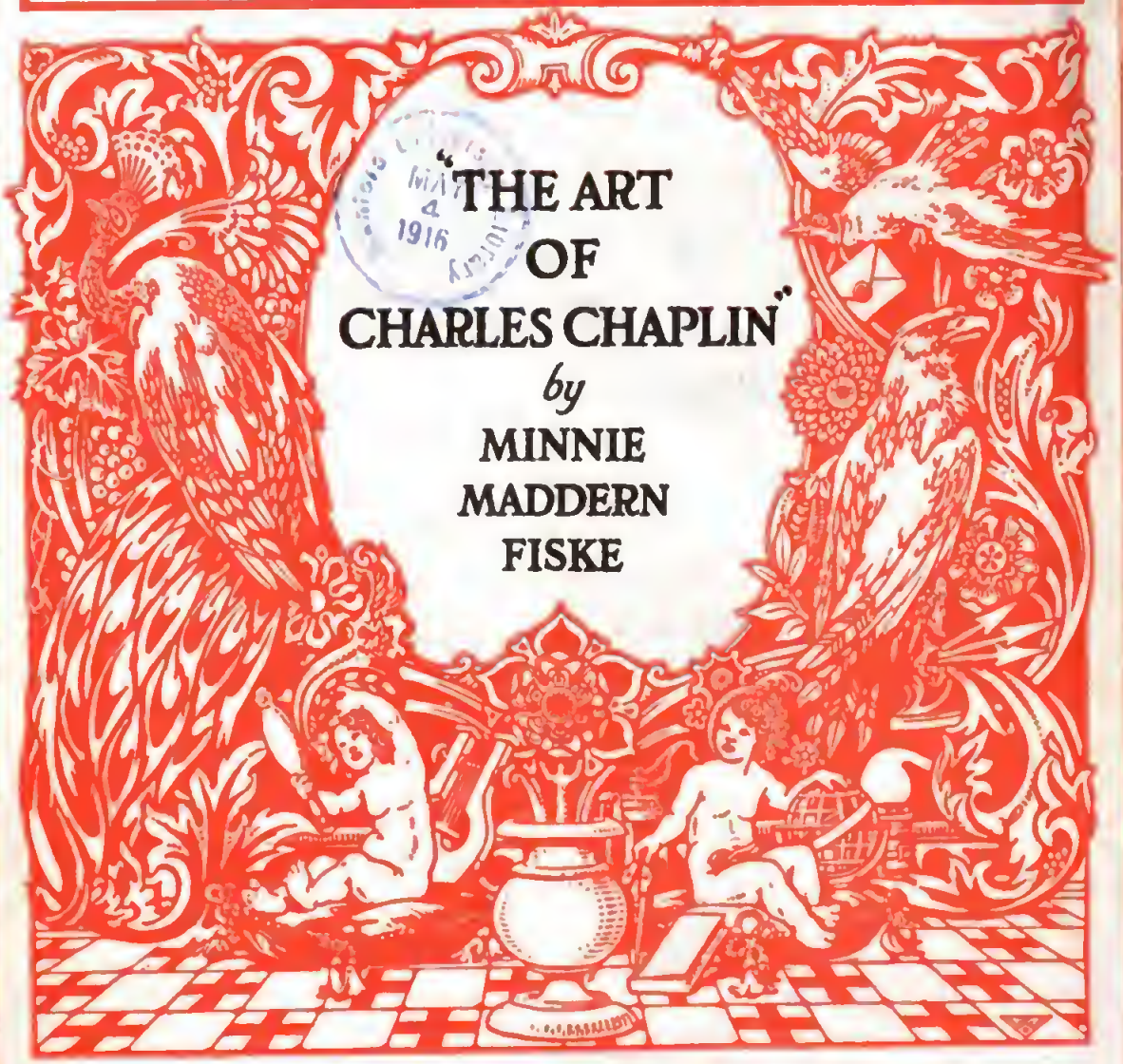
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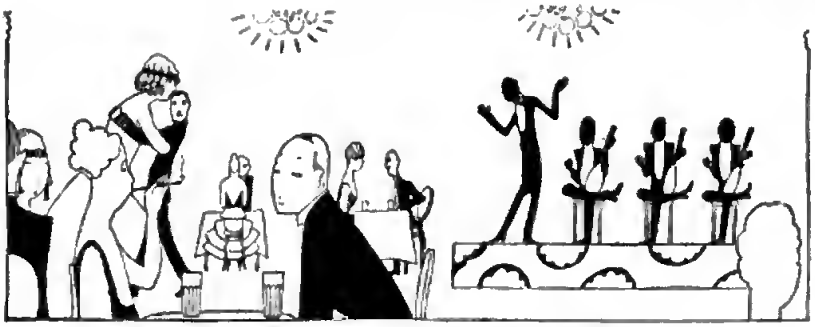
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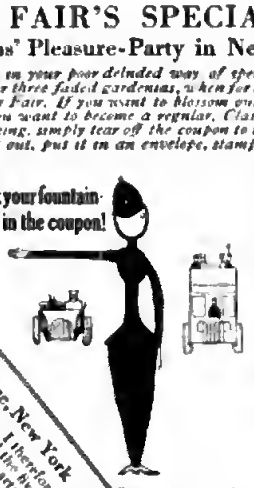
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Keeping watch over Berlin, the men an this airship can see the whale city and its suburbs. The view is west from the City Hall toward the Parliament building

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Vol. LXII
No. 3098

HARPER'S WEEKLY *for May 6, 1916*

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AMERICA REALIZING RUSSIA

BY E. K. REYNOLDS

A NEW link in our relations with Russia is about to be forged. It is a long chain of historical events that has held together the friendship between the United States and the great empire of the Tsar. Our commercial treaty dated back to 1832. At the time of the Civil War the Russian fleets in the harbors of New York and San Francisco were, as it happened, the means of averting what would have been a most unwelcome intervention on the part of England. A little later, in 1867, we bought a piece of the Russian Empire in the form of Alaska. During the Russo-Japanese War we lent our ears to a well-mobilized public opinion, guided by a pro-Japanese press, and rather put off an old friend for the new.

But Russia has always been interested in America in a friendly way. Liberty-loving and democratic in an idealistic way, Russia has watched us from afar—watched our struggle to establish the ideals she too has cherished, out on an open field, free from foreign interference and the trammels of century-old historical conventions. At a vital moment too she gave us real help, which left us free to fight out our own destiny.

Just now Russia is passing through a great crisis in her history. Many changes in her life are imminent, at least the trend of her economic life will turn, and we are deeply interested in the way in which it will be directed in the future. We feel that this is our great opportunity to establish valuable commercial connections with Russia. Through the war many places in the trade and industry of Russia hitherto held by Germany have been left empty. The Russians say that even after the cessation of hostilities they will not think of bowing again to the economic supremacy of the Germans within their own frontiers. Now the question is, who is going to fill those places? Can Americans do it and do it now?

At this moment we find ourselves in the precarious position of having, so to speak, "to swap horses in midstream." We have to send a new ambassador to Russia. Now, choosing an ambassador is always a difficult task. We have many representative Americans who might do honor to their country in any land. But a diplomat must have double qualifications. He must not only picture his own country in true colors to the people to whom he has been sent as representative, but he must also have the experience in handling men and situations, and the culture to appreciate foreign ways of living and thinking, and to translate them, when the occasion arises, to his own people. Of such men we have not, to say the least, a superabundance. At such a time we might appropriately feel a pang of remorse at not having blessed ourselves as yet with any means of training our diplomats for foreign posts, no schools, no institutions of any kind such as they have abroad. We claim to be above all other nations democratic, and to have a government more representative than that of any other country, and yet, as a rule, we fail to represent our people and our institutions in their integrity to other peoples. Political pull and a big purse have been the main requirements for anyone who wished to attain to ambassadorial dignity. We have not raised our boys to be diplomats, consequently at this moment we cannot expect to find a ready-made representative for the court of Tsar Nicholas. In view of the present trade opportunities our best substitute then would be a man of business and a man of action.

THE outcome of the situation has been the appointment of David R. Francis, Ex-Governor of Missouri, who is now on his way to Russia. Governor Francis has played a varied rôle in the public life of America. As a friend said of him, "The governor is no child at politics." Under President Cleveland he held the post of Secretary of the Interior (1896-97). He was at one time governor of Missouri, and bore the big share of the burden of the St. Louis Exposition. He has also been actively interested in the development of educational institutions. In short he has taken part in the life of the country in a hundred and one different ways. Recently, of course, he has taken up the study of Russia, her history, natural resources, etc., and realized that with every year the great empire of the Tsar is approaching the time when it will come into its own as one of the big nations of the world.

That is a realization to which many Americans are now coming. We find with every day some new point of interest in Russia and some new basis for mutual intercourse. Some publishers are kept busy bringing out one translation from the Russian after the other. They do not always give proof of impeccable taste in their choice, but nevertheless they reflect a certain demand. Artistic Americans, too, are getting to the point where they want to know more about Russia than Bakst decorations can tell them. The magnificent Russian Cathedral choir is vigorously stimulating an interest in religious Russia, an interest which has for a while been directed towards a union of the Anglican with the Greek Orthodox Church. Finally the business world is keenly attentive to anything that indicates openings in Russian foreign trade.

So there is much that an ambassador of ours could do in strengthening our ties with Russia. The negotiating of a new commercial treaty is perhaps in the foreground, and there Ambassador Francis has a complicated task ahead of him. But in that as in other things he deserves the greatest encouragement and cooperation, and it is to be hoped that events will so shape themselves that the results produced will benefit both Russia and the United States.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

IF WE FIGHT

THE world is alwnys a kaleidoscope, but its changefulness now surpasses that of other times. We make forecusts, and in a moment all the data are swept away. The end of official pntience with Germany comes at the moment that the Ford vote in Nebraskn nnkes the strongest of answers to Colonel Roosevelt. In Mexico, in Europe, in our own territory, we face only the surprising. A world always volatile has become hectic as a dream.

A little while since the outlook was that President Wilson would be reelected in large part because he hnd kept us out of war. Nnw that it seems doubtful how long we can remain at peace the issue is likely to shift suddenly to the question of how the ndministration conducts itself in martinl combat. Tlnt will be a problem ns puzzling as any of the number with which Mr. Wilson hns been deluged. It is not likely that we shall join the Allies, binding ourselves to their mnny and contradictory objects, nnd yet only through the Allies can we fight. It will hardly satisfy the country to send munitions and money to others, and yet if we begin to huild up and equip an army, that effort, which cannot bear fruit for at least a year, must not divert us from those steps that do have a bearing on the war's immediate course. We must do our share, and we can only do the effective part of it in manufacture and finance. If we do find ourselves emhroiled, therefore, the task of the government will become one of mobilizing our resources. That severe undertakiog can probably best be carried out by a small committee, with ample powers from the President and Congress. If so, the committee should have on it men of different parties, of high nbility in organization, familiar with baoking, railrouds, and general industry. The President lns had a noble record in keeping peace. He has deserved his country's eulogy. If he is dragged into the struggle, he will have to give his heart to that tragic work. If there is war at all, it must be carried on completely; with devotion, with unity, with success.

A LITTLE HISTORY

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S record in the Belgium question hns been sufficiently dealt with by us. For the sake of completeness we will print a little about *The Outlook*, since it has seen fit to criticize us for our views on Colonel Roosevelt's consistency.

The following is from Mr. Lawrence Abbott's article entitled "President Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt and Belgium," in *The Outlook* of March 29th:

> Mr. Roosevelt—and *The Outlook* agreed with him—at that very time believed that an official protest against the Belgium invasion was demanded both on the grounds of good morals and good Americanism.

On August 15, 1913, *The Outlook* said:

> International laws as expressed in treaties and alliances are of no avail in war when national self interests dictate their abandonment.

In the issue of August 29th an editorinl commended the President for his "admirable message to his couutrymen urging the maintenance of a pacific spirit," and distinguished just as the President did between the neutrality of the government and individual predilections.

On September 23rd *The Outlook* editorially commended the course of the President in the reception of the Belgium commission, nnd said:

> It is essential wherever the nation is neutral that the government of the nation should scrupulously maintain not only the form but the spirit of neutrality.

On the general subject of consistency in criticism of the administration we interject the following quotation from an editorial of November 25th:

> The fall of Huerta did away with our demand of reparation for an insult to our flag.

Senator Root, former Secretary of War nnd former Secretary of State, nnd then a member of the United States Senate and a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, was as dumb as an oyster concerning any responsibility of the United States with regard to the violation of Belgium. Senator Root, Colonel Roosevelt and *The Outlook* are all welcome to explain as much as they like. The facts interest us more than the explanations.

THE ENGLISH

THE best fighting by Englishmen in the war has been done by nristocrats. The London *Spectotor* a while ago commented thus on an important official appointment:

> The government has done extremely well to appoint Lord Chelmsford Viceroy of India. He has been serving as a captain in India almost since the beginning of the war. He has had considerable experience in Australia. His wisdom in guiding a constitutional crisis in Queensland was universally admitted when the passions of the moment had died away, and he then proceeded to the more important Governorship of New South Wales. He was captain of the Oxford cricket eleven and is a Fellow of All Souls.

That description shows the upper-class Englishmnn at his best,—a serviceable citizen of the world, a delightful companion, a tolerant mnnger of men unlike himself, brave and simple. Englnnd, not knowing the European war game, so conducted herself at first that a needless number of England's future Chelmsfords were shot down in the early stages of the fighting in Belgium and France.

Talk about the British holding back in France to save themselves is childish. They are doing there what Joffre thinks best for them to do, and he is not a spectacular general. He may decide in a big offensive after Verdun, although it is more likely that he will continue his policy of letting time work on his side, which it will do faster

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now that the German ability on the defensive has shown its limits. If there is an offensive the British will do as much as their newness to war on this scale permits them to do. They have largely financed the war, kept the seas clear, reorganized their factories in a change that was violently against their traditions, and raised four or five million soldiers, who are becoming better soldiers every month. Most of the leading Frenchmen understand that no nation can put out the maximum effort in every direction at once. We like to throw bricks at the British governing class, but as a matter of fact there is no higher percentage of character in any class anywhere in the world. The aristocratic Englishman is ridiculous only when he is living in a time or place where, according to the conventions of his class and the limitations of his own imagination, there is no great work to be accomplished.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE



SOMEONE has shown the editor of the Wichita (Kansas) *Beacon* a copy of the Galveston (Texas) *News* for April 19, 1842. It is the oldest newspaper in Texas. Of the editorials printed in that issue for a spring day seventy-four years ago one is "a Strong and Indignant protest against Great Britain, taking her to task for interfering with our commerce on the high seas." This article argues that we settle with England at once "and then take Mexico in hand and settle with her in case Texas has not already done the job." The Texas editor of 1842 goes on to remark that the traditional peacefulness of our republic has been carried to such an extreme that, "could the father of his country be present at this hour, he would declare that forebearance had ceased to be a virtue." This Texas logic throws less light on current politics than it does on the repetitions of the human brain. Not even a situation without parallel can bring from most of our poor intellects anything except the small collection that compose the universal coin and small change of thought.

WORDS



ENGLISH is only a language and is defenseless against the attacks of moving-picture heroines. Thus it was when Geraldine Farrar recently told her *Own Story of Her Life* to readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (since it appeared there it has been published as a book, by the publishers of Emerson, Holmes and Lowell). Mme. Farrar is talking about her share in the production of *Madame Butterfly* at the Metropolitan Opera House:

> I slaved with ardor and enthusiasm, studying Oriental characteristics and gestures with a clever little Japanese actress, Fu-Ji Ko. . . . I left nothing undone. . . .

Doubtless the substance of this is true, but whoever writes Mme. Farrar's articles really ought to buy a dictionary. One does not "slave" with "ardor and enthusiasm."

POETS OF LABOR

THE so-called middle class gives us most of our poets. For England, among the foremost poets, one thinks offhand of only one nobly born, Lord Byron. The middle class, as this term is used in England, includes a great many persons who add culture to leisure—and these are, generally speaking, conditions of literature making. There are occasional poets of labor who have themselves labored—like Robert Burns. Walt Whitman, though he was not fond of laboring, was as essentially a peasant poet as Burns or Frederic Mistral.

What are the newer "Songs of Labor"? What are the modern peans?

> Of life immense in passion, pulse and power,
> Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,
> The Modern Man.

It is to be noted that the spirit of revolt marks more of them than any sense of labor's dignity or beauty or worth. That is especially true of the Whitmanesque muse of Arturo Giovannitti, who has mixed real wheat here and there with the chaff; much less true of the work of Vachel Lindsay. We Americans are poorer in poets of labor than Great Britain and Ireland—with their John Masefield, W. W. Gibson, Patrick Macgill, and Padraic Colum; and probably none of these, not even Masefield, will have a lasting reputation higher than that enjoyed today, after a century's repose, by the Rev. George Crabbe.

THE TRAGIC IF

IN MR. GALSWORTHY'S play *Justice*, which America is now seeing for the first time, occurs a very remarkable speech by the lawyer for the defense. Perhaps the words of this speech to the jury that have attracted most attention are these:

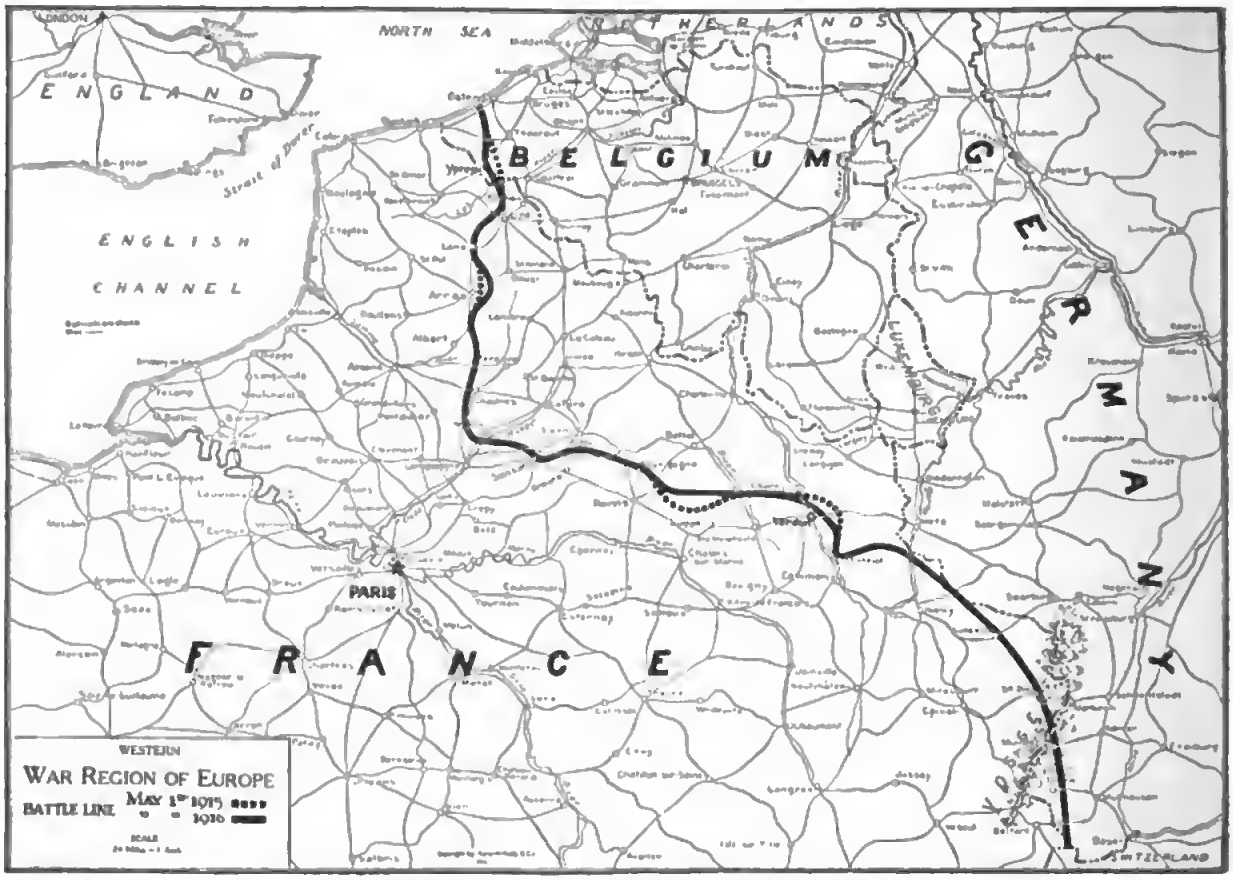
> Believe me, gentlemen, there is nothing more tragic in life than the utter impossibility of changing what you have done. Once this check was altered and presented, the work of four minutes—four mad minutes—the rest has been silence. But in those four minutes the boy before you has slipped through a door, hardly opened, into that great cage which never again quite lets a man go—the cage of the Law.

The great If was reflected from a different angle in a Russian folksong rendered last winter at a New York concert of the Schola Cantorum:

> Oh, if Mother Volga would only travel up the hill;
> Brothers, could we only begin our lives again at will!

Unmanageable and often irrational Fate is of the essence of tragedy. The Greeks made it something impersonal. Modern tragedy has more often made it grow out of the nature of the individual. A recent trend is to find it in the environment, and the Galsworthy drama, showing the individual the victim of social stupidity, is pure tragedy and at the same time tragedy in the form most characteristic of the thought of the period through which we are now passing.

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The heavy black line on this map shows the western battle line as it was May 1, 1916. The broken line indicates the alignment twelve months ago. The minute changes shown were effected at a tremendous cost of men and munitions. After all the fighting, the deadlock is as immutable as ever

THE COST OF LAND IN FRANCE

BY MORRIS EDWARDS

VERDUN was a monumental example of prodigal waste of life and munitions made to achieve a relatively unimportant military advantage. Against the fortified position of the French forces at Verdun great German armies have been repeatedly sent, supported by the most violent artillery bombardments that the war so far has seen. As this is written the results appear to have been negligible, the German successes having in no way threatened to make the French position untenable.

What has happened at Verdun is typical of the state of affairs that has existed along the whole western battle line during the last twelve months. At every one of the great strategical points along the line there has in the course of the year been violent fighting, tremendously costly both in men and money, but neither side has made gains that could in any way be considered as likely to affect the ultimate decision of the struggle.

The map which is reproduced on this page shows what meager gains were purchased with the lives of many thousands of men. The successive "drives" have made little dents in the lines, and that is all. Gains by the Germans at Ypres and Verdun are offset by allied successes around Arras and Bourgogne. Neither side has shown that it possesses the ability to press a campaign on the western front to anything resembling a successful conclusion.

As nearly as can be estimated, the slight gains shown on the map have been paid for in men at the following rate:

British—killed 55,000, wounded 250,000, missing 15,000.

French—killed 170,000, wounded 450,000, missing, 75,000.

German—killed 200,000, wounded 600,000, missing 60,000.

The money cost is even more difficult to estimate than the loss of life. Statisticians, however, say that to the best of their knowledge the year of warfare in France and Flanders, with the results set forth above, has called for funds aggregating $800,000,000.

In the autumn of 1914 the armies settled down to their deadlock of trench warfare in the west. They have struggled without ceasing from that time until now, performing prodigies of valor, inventing and destroying incredibly ingenious military devices. And they are no nearer a decision than they were after the battle of the Marne. To pervert a famous soldier's remark, it is war, but it is not magnificent.

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SELECTIONS IN THE CLOSET

A COLLECTION OF BRIEF ESSAYS ON UNEXPECTED SUBJECTS

ON RAISING ROSES

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

Secretary of Commerce

RAISING roses involves two extremes of feeling. I do not mean hothouse roses, the kind which are tended by professional specialists, and which, with all their beauty, seem to me to partake a little of the nature of an industrial product. I mean the real out-of-door kind which you tend with your hands, from which you brush the bugs with the second-hand family toothbrushes. You commit murder on them in the late winter by cutting away so much that there seems little left, and go into the house after the job wondering if it is fair to treat a decent plant so savagely.

Then a few months roll by, and behold great blooms, each a small world of beauty in itself, which you proudly show with a certain sense of having drawn them by your own efforts from the kindly soil.

Few things are more beautiful than roses; few require more care, and few pay better for the personal care you give them. But do not undertake them unless you love them, for they are exacting beauties, demanding a full share of your time and thought.

CHINAWARE AND DOVES

BY LEO DITRICHSTEIN

Star of "The Great Lover"

IT IS a dull mind indeed to which the fragile and gracious beauty of old china makes no appeal. But there are many who are content to admire and no more. I have a peculiar admiration for the "willow pattern" which ranks among the reminiscences of my earliest childhood. Everyone is familiar with the peculiarities of that mysterious blue landscape which was wont to figure on our nursery ware. We remember vividly the characteristic contempt of perspective displayed by its Chinese designer; its fantastic groves of impossible trees; its bridges and pagodas; and most significant of all, the two fond doves forever engaged in their happy occupation of billing and cooing. How often have we eaten our meals from those grotesquely ornamented platters, absorbed solely in the flavor of the viands set before us and utterly regardless of the design on the blue-and-white ground which the flowing gravy covered. Perhaps the memory of the legend, when I began collecting old china, was vividly recalled and had something to do with the romanticism of the plots of my later plays—all of which were concerned with some tale of true love which is expressed by the fond attitude of the mystic doves.

ON THE PLEASURES OF PERIWINKLES

BY MARGARET ANGLIN

Starring in "A Woman of No Importance"

IN MY heart of hearts I have always wanted to have a garden of tame periwinkles. No one who has never yearned for the silent companionship of these trustful and confiding univalves can understand what it is in the early dawn to creep tenderly along the graveled path watching the first rays of the sun gilding, empurpling, bronzing, bathing the sensitive shell of these mute companions in many hued lavings.

Amid the pomp and splendor of life's successes, the grimness and cruelties of its defeats, the smoking heat of its battles, none so true as the periwinkle. Great men may come, grant their favor or withdraw it, but not the periwinkle. False friends they be who flatter, but not the periwinkle. The periwinkle remains imperiwinkashable to the end. It is only a dream, but some day, perhaps, I shall have my dream and in it all alone, surrounded by loving, trusting, never-doubting periwinkles, I shall read to them little scraps of Walt Whitman and Oliver Herford, and know true peace at last.

ON WRITING LIBRETTI

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

I HAVE always wanted to write the libretto of a comic opera. I'd rather write one good libretto than three good novels. I have always held to the belief that I could do the job as well as Gilbert. I have to date written three libretti. They are Gilbertian. My friend, Henry Savage, says not. But what does he know about it? What does any theatrical manager know about it, anyhow? They never accept a libretto on their own responsibility. They take the say-so of some underling, the office-boy, probably.

Savage says the fault of my books lies in the fact that in the finales my principals are always "going somewhere." Well, where would be that "Away, away!" stuff if they weren't going somewhere?

I once approached Charles B. Dillingham. I said I had a book with a new joke in it. He laughed, and George Ade, who was with him, laughed; and Ade looked me coldly in the eye and said: "They ain't no seeh animal!"

From time to time I read that this or that literary friend of mine has just completed a libretto. I laugh. It's one of the few occasions where I can laugh without paying two dollars a seat. You see, I know just—what's —going—to—happen!

No doubt this article will bring a flood of letters from the New York managers; but I shan't pay any attention to them.

ON READING TREITSCHKE

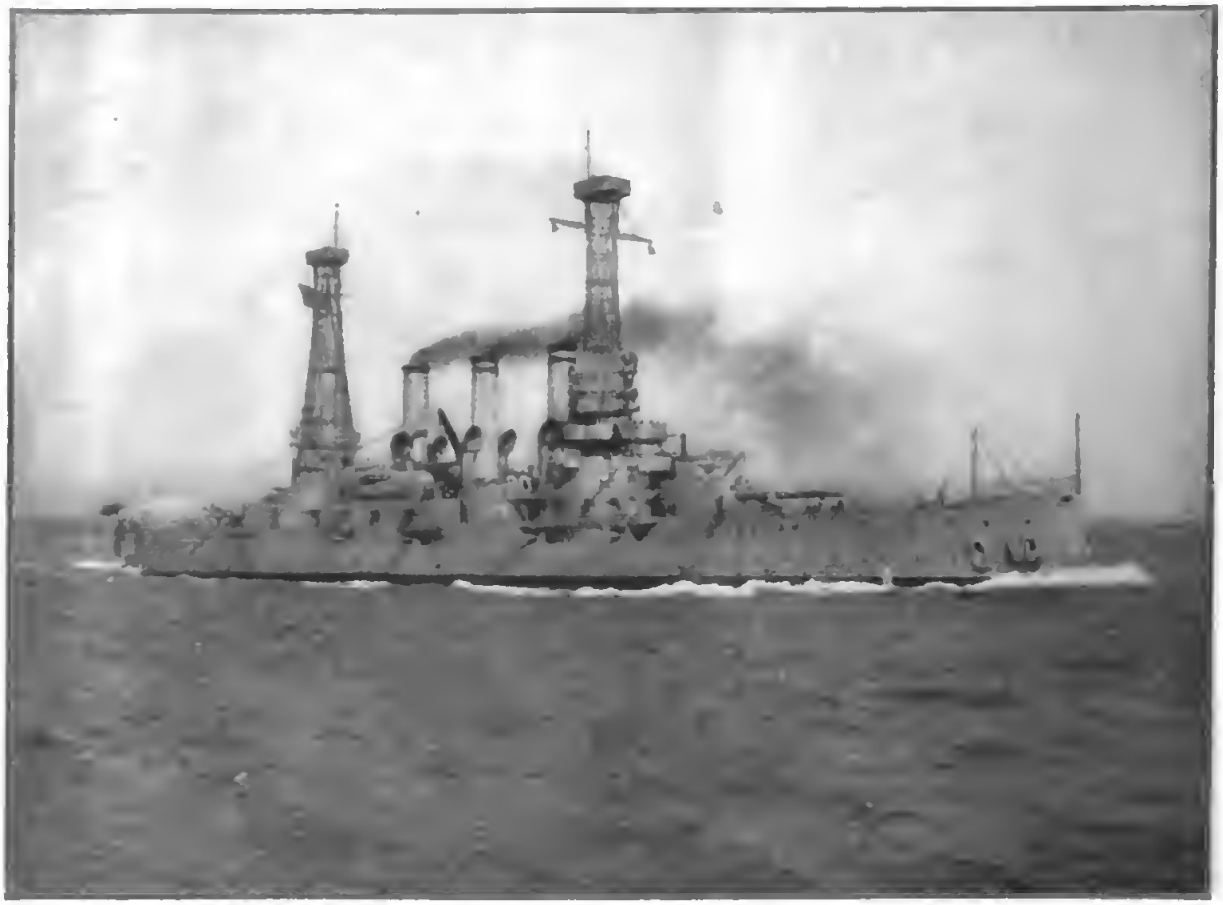
BY LOLA FISHER

Leading Lady in "Rio Grande"

IF I were to sum up my opinion of Treitschke in one word,— that word would be "astonishing." To learn that in a man so highly humane, so intensely serious, and of such deep moral strength, there should exist such a zealous belief in the glory of war, is something of a shock. But a closer study of the character and principles of this extraordinary figure, reveals the ventral and gripping theme for which he so earnestly battled, viz., his burning conviction of the greatness of Germany—in her past and present,—and her supremacy in the future.

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Photo copyright Enrique Muller



Second line defense battleship "Kansas"

THE KANSAS

BY TRUMAN SMITH

IN 1908, during the now historic trip of our Atlantic fleet around the world, all naval critics conceded that in our six battleships of the *Kansas* type we had as powerful and as homogeneous a squadron as existed afloat. At that very moment, however, England was preparing to launch the original "Dreadnought" which was to revolutionize naval warfare in such a startling way. Little could those critics imagine that in eight short years, the pride of our designers and builders would be hopelessly relegated to the second line, as obsolete as the *Oregon* for the clash of modern fleets.

These ships are still valuable and could face with an equal chance or better any foreign ship of corresponding type, but it would be nothing short of criminal to send them into our first line to bear the brunt of the nation's defense. Probably in case of foreign complications they would be withdrawn, and assigned to the important duties of coast and harbor defense.

In the Russo-Japanese war, the pre-dreadnought was in the heyday of its glory. At Port Arthur and at Tsu-shima the conflict was essentially one of ships of this class, and the deciding factor was the more powerful armament of the Japanese ships.

Great Britain has found many uses for ships of this type, notably in the Mediterranean, where a large squadron was employed in trying to force the Dardanelles. Vessels like the *Kansas* played an important part in those unfortunate operations, and six were lost. The *King Edward VII*, sunk December 30th in the North Sea, was almost an exact duplicate of the *Kansas*. She represented the best type of English pre-dreadnought. Germany, on the other hand, is distinctly inferior in ships of this type, neither the *Deutschland* nor the *Wittelsbach* being any match for either British, American or even Japanese pre-dreadnoughts.

The *Kansas* displaces 16,000 tons, is 450 feet long and draws 26¾ feet of water. Her engines develop 19,500 horsepower, sufficient to give her a speed of eighteen knots. The armament of her class consists of four 12-inch guns, eight 8-inch and twelve 7-inch, besides a minor battery for use in warding off torpedo attacks. She carries, in addition, four torpedo tubes. Her armor belt varies in thickness from eight to eleven inches, while the turrets are protected by ten inches. She was built at Camden, N. J., at the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company and cost nearly $7,000,000. She is attached today to the second division of the Atlantic fleet and is commanded by Capt. Henry F. Bryan. In 1914 she was one of the ships sent to Vera Cruz, and part of her crew took part in the seizure of that city.

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AN AMERICAN SCHOOL ARMY

BY KENT E. KELLER

In our issue of November 20th we published an article on preparedness by Mr. Keller, Illinois State Senator, which has since received wide attention. The question of preparedness being so urgent at the present moment we are glad to present this amplification of Mr. Keller's plan

THERE is no such thing as a regular army in any of the countries of Europe except England. France, Germany, Russia and all the rest have studied war and made war for many, many years. Their long experience has enabled them to reduce it to a science. They know what it takes to make the best soldier and the best army. The enormous cost of their wars has compelled the most careful investigation into the economy of making and up-keeping their armies.

It was observed that any effective veteran soldier after leaving the army and entering into the ordinary industries for long periods, even twenty or thirty years, could take up arms and in a very short time enter into the soldier's life and again be an effective fighter.

The length of time necessary for making a permanently effective soldier was noted carefully and discussed fully for many years in all those countries. This element of time meant millions of money. Financial necessity compelled the time to be reduced to the very minimum without loss in efficiency. It was finally learned that two years is the shortest time in which average men can become really efficient soldiers.

The conclusion was inevitable that to thoroughly train men for two years and class them as reservists, soldiers subject to call, is far the cheapest method of creating and maintaining an efficient army. All the fighting is being done by these carefully trained reservists, and all the countries of Europe, except England, follow this plan. Her foreign possessions seemed to justify her regular army, but apparently influenced her to neglect the other and more economical one.

TO PROVIDE an efficient defensive army is the national program. It is a great undertaking and deserves thorough consideration. It should not be done as rush legislation. It is new and offers the opportunity of a generation in constructive thought. To begin right will be to serve greatly. To do less would be inexcusable folly.

Our strongest generals and the best military authorities all agree we need two million men to make the United States safe against all attack. Congress should provide a plan looking toward securing that number at the earliest possible moment. That is not too many for so large a country as ours. If done economically, the expense will not be burdensome to so rich a country. A less number would not constitute a rational defensive army.

All the experience necessary for our guidance is open to us. The principal lessons of the greatest war of history are before us. If we are willing to use this information, there is no room for any great mistakes.

We are to have an army. That is settled. What kind of an army it is to be is the matter in hand. Soldiers, officers and equipment properly organized constitute an army. Any one of these lacking, there is no army. Any one of these of poor quality will reduce the others to its own level of inefficiency. It takes the best soldiers, the best officers and the best equipment, all three, to make up the best army. An army of thoroughly trained soldiers and officers properly equipped is superior to ten times its number of poorly trained soldiers and inexperienced officers, with insufficient or poor equipment. In no other line of human endeavor is complete preparedness so vitally necessary. In no other is thoroughness in every detail so absolutely essential. In war the highest efficiency means the greatest economy in its broadest possible sense.

Our army to be must be equal or superior, man for man, to any army in the world all the time. If we are not to have that kind of an army it might be better to have none at all. For we may delude ourselves about our army, but every other nation in the world will know exactly what we have and what it is really worth in fighting ability. A paper army will fool nobody but American citizens, and they are the ones who ought not to be deceived. The facts should be given them without fear or favor.

THE plain truth must be told about some present illusions:—A soldier cannot be made by wishing it onto him. A commission and shoulder-straps do not make an officer. Ninety day men are not soldiers at all. Six months men are not either, no matter how "intensively" they may have been trained. One year men, as a class, are not real soldiers. A few men are natural soldiers. One year's training will make these individually fit. But armies are made up of average men, and even these unusual ones would be much better soldiers with another year's training. If this is not true, why do the Germans train all their soldiers full two years?

If France could have matched these German soldiers with men drilling a few weeks or months, what sense would there have been in France's drilling her men most diligently full two years, as the Germans do? There can be and is but one answer, and that is that, out of the vast military experience of all the European countries it has been made plain that no less a period than two years is sufficient for training an army for real warfare.

The nations which did not know enough to give their soldiers two years' training are having to learn the necessity of it at an awful cost.

"Kitchener's Army" is not yet actively helping the French for the very good reason that their own generals and the French generals also know full well they are not sufficiently trained to cope with the German soldiers who had two years of training, including experience in great maneuvers entailing every strategic move which actual war demands.

What would have happened to England if she had been compelled to meet the German soldiers with her volunteers ought to be plain to anyone who will think it over. It is what would happen to America under the same conditions. Back behind the two year Frenchmen the English are drilling day and night, building up a fighting force. They should have it reasonably ready in two

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years. They can't have it ready much short of that. For two year men alone can meet two year men in combat on equal terms.

Now what must we conclude from all this? That we cannot prepare after we are attacked. We have no neighbor behind whose skirts we can hide till we drill for two years. We certainly must see that our own soldiers to be equal to the best must have training equal to theirs. It takes just as much time, as much training and as good equipment to make an effective soldier of an American as it does of a German, Frenchman or Englishman. The man who thinks at all must see this. The legislator who does not grasp this point clearly is not capable of suggesting adequate legislation, because this is the very heart of the matter.

The idea that Americans "can lick all creation" just because they are Americans; that they are so much braver and smarter than anybody else; that because we "licked the Injuns" we are unbeatable and so on to the end of the chapter, ought to be laid tenderly away with the other things of childhood. We should see that we have no monopoly of patriotism and courage. All the European armies are showing a loyalty that has never been excelled. They are displaying as great bravery as any men who ever gave battle. The reservists of all the countries are doing as good fighting as any men of any time. The marvels of military achievement ought to stir us into seeing what veritable babes in arms we are, and what a vast way we must go in preparation before we could defend our country against such onslaughts.

THERE are at the present time three bills before Congress representing three distinct military systems. The Hay Militia Pay bill, to nationalize the militia; the Chamberlain bill to reorganize and enlarge the Regular Army, and the Owen bill "to establish and maintain the American School Army, and to organize and equip the American Reserve Army." The provisions of the first two bills have been fully discussed in the public press.

The Hay Militia Pay bill is in many regards an excellent measure. If the non-essentials are carefully eliminated, it will probably do as much for the improvement of the militia as the natural limitations of the militia system will permit. If the provisions of the Hay bill are lived up to requiring physical fitness of the men, thorough instruction of the officers, rigid compliance with the requirements for drill and the general improvement in the quality of training, it will greatly benefit the militia. If these things are not done the pay will be thrown away, though pay is proper and just if the militia is to be used nationally. If these requirements are strictly enforced, however, it is very questionable whether the enlistments will greatly increase, as the organized militia officers assured the congressional committee it would do.

The one really great danger we are facing is that we are apt to get the notion that when we have 424,000 militia (if we ever do) that we shall then have a real army of that size. Nothing will be further from the truth, as every soldier knows, our own as well as those who might oppose us, and as everybody else may plainly see, for that matter. It is the time actually put in at soldiering that counts. Having a name on the company roll for forty years won't make a soldier of a man.

There is excellent, fair and poor militia as militia goes. The militia is made up of men who are doing things in the world—busy, active men, who find a little time once in a while to do some military training. But they are not soldiers and never will be under the militia system, because they have not had and are not going to have the time for the training required to make soldiers of men. It is not fair to the militia man to expect him to do what nobody else can do. And they very generally know this. It is only the perfervid politician hunting votes who can take a busy man, drill him seventy-two hours in broken doses, camp him out two weeks in summer and hand him back to the American people a soldier who can "lick his weight in wildcats." Americanism ought to include common sense, and common honesty.

As a means of making soldiers ready for instant use the militia system is economically wasteful. But properly organized, with all the men fit, it would at the first sign of danger go into training at once, and would be ready many months before a volunteer army. It would constitute a valuable second line of defense. This is its sphere of usefulness. It cannot rationally be considered for any other purpose in serious warfare. But that justifies its cost so long as a second line of defense shall be necessary.

The reorganization and enlargement of the regular army is a present prime necessity. The Chamberlain bill, as originally written, is excellent and probably proposes doing all that can be done under the regular army system under present conditions.

The one necessity not met in either the Hay or Chamberlain bills is provided for in the Owen bill. The one absolute necessity is a large reserve army of thoroughly trained soldiers. The Owen bill provides this. This bill the first year calls for fifty youths from each congressional district, to enable the working out of the details of the system in practise. But as soon as this is done it is contemplated to increase this number to two hundred and thirty from each congressional district, or a total of one hundred thousand from the country at large, to enter and graduate each year, after a three years' course.

The American School Army system consists in educating the youth of our land along broad general lines, with especial attention to every-day practical living-making, at the same time it makes soldiers of them. The youths actually earn their way by being reservists for twenty years after graduation. It is a fair exchange, most advantageous to both them and the country.

THE American School Army plan goes on the idea that a youth from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who lives constantly under strict discipline three years; who shall drill, and study military science from two to three hours per day every day in the school year, the same as at West Point, devoting the remaining time to education; who spends three months each summer in great army camps in drill and maneuvers as in actual war for three summers, or a total of nine months;—that such a young man will be the equal as a soldier of the French and Germans who spend two years in military training without the education.

German and French reservists never come back for drill after their time is up. They are so thoroughly saturated with discipline and methodical thinking they don't need it. They are always soldiers on call. The same would unquestionably be true of the American School Army reservists at the end of three years' training.

The concluding instalment of Mr. Keller's article will appear in next week's issue

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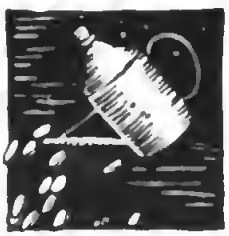
PLUTARCH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

NO. 8: ROCKEFELLER

BY F. P. A.

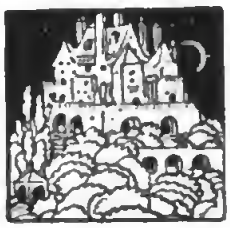


ONCERNING the possession of great riches, there is, I find in Thucydides and older authorities, much hypocrisy; as, indeed there is regarding the possession of many things which there exists deep ignorance of. For a woman froward and devoid of all charms soever will declare, of one who is egregiously gifted in the matter of personal allurements, She hath a pretty *face*, or, Her *profile* is not bad: as who should imply, Her face is fair to look upon, but she is a toad at heart, or, My dear, the front view is terrible. And so it cometh about that the possessor of wealth so unbounded that most men can not conceive its very extent will say, Oh, yes, Rockefeller hath a lot of money, as much as to say, with Gilbert,



Money, I despise it—
Many people prize it—
Hey, willow, willow, waly O!

Yet most of us do spend a great part of our time, and most of our waking effort, in the attempt to acquire this despised wealth. As for money, I would rather have it than not have it, and as for the Happy Days when I Was Poor, and hard put to it lest starvation attack me on the morrow morn, I confess I had small happiness in them, and I should not choose to return to them. As for the wealth of Rockefeller, I should not desire that, neither. Whether he hath done more harm than good with his wealth, however, I am not wise enough to judge. But I am not utterly contemptuous of his wealth, and even wish I had the half thereof, expounding which wish, one day, to the editor of a great hebdomadal, he remarked, What would you do if you did have the half of Rockefeller's wealth? and I answered, without rancor, that I should play all day at lawn-tennis, and not squander my time writing inconsequential pieces such as this one, whereupon he was mute.



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AMERICAN PAINTING PREEMINENT

BY CHARLES LAMONT BUCHANAN

IF THE Reisinger sale of foreign and American pictures recently concluded in New York demonstrated anything, it demonstrated the fact that American painting is a definite, concrete, assured proposition of the here and now and no longer a thing of some problematical future or some possibly over-glorified past. The feature of the sale was unquestionably the high prices paid for paintings by living American artists. When J. Francis Murphy's landscape sold for $4950 it brought the highest price, in so far as we have record, ever brought in the auction rooms for a picture by a living American painter. Seven years ago this picture was purchased from the artist for $1500. Today it shows a yield of over two hundred per cent on the original investment.

Mention is made of this matter because Murphy is preeminently the conspicuous feature in the contemporary American auction room. But the object of this article is not to exploit the deserved and decisive preeminence of this particular painter, much as the writer believes that his actual and potential significance has not even yet been accurately appraised. The object of this article is to call attention to the fact—a fact that should be obvious to every independent, intelligent pair of eyes—that American painting is above and beyond the shadow of a doubt the vital issue in the art life of this country today. And the kind of American painting that this statement has in view is the kind that triumphantly asserted itself in the Reisinger sale when a T. W. Dewing brought $3400, an Alden Weir $3000, and a J. Francis Murphy $4950. Here was superlatively represented the legitimate trend of American painting, the aggregate excellence of which is unexcelled by any painting of any kind or time whatsoever. And when one considers that this painting has attained to its present large measure of popularity entirely on its own resources and in face of a world-wide prejudice, one begins to suspect that the driving power back of it must be of a pretty solid, substantial character.

Now the writer of this article wishes to go on record as definitely aware of the dangers besetting the parochial point of view. No excess of patriotic ardor, no fond partisanship can excuse inept judgment on the part of the critic or compensate for that kind of a suburban enthusiasm that seeks to exploit a local effort regardless of its pathetic lack of proficiency. There must be no misunderstanding on this point. On the other hand, it is impossible to deplore and to condemn too vehemently that point of view which invariably assumes that the art of Iceland or India or anywhere you choose is of necessity a superior art to the art of the United States. It seems at first blush incredibly ridiculous that anyone should be compelled to concern oneself with so incompetent, so incongruous an attitude of mind. But, for one reason or another, there are innumerable persons variously engaged in the art world today (among them a number of otherwise excellent writers on the subject) who are insensible to the fact that contemporary American painting possesses its individual characteristics, its inalienable reasons, so to speak, for being, its authentic claims upon our sincerest consideration. These people seem incapable of appreciating the fact that its simplicity of vision and beauty of workmanship have their place in art in company with the more audacious conceptions and experimentations of the foreign painting of today. They are enthusiastically inclined toward any artistic endeavor, however extreme, so long as it is of alien origin. They seem to have imbibed the spirit of any and every locality save their own. They have facts on Cézanne, Matisse, etc., to their finger tips; but the odds are a hundred to one that they know absolutely nothing and care less about Mr. Weir, Mr. Tryon, Mr. Dewing, or Mr. Murphy. One cannot help suspecting an attitude of this kind of a downright superficiality. Make the ultra your exclusive preoccupation and sooner or later you will begin to accept any and every inconsequential effort that comes your way. Dry-rot, old-fogyism and precedent are very dreadful things in art, but it would take the wisdom of a Solomon to determine whether they are any more injurious than an over-facile acceptance of novelty for the sheer sake of novelty.

FROM a financial standpoint the growth of the American painter—take Murphy's auction room record for example—is a unique exhibition in the history of painting. However sensational it may appear, it is every bit as substantial and vital as it is sensational. It has developed its own impetus, provided its own dynamo. It has had no press-agenting, no manipulation of a commercial nature—it has simply just happened. And bear one thing in mind—a thing we should never forget, although as a matter of fact we hardly ever remember it: the economics of the case have been dead against the American painter. For years this country has been the receptacle of the art of Europe. Every conceivable influence has conspired to flood this country with a kind of workmanship that, were it not for the prestige afforded it by its foreign trade-mark, could not hold either a monetary or an artistic comparison with the best class of workmanship produced by the American painter. Conservative estimates have placed the number of fictitious Corots sold in this country as somewhere between thirty and forty thousand. For each one of the thirty or forty thousand fictitious Corots real money has been paid. And this is one moderately high priced painter (moderately high priced in comparison with the hundreds of thousands of dollars paid for a Velasquez, a Rembrandt, etc.) out of a single movement. Add to this the French Impressionist fad and the invasion of the Dutch school of the last twenty or thirty years, and you may begin to wonder what amount of room is left for the American painter. For the American painter has no dealer or reviewer working for him anywhere else save in his own country, whereas his foreign competitor has the whole wide world for a market. Under the circumstances we may assume that the demand for the American painter comes fairly close to representing a legitimate interest in art and a legitimate desire to acquire art. That the alloy of speculation cannot wholly be eliminated from the picture business is an unpleasant fact which must be faced. On the other hand, so eminent a collector as Mr. Freer of Detroit has bought the American painter almost exclusively; and it is common knowledge that his collection will never go upon the open market. Today, for the first time in his

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Courtesy C. L. Baldwin

"November Day," J. Francis Murphy

history, the American painter is selling on a basis commensurate with his inherent worth. That he will ever bring the high prices that foreign art has brought is inconceivable in view of his lack of an international prestige. But do not forget that his lack of an international prestige is a question of precedent which has nothing whatsoever to do with his status as an artist. It is not one whit too much to claim that in sheer charm of vision and beauty of handling, American landscape painting, at its top notch, provides us with a unique combination of realism and veracity that is an absolutely new note in this particular phase of art. There are people who will ridicule this statement. There are people who look upon American painting as an absolutely dead issue. They may be right. For our own part, we shall continue to believe that American landscape painting of today is at once the most enchanting and most truthful rendering of nature that has so far been put upon canvas.

It should be obvious from the preceding remarks that the American painter need no longer die (as someone once rather wittily put it) in order to make a living. Don't for a moment mistake this article for missionary work. But there is one thing we need to remember: the fact that a contemporary and a local excellence is rather apt to pass for less than its true value. When someone has been dead ten or a dozen years, and when a consensus of opinion has admitted his significance, it does not require either courage or discrimination to appreciate him. Personally, we think that the tendency at present is toward an inflated estimate of our earlier American painters. Excellent though they were, it is questionable if their virtues are not excelled today in the work of such men as Weir, Murphy, Tryon, and half a dozen others. This fact has not yet been accurately appraised by contemporary criticism, however emphatically it is indorsed by contemporary dollars and cents. Of course, in an unprecedented time like the present one cannot tell what is going to happen. If we could calculate with any degree of assurance on normal developments, we should be tempted to commit ourselves to the prophecy that a time will come when J. Francis Murphy will be accounted not only one of the very finest painters that this country has produced, but, precisely, one of the most significant and exquisite landscape painters of all time. We pin our faith to this particular painter, but we could name a dozen others who are worthily contributing to the present preeminence of American painting.

In next week's issue, Mr. Ronald Simmons will present a different opinion of American art

DAWN IN THE CITY

A MORNING zephyr lifts the screen of gray
That hides the stage and, like a showman shrewd,
He sets the light so that the prologue, viewed
In rose, contrasts the garish acts of day.

—ELIAS LIEBERMAN.

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THE ART OF CHARLES CHAPLIN

BY MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

IT WILL surprise numbers of well-meaning Americans to learn that a constantly increasing body of cultured, artistic people are beginning to regard the young English buffoon, Charles Chaplin, as an extraordinary artist, as well as a comic genius. To these Americans one may dare only to whisper that it is dangerous to condemn a great national figure thoughtlessly. First, let us realize that at the age of twenty-six Charles Chaplin (a boy with a serious, wistful face) has made the whole world laugh. This proves that his work possesses a quality more vital than mere clowning. Doubtless, before he came upon the scene there were many "comedians" who expressed themselves in grotesque antics and grimaces, but where among them was there one who at twenty-six made his name a part of the common language of almost every country, and whose little, baggy-trousered figure became universally familiar? To the writer Charles Chaplin appears as a great comic artist, possessing inspirational powers and a technique as unfaltering as Rejane's. If it be treason to Art to say this, then let those exalted persons who allow culture to be defined only upon their own terms make the most of it.



"A boy with a serious, wistful face"

Apart from the qualified critics, many thoughtful persons are beginning to analyze the Chaplin performances with a serious desire to discover his secret for making irresistible entertainment out of more or less worthless material. They seek the elusive quality that leavens the lump of the usually pointless burlesques in which he takes part. The critic knows his secret. It is the old, familiar secret of inexhaustible imagination, governed by the unfailing precision of a perfect technique.

CHAPLIN is vulgar. At the present stage of his career he is frankly a buffoon, and buffoonery is and always has been tinctured with the vulgar. Broad comedy all the way through history has never been able to keep entirely free from vulgarity. There is vulgarity in the comedies of Aristophanes, and in those of Plautus and Terence and the Elizabethans, not excluding Shakespeare. Rabelais is vulgar, Fielding and Smollett and Swift are vulgar. Among the great comics there is vulgarity without end. Vulgarity and distinguished art can exist together. When a great buffoon like Chaplin is engaged in making people laugh at the broad and obvious facts of life, he is continually so near the line that separates good taste from bad taste that it is too much to expect him never to stray for a moment on the wrong side of the line. If, in the name of so-called refinement, we are going to obliterate Chaplin and set him down as not worth considering, we must wipe all buffoonery off the slate and lay down the absolute rule that it is not a legitimate part of public entertainment.

Further, we must remember that the medium of Charles Chaplin's expression is entirely new. He has had only two years to develop his particular phase of the moving picture art. We all know it to be still in its infancy. The serious side of this newest medium of expression has received more attention than the comic side. Why is it not probable that the comic side may develop to a point where Chaplin's art will have opportunity to express itself in really brilliant and significant burlesque?

ANYONE who has seen the primitive and meaningless comic scenes in which Chaplin began his career will see the difficulties under which his art was at first forced to express itself. Undoubtedly he will fare better in the future. It is said that his newest travesty, now current, shows that with a really intelligent scenario to aid him he can be supremely comic and at the same time free from vulgarity. Those of us who believe that Charles Chaplin is essentially a great comic artist look forward to fine achievements. We think that we know, perhaps better than he knows himself, what he is capable of accomplishing, and we are confident that he will attain the artistic stature to which it seems he is entitled.

It was a very humble entrance—the entrance of Charles Chaplin into the realm of comic art. Anyone could see him for a few pennies. It is said he came from a life of sadness. And at twenty-six he has made the world laugh. Quite a beautiful thing to do!

In the light of Mrs. Fiske's critical estimate of Charles Chaplin's art, special interest attaches to the comedian's recent trip to New York, which ended in the announcement that he is to be paid an unprecedentedly large salary. Persons who are skeptical regarding the accuracy of the salary figure named will find interesting the remarks on the opposite page by Robert Grau, reprinted from "The Motion Picture Magazine":

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THEATREDOM, which in modern times includes the movies, still regards the recent exploits of Charles Chaplin as a gigantic hoax.

The idea that the funniest man in all the world, who only very recently was appearing in the flesh on the vaudeville stage at a weekly salary of $100, is to receive now a weekly pay of $13,500 is so funny that Broadway refuses to accept the proposition seriously.



But it is an absolute truth not only that this is to be his weekly wage for the next twelve months, but that ever since Chaplin arrived in New York in a deliberate plan to bankrupt the nation, the comedian's figure has mounted with such an impetus that there were substantial rumors afloat of danger to his life, in that not all of the motion picture magnates who were willing to pay the extraordinary price could get him.

And these magnates were prepared to pay that price to keep him from signing with rivals. The dangerous position of Charley probably accounts for his serious attitude in negotiating. Not one professional out of twenty believes that Charles Chaplin is paid $650,000 for his comedy work on the screen in 1916. While as for the layman, Chaplin is regarded by him as a great joke. The truth is that Charles Chaplin could have signed up for a new contract at a weekly salary of $1500 almost any day before he conceived the plan of paying a visit to Broadway. It is also true that Chaplin was not accepted with alacrity at $1500 a week, so Charley concluded to have a look at Broadway. That trip to the theatrical Rialto was personally conducted by the screen comedian's oldest brother, Sidney, who manipulated the cards so well that it is not only true that Charley is paid $650,000 for one year, but practically every one of six of filmdom's mightiest magnates was prepared to pay the same. At no time did Charley's honorarium decline. Why? Because all filmdom was laughing itself to the bursting point, not at Chaplin's antics, not even at the sight of the real Chaplin appearing on the Hippodrome stage—they were laughing at the truly funny spectacle of a screen star, two years ago hardly known by name, inducing a half-dozen sane film barons to pay him more money per week (and every week of the fifty-two in the year) than was ever meted out to Edwin Booth, Patti, Caruso and Paderewski in a job lot, and the more the people laughed, the more serious became Charley and Brother Sid.



You see it was like this:

Filmdom's great funster was not known even by sight to the people of Broadway. Chaplin was so little known when he reached the Great White Way that he was mistaken for everybody but Chaplin. The Chaplin of the screen looks not a bit like the modest, gentlemanly and serious-minded man who turned up at midnight on the roof-garden of the New Amsterdam.

Right then started the tremendous evolution in the Chaplin salary. When the New York *Herald* published an illustrated interview with Charley the people laughed more than ever. On that day the largest figure quoted as the comedian's salary was about one-fourth the sum finally paid. It was the publicity given to Charley's rapidly expanding monetary value which created the most astonishing theatrical contract in the world's history.

Evidently Chaplin and Brother Sid did not believe that the public had laughed enough at Charley's contract, so it was not signed, even after all of the film barons had capitulated to the highest figure Charley demanded. All of the publicity stunts had added to the gaiety of Broadway, but there was one final stunt which would convince the film barons that as a contract manipulator Charley is indeed a genius.

So Charley consented to appear in the vast Hippodrome on a Sunday evening—appear in the flesh, mark you. The question or problem as to what the comedian would do to entertain the Hippodrome audience on that Sunday evening was so serious that he offered to contribute the $2000 (which Chaplin was paid for that one night) if he could be spared from the ordeal. As it happened, he did turn over the $2000 to two theatrical charities, but was finally persuaded to face the public.

Seven thousand persons were packed into the big auditorium, which has seating accommodations for 4800; the gross receipts exceeded $7000 at the box-office. The hotel ticket bureaus did a land-office business all day Saturday and Sunday. Premiums as high as ten dollars above the regular box-office price were paid, and as proving that the real Broadway was attracted it is stated that on the same Sunday night the Metropolitan Opera House had the smallest audience of any Sunday concert in years.



The reason why Chaplin was so long concluding the momentous document was that all New York was laughing so much about his salary that Charley decided to keep the film magnates in suspense. Perhaps someone would pay Charley an even million for his year's work in the studios, in which case New York would surely laugh itself to death. But he was afraid New York would stop laughing over his contract.



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Among the soldiers now in training at the great Canadian military camp of Valcartier are many American youths. Here is an artillery detachment composed of Americans. (Louis Missbach.)



The recoil of a mou the punitive expediti of firing has lifted ground. (L



When the high stage of the Mississippi reached Dubuque, Iowa, a large switch engine of the Illinois Central railroad slid from the tracks near the Dubuque passenger station and slid into the river. (G. A. Grimm.)



The steamer Olcott of Sandusky, Ohio, plowing through 14 inches of ice to open the navigation



Canadian gunners in a camp near Quebec testing American made shells ordered for use in France and Belgium by the British government. Many shells are rejected because of the high standard set by the British authorities. (Frank Dorner.)



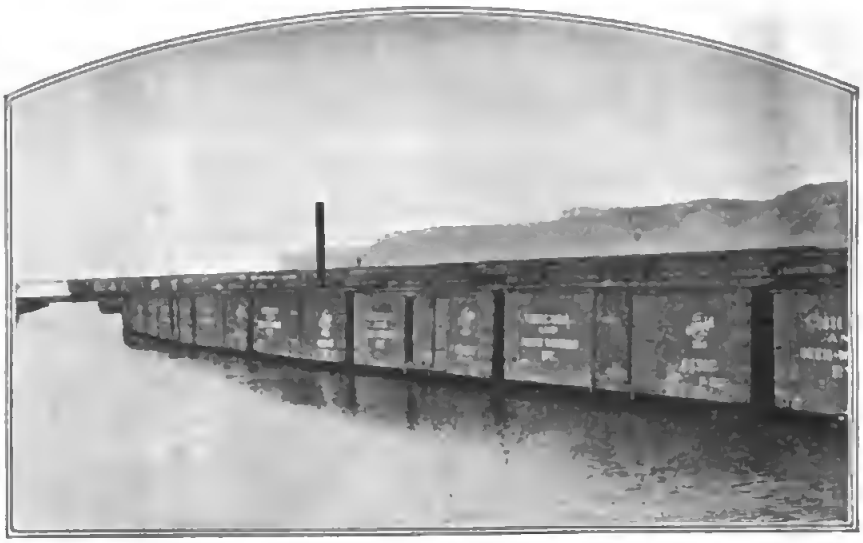
Team of Alaskan dogs that won the annual

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GH THE LENS



hawitzer in action on ita Mexico. The shock gun carriage fram the effelt) $10 prize.



The freight yard of the Chicaga and Northwestern railroad at Winona, Minnesota, after a recent period af high water in the Mississippi. (E. S. Billings.)



The battered remains of the Peugeot car in which Bob Burman, nated auto race driver, last his life at Corana, Cal. "Wild Bob," as Burman was called, was going at the rate of 100 miles an hour when his machine turned over, killing himself, his mechanician and a policeman. Earlier in the race Burman had had frequent machine trouble and was trying to make up lost time. (W. H. Ingrahom.)



season in Lake Erie. The Olcott carries supplies to the residents of the Lake Erie islands. (E.L.Ways.)



Protecting the roads from floods in the central part of the Yaqui valley, Mexico. Supplies for the American army go over these roads. (Samuel Frankel.)



on Cross-cross-country derby." (Carl E. Zek.)

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Some job

LAUNDRY AND MUSIC

BY DON HEROLD

A SYMPHONY orchestra concert is to a large extent a matter of laundry. Out of a thousand people who go to a concert, about fifty understand the music, and the remainder are impressed by laundry.

It has been but a short time since we were all small boys and were forced by our mothers to bathe our feet in a tin pan before going to bed. It has been such a short time since we all hated cleanliness and could see nothing but the futility of it, that today, now we are grown, there is a good deal of charm in laundry.

Half the pleasure of most of the people at a big symphony orchestra concert is in seeing white shirt fronts, white ties and white gloves.

Most of us take care of a furnace, and the gloves that we know are ten-cent gloves, and they are not very white.

If Mr. Damrosch wore overalls, and if the members of the New York Symphony Orchestra wore sweaters, and if the parties in the boxes just came any old way, the attendance at the concert would be a great deal slimmer. There would not be many people there merely for music.

The music critics say that the orchestra played with faultless ensemble. They might add that it was the best-laundered audience that has greeted the New York Symphony Orchestra in many years.

But, after all, laundry is just as important as music.

It could be debated which has had the most ameliorating influence on humanity, laundry or music—and laundry would probably win.

It is fitting that hundreds of people should gather in a large opera house and pay homage to laundry. Few of us can appreciate music (about ten per cent of the people who occupy the boxes at a concert can fully comprehend the work of a big orchestra), but all of us understand the part that soap and water have played in the progress of mankind, and we may participate with sincerity and honesty in a glorification of soap and water.

Emerson said something to the effect that no matter how glistening the linen at a dinner table, the slaughter house is always gracefully concealed in the distance. But that is all the more reason that the linen should glisten. It may be said also that no matter how shining the shirt front, the tin washpan of our childhood days is only relatively remote. An immaculate dress-shirt front emphasizes our remoteness from things that soil.

Laundry is one of the first of the arts.

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CONFESSIONS OF A VERSIFIER

ANONYMOUS

THERE are a great many critics and other people who think that because many poets have failed to make a living, the man who makes a living out of verse cannot be a poet. And they condemn the work of the writer who does make money with it. With a shake of the head and a sigh for the degeneracy of the times, they turn to their Drydens and Tennysons and Byrons, who, if they will look up the facts, frequently were guilty of rhyming to order—and boosting the price too, when they could.

There is, in fact, more precedent for poets turning their rhymes into cash than for their starving to death, for the troubadours and minstrels back to Homer's time sang at the court of a patron or a lord for the price of their keep, or caroled gaily to a gathered group at the wayside for what largess they might receive. And it is humanly possible that they gave the public what it wanted, too—which (whisper it low) may explain why many of their songs still live when dilettante stuff is forgotten.

I'm not attempting to class myself with Homer or Villon as a master singer, nor do I contend that verse for potboiling purposes is always a man's best, but I am trying to show that I'm not necessarily debauching my talents by making them earn me money, or inevitably taming Pegasus by hitching him to a delivery wagon.

Which leads me to a story, more or less logically. Once of the many times I have been broke, I remembered an editor of one of a group of technical magazines who would always buy verse which jabbed the vitals of the demon rum. Therefore I wrote a verse which harpooned rum viciously—and sincerely,—for I hold no brief for drink. When it was finished, I put it into my pocket and went to the editor with it.

"Too busy to talk to you," was his cordial greeting, "just going to press, can't discuss anything."

"I don't want to discuss anything," I said, "I've got a pome—" I always call them "pomes" under such circumstances—"which I had planned to hand to you in exchange for a twenty dollar check."

"Broke again, eh?" he grinned. "Well, slip it to my assistant and if he says it'll do, I'll buy it."

I gave the assistant the verses and he promised me a decision in a few moments. While I waited I suddenly had a hunch—I grabbed a lot of scratch paper, and with a pencil wrote another piece of verse in about twenty minutes. This, just as it was, I submitted to an editor of one of the other magazines of the group, and after he had read it and said "All right," I sat down at a typewriter to copy it for him. While I was so doing, the stenographer from the other office came in and laid a check on the desk. Mr. E likes the poem very much," she said.

And thus I, who had made two pieces of verse grow where only one had been before, walked out of the office with two checks in my pocket-book where none had been before. Commercialism? Surely. But the verses I left were vigorous and interesting and worth every cent I got for them. Where is the harm in that?

I put verse on a decidely business basis, it is true, but prudence and foresight in business are not considered degrading, and I fail to see where I'm guilty of prostitution when I protect my interests like a sensible man. Why it is all right for editors and publishers to be commercial and wrong for writers I've never been able to figure. Some editors are uncc canny.

I remember once when I asked the editor of a southern magazine for twelve dollars for a twenty-four-line poem, I received this reply:

"Dear Sir: It is certainly refreshing in these piping, over-lyricised times to find a poet who wants a good, stiff price for his rhymes. Your spunk is something to admire.

"Not for the world would we attempt to beat you down on the price per line, but in order that we may get this within the reach of a not over-ample purse, we hereby bid for twelve lines of this poem, 'The Optimist.' We have selected the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth lines, the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth lines, and the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth lines. This will still leave you a little poem of twelve lines which you can sell elsewhere.

"For your information we are attaching two poems, which we have made where there was but one before, and this is according to Biblical injunction. We want No. 1. This ought to give us a chance to find out whether you are a 'spo'te' or only just a pote.'"

THE twelve lines of No. 1 made a fairly good poem, as it happened, but the left-over twelve made no sense whatever, without their context. Therefore I wrote to the editor that he evidently wanted all the sportsmanship on my side, and that while I was interested and amused by his proposition and perfectly willing to sell him the twelve lines he wanted, the price for twelve would be the same as for twenty-four—twelve dollars. He returned the poem. I have forgotten whether I sold it elsewhere for more money or not, but I know I sold it.

The nearest I ever came to prostituting my talents in verse was the time that a railroad publication wanted me to write a long poem about a number of railroad men with whom the magazine wished to curry favor. The editorial staff desired me to mention each of about forty men by name, give their railroad affiliations and say something complimentary about them. And this all was to be in verse!

And right there came the temptation. By the former verse they had published I realized that they didn't know good stuff from bad, and I could slip over anything I pleased and they'd like it. The poignant desire came over me to write lines like "John J. Jones of the Northern Pacific has a railroad reputation that is simply terrific," or "Henry W. Sims of the Rock Island Line is right on the job all the time." But I didn't.

I saw how these men had fought their way to the top by sheer energy, vision and ability, how they had dreamed and planned—for they were builders, not financiers—until they reached success. And I put those facts into good ringing verse of which I'm still proud. It was lucky I didn't yield to that first temptation, for the railroad publication featured my name!

But I have sometimes been guilty of padding verse for editors who judge value by number of lines. This is particularly the affection of men in technical trades, who

measure things in feet and inches. I try to convince them that strength, punch, execution, are more important than length, and that it may be better to pay twenty-five dollars for twenty lines than forty dollars for fifty lines, hut if they can't see it I give 'em the fifty.

Quite different is my good friend M. He is a queer chap to deal with in many ways, hut as fine and big-hearted and square as a western miner.

He's always crying, "Your stuff is too long. Cut it down!" And I'm always trying to show him he is wrong and that I've condensed all I can. And if I succeed and he decides to huy, we sit and jew about the price as though the poem were a bag of potatoes. There are one-price stores—but I have yet to find a strictly "one-price" magazine. Usually they pay what the traffic will bear.

Recently, however, M and I have agreed on a flat rate for my stuff, long or short. So when I came in the other day with a long poem, he looked it over carefully—there were two pages of it—and said:

"I'll huy the last page of this—it's complete in itself. Otherwise it's too long."

"I should care!" I exclaimed. "You've got to pay me so much for it anyway, and I'll rewrite that first page and sell it to somebody else."

"Fair enough," he said.

I don't write much verse "strictly to order"—that is, verse written on a particular subject and on an idea the editor supplies. Yet I do it now and then—I have several "comic" series written in this manner, and one poem which has been copied all over the world was written at the suggestion of a technical editor and on his idea.

THIS technical and trade magazine field is a fruitful one for a man who needs to live hy his verse. The pay is liberal and prompt and the editors not hard to satisfy if you know your business—and something of theirs.

I recall taking a piece of verse about a power plant to the house organ of a great power company. The editor greeted me very coldly when I told him I had verses to sell. He mumhled something about "poetry being out of our line," but after he'd read the verses, he looked up very cordially.

"Where the hell did you learn so much about a power plant?" he asked.

"Worked in one once," I said.

"How much will this thing set us hack?" he demanded. I told him—and he handed me a blank hill-form.

"Fill it out," he said, "and I'll see you get a check tomorrow."

Whereupon I filled out a hill-form in which I had to enter my poem as Shop Material, specify its length, width, thickness and weight, whether it was shipped by freight, express or truck, and what guarantees went with it as to permanence and durability. It was a unique description of a poem that went to that cashier, hut the check arrived on time.

There is a certain great company which manufactures typesetting machines, whose house organ is wonderfully printed and beautifully made up. Somebody showed me a copy of it one day and immediately I said:

"Aha, another market."

I sat down at my trusty typewriter and wrote some verses ahout this particular brand of typesetting machine—they were catchy, they were interesting and very human.

When I first quoted the editor the price he ohjected, saying that he couldn't afford to pay as much as big, general magazines because his circulation was small. I told him that was the very reason I had to get a good price, that there was little publicity value in the house organ and the price was the only incentive. "You have to pay me for the publicity I don't get when you use my stuff," I said. Also I added that the small amount of money he had been spending for outside contributions left him that much more to pay me. At which he laugbed—and paid.

Somewhat different was the experience with an advertising man who wanted some verse for one of his clients. When I submitted the jingles he said. "That's the ticket, How much?"

"Thirty-five dollars," I replied.

"J'ever do much advertising work?"

"No."

"Well, I'll put you wise. The firm won't think the stuff is any good unless you soak 'em. Make it sixty dollars." I made it sixty dollars, without argument.

Normally I have ample time in which to furnish any work that is ordered, hut now and then there are hurry calls. There's one man who calls me up and says he wants some work—"no hurry. It's ten o'clock now, have the stuff by two," and he rings off, quite unaware that he's said or requested anything unusual. He gets his verses, too.

THE quickest work I've ever done was at the request of a Sunday editor. He wanted a four line verse for the cover of his Sunday magazine. He gave me ten minutes. Now it's easier to write eight lines in ten minutes than four lines in fifteen, for a quatrain must pack a lot in a little, but these four lines were ready in two minutes—and they were really good lines, too. He didn't have to hold the forms.

Of course a man is sometimes loaded with what the cloak and suit business calls "stickers," hut it's extraordinary how you can sometimes revamp and revive a sticker into a commercial possihility. If Christmas verse doesn't sell in time for Christmas it can be made into Valentine verse and sometimes, with oddly few alterations, into Fourth of July stuff or Thanksgiving material. Spring poems can be fitted into autumn dress and a serious summer poem made into a satirical winter one.

It's all a part of the business and not a dishonorable part. I give clean, honest work and full value for the money received and thus keep the wolf from the door—and gain time and peace of mind to do more serious and "literary" work besides. This also I am commercial enough to try to sell—checks being a species of degradation which I note that even the most critical of critics or meticulous of highbrows is willing to accept.







SYNCOPATION AND NATIONAL DIGESTION

BY GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

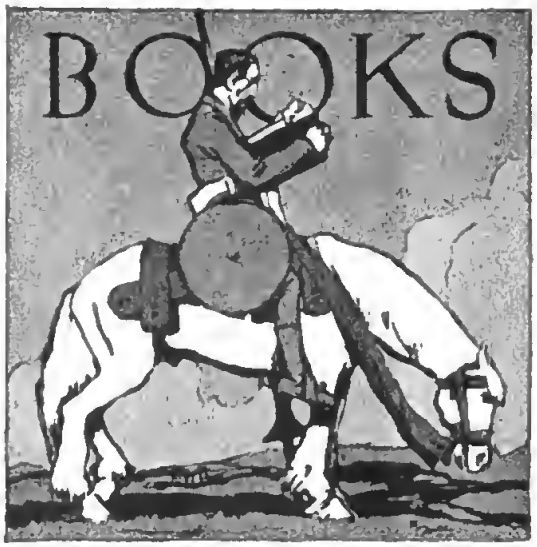
ONE BILLION dollars was handed over to physicians by the great American public last year, and indications this year are that the amount will be even higher! Those are the figures—deny them if you can. And, in the face of this colossal fact, half a hundred popular, as the phrase goes, song writers are whizzing around Forty-second street every day in ten-thousand-dollar limousines! What's that? No connection between those facts? Then listen: Nearly two hundred million of that medical billion was paid because the incumbent was equipped with stomach trouble or one of its variants! Still don't get the connection? Well, then you'll have to have it explained.

Back in the days when the Message to Garcia was a live topic of conversation there was quite an abundance of gold-plated restaurants scattered along the Great Black-and-White Way—almost as many as there are today. It was the fashion, even then, to dine out. Perhaps people didn't dine quite so far out as they do today; that should be discussed on the fashion page. At all events, people dined. And, while they dined, the musicians played away behind the palms, just as they do today. They played "Sweet and Low," or "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" or "Sweet Genevieve"—perhaps even Handel's "Largo." And people chewed quietly on to the soothing strains of those dulcet melodies.

Now, then! Do you know that the amount spent for digestive relief in the year 1899 was less than ten per cent of the amount squandered in 1915? Probably you don't. But the reason is only too apparent. Anybody at all can eat to Mr. Handel's "Largo." One can eat shad to it, in fact, and not be hard-pressed at that. But can you imagine a person eating shad to the syncopated strains of Mr. Irving Berlin's "I Love a Piano"? Yet the trick is tried, as the present sad condition of the national digestion proves only too well. Not long ago a man bet that he could eat a dish of mashed potatoes to the tune of "Tip-Top-Tipperary Mary," and not feel any uncomfortable after-effects. The test was made at one of Broadway's leading restaurants, and the man lost. You'd think that a man could eat mashed potatoes to almost any tune, wouldn't you? Well, what defeated the hero in this instance was that the potatoes were not thoroughly mashed. There were lumps in them. He quit in the middle of the chorus.

There are songs sold in theatre lobbies today that are absolutely impossible as restaurant music, yet they are used as such. A person couldn't eat gelatine to some of them. In one big restaurant, alphabet soup has been substituted for noodle soup, because the patrons complained that they didn't have time to cut the noodles while eating the soup to syncopated music. And there was a case that broke into the newspapers a few weeks ago. A man was eating planked steak to one of the 1916 melodies, when suddenly the orchestra switched into "'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River"—by request. Before he knew what he was doing the man had eaten three inches of the plank!

Where the matter is going to stop it is almost impossible to prognosticate. Some persons believe that the entire corps of syncopated song writers is in the employ of the physicians, while others think that it is all a grand game to push the mush business. As affairs now stand, it is probable that Congress will be asked to act. Think of it! National legislation to save the national digestion! It goes to show that the popular song writers, as a class, are as a matter of fact the most unpopular persons in the country!



THE pleasantly and amiably discursive style of Gerald Stanley Lee is at its very best in the seven hundred pages of *We*, wherein Mr. Lee discourses entertainingly of the need for a homogeneous national spirit and of how it is to be achieved. He would take this nation's wealth, combine it with the national gift for effective publicity, and therewith arouse the country at large to consciousness of what an American ought to be and ought to do. The war has made it necessary to arouse this consciousness, and nothing but homogeneity is going to prevent other wars.

As was the case when Mr. Lee published *Crowds*, the most interesting thing about his writing in *We* is not his central idea, but the facility and good humor with which he treats incidental points along the main line of argument. Ford, Bryan, Roosevelt and Carnegie are important characters in Mr. Lee's pages and are written at from all sides and with considerable penetration. Also there is a recurrence of Mr. Lee's previous thesis that economic knots can be untied only by infusing the joy of labor into all workers.

It would not be wise to try to read *We* all at once. That would be like listening to an after-dinner speaker who holds forth brightly and convincingly, but does not know when to stop. Mr. Lee's book should be dipped into and absorbed by sections.

BOOKS that can bring the chautauqua circle right into the home are sure to be appreciated even in these days, when real tented chautauquas are available almost everywhere at the proper time of year. There is so real and general a desire on the part of the American public to be informed brightly and succinctly about the essential facts of literature that popularity inevitably awaits such a book as Prof. C. T. Winchester's *Wordsworth: How to Know Him*. This treatise is one of a series to which have already been contributed studies of Carlyle by Professor Perry and of Browning by Professor Phelps. Like its predecessors, Professor Winchester's book combines exposition and elucidation, with the unabridged text of as many of the works under discussion as can be accommodated in a moderate-sized volume. Fortunately, the book is not in the vein that might be expected from the banal title. It is clear and sound, and will make Wordsworth a vital figure to many readers who have not understood him before. Books of this sort are not to be dismissed with the assumption that they are sugar-coated culture-pills and nothing more. There is an important place for them in popular literature.

BY MEANS of black, towering cliffs, the continual roar of horses' hoofs, shots that never miss their mark, and the recurrence of full-flavored names like Superstition mountains, Calabasas and the Spanish Sinks, Frank H. Spearman has imparted something of the epic quality to his story, *Nan of Music Mountain*, in which he reincarnates the legendary wildness of the west. The characters, too, as well as the settings, are quite imposing. Nan undoubtedly is the most obdurate lass of whose wooing we have any recent fictional record. Henry de Spain, who to his own undying glory successfully woes her, is an unbelievably capable fist and gun fighter. His clash of arms with four skilled assassins in a deserted barroom makes one of the Ten Most Exciting Chapters. This story is of the same cycle as others of Mr. Spearman's Rocky Mountain sagas, notably those of *Whispering Smith*, to whom there are passing references in *Nan of Music Mountain*. It has the same full and free abandon and resiliency of action, the same crispness of atmosphere. The theme of the story is big and sympathetic, and occasional lapses into melodrama are not frequent enough noticeably to weaken the structure.

ONE is encouraged to believe that hammock days are near at hand by the frequency of new novels of the agreeably ephemeral type that common custom sets aside for summer reading. There is, however, no particular reason for postponing to vacation time the reading of so pleasant a romance as Nina Wilcox Putnam's *Adam's Garden*. In this cheerfully fantastic narrative, which begins with the disinheriting of an ingratiating scapegrace hero and ends with his rescue from assassination by an aeroplane-piloting heroine, there is little that is probable and much that is diverting. Some exceedingly deft character sketches atone largely for the fact that the shrewd reader can mostly anticipate the turnings of the plot.

SO MANY large volumes have been written on the art of correct golf that the expert may be expected to doubt the probability that a tiny book like John D. Duncan's *A. B. C. of Golf* can add much to what has already been said. Mr. Duncan, however, being a keen believer in the long driving game, confines himself pretty strictly to the technic of getting off mighty drives, and thus concentrates his teaching on what he considers golf essentials. If you can play the long game, Mr. Duncan thinks, you are safe on the road to golf competency. He is likewise of the opinion that the aspiring golfer should be natural and at the same time as much as possible like Harry Vardon.

BOOKS REVIEWED

WE *By Gerald Stanley Lee*
Doubleday, Page & Company, New York $1.50

WORDSWORTH: HOW TO KNOW HIM *By C. T. Winchester*
The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis $1.25

NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN *By Frank H. Spearman*
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York $1.35

ADAM'S GARDEN *By Nina Wilcox Putnam*
The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia $1.25

A. B. C. of GOLF *By John D. Duncan*
Harper & Brothers, New York .50

BATTLE AND OTHER POEMS *By Wilfrid W. Gibson*
The Macmillan Company, New York $1.25

WAR has had a uniformly evil effect on the work of the poets of England. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's war verses in his new book called *Battle and Other Poems*, are neither poetic nor convincing. They are the least valuable of Mr. Gibson's published writings. Their attempted realism skirts very closely the line of the ridiculous, and in the bald simplicity of their style the poems at times approach doggerel.

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The start of a field in the Metropolitan Handicap

WHERE THE HORSE IS STILL SUPREME



When the new race meeting of the Westchester Racing Association starts this month at Belmont Park, the big stake events will be contested by many horses who won fame at previous meetings. Election Bet, shown here, was a consistent winner at Belmont Park last season and will be entered again in this year's meet



Dugan, one of this country's best jockeys



This is Ambrose, ridden by Jockey Dugan. Both horse and rider were stars of last year's race meeting at Belmont Park and will be much in evidence when racing begins again this month. A feature of this year's meet will be the abolition of the dollar field, complying with the request of the state authorities



The finish of the Metropolitan

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WAR IN THE AIR

BY WILLIAM B. STOUT

AN ANALYSIS of the national opportunity opened up for America by the new importance of air fleets leads to serious thinking as to our responsibility for America's aerial defense.

Battleplanes are now flying in offensive warfare abroad fitted with 2400 horsepower in motors, mounting three 3-ineb rapid-fire guns in armored turrets, carrying a crew of eight men and three tons of high explosives. They carry this load at 115 miles an hour, can climb a mile in three minutes, and operate to a distance of 200 miles and back. Very shortly they can make raids as far as 500 miles away.

Tiny scouting planes are in use making 150 miles an hour, made with transparent wings and quiet motors, and mounting one machine gun—of American make—, the whole being almost invisible at a height of 2000 feet.

Aeroplane chasers in biplane form are built carrying two men and a 3-pounder gun, which climb 6000 feet in two minutes. These make trips of thousands of miles weekly in scouting work with greater reliability than the automobile and at speeds of over one hundred miles an hour.

Giant planes witb 150-foot wings in tiers 40 feet high are flying in aerial raids, planes that could pick up a Pierce-Arrow limousine and fly away with it as a hawk carries a chicken, and at an easily attained speed of nearly one hundred miles an bour.

Convoyed by a fleet of fast scouts and smaller fighting planes, these giant ahips of the air make raids to distances 200 miles away, drop their bombs with a new degree of accuracy and return to the base, with comparatively small danger of interference.



The Thomos biplane supplied to England

Being fitted with from six to eight 300-horsepower motors these planes do not fear motor trouble, as if one fails, there are plenty left to make speed. They need never come down as long as there is fuel, and solidified gasoline in cakes is used instead of liquid fuel, to prevent fire danger from shells, etc.

With the new bombing instruments aviators are making 85 per cent of hits in a 25-foot circle from 6000 feet altitude, giving a new value to aerial attacks.

Flying boats meanwhile patrol the English Channel, flying at 90 miles an hour in patrol work in prevention of submarine attacks. Their activity has meant the destruction of more than a dozen U boats in the channel.



Martin warplane which holds two records



Curtiss military tractor aeroplane

Aviators returning from scouting work in Flanders in the early afternoon obtain leave of absence, fly across the channel to England to have tea with the folks, and report for duty again at night. This has become so common as to impress on both England and France even now the commercial importance of air travel after the war, and to inform England as to the rapidly decreasing value of its sea navy. One can go from Paris to London today in less time than it takes the New Yorker to get to work in the morning.

In another article Mr. Stout will propose a plan for America's aerial defense

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A NIMROD OF THE LENS

BY W. P. LAWSON

THE southwest is a challenge to artists. And what is here said of the southwest generally may be said specifically and with even more obvious verity of Santa Fé.

T. Harmon Parkhurst makes his home in Santa Fé; but his work entitles him to a broader classification than that of a Santa Féan simply. He has caught with his camera, as have few artists in any medium, the qualities that have caused the southwest to be called "different." He has in addition made compositions which for intrinsic merit stand by themselves in any company, regardless of regional association or uniqueness of theme and atmosphere. As one of his cowboy admirers put it: "When it comes to pitchers, T. Harmon is *there!*"

His studies are in great variety. The clouds and trees, the woods and rivers and mountain lakes, the range, the Indian pueblos, the homes of the vanished races of the cliff dwellers, western types, bits of old Santa Fé, portraits, pastorals—every phase of the vivid and picturesque life about him yields tribute to Parkhurst's lens.



Copyright by Harmon Parkhurst

In the old Spanish cemetery

Some of his most successful compositions were made within the city limits. The broken cross, for example, in one of the illustrations of his work chosen for reproduction, stands in the old Spanish cemetery—commonplace enough and drab in the cold light of day—a symbol charged with romantic significance as the artist has imagined it—and registered his thought.

But Parkhurst goes far afield as well. I first saw him riding along a mountain trail some fifteen miles north of town. He was astride a diminutive cowpony that looked as if it contemplated "pitching," to keep its rider's feet from snagging. I took note that the rider was long of limb.

He wore a corduroy suit and a cowboy hat. He had delicate features, a heavy shock of auburn hair and a friendly coterie of freckles. And he had inquisitive blue eyes of the sort known as "piercing." I hailed him joyously as a fellow tenderfoot. He denied the distinction and told me his name and profession. He was at the time, it appeared, returning from a forty mile jaunt to the Pecos mountains, where he had gathered a series of views of the national forest of that name.

Subsequently I visited the Parkhurst studio at the artist's request. I had made no preparations to be thrilled. I placed Parkhurst, somewhat vaguely, as a kodak fiend of some familiar species, or at most one of those unhappy local "Smile-now-please!" men who libel their fellow citizens for a consideration by taking away their characters with a retouching brush.

However, I visited the studio. It was a large room occupied by a table covered with photographs and several cameras of various shapes and sizes, and the artist. I examined the pictures—for an hour. My idea of the artist was altered. His collection was a remarkable one. Taken all together the studies he had grouped there brought home irresistibly the feeling that one had glimpsed the real Santa Fé—that one had come in touch with the spirit of the southwest.

I began to be curious about Parkhurst, the person, and voiced that curiosity. He was about as expansive as a turtle when you touch its head with a stick. I could get no glimpse of his personality. Partly for that reason, partly on account of the quality of his work, I was ready to be convinced that he really had a personality.

Finally this came:

"My idea is to make good pictures—technically good, first. Then to make them tell the story of the beauty and interest of Santa Fé and the country round about. . .

"If my work helps to make Santa Fé known as she should be known, for a historic, scenic and artistic treasure house, I will feel that my work has been good."

I asked Parkhurst for a portrait of himself, to reproduce; but he wouldn't stand for it.

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SOME LITHOGRAPHS BY DAUMIER

BY WALTER PACH



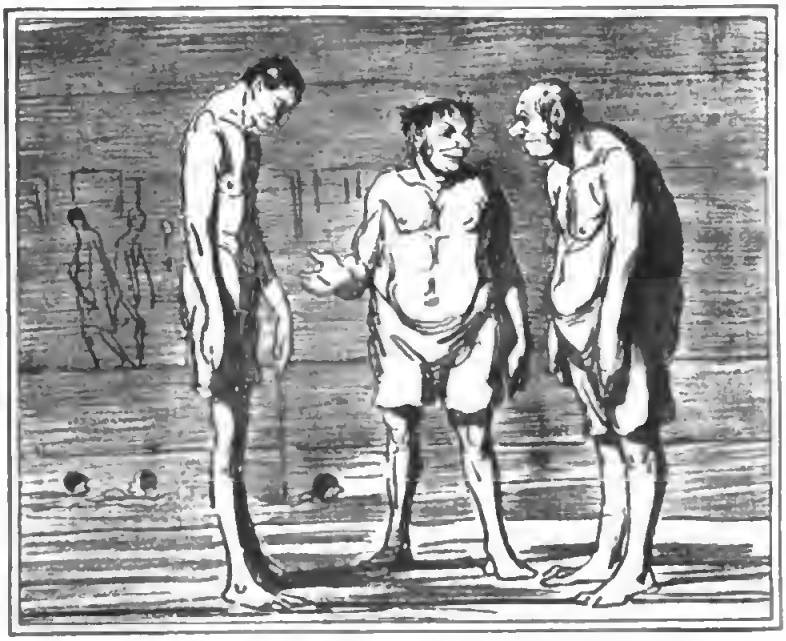
Avocat

THE world has changed its mind about the work of Daumier in the last fifty years, and the change is one that proves again that time is pretty much to be trusted in correcting contemporary estimates. To most men of his day, Daumier was merely a caricaturist, a funny man, a politician of the pencil,—to be reckoned with in matters concerning his republican principles, but not in matters concerning the principles of art. Daumier's influence on illustrators and cartoonists has indeed gone on with unabated vigor: he has served as a supreme model for the best draftsmen of this class in Europe and America. But the great change that has come about has been the placing of Daumier as "one of the heads of the French school," to quote the phrase of one of his biographers, M. Henry Marcel, whose high official position is a sufficient guarantee that his judgment of a very unofficial artist is not lightly passed.

It was with no such idea in mind that Couture warned his pupil, Manet, against over-emphasis on character, saying, "You will never be anything but the Daumier of your time." And this was after the great draftsman had been for twenty-five years producing the innumerable plates of which a selection is reproduced here. A painting by Daumier, the "Women Pursued by Satyrs," first exhibited in 1851 and now in a Canadian gallery, recently drew from a very competent judge the exclamation that no history of French art would be complete without a mention of the work. Yet the thirty years that Daumier gave to painting when his interest in lithography was waning, brought him so little recognition that when the first exhibit of his canvases was held at the Durand-Ruel gallery in 1878, the year before his death, the proceeds were not sufficient to secure the old artist against need, even though the house he lived in was his, through the generous gift of Corot, who knew his worth. Daubigny knew it also, as did many other among the great men of



"Why does that animal keep following me? I'd give sixpence if I could get a bus"



"Baron, I have the honor of presenting M. Mérouet, one of our largest bankers"

the period; but the public must take its time,—delighting in the ephemeral work in which it can recognize itself first, and only reaching the deeper expressions when habituation has done away with its prejudices.

The special obstacle in the case of Daumier was the accessibility of his work. How was the public to know that this was great art, when it appeared every week or twice every week in popular journals costing a few cents, and with jokes or political captions under the pictures? Art, for the people of the earlier nineteenth century (and it may be even for some people of the twentieth) must appear at great exhibitions or at least in the shops of recognized dealers, if it is not already in museums; pictures must have gold frames, and in the case of engraved work, rarity is what counts. To own the one existing print of a certain plate or of a certain state of a plate, irre-

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"Prisoner, have you any means of support?"
"Well, judge, my stomach's all right"



The lawyer who gets suddenly ill—a last resort when he has a very sick case on his hands

spective of its value as art,—that is serious connoisseurship, says the artistic middle-class, for whom quality is great in the proportion that quantity is small. How could anyone be worthy of study, then, when his works were scattered about by thousands? And then a humorist, a low person who drew the types one saw every day in the street,—could he be ranked with artists whose subjects were the "Triumph of Truth," "Lost Illusions," the Greeks and the Romans and such noble matters?

It seems a far cry now to that day and its ideas, but while we smile at the foibles of 1850, we shall do well to remember that the essential difference between periods is not marked by their dates, but by the quality of their thought. People are not so much wiser than they were sixty years ago, and the idea that the importance of the subject marks the importance of the picture is constantly reappearing in one form or another.

The example of Daumier has had a great share in the development of our ideas: we learn without too much surprise that the serene and classic Chavannes was himself an admirable caricaturist; Don Quixote has long since triumphed over the "serious" writings of the Spanish court; Hogarth's art is ranked higher and higher as compared with the pink-and-white painting of most of his contemporaries; and in this country, some doughty critics have predicted for Mark Twain a lasting fame based on the art with which he made his every-day people live.



"You're always in such a hurry! We didn't get here till noon and it's only quarter past five now —I'll catch a fish if you give me time"

The lesson of Daumier has been learned to the extent that we recognize in him one of the world's great draftsmen, that we see in his black and white the mark of the great painter that he was, that we notice in such a plate as the "Avocat" here reproduced, the genius of an admirable sculptor—for Daumier was that as well,—the portrait in question having most probably been done from one of the heads he modeled in wax at the chamber or in the law-courts, to keep for subsequent study. The most interesting question, however, for each man to ask himself before this group of pictures, is whether he has learned enough about art to choose, in the endless succession of ephemeral pictures, the important work of our own time.

THE SEED THOUGHT

THE seed of all thought is the thought
Which never can be expressed,—
God's whispering faintly caught,
His challenge, the goad of unrest!

—Stokley S. Fisher.

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We *know* you are.

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Tired with *all* meaningless, frothy reading.

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THE REASON FOR IT

BY JOHN TURNER WHITE

ONE with no knowledge of Roosevelt's character might find it difficult to account for his rabid hostility to President Wilson. But knowing him as the public generally knows him makes it easy. He hates Wilson and all his ways with a hearty hatred, not because the Wilson ndministration has been a failure, but because it has been a success. It was bad enough to succeed where Roosevelt predicted failure, but succeed where T. R. himself failed, and by methods which T. R. denounced, was a crime so heinous that no terms in our language are quite strong enough to characterize it.

Roosevelt's religion is, and always has been, the doctrine of achievement. In many a strenuous dissertation he has visited his mighty scorn upon the "doctrinaire," the mere forger of platitudes, in other words, the mere thinker. The only man worth while is the man who "does things." And no man, such as Jefferson for instance, who has formulated a political theory, has ever *done* anything. It is not theories but deeds which count.

Now Woodrow Wilson went counter to that notion from the start. The Congress elected with him had been in session but a short time when it became apparent that he had a most extraordinary nnd unexampled influence over it. That a mollycoddle could accomplish this, with ease, by the mere force and correctness of his ideas, with no flourishing of the big stick, and accomplish it more effectually than all the Rooseveltian bluster ever did—that was intolerable.

But Wilson did not stop here. He put through a remarkable, constructive program. The demand for tariff reduction and for reform of the banking system was just as insistent during Roosevelt's administration as in Wilson's. Yet, Roosevelt, the courageous, was afraid to attempt the former, and Roosevelt, who does things, never even thought about attempting the latter. And those were only a part of the achievements of the Wilson administration. That a mere doctrinaire should thus accomplish practical results, that a milk-and-water weakling should manifest the highest courage—that is unthinkable to a Red Blooded person.

Worse still, when the European complications promised relief, when it seemed almost inevitable that the schoolteacher would plunge the nation into trouble and dishonor, Wilson maintained a strong hold on common sense and patriotism. He contended consistently and continuously for our rights under international law. Germany resisted, hesitated, and finally yielded every point. Austria blustered and backed up. The man who could not *do* things maintained every right and achieved every desirable result, up to date, which the most successful and most expensive war could have accomplished, and did it without heroic posturing. Of course the Red Blooded could not stand for so egregious a wrong. It was "doing things" in a way that things could not be done, and by a person who could not do them, while the only Person who really knew how and could, had nothing to do with it.

When one reflects that the entire course of history was so arranged, and the evolution of civilization was so designed as to furnish a setting at this time for the exploitation of the greatness and glory of Theodore Roosevelt, one can see how impossible it is for a real patriot to tolerate a meritorious achievement by anyone else.

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SPRING IN THE CITY

BY RENE KELLY

SPRING in the city is, to one of our temperament, as melancholy in its way as autumn seems to the poets. It is not merely that we are peculiarly open to the attack of the spring poets—who, even in Alexander Pope's day, were already ringing

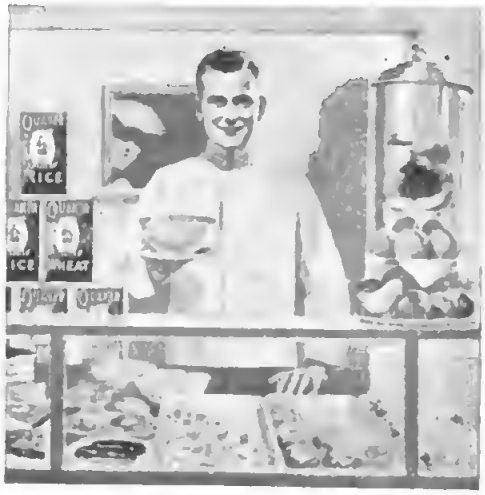
round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure return of still expected rhymes.

No, it isn't just the spring poets who annoy us. After all, they are formidable only in the joke books. What we object to is knowing that spring has come, not by the first robin, but by the first bock-beer sign. Better, by comparison, are the railway folders about trips to the Pacific, the Yellowstone, the Canadian Rockies; a flock brighter in plumage than bluejays, orioles, and scarlet tanagers, seen by Poe and painted by Bakst. Spring has come—we know it by the sentimental interest we feel now in all these movements "Back to the Land" or "Forward to the Land" or "Stay on the Land!" Spring has come, for boys are whipping their tops and shooting marbles and even playing a little baseball where there is a wide-enough space for it and not too many passing trucks. Street baseball and one-old-cat are perilous to passers-by, you say; but it makes us glad to see ball games. Boys must play somewhere, and if there's nowhere but the street, then let it be the street. Our cities provide more chances for play in parks than once they did; that is some comfort. What we can't really be reconciled to at all is living in the city. City life is a disease; and the best the city fathers can do is to medicate the symptoms. And now, spring has come to town; we can tell by the baseball news in the morning paper, and there's something languid about the way the subway-guards tell us to "step lively!" These are the city-dweller's melancholy days—for they bring home to him all the poverty of city life.

MR. BRISBANE'S LOSS

(The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*):

ARTHUR BRISBANE says that he has never seen a Charlie Chaplin film. Honors are about even. No doubt C. C. never read a Brisbane editorial article.



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Note the Stack of Puffed Wheat and Rice

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Go at noontime, when business men gather. Note how many have before them just a bowl of Puffed Wheat or Rice.

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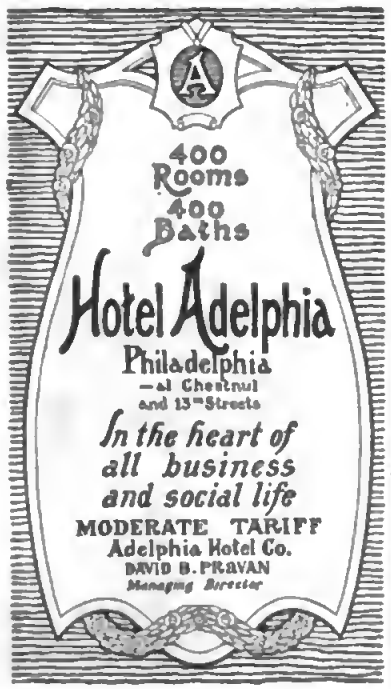
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THE GOLDEN EXCEPTION

BY AMOS STOTE

A MAN from the States was trying to keep out of the sun. It was hard to do, with one eye plastered on the entrance to the Lotus Club. The day was warm for Rio, and Rio de Janeiro is accustomed to warm days; but the man stood guard without thought for the heat, other than the temperature of his own determination.

A few days before he had bumped into another American as the latter was coming out of the offices of a railway company having an English director. The latter had been trying to see the Englishman, the former hoped to—neither succeeded at that time. The man on the way out told the man on the way in that before the Englishman could be reached it was necessary to get by a porter and a secretary—in other words that it was impossible.

The man who had not tried went around to the Lotus Club to eat and think. While there two Englishmen came in. The American knew one of them and nodded; the other was the man he wanted to know, but nothing in his manner suggested it. Later in the afternoon the American met his English acquaintance and, after some small talk, masculine for gum and gossip, asked him to lunch on the following day.

During that lunch the railway Englishman, being the man the American wanted to meet, appeared in search of nourishment. On this occasion the two Englishmen nodded. The American looked puzzled and then intimated that the face of the railway man seemed familiar; this, of course, brought back the desired statement that it was So and So of the railways; to which the American casually replied that he should like to meet him. The introduction was achieved the next day in the coffee room of the club and the American broke away after the briefest of conversations.

Three times the railway man had seen the American in his, the railway man's club; and this brings us to the moment when the man from the States stood with one eye plastered on the club entrance. Presently came the Englishman of the railways. The instant his back is turned to ascend the club steps the American starts across the avenue at double quick, and leisurely enters the elevator, just before it takes flight.

The English gentleman bows and speaks cordially. The American gentleman expresses pleased surprise, and then, after a word on weather, asks him to lunch, suggesting companionship as an aid to digestion. They lunch in the lunch room and coffee in the coffee room, also they smoke in the company of some others. During this time the American discovers the Englishman goiis frequently. They do not meet at the Lotus Club for a few days, but Saturday afternoon the Englishman hails the American as the latter comes onto the golf club veranda from a round at the links. They tea together and speak of scores.

We will not prolong the agony. After these repeated meetings the Englishman felt justified in asking the American about his commercial interests; and the American, without elaboration, mentioned that he represented the Blanketygraph company. As I am telling you facts, I want you, friend reader, to appreciate the fine points of this sales plot, without having them applied in the form of an adhesive plaster. This incident had no outwardly tense or dramatic moments, such as when the unforgiven tout son saves his father from putting up the family fortune, including the family container, the teapot, on a poorly ballasted horse.

When the Englishman expressed his interest in the American's very high grade product, later, when he ordered to the amount of more than five thousand dollars, and still later, when he dealt with the local agent, the Englishman never suspected the sale had been planned.

The point of this story lies in the fact that it is a golden exception. The most difficult, unprogressive, offensive and expensive way to sell goods abroad is to use an American salesman—but there are exceptions. It was better to have this cosmopolitan American handle the English railway chief, who is also a product of cosmopolitan training, than to send one of the sons of Rio de Janeiro to approach him on the subject, for you must not forget the porter and the secretary.

Please say you saw it in Harper's Weekly

There's an American who goes to Europe every year and sells the railways some expensive but efficient type of car jack. He is the president of the company and holds a long distance record. He does not go in to some official with a lot of clever selling talk, but he sends word of his coming to the mightiest man concerned with his product and gives as his address the most exclusive hotel in that city. When these two commercial diplomats meet they each flatter the other's country and speak with authority of affairs of state.

The American makes no mention of his personal business, stating emphatically that his great desire is to learn his host's opinions concerning the industrial situation in neighboring countries. When sufficiently and properly flattered the host either insists on placing an order or telling why delay is necessary at that time.

The chances are no persistent native salesman could take as many orders as does this American—but this is another golden exception.

Here men of the world meet and conduct business operations of far more importance, at least to them, than the mere selling of goods. Yet how much of the purchasing power of each country do men of this class represent. We know they only cast a shadow over the vanishing point of our requirements. The great bulk of the commodities offered for sale, anywhere, do not approach these men, but come up to the native, who looks on a foreign product much as a shipwrecked Irishman considered law and order as his improvised raft touched a strange country, when he spat out some seaweed and said: "If there's a government here I'm agin it."

The instances referred to, the exceptions to the Golden Rule of export, while their recital may do more than prove the rule, as they represent a fractional part of our great business activities, yet the majority of business houses should look on them as a warning.

The original Golden Rule is probably the only rule without an exception—and sometimes we doubt its singularity in this direction. We have cited exceptions to the Golden Rule of export, and now it is time to give the rule.

It is also a simple rule, powerful in its inclusiveness: "Export unto others as you would they should export unto you." This has some relation to everything included in the export day's work. It means a variety of things; argument without exaggeration—emphasis without offense—conviction without contradiction.



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THE UNCONQUERABLE JEW

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

THE Jew is the enigma of history. A giant shadow out of the East, the mystery and the problem of his destiny confront his own mind with a force as great as it strikes the minds of Christians and agnostics.

The evolution of the Jew is the romance of the races. He carries the Cross that he spurned on Calvary, and on his face is the dust of his humiliation; but to the mind's eye he wears about his form something of the splendor of deniers. His toga is a winding-sheet, but he wears it proudly. His neck wrung for ages under the heel of hatred and bigotry, he emerges unconquered and is broken anew in the iron coils of circumstance. He challenges with a sneer on his lips the while his mind holds mystic parlance with his dream.

His dream! It is that that keeps him alive. He is a wanderer on the face of the earth who fingers perpetually the amulets of hope. He sees each race with its country, each religion with its hierarchy. Only the Hebrews are scattered to the four winds of heaven—cut, drawn and quartered, yet, like the ameba, they multiply by fission. A vague nostalgia keeps them alive, and above their heads is flaunted the mirage of Zion.

The Jew is an egotist—and in this lies his grandeur. He believes that he is of the race of Chosen People—that the Eternal has elected his race to be its mouthpiece. The Hebrews believe that a special divinity watches over them, that their terrible God is trying them, testing the metal and fibers of their nature, and that they will somehow, through the grace of Jehovah, cross the threshold of the New Jerusalem to the fanfare of the acclaiming servitors of the Only God. To them, their history is the epic of the ages. An outrage against one is an affront to all. If you attack a Jew you attack his race. He is of the clan of God, and when you scoff at him you scoff at the soul of the race.

Despised, degraded, shackled, outlawed, he has fashioned for a weapon of revenge a cudgel of gold dug out of the earth. The world is today in pawn to him. He has studied the weaknesses of his adversaries and measured his thrift and acquisitiveness against their needs. He knows in his heart of hearts that his Christian conquerors are at bottom things of earth like himself, and that the dynasties of power in this world are dynasties fed from money-bags, that the joists of authority, whether it be at the Vatican or the Quirinal, are mortared with lucre. He knows that more men pray to the Dollar than to God.

Proud, humble, calculating, thrifty, dreaming, the Jew wanders up and down the ages preyed upon by the beasts of religious fanaticism and preying like a beast in turn. Rejecting the Cross, he, by a fine irony, has been transfixed to it since his rejection. Dreaming of Zion, he erects his tent in Paris, London and New York, where he sits throned in a lustrous martyrdom. Driven out of the temple, he rules from the market-place. He is unconquerable and indissoluble. His blood is intellectual, and his intellect has bloody intents.



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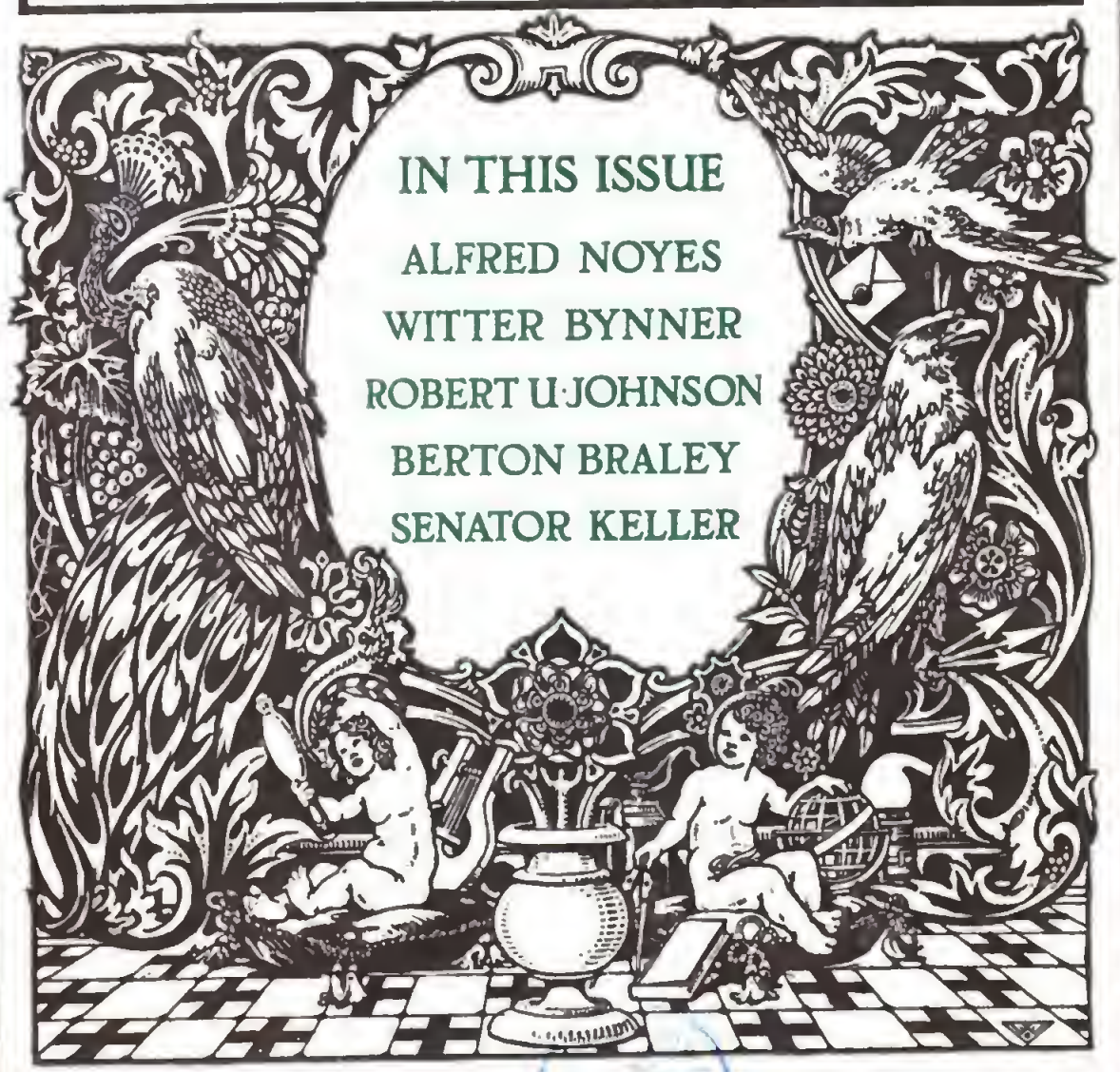
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



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ROBERT U. JOHNSON

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MAY 13, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Famous War Correspondents Smoke and Endorse Tuxedo

Among the most brilliant men in the world today—men of genius, nble thinkers, talented writers—are those who give us in vivid pen-pictures the stirring story of the greatest of all wars.

On this page, world-famous reporters of the gigantic conflict tell why the modern war correspondent smokes Tuxedo.

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Irvin S. Cobb



WYTHE WILLIAMS
New York Times correspondent accredited to the French armies on the Western front. Mr. Williams says:

"That 'Tuxedo Process' must be a wonderful thing, judging by Tuxedo tobacco. The most enjoyable and satisfying smoke I ever tried is Tuxedo."

Wythe Williams



WALTER NIEBUHR
With the German army during the drive on Warsaw, for the United Press. Mr. Niebuhr says:

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Walter Niebuhr

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Richard Henry Little



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Manager Paris Bureau United Press and the first American correspondent permitted to visit the French Front. Mr. Simms says:

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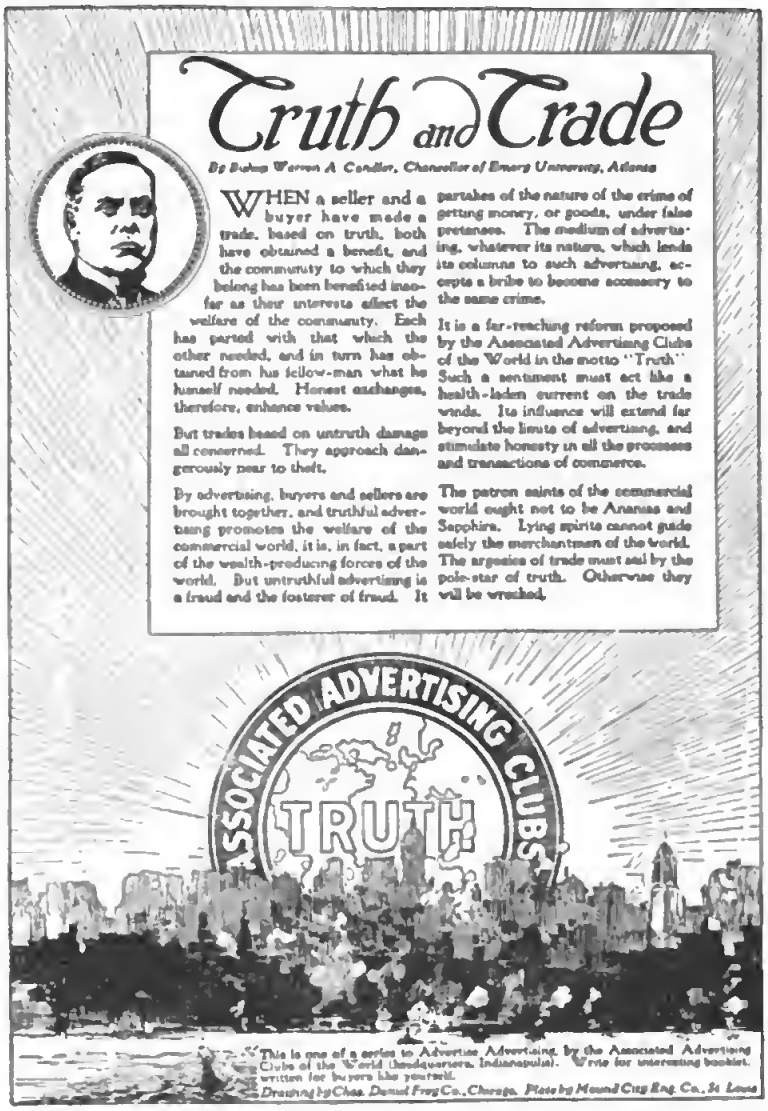


HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE
Saw action with the Germans on both the French and Russian fronts for the New York World. Mr. Swope says:

"There's a lot of comfort and satisfaction in a pipe when the tobacco doesn't bite your tongue. Tuxedo never does, and that's why I enjoy Tuxedo so much."

Herbert Bayard Swope

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Prospero's masque in the Century Theatre production of "The Tempest"



A SHAKESPEARE FANTASY

THE Shakespeare tercentenary has made it possible for New York City to see an excellent production of *The Tempest*, one of the least frequently presented of Shakespeare's plays, which the Drama Society has offered at the Century Theatre. In this scene Walter Hampden is Caliban, Louis Calvert is Prospero, Jane Grey, Miranda, and Fania Marinoff, Ariel.

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"THE TEMPEST"

BY N. H.

THERE was in Harvard, when I was there, a youth to whom later came high and deserved repute, and who then was writing deep thoughts in abundant metaphor. Into my enthusiastic mind many of his words sank far. There was then, as there must always be, a group who approached the universe gallantly, hopefully, their faces toward the light. My friend spoke once, as I remember his words, of

"One pure gold note
That made the tired years young."

As I sat alone the other night, where Caliban, Ariel, Miranda moved and spoke, I wondered whether in all his supernatural product Shakespeare had done more for everlasting youth than in *The Tempest*. There are stronger passions in *Othello* and *Lear*, more luxuriant romance in *Romeo and Juliet*, a more dancing heart in *Much Ado About Nothing*, more drama in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. The language in *The Tempest* is too crowded, thought and taste everywhere dominate emotion. But what thought, what ultimate and marvelous taste! Shakespeare had poured out for a quarter of a century a matchless profusion of mind and feeling. He was soon to put his pen aside, to rest forever in his country home. Yet in this late expression came four characters unsurpassed in all the range of fancy. Caliban is as completely created as Hamlet, as eloquent as Iago, and perhaps the most singular and individual portrait in the world. Miranda, more purely than any other woman in Shakespeare, is the embodiment of what the great poet most loved to represent through woman,—candor, guileless affection, that poetry of the heart which is the dearest of all things to the mind. Prospero is reflection itself, grave but content. Ariel is nature, on a side that Shakespeare loved,—storm and magic and caprice; the wind, its music and its change. Other personages in the play are ably done, but these four are of the first order of creation, grandly conceived, executed with no stroke outside the few unfaltering strokes of genius. Browning wrote an elaborate amplification of Caliban, and Renan based three plays upon him, and there is a new Caliban just now, but all the others can do is to follow with intricate analysis one of the inseparable features that the sorcerer poet put together into a personage more actual than life.

This impregnable delight, this worth in living, this glory felt before a masterpiece, comes too seldom, and when it comes gratitude speaks in our throats and eyes,—in those of us, that is, to whom the language is a little known. I would fain have *The Tempest* continue at the Century Theatre until all the young have seen it, and all the old whose tastes are young, and then I would it might go elsewhere,—to as many places as can be. The world is a battle ground in which commonplace wars with elevation, in which the struggle between mediocrity and vision is without cease. We of the English language have in Shakespeare him who is most gifted of all in making of our streets and families and business a paradise, and yet we heed him not. We see him in a clogged and disturbed spirit, and then go away and excuse ourselves with the lie that we prefer to read him in the closet. I have heard that speech from nearly all human varieties, but never from him in whose daily life the master poet is more than newspapers or playing cards. Once I saw girls play *The Tempest* in the open air, and the beauty of it shone full through their young and unaffected culture. Now at last I am happy to have seen it subjected to the test of professional acting, with such judgment that no irrelevant technique jarred the scene, and truthful simplicity prevailed. One of the New York critics, heaven save the mark, scolded Walter Hampden because his Caliban was not comic. Fancy that, and then perhaps go pray. Hampden's Caliban is epic, a magnificent, unforced portrait of a being rudimentary but superb. Another critic scolded Jane Grey for not turning loose more vivacity and assorted female charms. The reason Miranda is almost unplayable is that so few women can portray utter and elevated straightforwardness. I should be puzzled to pick another actress who could so realize this crystal soul. Criticism did better with the Ariel, because while Fania Marinoff's work is powerful, rounded, and packed with skill, Ariel is not unique, like the others. Puck is at least her cousin. The character being better understood, the interpretation is also more within the range of the professional critical comprehension which we employ to discourse upon the drama. I do not speak of Louis Calvert, except to praise him for his large share in the production, since when I saw the play a suffering throat impeded him in Prospero. I could write with enthusiasm of Stephano Trincolo, Ferdinand, but prefer to keep separate the four in whom lies the wonder of the play.

A masterpiece and a diversion are alike in this, that the purpose of both is to make life more livable. But how unlike are the paths. We speak of an entertainment as killing time. The masterpiece, far from killing, floods time, enriches it, brings buoyancy and meaning. One may seek happiness by escaping truth; another finds happiness in seeing more nobly, expansively. A musical comedy or farce breaks away from reality for an evening. A play like *The Tempest* makes us live in the symbols of high romance. That evening we see through eyes of further vision, and by sharing such company our stature is increased. If his dearest friend dies one man will seek refuge in giddiness, another lives with solemn truth and infinite desire. "Full of pain, joy, and thought" Goethe desired his time to be. To such a world the language of Shakespeare offers no other guide so eloquent. Had he written in German not one Teuton child would be deemed educated who did not follow his scenes and words almost from the cradle to the end.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization
EDITED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

A CHANGE

BEGINNING with the next issue *Harper's Weekly* will be incorporated with *The Independent*. *All* subscribers to the *Weekly* will receive *The Independent* during the remainder of the subscription period.

BEHIND THE SCENES

TWENTY-EIGHT Democrats refused to abide by the action of the House caucus on the Senate Philippine bill. Eleven of them were connected with Tammany or its Brooklyn annex. Although Gallivan of Boston objected strenuously to the injection of racial or religious questions into the caucus, it did sound strange to hear of such names as Carew, Conry, Dooling, Farley, Fitzgerald, Flynn, Gallagher, Gallivan, Riordan and Taggart voting against home rule for the Islands. The theory that the Catholic vote as such was cast against the bill seemed based upon the supposition that the Church dreads the return to power of Aguinaldo. There were also rumors of an alleged interview by Cardinal Gibbons opposing independence. A more plausible theory is the opposition of the liquor interests to the section of the bill prohibiting the liquor traffic between the United States and the Philippines. Perhaps the real interests controlling the vote of Tammany in New York and of the Sullivan Democrats from Chicago will never be known, though we may imagine the continuance of the American occupation is profitable enough to some. At any rate, the long cherished plan of Chairman Hilles for a combination between Tammany and the Republicans in opposition to the administration may be heard of again, and more than once.

GET TOGETHER

AMERICANS attempt reform by putting strong and independent men in office occasionally, in fits of virtue, and then sinking back into sloth and cold censure. They place a leader on the firing line and leave him naked to his enemies. If a leader is a partisan he has his machine. If he is a partisan and a rubber-stamp he has his machine plus the vast force of dull inertia. If he is in both senses independent his position is parlous.

In such a position stands young John Purroy Mitchel. In two years and a third, as mayor of more than five million people, he has looked neither to the left nor to the right. He has gone straight toward his goal, the efficient execution of his job. He has conceived that, elected on a platform calling for non-partisanship and business thoroughness, he was to respect his pledge. He has proceeded not as Democrat, Republican, Bull Moose or Prohibitionist; not as Protestant, Catholic, or Jew; not as brunette or blond. He has proceeded as mayor of all those people, and as nothing else. He has selected the best men he could get, backed the best measures, worked furiously. He has built up no personal machine around himself. It would be impossible to find a man who has carried out a more difficult job with more fidelity and zeal.

A year ago Mr. Mitchel, not caring to account to any party, suggested that he report on his first year at a dinner given by the type of independent citizens who had brought about his election. His report aroused from experts such complete admiration as is seldom given. By the same method he has just reported on his second year. The report shows the same splendid accumulation of fundamental work well done, and done without the blare of trumpets. The work has had to face not only an enormous inherited debt, a vicious financial system, and an obstructive lack of self-government, but in addition a specially wicked attack by the state to the tune of $14,000,000. To make the people of the city realize the quiet, deep-going progress is going to be no harder than to make them distinguish between what government costs under Mitchel and what is forced upon us now by cutting out past sins and by the brutal intrusion of the state.

To make these things clear, interesting, and dramatic between now and November, 1917, so that there shall be consolidation of progress won, not retreat, is a full-sized job. It requires more persistence and brains than New York usually shows. Has she advanced enough in city patriotism so that her leading citizens will put their hearts into it and do it? Will they organize, work, and further win, or will they flaccidly abandon the men on whom, by their choice, the gigantic task was placed?

A REALLY BAD NAME

RECENTLY we discussed the undesirability of dropping our few historic names, such as the Bowery. Professor E. S. Meany, in his *History of the State of Washington*, tells of a case where the argument for a change certainly was strong.

> Lieutenant Slaughter, while stationed at the junction of White and Green rivers in 1855, was killed by Indians. Later a town grew up at that place and was named after that gallant officer whose loss was mourned by the pioneers. When the town grew the new citizens changed its name to Auburn, much to the disgust of the old settlers.

One can in this case sympathize with the new citizens. A footnote says:

> The present writer was honored with a seat in the legislature when that change of name was enacted. He reluctantly withdrew his opposition to the measure when the representative of the citizens, a fat banker wearing a large gold watch-charm, said: "We don't

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like it when the hotel boy goes to the train and calls out: 'Right this way to the Slaughter House!' It scares away the people." He promised that the town would erect a monument to the memory of Lieutenant Slaughter. The banker left Auburn under a cloud. His promise is still unfulfilled.

Nearly always we are for history and color as against commonplace convenience, but if we had been a member of the legislature we too should have yielded to the fat banker's argument. Before such an illustration the most rigid theories totter.

SPELLS



DEARLY do we love those readers who speak as if they imagined we had power to turn the current of affairs, to oppose the inertia of the race. Comes J. P. Kane, of Tacoma, and asks:

> Can't you do something about the word "spells," used to mean augurs or assures? "Our present course spells disaster," etc. It grates on me like the devil.

It grates on us no less, but in all confusion we are driven to confess that the amount we can do about it is nothing whatsoever.

SHAKESPEARE AND BELGIUM

STRIKING indeed is it that Shakespeare's genius should have connected laws and warfare in a line so close to the troubles of today as this:

> When wasteful war shall statutes overturn.

The sonnet puts the destruction of property and the destruction of law together. The greatest thinking is forever apt.

LANGUAGE AND CHARACTER



ACCORDING to a learned grammarian of Paris, the practical character of us who use the English language reveals itself in our words and phrases. Englishmen and Americans do not "make" a visit, as Frenchmen do, but "pay" one; do not "pass" a vacation, but "spend" it. M. Albert Dauzat might have kept up indefinitely this extension of commercial language, especially in the United States. For instance, "the balance of the children." But commercialism in words is not his only point. Some of his satire hits England harder than it does us. He is particularly amused at the evolution of the word "respectable" in England:

> Today it applies above all to appearances and to social position; one's clothes and money have replaced the moral point of view. Newspaper advertisements call for *respectable* boys of fourteen, and the news-columns often relate the picking up, in a gutter, of a drunken woman of *respectable* appearance.

Even a philologist may have a sense of humor—if he is French; and nothing is more humorous than over-seriousness about limited fields of life,—seriousness so complete that it prevents things in the special field from being seen in perspective, limited by the other innumerable elements and considerations always existing in a world unutterably complex.

TORIES AND THE LAST DITCH

LET nobody imagine that when the President nominated Mr. Brandeis for the Supreme Court he failed to realize the ferocious opposition that would be shown by the united Tory gang. Mr. Wilson has known that crowd a long time. He knew them at Princeton. He knew them at Trenton. He has faced them in all his forward policies in Washington. As an offset to the reactionary tendencies in some members of his own party he can count on almost no support from those Republicans who call themselves progressive. With a handful of exceptions the chance of their progressiveness as against their partisanship is small. The President acted as he did because his convictions are absolute. Progressiveness with him is not a word but a faith. Some years ago the present writer could not have conceived of Mr. Brandeis being put on the Supreme Court. The following words were written by him in 1910, but obviously they were written in irony:

> Carl Rasch is an able man who knows the law. This must be taken to be the President's reason for putting him on the Federal bench. There would be no excuse for fighting his confirmation on the ground that the appointment was a reward for Mr. Rasch's services as counsel for Mr. Ballinger. For those services he will, doubtless, be paid in the proper manner. If Mr. Taft should put Louis D. Brandeis on the Supreme Court of the United States, which much needs a lawyer whose wide learning and preeminent abilities are combined with radical political chiefs, nobody would be so unfair as to charge the President with having selected Mr. Brandeis because he acted as counsel for Mr. Glavis.

In other words, in 1910 the very conception of appointing a great lawyer who was actively opposed by the interests was a joke. Nothing that Mr. Wilson has done is a better proof of his sincerity. Nothing has better expressed the heart of the reactionaries than their dirty, mendacious, and relentless fight. The Fox brief, a tissue of conscious lies, has been sent with letters to lists of lawyers in every part of the United States. There has not been so mean, determined, and false an attack made on any nomination. Lord Bacon said:

> When from private appetite it is resolved that a creature shall be sacrificed it is easy to pick up sticks enough from any thicket.

As it was the bravest and most enlightened appointment in many years, so it has been the most dastardly and contemptible slander-campaign in which the respectable pack have ever defended their preserves.

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FIGHTING A FLYING ENEMY



The new German Fokker battle planes have become the special targets of the anti-aircraft batteries of the British and French. Here is a British anti-aircraft crew rushing to the guns after a Fokker has appeared above their position



Not 200 feet from this British trench at Saloniki a bomb from a German air raider has exploded. One of the English soldiers can be seen gazing skyward to see if more bombs are coming from the out-of-reach adversary

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THE JEWS AND IMMIGRATION

BY LOUIS MARSHALL

PERMIT me to call attention to a series of errors and misconceptions contained in the article entitled "The Jews and the Immigration Bill," which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of the 15th instant.

(1) You say that "the Jews have been carrying on an unwise political campaign in Washington to have the words 'including Hebrew and Yiddish' put into the literacy clause of the Immigration Bill."

As one who has taken an active part in the several campaigns waged against the literacy test, I can say that you are misinformed. In each of the immigration bills embodying that test, those responsible for the measure, of their own accord and without urgency on the part of the Jews, in the interest of fairness and justice, expressly declared ability to read Hebrew and Yiddish to constitute a compliance with the test. The reason is obvious. The Jews of Russia and Rumania, a large percentage of whom are able to read Hebrew and Yiddish, have been prevented by restrictive laws from attendance at schools where the national languages of those countries may be acquired. By many Hebrew is not regarded as a living language, and Yiddish is not a dialect of the Russian or Rumanian languages. The clause to which you now object was therefore inserted in the bill by its framers out of abundance of caution. It was an act in every way creditable and has hitherto been free from criticism.

(2) You intimate that there has been a strenuous campaign to procure the insertion of these words in the bill by "those who may be called political Jews," who, you say, "attack Zionism to foster political factionalism."

To those initiated in Jewish movements, such a remark is unspeakably humorous. The Jews who have fought the literacy test, have avoided political factionalism and have based their contentions solely on American ideals. The Jews to whom you apparently refer have urged that, if a literacy test were adopted, which they deplore, it should nevertheless exempt from its operation those who come to the United States to avoid religious and political persecution, whether such persecution be evidenced by overt acts or by laws or governmental regulations that discriminate against them. This provision merely recognizes the right of asylum which it has been the proud privilege of the American people to maintain. It is quite possible that this provision may operate in favor of the Russian and Rumanian Jews. I can scarcely deem it conceivable, however, that you would favor the closing of the doors of opportunity to them, should they come here to avoid religious persecution.

(3) You say that if Mr. Francis negotiates a trade treaty with Russia "there will be a howl to insert after the words 'American citizens' the words 'including Jews,' adding nothing, but making it harder for Russia to accept the treaty."

You have apparently forgotten that, in January, 1912, with but one dissenting vote, both houses of Congress passed a joint resolution, which was approved by President Taft, which terminated the treaty of commerce and navigation between the United States and Russia, which had been in existence for eighty years, solely because Russia discriminated against American citizens of the Jewish persuasion. Since then the Republican, the Democratic and the Progressive parties, in their platforms, have declared that no treaty should be entered into with any government which did not expressly provide that it should be applicable to all American citizens, irrespective of race, creed, and previous nationality, and which did not recognize the American doctrine of the right of expatriation.

The Jews will not "howl" for the insertion of words referring explicity to them in any trade treaty with Russia. They will, however, insist that the noble attitude of the American people, which abhors a differentiation between American citizens on the score of race, religion or nationality, shall not be forgotten, but that in general terms any treaty that shall be entered into with Russia shall contain words declaratory of the principles recognized by the great political parties of this country. As has been frequently said, this is an American and not a Jewish question.

(4) After referring in words of praise to the book called *The Jews in the Eastern War Zone*, you say that it shows an unfair attitude toward Russia.

Why? Not because it does not present a true statement of facts, or because the story of atrocities and oppressions which it unfolds is overdrawn, or because of the authority upon which it is based. That would be impossible, because there is not a statement which it contains which does not emanate from Russian sources, from members of the Duma, from those who are patriotic Russians.

Your criticism is, that it deals almost exclusively with what happened before August, 1915, and quotes as expressions of the Russian government statements made in the Duma, regardless of who made them. The book was written and went to press shortly after August, 1915. It could not therefore deal with a situation which may or may not have arisen subsequent to that date. By inference you admit the truth of all that is stated to have occurred before August, 1915. It is not pretended that there has been any change in the laws of Russia or in its governmental regulations relative to the Jews, since August, 1915. There still exists the same restraint upon education, the same prohibition against the ownership of land, the same limitation upon the right of occupation, the same laws with respect to the maintenance of the unspeakable Pale.

YOU intimate that the progressive *bloc* obtained control in August last of both the Imperial Duma and the Imperial Council, and that the features of its program are the abrogation of the cruel and restrictive laws which have ground the Jews of Russia into the very mud. This program is all in the air. It is merely promissory. Even if the Duma and the Council should unite in affirmative legislation to carry it into effect, what earnest is there that the imperial government will approve of it? Is not the Duma itself subject to prorogation by that power, and has it not been dismissed over and over again whenever an attempt has been made to relieve the condition of those who are oppressed?

You are in error in saying that the book to which you have referred has ignored the liberal attitude of the

(Continued on page 540)



Photo copyright Enrique Muller

Armored cruiser "Montana"

THE U. S. S. MONTANA

BY TRUMAN SMITH

AS THE pre-dreadnought has been surpassed by the dreadnought, so the armored cruiser has given place to her successor, the battle cruiser. The defense enthusiasm which has swept the country has aroused the public to a realization that we do not possess a single ship of this type, either completed or under construction. In view of the important lessons taught at the Falkland Islands, and in the running fight near the Dogger Bank, we cannot view our lack of battle cruisers as otherwise than a real national danger. Both armored and battle cruisers are distinguished by superior speed from battleships or dreadnoughts. They are designed to play the rôle of scouts, to take up a flanking position on the enemy's battle line during an engagement or to act as raiders or commerce destroyers, as the situation may demand. In the battle cruiser we find greatly increased offensive powers, both in guns and speed. Needless to say, no armored cruiser of five or ten years ago could stand against a *Lion*, a *Queen Mary* or a *Goeben*.

Of the older type of cruiser, we possess a fine fleet of ten ships, which compare favorably with German, Japanese or British ships of similar model. Japan probably has a bit the better of the matter, for she took the lesson of the Russo-Japanese war to heart, and armed her cruisers with twelve inch guns, thus forecasting the battle cruiser.

The *Montana*, with her sister ships, the *Tennessee*, the *Washington* and the *North Carolina*, is the most powerful of our ships of this type. Displacing 14,500 tons, she is 500 feet long, draws 25 feet of water, and has a speed of slightly over 22 knots an hour. Her armament consists of four 10-inch guns, sixteen 6-inch, and smaller torpedo defense batteries. Her belt armor varies in thickness from three to five inches. She was built at the Newport News Shipbuilding Company near Norfolk, Virginia, and is fitted for a complement of 850 men.

The Spanish-American war may well be called a trial of strength of armored cruisers. Spain used in American waters a squadron exclusively composed of such ships, but they were in such poor condition, and so badly manned, that they proved no match for our fleet. It is noteworthy, however that at Santiago an American armored cruiser, the *Brooklyn*, played the leading rôle in the Spanish disaster. In the present struggle the defeat of Rear Admiral Craddock off Chile was a victory for the better armed German cruisers, *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* over the older British vessels, the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth*. However, a few weeks later, the helplessness of even the best of this type, to the modern battle cruiser was decisively shown at the Falkland Islands, where von Spee's squadron went down under an avalanche of 12-inch shells.

Succeeding articles will describe other important types of United States warships

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WHY GOREMYKIN RESIGNED

BY LEO PASVOLSKY

THE recent resignation of I. L. Goremykin from the post of President of the Russian Council of Ministers has aroused considerable curiosity as to the causes of this resignation. It should be remembered that last September, when Goremykin succeeded in inducing the Tsar to prorogue the Duma, the premier's position in the government seemed more secure than ever. He represented the bureaucracy, and his victory over the Duma was taken at that time to mean the triumph of the bureaucracy, which was the sole leader of the country when the present war broke out. When the Duma met for the first time after the outbreak of the war, it expressed, through its leaders, the hope that the country might be led along the right road by those who were then guiding Russia's destinies.

When the Duma met for the second time, at the beginning of the past year, to ratify the budget bill for 1915, it was with a "feeling of patriotic uneasiness," as Milyoukov, the leader of the Constitutional Democrats, aptly expressed it. The members of the Duma felt that things were not running as smoothly as it appeared on the surface, yet they remained inactive and did nothing about their "patriotic uneasiness."

A few weeks went by and events began to succeed each other with almost kaleidoscopic rapidity. The Russian campaign in the Carpathians, where successes were achieved at enormous losses, collapsed under the battering-ram of von Mackensen's artillery. The Galician retreat and the Polish fiasco followed each other in rapid succession. The bureaucracy was now thoroughly frightened. The causes for the military disaster began to be discussed, and everything pointed to the fact that the "uneasiness," experienced by the members of the Duma was not unfounded. The bureaucracy proved itself unequal to the task of conducting properly the defense of the country. As long as the country was living upon its accumulated resources, everything seemed to be running more or less satisfactorily. But these resources became exhausted long before the first year of the war was over. The exigencies of the war, which has no parallel in the history of mankind, made very severe demands upon the productive resources of the country, and these were in a state of complete disorganization. The bureaucracy, by its very nature not endowed with virile, energetic tendencies, incapable of creative activity, naturally found itself face to face with an insurmountable difficulty, when it became necessary to replenish the spent resources of the country.

It became essential to organize the whole country, in every conceivable phase of its activity, in order that the struggle against the formidable enemy might have the slightest chance of being successful. And such a task was entirely beyond the powers of the bureaucracy. For this element of Russian life has no vital connection with the bulk of the population; all its activity has been built on the principle of infiltration from above, not fermentation from below. It refuses stubbornly to recognize the people's right to active participation even in matters of such vital, all-important, national concern as the defense of the country. It can follow a policy of prescription, of putting into practise a program worked out by itself, but it is loath to recognize initiative coming from the strata, which lie below its own in the political and social hierarchy of the country.

But the exigencies of life prove to be more powerful than what appears to be the most firmly established traditions of the apparently most powerful human group. The German howitzer and machine-gun must be met with similar engines of destruction, if their tremendous power is to be nullified, and an efficient artillery cares nothing for the political policies of the country it defends. The crushing German offensive, that swept almost unhampered through several lines of Russian defenses, that broke the formidable triangle of fortresses which stood guard over the capital of Poland, was in a large measure successful not so much by virtue of its own strength, as by virtue of the opponent's weakness. The Russian army was woefully lacking in munitions. This fact seems now to be established beyond the shadow of doubt. Russian officers who escaped from the army during its hasty retreat, tell that at one time Grand Duke Nicholas ordered some of the batteries not to fire more than *one shot a day*. This was a criminal failure on the part of the bureaucracy, and its representatives, the cabinet of ministers. Stories of very unpleasant nature were connected at that time with the failure of the War Minister, General Soukhomlinov, to provide the Grand Duke with sufficient munitions, or, at least, to warn him of the state of affairs in his Department of Ordnance and Supplies. It was even hinted that the Galician defeat was the price the country paid for thwarting General Soukhomlinov's ambition to become commander-in-chief of the army.

THE country was thoroughly aroused, for it became evident that mere "patriotic uneasiness" was not going to save Russia from disaster. The exhaustion of accumulated resources and the failure on the part of the country to keep abreast of the rapidly changing conditions, began to be felt in other departments of life, besides those connected with the military operations proper. The stupendous costs of the war, running into billions of roubles, and requiring almost eight hundred millions of roubles monthly, were making demands of the severest kind upon the economic life of the country. And every phase of this life was undergoing rapid, and often, disastrous transformations. The war was draining off the working population; it was tying up and often demoralizing the systems of transportation, never over-efficient even at their best; it isolated the country from the sources of many of its essential raw products, and, in the absence of makeshift facilities, left her with the only available expedient, viz., rapidly rising prices for the prime necessities of life.

The economic elements of the country realized the necessity of intense activity from below to counteract the ponderous inactivity from above. They began to realize that the war was *their* war, as well as that of the bureaucracy, who happened to be at the country's helm when the storm broke out. In the very midst of military disasters, their representatives assembled at an annual congress at Moscow and set the cry, that reechoed throughout the breadth and length of the country, "Everything for the War, Everything for Victory!" It was at this congress that the "Mobilization of the Russian Industries" was born. The merchants and the man-

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ufacturers gave warning that thenceforth they were to be no longer merely the silent onlookers in the "game of kings"; the game concerned them vitally, and they were going to play in it.

The first year of the war came to a close in the midst of military defeats and a social and economic awakening that was rich in potentialities.

The second year of the war began with a very significant event, as far as Russia was concerned. On that day the Russian bureaucracy openly acknowledged its failures and powerlessness in the face of adversity. On August 1st an extraordinary session of the Duma was assembled. And the members of the Fourth Duma gathered in the Taurida Palace with the bitter realization that their "patriotic uneasiness" had become the fact of life.

This session of the Duma was short and stormy. Its spirit became crystallized in the formation of the progressive *bloc*, and the members of this *bloc* thought that the time was ripe for decisive action against the bureaucracy. But they miscalculated their strength, and overestimated their opponent's weakness. What they demanded was really very little. They asked for the reorganization of the cabinet on the lines that would meet with the public confidence and approval. One of the proposals was that representatives of the legislative bodies should be allowed seats in the cabinet.

But before many weeks of the second year of the war were spent, the bureaucracy recovered somewhat its former assurance and poise. Perhaps the most important thing that the liberal *bloc* failed to take into account was the fact that war's fortunes are fickle. By the end of summer the force of the German offensive was already exhausted. The capture of Vilna was their last achievement. For ever since that battle, and even until now, they have not been able to penetrate any farther into Russia, all their attacks against Dvinsk having proven utterly fruitless. With the Germans no longer victorious at every step, the Russian bureaucracy took new courage, and its first reaction to the weakening of the tension that the German victories had produced, was the change of its attitude to the Duma. It was then that its chief representative, Goremykin, who had kept out of the public view for the preceding six weeks, made that memorable visit to the Tsar's headquarters at the front, and returned to Petrograd with the signed order for the prorogation of the Duma in his pocket.

THE prorogation came like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky. It was unexpected, it was overwhelming, it spelled the return to the state of affairs that existed a few months before. Whether or not the bureaucracy realized that it was playing with the fire of a revolution by proroguing the Duma, subsequent events showed that it was not mistaken in realizing its own advantage. The members of the Duma concealed their resentment and set to work, as best they could, for the common end, for the realization of which the whole country is straining its utmost strength.

But despite the apparent victory of the bureaucracy, life was running its inexorable course. The military operations were at a lull, for the main weight of the German military machine was thrown first against the Balkans, and then against the western front. But the economic life of the country was still running along a channel that needed careful and studious attention. The bureaucracy, headed by Goremykin, fondly hoped that things would somehow become adjusted by themselves. They closed their eyes to the pressing facts of economic life, which imperatively demanded adjustment. The high cost of living was rapidly becoming a nightmare of the Russian actuality; the question of the refugees demanded attention. Despite the ostrich-like tactics of the bureaucracy, things were rapidly coming to a head. They finally culminated in Goremykin's resignation.

The following letter, addressed to Goremykin by the President of the Duma, M. W. Rodzianko, sheds a new light upon the actual standing of the bureaucracy after the forcible termination of the last session of the Duma:

"I am writing this while still under the impression of the data that was just discussed at the special conference for defense, and which relates to the catastrophic condition of the problems of railroad transportation. This question was raised at the last session of the special conference. The work of a special commission was devoted to it, but its solution went no further than mere discussion, proposals, and estimates. And today, the catastrophe, which was only probable then, is upon us.

"The details of the conditions existing in the factories that produce munitions of war, conditions which may lead to the suspension of the operations of these factories, and the information concerning the approaching famine that threatens Petrograd and Moscow, as well as the possibility of serious popular disturbances in connection with this state of affairs, have, no doubt, been reported to you by the chairman of this conference. These facts and considerations made it quite apparent to me, as well as to the other members of the conference, to what an abyss our country is rapidly moving, thanks to the complete apathy of the government, which takes no active and decisive measures for the purpose of forestalling the events that threaten us.

"The members of this conference anticipated all this six months ago, and you cannot deny, Ivan Loginovich, that I, myself, upon several occasions brought the matter to your attention, and that every time your reply was that the matter does not concern you, and that you cannot interfere with the conduct of war. Such replies are out of place now. The end of the war is rapidly approaching, while within the country, in every department of the people's life, even in those which are concerned with the satisfaction of the prime necessities of life, complete disorder prevails and grows. The inactivity of the government oppresses the faith of the people in ultimate victory. It is your prime duty, without losing a moment's time, to do everything in your power in order to remove all those things that interfere with our achievement of victory.

"If the Council of Ministers will not, at last, take those measures which are possible and which will save the country from disgrace and disaster, the responsibility for this will fall upon you. And if you, Ivan Loginovich, do not feel within yourself the strength to bear this heavy burden, if you will not use all the means within your power that will enable the country to come out upon the road that leads to victory, have the courage, at least, to confess this, and to make room for younger forces."

It would be difficult to imagine a more complete and crushing indictment of the whole bureaucratic policy, as embodied in Goremykin's régime, than this letter addressed to him by a man who stands at the head of the representatives of the people. There is little wonder that, soon after its receipt and its publication in the Russian press, Goremykin ceased to be the helmsman of Russia's ship of state.

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"Labor crowned"—William de Leftwich Dodge

PAINTING IN AMERICA

BY RONALD SIMMONS

NOTHING is so fatal to the welfare of a nation as an attitude of smug contentedness based upon ignorance. We are just beginning to awaken to the fact that we are absolutely unprepared for war, and we now realize the dangers of the chauvinistic attitude which permitted this deplorable lack of preparation. The same regrettable thing is true of painting, for in that art we are fearfully inferior to our European contemporaries, and, indeed, we entirely lack a distinctive national art; our painting being an entirely dependent, colonial school of art relying for its inspiration upon the great art sources of Europe. This has been conclusively proved by the fact, noted by several American critics, that since the war has denied free access to Paris and London to American painters, the painting of this country has fallen to a level appreciably lower than that attained before the war.

A curious state of affairs this, and quite contrary to what one would have expected. The progress of American civilization would seem to presuppose a school of painters directly inspired by the characteristically independent life of our country—crude men and cruel, perhaps, but strong, free artists—a sort of blending of Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec—or a sort of Mark Twain who painted. Also one would have expected, but seeks in vain, a strain in our painting which would correspond to the strain of negro melodies, typical of our popular music. A strain which, in spite of its obvious artistic faults, would have been invaluable for our painting, for it would have infused something sincerely felt, something lived, into an art sadly lacking in life and inspiration.*

Inspiration we have never lacked, but the inspired men of our country have expressed themselves otherwise than through painting. Our geniuses have won battles, have discovered electricity and have tamed it, they have written weird stories, have built railroads and have hewed great world cities out of the wilderness—but—and to this fact is due the deplorable inferiority of our painting—they have never painted.

Very clever and conscientious smaller painters we have had, and particularly in the last two generations they have achieved a general level of perfection in the conventional handicraft of painting equal to that attained in Europe. The academic European exhibitions attain no more generally satisfactory level in photographically exact drawing, conventional use of color, simple academical compositions and technique than do our great exhibitions.

In Boston particularly, inspired by the works of Velasquez and Vermeer, greater painters than artists, charming little arrangements in prettily conventional colors are produced in quantities by many different painters, and are almost equally successful. What they have to express could hardly be better expressed—except by artistic photography. Free brush strokes, mildly modern color and costumes of today or yesterday give merely a veneer of originality to these pictures, and the real art of painting (not a question of little things be they ever so charming) is entirely unknown to this group. Painting is a more sublime thing than all this, being an art which, when seen by people capable of appreciating it, produces a sensation similar to, if not identical with, religious ecstasy.

You will appreciate this if you will but turn, in the excellent Boston Museum, from the best work of the typical Boston men, and look at the merest line in a horse's head by Degas, the most academic of the great moderns. The difference between the two is the difference between still life and life. And then to note the effect of the atmosphere in the Degas painting and com-

* Be is said at once that Whistler, Mr. John Sargent and Miss Mary Cassatt are entirely foreign in this discussion, being entirely European in education and work. They are universally acknowledged to be the three greatest American intellects which have, until the last few years, manifested themselves in painting, and are the exceptions which prove the truth of the generalities about American painters here stated.



"Poor House on the Hill"—Cézanne

pare it with any Boston sunlight painting. The atmosphere of Degas has depth and consistency. The others are glimmer on flat planes.

Our landscape painters have done better than this, and yet they have faced a more difficult problem, for only an extremely sensitive painter could be inspired to the point of doing fine work by a countryside which has not lived long enough with man's works to blend the architecture into the landscape and give it that sympathetic quality peculiar to places where generations of mankind have lived, loved and worked. One vice, however, is so general in our landscape as to be worthy of note, for it was typical of the work of the Hudson river school and exists in the work of Symonds, Redfield and other of the more obvious men of today. Either to give greater importance to their pictures, or because they are not sincerely moved by the simpler, more characteristic forms in nature, they all put too much subject into their frames and consequently the spectator receives a bewildering and non-unified impression which greatly diminishes the power of the effect.

In mural painting this question of the large space to be covered is a difficulty that cannot explain the fearful frigidity of American mural decoration, for with the exception of a few works by La Farge and perhaps, Vedder, no account has been taken of the progress of this art since the thirteenth century. It is still purely illustrative, and this in a country where good story writers abound and where everyone knows how to read. Puvis de Chavannes, developing the ideas of Ingres, brought space, repose and "significant form" into mural decoration and definitely proved that painted walls should blend in with the architecture and sculpture of a building, to produce a balanced, rhythmical harmony. Our painters must have noticed this in the stairway of the Boston Library, and yet, in our country the three sister arts try to out-shriek one another, and the result is shameful discord; and the only impression to be snatched is that of the story told, that part of the work which belongs to another art, and all this only a few days away from the best works of Puvis and Maurice Denis.

And this story-telling doctrine is one of the most dangerous vices for our painting. Apart from the natural sentimentality of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, it may be traced to the fact that too many of our painters are willing to pander to our general lack of artistic sensibility, and prefer easy popularity to the artist's true place of leader of public taste. This vice was encouraged by the Düsseldorf art school some years ago, when many misguided American students elected to assimilate the nauseatingly sentimental teachings of the representative art school of the only great European country which has not produced an artist in painting for many centuries. Happily the sane and esthetic teachings of modern French art have corrected the false view-point of all men worthy of note. However, it is always to be regretted that our painters are still most indolently uninspired and choose subjects which suit their particular technique, where they should use their technique unconsciously to express what they feel, and let it be said here that technique and technical problems, as unimportant for a great picture as clothing for a great man, absorb far too much of the attention of our painters and of our popular critics.

Now all of this does not mean that our second-rate painters are not fine men and worthy of great praise. On the contrary, they have given innocent pleasure to millions of fine people, and in so doing have rendered a great service. Here is simply meant that they are not great artists as compared to those genuises whose works have given the sensation of artistic ecstasy. Our painters, in general, are simply very high-grade artisans—painters—and not artists, and for this reason it is to be hoped that in the future an increasingly large number of these men will turn to the minor arts or will become artistic photographers, and that there will be a corresponding decrease in the number of photographic artists.



"A Girl Reading"—Edmund Tarbell

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For really the invention of photography has rendered superfluous the power of exact manual reproduction of an object or scene. Many people find difficulty in admitting this, but sufficient thought and study (absolutely necessary to any appreciation of modern painting), will prove the inevitable truth of the statement. Art is now divided into two great streams, sometimes merged into one, sometimes flowing separately. The first branch, so ably commented upon by all writers on esthetics since Zola, is composed of the work of the group whose greatest artist is Cézanne. The works of these men produce a most profoundly delectable effect upon any unprejudiced observer who is capable of experiencing the ecstasy caused by great painting. Even the greatest writers on esthetics fail to define what in these men's works produces the effect. It is as though one tried to explain electricity. Volumes may be filled with its manifestations and effects, but its essential nature is a divine mystery. So it is with all great painting of all ages. Part of the sensation may be explained by the effect produced upon the spectator by the form and color of certain masses and mass arrangements in the frame, without any of the effect being due to the object represented. Distorted anatomy and perfectly, photographically drawn still life seem capable of producing the same effect, but it would seem that, particularly in portraits, the mysterious thing called character adds to the effect produced. Certain water colors of Mr. Dodge MacKnight are intentionally or otherwise goods works of this school, and many of the fine youngest generations of American painters seem to be approaching the goal here defined; and the increasingly sincere appreciation of the work of such men as Cézanne and Henri Matisse in New York would seem to prove a growing public appreciation of this most significant movement.

Decorative painting, the second branch of our stream, should logically have developed to a greater extent in our country where there are so many new walls to cover, but seems to be still in its infancy. When our architects, sculptors and painters unite in a sincere, unselfish effort to assimilate the teachings of the sixth century mosaics, Puvis and his followers and that great flood of oriental art which flows in upon us from the Pacific, we may hope reasonably to see a period of significant beauty in our buildings which will equal that of Europe.

ONE feels instinctively the approach of this period, and the blackest time in our art is already a thing of the past, for now we have seen the dawn breaking through in the work of Winslow Homer, and more rarely Childe Hassam of the older school, and in many of the works of Ray, Speicher and even of Davies and a score of others of the sincerely, powerful younger men.

The dawn will follow in all its glory of mystic form and color when all American painters realize that, particularly in our crystalline atmosphere, nature inspires a painter through and across an atmosphere composed of an infinite number of intercrossed rainbows with all of their flaming colors melted into a transparent white heat. Let some painter weave these rainbows caressingly around really inspiring form and American painting will have definitely emerged from the little dark room, with its high placed attic window, in which Rembrandt wrought masterpieces of dull golden light, and this accomplished, painting, like the rest of our healthy modern life, will become an out-of-door art, an art whose kingdom is ruled over by gods of form and light.

And then one day this kingdom will have its master painter. In his youth the mosaics of Ravenna and the painted walls of Venice will have called him, in Madrid he will have appreciated the handiwork of the great Spaniards, and then in Paris he will have seen with Renoir the precious broken lights in the shadows, will have appreciated the directness of Van Gogh and Gauguin, the science of Seurat and Signac, and will have finally felt the terrific, renovating strength of Cézanne. Having appreciated the significance of the volcanic period of French art since the sixties, he will also have lived with that pulsing and ever renewed group of French artists whose only sane outlets for their tremendous vital energy are art,—and war. Then one day, knowing how the wise painters of Europe have expressed that which every great painter feels, he will go home and paint, in simple, essential masses the epic of the most vital of the young civilizations, and his poem will be painted in the colors of hope and light, with his brush dipped in the rainbow.



Race course scene by Dégas

A PEDLER IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICT

FOR hours you stand and watch the crowd, pell-mell
Go bustling by. No call for buttons, laces!
Why don't you scan those rigid, weary faces?
They long for peace, but that you cannot sell!

—ELIAS LIEBERMAN.

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FATAL FACILITY

BY W. J. CLARKE

THE man with the bronzed face sat smoking and idly watching the people round us on the hotel terrace. Suddenly he said:

You see that fellow sitting over there near the pillar? He is the sort of man who takes risks. There were two girls sitting at the next table to his and, when they got up to go, he told one of them that she had left her novel lying on the chair. A dangerous thing to do! I knew a man once who told a girl in a railway train that she had forgotten her umbrella and she married him within a year. It is surprising what trifles can lead a man to the altar. I remember one man who spilt a cup of tea over a girl's frock; another, who asked a girl to take her hat off at a matinée; another, who knocked a girl down with his car; another, whose dog shook himself after swimming in a pond and splashed a girl who was standing near—have you ever noticed that a dog never does that unless he is near somebody? There was a fellow who asked a man sitting next to him how to spell "committee" without first making sure he had no grown-up daughters, and another who gave a match to a stranger who had a marriageable sister. I always reckon the good Samaritan took a chance; it might have cost him considerably more than twopence if that man he picked up had had any feminine relations.



"He made o few remarks that I didn't understand"

Did I ever tell you how I first came to know Carlotta? No? Well it illustrates the very thing I am talking about; the impossibility of doing anything with safety so long as you are a bachelor. When you are married it is different; you can jump into mid-Atlantic to save a girl's life if you like, without any danger.

The risky thing I did was this: I was standing in the doorway of my hotel in southern Italy and I stepped aside to let a lady pass through. That was a mistake. If I had pushed the lady down the steps and let her go and climb in at the kitchen window or go to some other hotel, I should have got into trouble, no doubt; but I got into worse by doing what I did.

It never occurred to me, when I stepped aside, that there might be a little beast of a dog near me. But there was, and the howl he gave when I trod on him was the worst thing I ever heard, although I have heard all the latest kinds of motor horns. I turned round and was about to swear at the dog for being trodden on, when a girl came and gathered him up in her arms. She gave me a withering look and I began to apologize. I didn't know Italian very well then, and before I could sort the words into grammatical order she had given me another chilling glance and gone away. That was Carlotta.

The unearthly howl of that dog made my blood run cold, and Carlotta's freezing look made me go hot all over. Before I could regain my normal equilibrium an Italian swell came up and asked me what I meant by kicking his sister's dog. I tried to explain that it was an accident, but he wouldn't listen. He made a few remarks that I didn't understand, and then he said something that I understood perfectly, and I knocked him down. He came for me with his knife, and I knocked him down again, and stood over him with a pistol which he understood better than my Italian. I expected it would be a job for the police, but he simply picked himself up and stalked away, leaving me to wonder what his next move would be.

Later in the day two of his friends called and invited me to a duel. I told them it was absurd to make such a fuss about a dog, but they said it wasn't the dog but the blow, and that nothing but blood could atone. They talked for half an hour, but I refused to listen to such nonsense.

Then there came a fellow who spoke English; he was a Russian, I believe. He said the other two were afraid I had not understood them very well—which was true—and had asked him to call and explain. He said a duel would settle the whole thing in two minutes, provided the other fellow killed me. If I killed him, it would start a vendetta, and I should have all the family after me.

I began to think I was in a tight place. I didn't want a vendetta on me, for I knew too little about Italian poisonings and subtle assassinations to have any luck that way, so I asked the Russian to suggest something sensible.

All he could do was to tell me that I had the choice of weapons and of time and place. I suggested snowballs on the top of Mount Everest in the year two thousand

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and one; but he said, by that time duels might be as extinct as flint knives and other relics of barbarism. That reminded me that, not far outside the town, there was a Neolithic graveyard that was haunted long before the Romans came to that part of the country and had been haunted ever since. I told him he could tell his principal that I would meet him there in three hours time—that would be midnight. The Russian gave a shout of delight and went away.

He told me, afterwards, that he had the time of his life when he gave my message. He had lived in Italy more than twenty years and knew Dante by heart, but he never had any idea what the Italian language could do until he heard Carlotta and her brother sum me up that night. When he told them that I was already on my way to that fearsome place and that, if the other party failed to turn up, it would look as if he were afraid, they went right through the dictionary without missing a single word, except the complimentary ones.

I went to that haunted spot and admired the scenery by moonlight and then went home to bed. The Russian called in the morning and I asked him to tell his principal that I had kept the appointment and that, not having had the honor of his company, I must now regard the incident as closed.

Carlotta and her brother were in the tight place now. Next to visiting that prehistoric graveyard at night, the worst thing that could happen to an Italian swell was to send a challenge and not turn up to the fight. And it stopped any assassination tricks completely; it would be the worst possible taste to poison a man or stab him in the back, after failing to meet him in a duel. There was only one way out; Carlotta was not mixed up in the duel, and was therefore free to take up the assassination game.

When her brother suggested this, Carlotta turned on him and talked until he looked round for a rat-hole in the floor to crawl into. She quite outshone her remarks about me on the previous night. She has told me since that her brother acted to her *in loco parentis* and kept the curb pretty tight, and when she saw me knock him down, her heart warmed towards me.

It was the Russian who settled the matter. He suggested that instead of meeting at an ungodly hour, at an impossible place, to fight, we should meet at his house, at a sensible time, to dine. As they saw no other way out, they agreed, and we spent a very pleasant evening together. Some months later, Carlotta's brother and a fellow she was engaged to went to a better land and I naturally offered to take their places. I suppose she thought a man who wasn't afraid of prehistoric ghosts could easily manage a little thing like that, for she signified her assent in the usual way.

BRAINS

BY DON HEROLD



BRAINS are superfluous.

Eat three meals a day, and digest them. Don't get in front of a moving street car. Go to bed at a reasonable hour. Work a good deal. Don't start fights. Be fairly good to your folks, but not too good.

These are about all the practical rules that it takes to get along in life, and the rest of what you know is superfluous. If you know anything about Bernard Shaw or Ibsen or Frank Tinney or Mrs. Vernon Castle, or eugenics, it is superfluous.

The spread of brains is appalling. It would be well to shut down all the colleges, right now, before brains have gone any further. Maybe a national quarantine on brains ought to be enforced. Women's clubs should be shut down. Chautauquas should be discontinued. (No, on second thought, let chautauquas be continued.)

A brain is apt to be a disappointment after it is raised and full grown. It is like a mustache. You think it is going to help out, but it only makes you funny.



"Be fairly good to your folks, but not too good"

Anyone having the least bit of culture should strive tirelessly to conceal it. A person should use his culture scarcely—even in self-defense. Even when other people come around all bristling with intellect, do not let it get a rise out of you.

It is a breach of manners to be intelligent, even if you can.

This problem of brains lies largely with the individual. It hardly does to take your friend around a corner and say, "Look here, Charlie, you're too darned smart here lately."

Each individual must stand his own ground, and be ignorant against all odds.

This is getting more and more difficult, but it is worth working for.

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John Purroy Mitchel, Mayor of New York City, shaking hands at the first baseball game of the season with John McGraw, manager of the New York Giants. (George Miller.)



Mayor Dollins of Waco, Texas, donned a uniform and pitched the first ball at the opening of the Texas League season in Waco. Mayor Dollins weighs 315 pounds. (F. A. Gildersleeve.)



An American arm[y] Mexico. (H. Reffelt.)

THE pictures on this page, received in the *Harper's Weekly* pictorial news competition for amateur photographers, constitute an excellent illustration of the alertness with which owners of cameras all over the country are keeping track of events of public interest in their respective communities. As more and more amateur photographers in the different cities acquire skill in the manipulation of lens and shutter to get effective snapshots, they are making increasing inroads on the



Cornell students are problems by doing (G. E. Br



The Harlem speedway is the only stronghold of the fast horse left on automobile-ridden Manhattan Island. There are always large crowds to see the brushes between fast trotters on Sunday afternoons. (J. Dubbins.)



When this bridge at Quebec i of the greatest spans of any k say that at the present rate over in the fall. (P

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HE DAYS NEWS



mule in distress in Awarded $10 prize.



studying military actual field work. rower.)

hitherto exclusive field of the newspaper camera man and the professional photographer.

This page also shows the country-wide scope of the interest aroused by the *Harper's Weekly* competition. In the group of views selected for reproduction from the great number received are pictures from California, Mexico, Texas, Canada and New York. A wide range of subjects is covered and the technical skill shown in the making and printing of the photographs is exceptionally high



Tia Juana cut off by floods—the auto and foot bridge to the Mexican border town propped and guarded to prevent its collapse during high water. (J. Bassett.)



At a recent match in Cambridge, Mass., Elizabeth N. Deane made a score of thirty-one bulls-eyes. She used a regulation army rifle. Miss Deane is credited with being the champion woman rifle shot of the United States. (Bernard Garai.)



is completed it will be one kind in the world. Engineers of progress the job will be Philip J. Corbett.)



San Francisco has a new public library that will have cost a million dollars. It will be a part of a proposed civic centre planned on an elaborate scale. This photograph was taken at the recent corner-stone laying. (F. Larkin.)



Why not?

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL ARMY

BY KENT E. KELLER

The first instalment of Senator Keller's article appeared in last week's issue

THE American School Army would in twenty-three years provide two million reservists ready on call. These graduates in usefulness would be men any nation would be proud of. They would be in every walk of life, in every locality, engaged in the pursuits of peace, wanting to remain so, at home with their families, surely no menace to anyone except the foe who might want to attack us, but would not. And every dollar of our "war money" would be expended for education mostly on boys who need it sorely.

Now what will it cost? This is not only the natural question but one that is of the substance of the thing. Because if any system is attempted which is not fundamentally right economically it cannot be permanent. Any system which is wasteful should only be continued so long as necessity requires it, and until the economic—the efficient—can be substituted for it.

The nationalized militiaman under the Hay Militia Pay bill, will cost the federal government $87 per year in addition to the more than $50 per year for each man now expended by the states, communities and individuals, or for each militiaman a total of $137 per year ($11,250,000 for 129,000 militiamen and to increase proportionally).

Under the provisions of the Chamberlain bill each regular soldier costs $950 per year, a reduction of $50 under the present law.

The most careful investigation of costs in schools of agriculture, electrical, mechanical and civil engineering, and the trades and general and industrial education has been made for the purpose of getting a reasonable estimate of the cost of each cadet of the American School Army per year. The average for a twelve months' period where uniforms and clothing are furnished is $411. But the head of one of the largest educational institutions in the country involving the total expense of students says, "The expense ought not to exceed $300 per year for each cadet, and no less than a full hundred thousand boys ought to be enlisted from the start." It is thought best, however, to allow $500 per year for three years, or $1500 for the three-year school period, so as to make the school of the highest standard. This will make the cost to the United States government $65 per year for the American School Army reservist, because he remains a reservist twenty years after graduation, or a total period of twenty-three years. It will be observed that in the militia, regular army and American School Army, the cost and service are both calculated from the day of enlist-

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ment. The cost of maintaining one regular soldier for a twenty-three year period is $21,850; one militiaman, $3151; one School Army reservist, $1500.

The regular soldier spends twelve months in training constantly under army camp discipline. The nationalized militiaman spends half a month under like conditions and drills seventy-two hours during the remainder of the year, which may be fairly reckoned as equal to two more weeks of regular army training—or a total of one month actual training each year. A regular army soldier costs six and nine-tenths times as much per year as a nationalized militiaman and spends approximately twelve times as much time in actual soldiering.

The Regular Army soldier costs fourteen and six-tenths times as much per year as the American School Army reservist, and they are equal in efficiency.

The militiaman costs two and a tenth times as much per year as the American School Army reservist and compares in efficiency the same as the regular.

Considered as a whole army for a twenty-three year period, we get a still clearer view of the matter.

The Hay Militia Pay bill contemplates having 424,000 nationalized militia at the end of five years and to maintain that number permanently, and after that to maintain by the terms of enlistment without extra cost 100,000 reservists for three years. Presuming that the present cost per man will not increase during that time, the nationalized militia will then be costing $58,088 per year, or a total for the twenty-three year period of $1,336,024,000.

The Chamberlain bill contemplates 178,000 Regular soldiers constantly in service, and by the terms of enlistment 75,000 reserves for four years without additional cost. This is to cost $170,000,000 per year, or a total for the twenty-three year period of $3,910,000,000.

In short, the two bills will provide ultimately a maximum army of 524,000 militia and 250,000 regulars, all reservists being counted. The entire army available on paper at any given time will be 774,000, one-third actually ready and two thirds requiring not less than twelve months with the most intensive training on the average, to be even reasonably ready for actual conflict with troops equal to the French or German. The total cost of maintaining this army for a twenty-three year period will be $5,246,000,000.

THE American School Army plan in full force of 100,000 graduates in usefulness per year in a twenty-three year period would provide 2,000,000 reservists, the equal of the best European soldiers. This would cost $150,000,000 per year, or $3,450,000,000 in a twenty-three year period.

In gross cost the American School Army system would therefore save over the two present systems $1,796,000,000 in a twenty-three year period, or $78,000,000 per year.

If at any given time all expenditures on our military establishment should cease, even under the reserve provisions of the Hay and Chamberlain bills, at the end of four years there would not be a soldier left. But if this should occur under the American School Army plan, at the end of seventeen years we would still have a considerably larger and better army than we now have.

With $20,000,000 less per year than the Chamberlain bill provides devoted to the American School Army, would provide 100,000 of the best reservists in the world each year. At the end of twenty-three years we would have the army rationally required by this country, that is, two million men, always ready and at not a dollar's cost after graduation.

The Hay Militia Pay bill contemplates the expenditure by the United States government alone of approximately $37,000,000 per year when in full force, or a total for the twenty-three year period of $851,000,000. This expended under the American School Army system would provide 557,000 high-class reservists.

TABULATION

Cost per Man, 23 Year Period

Regular Army man	$21,850
Nationalized Militia man	3,151
School Army reservist	1,500

Cost per Man per Year

Regular Army man	$950
Nationalized Militia man	137
School Army reservist	65

Cost per Man per Year

Regular Army: 178,000 men, 75,000 reserves	$170,000,000
Nationalized Militia: 424,000 men 100,000 reserves	58,088,000
American School Army: 2,000,000 reservists, 300,000 cadets training	150,000,000

Costs per Army—23 Year Period

Regular Army: 178,000 men, 75,000 reserves	$3,910,000,000
Nationalized Militia: 424,000 men, 100,000 reserves	1,336,024,000
American School Army: 2,000,000 reservists, 300,000 cadets training	3,450,000,000

Totals—23 Year Period

Regular Army	$3,910,000,000
Nationalized Militia	1,336,024,000
Combined	$5,246,024,000
American School Army	3,450,000,000
Total Saving of American School Army	$1,796,024,000

Saving per Year

American School Army over other two systems	$78,000,000

Men—All Ranks and Classes

Regular Army	250,000
Nationalized Militia	524,000
Total	774,000
American School Army: Reservists	2,000,000
Cadets	300,000
Total	2,300,000
Less Regulars and Militia	774,000
Excess American School Army over other two systems	1,526,000

Vocationally Educated—prepared for peace

Regulars	—
Nationalized Militia	—
American School Army	2,000,000
In course of education	300,000

It would be scientifically correct to charge half at least of the entire School Army cost to education, but it

seems simpler to present that as a free gift to America, as no other country has it.

ALL this at first seems a staggering sum of money, and it is. But the United States is spending in this year A.D. for purely educational purposes nine hundred million dollars. This item will at the present rate of increase pass the billion dollar mark in 1918. And with all it is the best investment we are making. It is permanent.

There is much talk about "educating officers for our army." There is the same illusion about this that there is about the summer soldiers who are not soldiers. It seems to be the idea that if a student drills twice a week for a bare forty-five minutes, he is, upon graduation in academic studies, at once suspected of being an "army officer." It seems not to matter at all that this "officer" never pitched a tent; never saw an army; never saw an army camp; never heard a cannon; never fired an army rifle; never marched enough to get the wobble out of his legs; does not know what discipline means; is entirely innocent of sanitation, and has no idea of anything military beyond the most rudimentary company drill. A fitting "officer" he would be for the verdant summer soldier!

The government has been working industriously and advertising extensively for years to get recruits for the Regular army. The limit seems to have been reached. The Regular army cannot apparently be increased beyond the number set by the Chamberlain bill. The men simply cannot be had. The Continental Army plan of Secretary Garrison, admirable in the scope of its conception, "died a-borning" because it became clear that full-grown Americans would not volunteer for army service even for one-fourth the time necessary to make soldiers worth while of themselves. It ought to be equally clear that militia enlistments will cease as soon as the militiamen are required to leave their business long enough to even start toward efficient training. And Americans are not going seriously to consider, much less accept, forced service. Voluntary enlistment alone will furnish our soldiers, or we shall have *no* army.

There are literally thousands upon thousands of youths in this country wanting an education; wanting to do something, but not knowing how to set about it. There are other thousands who have certain opportunities, but will not accept what they have; they want action. There are other thousands and thousands who have partial opportunity, but would embrace the chance of betterment with great enthusiasm. There are thousands who want a chance at being army officers. There are two and three-quarter million boys in the United States between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years all the time. These boys are seldom fit for industry before they are nineteen or twenty and never as a class. The years up to that time should be given to education and growth. From fifteen to eighteen is the empty space in the lives of boys. They who are idle suffer shamefully, and much of our crime starts here. The high school, from no faults of its own, holds only about two per cent of them. This is the age when the love of adventure and romance is greatest. It is the plastic-formative time in which they are most easily directed along proper lines of growth. They long to do things. Nothing appeals to them so much as soldiering. It is the time to teach them.

Let Uncle Sam say: "Boys, here is your chance. Uncle Sam offers you three years of the best education and physical development to be had anywhere in the world, and it doesn't cost you a cent. You can get a good general education: you can learn any trade or calling you want to, under the best teachers and most practical conditions. If you make good, plenty of places will be waiting for you when you graduate. You will be able to make your way anywhere you go. You can hold down a job in the front ranks. You will have a fair chance to go to West Point and become an army officer if you like that life. The door of opportunity is standing open to you. At the end of three years you will come out straight and upstanding as a West Pointer. You will be as good a soldier as walks the earth.

"Your obligation for all this is to take up arms for your country in case of war within twenty years of your graduation. But you are under this same obligation whether you are trained and educated in the American School Army or not. So, do you want a good education, a fine healthy body, and the ability to be independent in the world—Free?" And the volunteers would by far exceed the hundred thousands contemplated. And this is the solution of recruiting. Give the boys of America what they so much need and desire and they will fill the ranks to overflowing. *It is the rational thing to do.*

"Intensive training" talked about as a way of making soldiers quickly is simply "speeding up." It is excusable only in the face of dire necessity. It is like the other speeding up processes so righteously condemned in our industries. Our army men must recognize this and know that the final results will not justify it. The whole idea that by any hocus pocus a soldier can be "made while you wait" must be discarded as unworthy of serious consideration. We have the time and the money both to permit our soldiers to develop along right lines—to grow into soldiers. We cannot afford to rush. To make haste slowly, to persist along right lines, is our next national lesson. It is a good place to learn it in growing an army. The best army can only be made that way.

If it is objected that twenty-three years is a long time to wait for an army, let it be noted that our two present systems require five years for working out. That at the end of ten years the American School Army plan will provide more soldiers than the other two and of much higher efficiency, and if thought necessary, the number at any time may be increased.

So far the American School Army has been considered purely on its merits as a military proposition. It is, as clearly demonstrated, by far the cheapest and most efficient army for this country purely as an army.

But its greatest importance lies in its enormous usefulness educationally. If it is adopted, it will be the most important addition to our vast general education ever made or possible to make at one time. Because our difficulty industrially lies just here. Our fathers very largely knew trades, and knew them exceedingly well. Our artisans, except machinists, today do not compare favorably with those of fifty years ago, as to skill and artistry. Our fathers knew what we only half know, or know not at all. That is, that every man is better for knowing a trade whether he uses it or not; that educating hands greatly helps to educate the brain. We arrived where we are in civilization by our hands. Our enormous natural wealth as a nation has enabled us to idle too much. It has paid better to exploit our resources than to labor. Idleness put on a paper collar and enticed us. We have forgotten how to work. We have got to learn again. We will be infinitely the better for it.

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Highlands below Anthony's Nose

A VACATION IN THE HUDSON VALLEY

BY WALLACE HOWLAND

"IT IS a pretty generally accepted fact," says a writer in *Current Opinion*, "that, if you want your motor car to run well, you must keep it oiled and in whack. One hour of hard usage to a car in bad condition will do it more damage and consequently cause you more loss than a year of constant usage when the car is in good shape.

"It is only of late years that employers and employees have come to regard the human factor in the same way. Business is no longer geared low—it is high gear from beginning to end; and keeping the human factor in whack at best physically and mentally has become an essential aim in every department of modern life. This explains the welfare departments of big business, the training schools, the vacation camps. Human fitness to jump with zest at work has been cleared of sentimental considerations and is now regarded as one of the aims of good business. In other words, the golden rule is now regarded as a sane, sensible, necessary thing, where it used to be preached as a sentimental theory. Vacation is no longer regarded as a waste of time. It is a business asset." The economic value of a vacation being generally recognized, the question simply becomes—how and where to spend it. Since this is a problem that faces practically every family at this time of the year, *Harper's Weekly* will discuss, in this and several ensuing issues, the advantages of various vacation possibilities.



The Hudson Highlands

For the family living in the east, or within financial striking distance of it, there is no finer vacation district than the historic Hudson. For one thing, the summer climate is enjoyable and the air invigorating. For another, the region is replete with historic association. It was along this stream that Robert Fulton navigated the first steamship, two hundred years after Hendrik Hudson had first sailed his Dutch sloop into New York bay. Along the river lie the United States Military Academy at West Point; the Catskill Mountains, where Rip Van Winkle lived—and slept; Stony Point, where "Mad Anthony" Wayne led a charge against the British garrison; and Sleepy Hollow, where Irving's headless horseman galloped with Ichabod Crane.

In addition to possessing a desirable climate and an association with events and legends, the Hudson river district has a further asset as a vacation ground. It is



A scene in the Catskill Mountains

adapted to all sorts of vacation lovers. On one mountain crest there is a dense forest for the man who likes to spend his vacation under a tent; on another there is a modern hotel for him who prefers to take his glimpses of nature from an easy chair on the veranda. On one side of Lake Placid there are wildernesses; on the other, golf links and tennis courts. The Hudson river districts offer boating, fishing, riding, camping—every possible inducement to the vacationist.

It was on a fishing trip that Washington Irving wrote this unforgetable description of the beauty of the district of which we are speaking:

"It was one of those wild streams that lavish, among our romantic solitudes, unheeded beauties enough to fill the sketch-book of a hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades, over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays, and long nameless weeds hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Sometimes it would brawl and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs, and after this termagant career would steal forth into open day with the most placid, demure face imaginable, as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her home with uproar and ill-humor, come dimpling out of doors, swimming and curtseying and smiling upon all the world.

"How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide at such times through some bosom of green meadow-land among the mountains, where the quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell from the lazy cattle among the clover or the sound of a woodcutter's axe from the neighboring forest!"

THIS is the district that beckons to the undecided vacationist: a district with a summer climate that is excellent—a district with a host of rich associations—and a district with opportunities to enjoy all forms of vacation outings. Many people may turn for their rest to other districts. Some may prefer a land farther removed from civilization; others a beach by the ocean. But to those who select the valley of the historic Hudson there will come satisfaction quite as real. Convenience, history, and variety—but more than all, beauty. "Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson," says Washington Irving, "must remember the Catskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory."



Lake Placid

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CONCERNING RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE

BY P. H. CALLAHAN

Chairman Commission on Religious Prejudices, Knights of Columbus

THE widespread agitation against Catholics and the Catholic Church continues unabated in many sections of the United States. In some communities business is being done along denominational lines, elections are made to turn on the religion of candidates, disputes arise among workmen in shops and factories, and, withal, Catholics and Protestants are, as Americans, in a rather quarrelsome and distrustful attitude toward one another.

This is unfortunate. No permanent good will come of it. The one-sided discussion is too inflammatory; it is too full of sound and fury; it lacks reason and fairness; and it is too intolerant for any change of conviction based on argument. We shall simply have to await a saner attitude.

The Commission on Religious Prejudices of the Knights of Columbus was formed for the purpose of seeing if we could not, despite fundamental religious differences, come together with our brother Americans of other creeds and of no creed, and strive for a better and closer civic communion. Its inspiration was Dr. Washington Gladden's article "The Anti-Papal Panic" which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of July 18, 1914.

This is a large task we have set ourselves, but we are not discouraged. There is much still to be done to make this country what the founders of it dreamed it might be; and one of those dreams was of a republic where Church and State should be politically divorced, and where every man should be privileged to live his life and to seek his happiness, under the law, without persecution for either his political or his religious opinions.

To inject the poison of religious prejudice and hate into the work of carrying out the vision of the founders of the republic will not only tend to hold us back, but it will destroy that harmony which is so essential in a democracy in which all alike are supposed to share political privileges. When Richard Cobden said to John Bright, "Come with me; there are in England women and children dying with hunger," he did not stop to inquire what Bright's religious views might be.

As citizens, we are Americans first. We are just as proud of our country and as solicitous for its welfare as any of our disagreeing brethren. We do not wish to quarrel with them. We wish to leave them alone in the faith of their fathers, as we ask them to leave us alone in ours. Religion needs to be encouraged rather than retarded. The time is not favorable for bickerings. There are those who are able and willing to destroy who are impotent to construct.

We do not suspect our brother Americans of other faiths of ulterior motives, and we wish them to know that we have none ourselves. From the beginning of the government we have voted for candidates for office without asking their religious persuasion. I hope we may be pardoned, however, if we scratch the candidate who runs for office on a platform which declares that he will not vote for any Catholic no matter what his qualifications. He violates the letter and spirit of the constitution; he would give us free speech and a free press, about which he boasts so much, but he would deprive us of the ballot, the expression of their fruits. He has surrendered to a secret conclave that conscience which he so boldly asserts we have surrendered to the Pope. He would not dare defy his dark-lantern organization.

We would be equally against him if in his platform or public declarations he announced the same kind of proscription against any man of any other faith or of no faith. Not only is it the duty of Catholics to refuse to support such men, but it is equally the duty of every law-abiding American. Lincoln refused to join the Know-Nothing party. When the soldiers of the Continental army wounded the feelings of his French and Catholic allies by celebrating Guy Fawkes Day, Washington issued an order, couched in the severest terms, reminding his soldiers how ill-timed was such bigotry. "At this juncture," he said, "and under such circumstances, to insult their religion is so monstrous as not to be tolerated for a second; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to them."

I speak within bounds when I say that Catholics were the first to welcome the separation of Church and State in this country. They had seen the unwisdom of mixing politics and religion in the Old World, and they gladly welcomed the change. DeTocqueville, a Catholic historian, whose work *Democracy in America* is accepted everywhere, vouches for the truth of this after a survey of the early conditions in this country.

Catholics, of course, are not all alike. They are human, with their share of human frailties. Many of them are hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are performing a very necessary work in the world, and they have not the time to acquire intellectuality nor the training which teaches government of the passions. They cannot look with calm indifference upon the work of strife. Their religion is something sacred with most of them, and an attack on it, on their mothers, and on their priests, naturally arouses human passion. It is hardly to be expected of human nature that it will listen to indecent falsehoods which attack wholesale the virtue of priesthood and womanhood, and see such falsehoods printed and spread broadcast, without feeling outraged. Their priests represent to them not only the annointed ministers of their religion, but in many cases, shepherds of peace and sympathy and helpfulness. Some of these priests fall; ministers of all denominations fall; but they are few compared with the great body of the clergy; and no Catholic would be so low as to take the platform and denounce a whole creed because of the misfortune of a fallen brother.

We have often been asked why, if the charges brought against us by these lecturers and newspapers are untrue, we do not prosecute for slander. We have had some of the ablest lawyers search the law-books, and we are advised that in hardly any state is there any redress for libel or slander against a whole class of citizens. The law only reaches slander or libel against the individual citizen.

More than once when we thought we had hot-headed outbreaks on the part of our own people under control, they have broken out with more violence than ever. In one case recently in the south, a week of anti-Catholic

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lectures had gone by without disturbance, when a letter appeared in a local paper purporting to come from a southern woman, asking what had become of the chivalry of southern manhood. It was a stirring appeal, and had its effect. We were afterwards informed that this communication emanated from a man, a member of the opposition, whose intolerance of all things Catholic was well known. We have no harsh words for such fanatics; but we could wish they owned to a little more of the milk of human kindness.

Our religion is not American, but it is not un-American. It is universal—what the word *catholic* means. It has never been bounded by national boundary lines. But we owe no civil allegiance to our church or to its head. How often must we assert this? Catholics fought in the Civil War on both sides, as they are fighting today in Europe. Father Ryan, the poet priest of the south, wrote verses that were filled with devotion to the southern cause, and Archbishop Hughes was the valued adviser of Lincoln. Lincoln's letters of appreciation to Archbishop Hughes may be read in Nicolay and Hay's *Works of Lincoln*. These Catholic priests acted according to their political lights. They owed no civil allegiance to Rome. Cardinal Gibbons is openly opposed to woman suffrage; many Catholic priests and prelates throughout the country are just as openly in favor of it. Cardinal Gibbons is opposed to the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic; he favors restrictive measures. Father Curran of Wilkesbarre attends the National Prohibition Convention and pleads for prohibition. How foolish, then, to say that sixteen millions of Catholics can be politically controlled by the Pope. The charge itself is absurd. In our Commission on Religious Prejudices we are all divided politically. There are hardly any two members who think alike. The day when the wily politician could pretend to deliver the "Catholic" vote has gone by.

There are several charges brought against Catholics as a body that are not without foundation. We have been altogether too backward in those social and civic movements which have of late taken such hold on the imagination and patriotism of Americans. We are rather conservative, and conservatism has not been the vogue of late in our country. As a body, we are given too little to the intellectual side of life. That has been already referred to.

Again, we have been beset by appeals from Catholic politicians who have used prejudice against us as a foil for the advancement of selfish ambitions. Many of our best Catholics have hesitated to take part in active politics out of a feeling that the question of their religion might be dragged into the contest. But this has not deterred less sensitive souls. This religious proscription has helped into public office some of our least worthy representatives. It takes no account of the character of the candidate—and the rule, of course, works both ways. But why condemn all for the misdeeds of some?

A LARGE percentage of our people are Irish. They take naturally to politics, and while they have their faults, one of their chief virtues is their loyalty. Their fathers were persecuted for their religious opinions in their country, and they quickly resent and naturally unionize against like conditions in a country whose constitution guarantees them against such proscription. For over a century an Irish Catholic could not sit in the House of Commons; he could not hold any office; he could be a common soldier in the ranks, but he could not hold the humblest office or commission; he could not bring a suit in court; he could not even give his evidence for anybody else in court; he could not sit on a jury; he could not vote; he could not administer the estate of a friend; he could not practise either as a physician or as a lawyer; he could not travel five miles from his domicile without a government permit; he could not quit his own dwelling between sunset and sunrise. If a father sent his son to a Catholic school he was fined $100 a week; the schoolmaster was fined $25, and for the third offense *was hung*. If a priest married a Catholic, *the priest was punishable with death*, and the marriage was void in law. The Irishman could not lift his hand or use his brain without violating some law. And yet, after centuries of such persecution we laugh at him for his ignorance. It was a crime for him to learn anything. His native wit and his indomitable will were the only things that kept him alive during those centuries of oppression.

"Entirely without one fragment of historical exaggeration," said Lord Chief Justice Coleridge from the bench, in the case of Ramsey vs. Foote, "I may say that the penal laws which were enforced in Ireland were unparalleled in the history of the world. They existed one hundred and fifty years; they produced upon the religious convictions of the Irish people absolutely no effect whatever. Everything possible by law short of actual extermination and personal violence was done, and done without the smallest effect. No doubt, therefore, persecution, unless it is far more thoroughgoing than anyone in this age would stand, is, speaking generally, of no avail."

We do not want to repeat these things in this land of the free. This is the twentieth century. Surely the progress of civilization means something. Let us have a government wherein the poor and the rich, the high and the low, "the very leper shrinking from the sun," may receive justice.

MIRTH

THIS, of the rules that we may try,
Is the neatest I have known:
If a mote be in your neighbor's eye—
A beam be in your own!

—Witter Bynner.

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THE RISING COST OF BALLPLAYERS



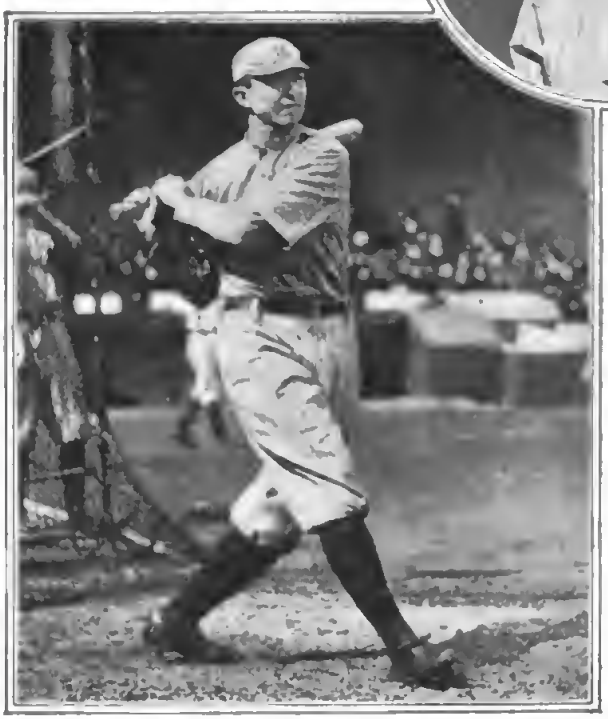
Boston sold Tris Speaker to Cleveland for $50,000 plus two lesser players—the record price

Back in 1908 Rube Marquard's purchase for $11,000 was considered high baseball finance





As a star of great price Eddie Collins is second to Speaker. Connie Mack got $50,000 for Collins from the White Sox



There was no price-tag on Frank Baker, but it is said his home-run services cost the New York Americans $35,000



Bennie Kauff, the playboy of the western world, brought $35,000 in this season's baseball market. He is now a Giant

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VERSE OF THE DAY

LANES

BY ALFRED NOYES

THE great roads are all grown over
That seemed so firm and white.
The deep black forests have buried them.
How should I walk aright?
How should I thread these tangled mazes,
Or grope to that far-off light?
I stumble around the thickets and they turn me
Back to the thickets and the night.

Yet, sometimes, at a word, an elfin password,
(O, thin, deep, sweet with beaded rain!)
There sparkles, through a mist of ragged robin,
An old lost April-colored lane,
That leads me from myself; at a whisper,
Where the strong limbs thrust in vain,
At a breath, if my heart help another heart,
A path shines out for me again,—

A thin thread, a rambling lane for lovers,
To the dawn of a sky-drenched May,
Where the white dropping flakes wet our faces
As we lift them to the bloom-bowed spray.
O, Master, should we ask Thee, then, for high-roads,
Or down upon our knees and pray
That Thou wouldst ever lose us in Thy little lanes,
And lead us by a wandering way?

BARGAINS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

FROM its cramped couch of murky amethyst
Manhattan loomed, gilt towers and parapets
A jumbled mass of giant silhouettes
Shrouded by urban morning's tarnished mist—
What scene more pregnant to the satirist
Than this vast sheol built by marionettes
Whose strings are their own fancied needs, and debts
Owed to the millionaire philanthropist?

"For less than thirty dollars, it was bought—
All of that island—so the records run,"
Drawled out a bronzed old seaman. "Folks allow,
I reckon, 'twas a bargain price. Aye, naught,
In truth, for woodlands singing in the sun;
But who with eyes would buy what it is now?"

"THEY BROUGHT ME BITTER NEWS TO HEAR"

BY WITTER BYNNER

THEY told me, Jack, that you were dead . . .
How could I answer what they said
Or stay indoors that night to look
In any face or any book!—
I fumbled at the pasture-bars,
I climbed the hill and faced the stars.
Then from a little town that lay
As if it touched the Milky Way
You followed me when I looked back . . .
And I laughed for joy because *you*, Jack,
Were death forever and for aye
And left me nothing sad to say.

LOVE-LETTERS AT AUCTION

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

OF OLD, or knight or king,
Each feared that Time would bring
Unto the block his head.
Rest peacefully, ye dead:
Yours was a gentle crime.
Now to the block by Time
(Praise the collector's art!)
Is brought one's heart.

JUST A SPRING POEM

BY BERTON BRALEY

SPRING'S here again with her lures that are various,
Off on the wings of enchantment to carry us;
Pan blows his pipes and our human society
Tosses away all its winter propriety,
Joins in a dance that is blithely hilarious.

Sourest of grouches grow fondly gregarious,
Warmed by the magic of charms multifarious,
Thrilled with a spirit of glad inebriety,
Spring's here again!

Cupid endeavors to hoodwink and marry us,
Pangs of the wanderlust trouble and harry us,
Yet it's all part of the vernal variety,
Vanished is weariness, boredom, satiety,
Are we downhearted?—How foolish to query us,
Spriog's here again!

CLOUDS

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

BECAUSE a million voices call
Across the earth distractedly,
Because the thrones of reason fall
And beautiful battalions die,
My mind is like a madrigal
Played on a lute long since put by.

In common use my mind is still
Eager for every lovely thing,
The solitudes of tarn and hill,
Bright birds with honesty to sing,
Bluebells and primroses that spill
Cascades of color on the spring;

But now my mind that gave to these
Gesture and shape, color and song,
Goes hesitant and ill at ease
And the old touch is truant long,
Because the continents and seas
Are loud with lamentable wrong.

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The Independent

Vol. 86. MAY 8, 1916 No. 3518

THE INDEPENDENT HAS ACQUIRED HARPER'S WEEKLY

[This memorandum was given to the daily press on Friday, April 28]

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" has been acquired by the Independent Corporation, and, after fifty-nine years of existence, it is to be incorporated in The Independent. This brings together two of the oldest and best known of American weekly periodicals.

The Independent is sixty-eight years old, "Harper's Weekly" fifty-nine. The older periodical has during all its history been associated with a single family. The present editor, Hamilton Holt, is the grandson of the founder, Henry C. Bowen. Two and a half years ago Mr. Holt was joined in the ownership and management of The Independent by William B. Howland, for twenty-three years publisher of "The Outlook," and his two sons, Karl V. S. Howland and Harold J. Howland, who had also been associated with "The Outlook" in the advertising and editorial fields.

"Harper's Weekly" was for fifty-six years one of the well-known group of periodicals published by the famous house of Harper and Brothers. Prior to and during the last presidential campaign it was edited by Colonel George Harvey, who was the first publicist to propose and urge the nomination and election of Woodrow Wilson as President.

For the past three years "Harper's Weekly" has been owned by an independent corporation, and has been edited by Norman Hapgood, the former editor of "Collier's Weekly."

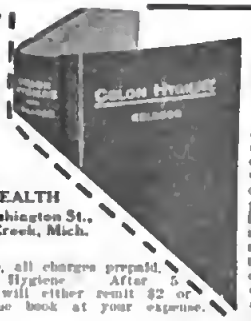
The incorporation of "Harper's Weekly" in The Independent is a logical event. The purpose and spirit of the two periodicals have been similar from the beginning. Both have had for their prime functions the treatment and interpretation of the current history of the world, and the cultivation of sound opinion on the questions of the day. Both periodicals have not feared to be radical and to utter vigorous editorial views even when they were most unpopular. If at any time in the last sixty years a librarian or well-informed reader had been asked to name the leading American periodicals, he would certainly have mentioned among the foremost The Independent and "Harper's Weekly." These two, as friendly rivals, have always stood for the best in American life, for purity in politics, for social reform, for national progress, for high ideals in literature and art. The eighty-six volumes of The Independent and the sixty-two volumes of "Harper's Weekly" form a contemporary history of the United States and of the world of extraordinary value, a treasury of information of current events and opinions such as few libraries are fortunate to possess.

To "Harper's Weekly" belongs the honor of publishing the essays of George William Curtis, the cartoons of Thomas Nast, and the forces of William Dean Howells, while The Independent has credit for publishing the editorials of Horace Greeley, the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, and the poetry of Tennyson, Lowell, Whittier, Browning and Kipling.

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THE JEWS AND IMMIGRATION

(*Continued from page* 519)

Duma. On the contrary, seven pages of it are taken up with the protests of the Duma against the treatment which has been accorded to the Jews during the present war, and three pages are occupied with an abstract of the noble speech of Baron Rosen in the Council of the Empire in favor of a humane attitude.

(5) You declare: "If it" [the progressive *bloc*] "is unable to put this program into effect after a victorious war it will be in no small degree due to the feeling kept alive by the American Jews, the most politically active of whom are pro-German in sympathy."

Permit me again to say that you are misinformed. Those American Jews who are responsible for this book, who were engaged in the campaign for the abrogation of the Russian treaty, who are seeking to protect their brethren from oppression, are not, with but few exceptions, pro-German in sympathy. They are strictly neutral between the belligerents, so far as their public attitude is concerned. Privately many of them are strongly pro-Ally in their sentiments. They are not, however, deterred by threats like those which have been the Russian stock-in-trade for the past thirty years. They will continue to inform the world of the treatment to which their brethren are subjected. They will not cease to defend the integrity of American citizenship. Nor will they content themselves with promises as to what may or may not be done in the remote future.

The Russian government could tomorrow convert all the Jews of the world into friends and well-wishers, if it emancipated the Jews from the oppression to which they have been subjected, and are today subjected, at its hands. The Jews have entire confidence in the people of Russia, but as to the government of Russia, its record constitutes one black page of persecution. When that shall have been obliterated, and the Jews of Russia shall be accorded the rights of manhood, it will not be necessary for "a journal of civilization" to make propaganda for Russia. The Jews themselves would herald her act of justice throughout the ends of the earth.

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ART IN ART TITLES

BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

IT GIVES the average consumer of art a good deal of solid satisfaction to find a picture well named. The layman likes to feel that his existence is recognized; that the painter is willing to meet him hospitably at the temple's threshold. Such titles as "A Study," "Portrait of a Man," "A Nude" or "An Interior" set up an irritating barrier of professionalism in the way of the humble consumer's appreciation. He wonders whether the artist was too lazy or merely too prosaically minded to think of a better title; and a disagreeable suspicion may even linger that the self-centred technician is snubbing somebody who doesn't belong to the circle of the elect.

The truest philosophy for picture titles, perhaps, was that laid down by Whistler. By the pragmatic test it *worked* the best, proving itself in such inspirations as "Songs on Stone" for a collection of lithographs, "Nocturnes" for night scenes, and, in the field of protraiture, titles so happy as "The Little Rose of Lyme Regis," "Phryne the Superb" and "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine."

In a letter to the patron who contributed the name "Nocturnes," Whistler jauntily explained a few prime principles of his art of nomenclature:

"I can't thank you too much for the name 'Nocturnes' as the title for my moonlights. You have no idea what an irritation it proves to the critics, and consequent pleasure to me; besides it is really so charming and does so poetically say all I want to say and *no more* than I wish."

To express poetically just what the artist means—is not that the true function of a felicitous title? Whether it irritates the critics or not is, of course, a matter of small concern to the public. We can lay that point aside and proceed with the more important line of the argument.

"I know," Whistler confessed, "that many good people think my nomenclature funny and myself 'eccentric.' Yes, 'eccentric' is the adjective they find for me. The vast majority of English folk cannot and will not consider a picture as a picture apart from any story which it may be supposed to tell. . . . As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or color."

No consumer who can respond to the poetry in painting will flinch at accepting this definition. All that most of us ask is to feel assured that the painter is not a mere technician—we plead that he have something to show us besides technique; and it is not at all necessary that this extra something be a "story."

Of his picture "A Harmony in Gray and Gold" Whistler remarked that he had only to write under it, "Father, dear father, come home with me now!" to make the painting become the "picture of the year." Now, as a matter of fact, men and women of taste resent being talked down to in a picture title quite as much as in a speech or a piece of writing. We are zealous to see art maintain its dignity; and our only prayer to the painter is, in the immortal words of Stalky: "Don't be so filthy technical." We like to flatter ourselves that we are capable of appreciating the poetry of life, whatever the medium in which it happens to be expressed; but we loathe professionalism and care a great deal less for mediums than for results. We would justly resent seeing Shakespeare's passage that ends—

> . . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything

bear the label, "An Exercise in Alliteration," or one of Poe's poems described as "Stunt, Featuring Sound of the Letter 'L'." Then why is it not reasonable and just to maintain that we have a right to expect as much consideration from the painter as from the poet?

Nothing does more to create a bond of friendliness between the artist and the layman than such pregnant titles as M. Rodin's "The Hand of God," or Whistler's "Songs on Stone." Quite as happy after their own fashion are some of the labels to be found in this year's spring academy in New York: Sergeant Kendall's "Quest," Horatio Walker's "De Profundis," Bellows's "The Sawdust Trail." They tell enough, but not too much, and tell it poetically.

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FAMILIES

BY DON HEROLD

A FAMILY will do you a lot of good, and it is very fortunate to be born into a family, rather than into an asylum.

When you are young you are always bumping into your family. You start out 'cross-lots to El Dorado, and your little sister gets in your way. Perhaps El Dorado is a cookie jar, and your little sister has taken the last cookie.

It is not until years later that the comforting thought comes to you that it is merely because you had a little sister and a mother and a father, that there was such a possibility in the world as a cookie, for you. Orphans do not have cookies between meals. They eat standardized meals, out of standardized dishes, at standardized hours.

A family teaches you that roses grow on thorny stems, but that roses grow close to home. It also teaches you that with every delight there is a division table. At the schoolhouse they teach the multiplication table; at home they teach the division table. A jar full of cookies must be divided by five.

And the nice thing about it is that a family teaches this very hard, relentless, unescapable rule of life in a very soft way. Mother rubs you soothingly, and says, "That's a nice boy, George. That's the last cookie, and I would give sister half of it, that's a nice boy."

Mother kind of eases half a cookie nway from you for little sister.

You are lucky that somebody didn't punch your face and take the whole cookie.

Still, everybody in a family is hard on each other, for the reason that they rehearse on each other. A family is all behind the scenes; there are no calcium lights or electric spotlights on your little sister when she comes down to breakfast in her nightie. You think it is careless; you hate little sister's bare feet; yet when you grow up you will pay money for a theatre ticket to see Marguerite Clark's bare feet. That is funny, too, because there is a whole lot more naïvete about little sister's bare feet than there is about anybody's commercialized bare feet.

But a family is all behind the scenes, and this teaches you that to everybody, on street cars, or in stores, there is a behind-the-scenes side. Knowing your own father and mother, and how kind they are at heart, you give stolid-faced old men and old ladies on the street car credit for some kindness at heart which they don't show on the surface.

And, knowing the utter uselessness of your sixteen-year-old sister, you are suspicious of the beauty of other sixteen-year-old queens. You can see them lolling late in bed. You know women.

And then you see responsibility spring up in little sister. By and by she takes a broom seriously. This teaches you that there is possibility in every elod.

It is a great thing that we cannot run away from our families. (It is only in books that any boy ever gets more than forty-five miles away from home before he ought to.) All our lives life is pulling us back and telling us to take another look at our family, and the kaleidoscope has always changed.

In time we get father and mother on their proper pedestals, and no heroes in the world are so heroic; and, in time, we come to classify our barbarous little brothers and big brothers and big and little sisters, all as human beings.

A family is one of the finest things into which to be born.

OVERSHOES

OVERSHOES add ten years to a man's age.

They break the spirit, and bend the shoulders, and add gray hairs.

I would rather have pneumonia than wear overshoes.

The overshoe habit is worse than the drug habit. A pair of overshoes is worse than an automobile. When you wear overshoes you have to spend about four hours a day going back after them. Nobody ever remembers to wear his overshoes until he is six or eight blocks away.

If you pass a man on the street and he suddenly stops and says "My God" and turns around and starts back, you know he has forgotten his overshoes.

Overshoes would be all right if you could afford a caddy to go around with you all day and remind you to wear them.

But even then they would be bad enough.

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MOBILIZING THE MANUFACTURERS

BY HORACE CHAPIN

EVER since the war began Russia had had more men available for fighting than any other nation involved. So inexhaustible has been the Tsar's cannon-fodder supply that great losses have resulted only in temporary checks. But there was a time early in the war when unlimited men helped Russia not at all. The men were ready to fight, but they had no rifles. There were soldiers galore, but no cannon for them to fire, or else no shells for what cannon they did have. That has been remedied, but the lesson has been bitter. Russia, and with her the whole world, has learned that soldiers are useless unless they are backed up by a well-organized system of manufacturers.

To the end that the United States may never be forced to go through Russia's humiliating experience, intelligent effort is being made to mobilize the industrial equipment of this country in time of peace. The motive power of the movement is a sub-committee of the Naval Consulting Board created by Secretary of the Navy Daniels. Directing the activity of the sub-committee, which is called the Committee on Industrial Preparedness, are Howard E. Coffin and W. S. Gifford.

The first step of the committee was to take an inventory of American manufacturing resources. Every factory in the country will have a chance to submit information as to its equipment, capacity, availability and a host of other details. When this information has been received and classified, the Committee on Industrial Preparedness will be able to provide the government at any time with a complete catalog of manufacturing plants that can be called upon.

The second industrial preparedness move is this: that every manufacturer who at present is equipped for making munitions shall produce every year, under government supervision, a small quantity of whatever articles he would be asked to furnish in case of war. The theory is that a factory which during a number of peaceful years has regularly turned out an annual complement of, for example, shells, will be ready at the outbreak of war to undertake the manufacture of shells.

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CONVICTIONS

From the *Eagle* (Pittsfield, Mass):

IN A review of a book Norman Hapgood said of the author that he never "instigated bigotry." It is an impressive thought and one that every man might well take home. It is not always that we think how deep-seated and precious are the political and religious convictions of men. Others assail them at their peril! Millions of men have been converted by calm and logical argument—not one, we dare say, by violence or invective. An attack upon a man, unless sustained and buttressed by indisputable facts, stimulates anew the loyalty of his friends. It ought to be possible to discuss with moderation and intelligence every theme in human life, but the trouble is, the subject is apt quickly to become blown and tainted by malicious words and nothing is accomplished. When a man reaches a conclusion and in good spirit lays out the results of his study and his reasoning and his conviction and says: "Here is the best I have. What think you of it?" he is paving the way to that friendly consideration without which controversy is very likely to be mean and meaningless, fruitless and futile.

LEGION

From the *Capital* (Topeka, Kansas):

IT IS remarked in *Harper's Weekly* by F. H. J. von Engelken that "to the man who runs and reads, and in this country his name is Legion—" Correct. Instance our early Latin lesson, "Puer legit."

THE TWO WILSONS

By a correspondent in the *Times* (Hartford, Conn.):

"SUPPOSE that three years ago Huerta, then recognized by Great Britain, Germany and other nations as the President of Mexico, had sent word to Woodrow Wilson that the United States might hold an election for president but that he, Wilson, must not be a candidate. How would the United States enjoy such a missive? But that is just what Wilson did to Huerta. What business had he to do anything of the sort? Now we are paying for his stubborn folly."—Hartford *Courant*, March 26.

Suppose that three years ago the representative in our country from Mexico had inspired certain members of the United States Senate to demand the resignation of President Wilson. How would the people of the United States enjoy such activity? But that is just what Henry Lane Wilson, American ambassador to Mexico, did to Madero, unless *Harper's Weekly* has recently commenced to publish a series of false words. What business had he to do anything of the sort? Now we are paying for his stubborn folly.

The *Courant* says all of the trouble in Mexico is due to the blunders of Woodrow Wilson. Anyone can chant this refrain from day to day, but people who read something besides the *Courant* have good reason to believe that much of this "trouble" is due to the queer activities of Henry Lane Wilson. The *Courant* enjoys reviewing magazine articles when they attack the President, but *Harper's Weekly* just now is not pleasant reading for devoted admirers of Henry Lane Wilson and Victoriana Huerta.

MISREPRESENTING NEWS

From the *News* (Baltimore, Md.):

To the Editor of The News:

YOUR editorial in reference to the assertions made by President Wilson in reference to the attempts made by certain interests to cause him to change his attitude of non-interference for one of active interference—in other words, war and conquest—shows your sympathy with those interests.

Nothing has been plainer to the people of the United States than the fact of the news service being subordinate to those interests. Look at the dispatches of the last few days, all attempting to show that Carranza was playing us false, was sending troops to the border, that they were preparing to attack our troops, etc., and yet all shown to be absolute falsehoods.

This thing has been done and misrepresentations made for a year and more. Read the constant pleas of that sort in Hearst's papers and others of the same type. Read *Harper's Weekly* exposures in reference to Mexico. The President needs to name no one. It is self-evident to all fair-minded men.

D. BACHRACH.

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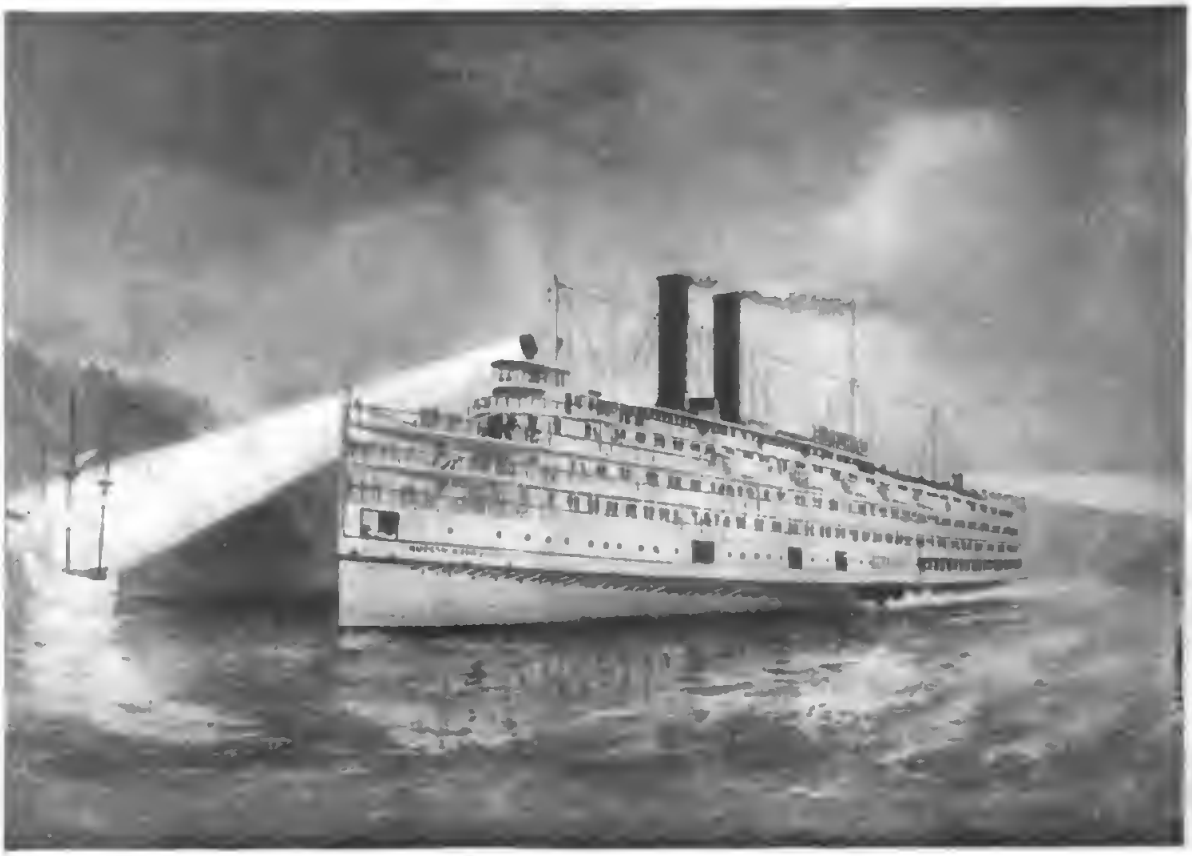
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